

december sun

I look into the ken valley  
as winter wheat is sprouting  
last lorries ferry sugar beet  
the mud and rain freeze  
in the cold frost of morning  
but the sky is as blue  
my darling as your native land  
our ducks circle  
remembering your kindness  
our hens run for freedom  
together we greet the world  
another christmas  
the wreath on the door  
the cards assembled  
but we must leave our paradise  
for a seasons snow  
in our beloved rockies  
farewell dear hall  
and all your little ways  
soon to come again  
renewing my spirit  
and blessing all our days