

**Christine Stafford**

**Beneath the Sycamore**

In a field near to a railway track beneath a Sycamore tree I sit.

Above me sky, drifting its kaleidoscope shapes, changing, as laced edged clouds  
join and knit.

In the distant woodland over the opposite bank a woodpigeon coos it's mellow call.

And beyond perfected lines , horizontal, vertical, lay expectant 'neath wires  
buzzing on poles so tall.

With rhythmic beat the train rushes past disturbing the perfect calm.

Faces pressed to carriage windows drinking in the countryside charm.

Peace again for me,

But not alone in this sanctuary,

For in a rabbit or hare,

My eyes see beauty everywhere.

The grass beneath my legs is soft,

And soaring swallows dance aloft.

White and purple clover grow,

Beneath my feet, and tickle toe.

While deep in flower heads bees work, their weight to bend stalks.

No need for human chatter, no need for idle talk.

This feeling of idyllic bliss

Makes all seem right with nought amiss.

A Blackbird hosts a chorus, and so sublime his choir.

From which my senses I am sure could never ever tire.

This summer day tranquil and calm

Away from conflict, aggression, harm.

I sit bewitched by nature's grace

That no one human could displace,

And marvel at the joy I feel,

In this place of safety, this time surreal.

No one on earth could ask for more.

Than to sit beneath this Sycamore!