

BICYCLE RIDE

How patiently the poplars stand
Along the canal to Damme
While a dog barks from a farmhouse
Next to a red brick piggery.

Peaceful grenadiers, they catch sun
On their tall straight trunks, equally
Spaced out from one another,
Bushy leaves aerily entwined.

The landscape bathes in a soft glow.
The first ripe walnuts are on sale
From an orchard in the meadow.
We leave with bags full of apples.

Mother nature provides it all
Gladly from her storehouse. White cows
Lie or stand around in the grass.
Sheep scratch their backs against a fence.

On creaking bicycles we roll
Slowly into the village streets.
I sip coffee and gaze at you
In sunlight that is unreal.

The mighty blessing of the trees
Touches our souls with tenderness,
Sinking deep into our bodies
As we cycle home side by side.

Marcus Cumberlege, Lappersfort Poets Society