

synopsis of England

when from the Lickey hills I first saw you
wind driven raining and still radiant
somehow I knew your consolation
as the years past your country scenes
world of hill and field village and river
would preserve the individual I was
delivering through despair
and even happiness
yet as I see your slow destruction
planting trees seems apathetic
your inward nature turning inward
bearing the dream of memory
the cloth of gold unmaterialised