

*Time*

*View from South  
Woodchester*

ON such a day as cries out to the heart,  
With heaven's vault ablaze in blue and gold,  
The hillside tableau glows with nature's art  
And bursts new-budded as its joys unfold.

Across the valley, time is standing still.  
Foreverness is there within my scan.  
Ant-cattle dot the pastures on the hill,  
And past and future meet in leafy span.

A distant swell of mighty, full-blown trees –  
Green puffball cushions on the verdant slope –  
Explodes eternally to daze and please  
The eye that sees its all-encompassed hope.

Before I came, they lined that gentle hill.  
When I'm long gone, they'll clearly still be there –  
Full-bosomed loveliness that stays to thrill  
Whoever takes the time to stand and stare.

The vista's viewed across a rose-laced rage  
Whose honeysuckled fragrance sweetly sighs;  
Where clovered lawn betokens one man's stage –  
A garden fashioned on the facing rise.

And out of sight and therefore out of mind,  
The valley hides a coyly rippling rill  
Whose happy babble cannot hope to find  
A way to make its voice heard on the hill.

## *Time*

The air is fever-full of man-made sound:  
The valley road goes urgently to Stroud;  
A mower moans about its weekly round,  
And microlites think waspish thoughts out loud.

Yet such intrusions barely breach the mind:  
They cannot matter on this golden day –  
Nor when this timeless heaven God designed  
Forgets that fleeting man has passed its way.

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