

never never land

yes this is the country
as in beethoven seven
the theme park of england
has replaced an ancient world
where poverty had its rhythm
and the little yellow train
accompanied hill and farm
stopping for the cows
meandering through tall grass
obeying the spirit of place
of arrival and departure,
still while the sun shines
on the many many corners
unimpaired
we can enter the never never land
of quiet breathing on the hill
down the old quarry
among the weathered roots
hidden in tiny caves
or voluptuous undergrowth
the breeze from the naze
and the wild wet sea beyond.