

K.J Stokes

Gather The Wool

A charming thoroughfare, bordered by a purling stream
 Idyllic hamlet nestled, oft seen within a dream
Birdsong serenades the sun, the air teems with new life
 Butterflies and bumblebees, wildflower springing rife
Newborn lambs with joie de vivre, pasture without care
Ponies curious, watching, munch on their nosebag fayre
 Wisteria-laden cottages, sunflowers on parade
Treats delight wending the way, down to a bluebell glade
The weary traveller seeking, erstwhile joys of yesteryear
 Rekindle memories of bliss, hold on to love so dear
 Alight upon a twee old bench, a sojourn for to tarry
 Welcome quietude, repose, of leaden heart they carry
Sun rays warmth upon the stream, rear comfort and belong
Of glory days and halcyon haze, before things all went wrong
 Each blade of grass is heavy, with dew of ceaseless tears
Rapture smutched with torment, regrets flow down the years
Who can know how to forestall, as peace departs the heart
No leaving note, no last goodbye, no end whence to restart
 Lamentation must revisit, melancholy cannot resist
 The dolorous unsparing pull to reverie such as this
 The chocolate box abodes hold merit unexcelled
None hanker to move on, all wish that here they dwelled
 Utopian desire and hopes, reside here, but fair heed
 “Please, do keep off the grass. Emotion be kept on a lead”
This pastoral vista does beguile, venture not with blithe aplomb
For whomever wanders this byway, may never yearn to go home

By K.J. Stokes
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