

Priory

Beloved park, in you a priory stood,
That long ago, was taken far away
To be rebuilt for someone else's good;
For human, not for God, to now hold sway.
Yet still, the priory lives within the park,
A seasoned celebration of its call.
It's diary of life in bird and bark;
So beautifully enjoyed by one and all.

The Oak and Ash stand sentinels to time,
As they patrol your undulating grass.
The Empress and the Spruce, not there to climb,
But watchers over every race and class.
The carvings were once trees surviving strife
And yet, they tell another story now;
Of birds and dogs and people - family life;
Of treasure hunts and riches to endow.

The path turns and meanders through your ease,
With bins and benches lovingly adorned.
The sun shines through the furtive fingered trees,
That dance their windy whirl, when Spring is mourned.
The squirrels scamper, teasing dogs off-lead,
Beneath both azure skies and sombre Grey.
At night, the bright-eyed bunny rabbits feed,
Alert to cats and foxes' killing way.

The robins and the meadow sing their song,
Each calling to the other their refrain.
As if two rights can always right a wrong,
As sun shine does the ground, just after rain.
The trains so quickly pass this place of peace,
Their passengers oblivious to its charm.
Yet, where do you go to find your release?
Who gives you health and safety from life's harm?

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