

The village

I went to my village home,
to see if it had changed at all,
ludily it hadn't it looked like this,...

The village is the world to me,
The mountains hug the village embracing it,
protecting it for eternity,
leaving only the sun to shine through softly.

The village is the world to me,
the river trickling down the mountain,
heading for the village,
Picking up speed, faster and faster it
races like a train crashing down,
then it suddenly slows,
and walks down a ridge,
making a waterfall like an old curtain dropping down,
into the lake of the village - the heart of the valley.

The village is the world to me,
Snow surbathes quietly melting,
dying a silent death,
joining the river becoming part of the lake.

The village is the world to me,
Hearing the trees whispering
softly amongst themselves
and the hissing of woodland creatures.

The village is the world to me,
The greenness suffocates the mountains,
Showing only the odd little patch of its true skin.

The village is the world to me,
Sun sparkles in my eyes,
lighting up the village,
Making a show of every last pretty detail.

The village is the world to me,
It is the bowl shape in a camel's back,
the hills are the humps, bumpy and rough.

The village is the world to me,
the grass is so green,
it looks artificial,
a green carpet covering the valley.

The village is the world to me,
and if my memories die then I will too.
The only thing is,
you cannot hear the children playing, laughing and singing
because alas they've grown up and gone since then.
I love this village,
do you too?



By Imogen Copestake