

South Huish

Snow purifies the gentle hills
Lost world of January Devon
And from the window sheep shiver
Beneath the tilting smoke grey sky
A roofless Saxon church bears
The interval of space and silence
Sings through the noise of life,
A blonde-haired girl tending horses
Carries the snow-drenched hay
And crows protest in anger at the cold
My lady sews upon the notes
Two sentries in happy isolation gaze
At the gentle hills waiting for the sun.