

IMAGINE

Imagine being king of that hill,
feeling ten miles high up in your fort,
air filling your lungs, sky filling your heart,
thousands of years beneath your feet,
ten counties or more holding your gaze,
a world's worries banished by the wind.

Imagine being armoured from top to toe,
goggled and garbed against a fall,
tracking up tracks, cruising down cracks,
ancient shingles pressing your tread,
a rare oak's shadow across your back,
the rush of the trail pounding your blood.

Imagine being in the quiet of a wood,
bluebells, ramsons, dog's mercury,
the trickle of water through iron and lime,
deer switching the hazel and birch,
badgers crossing your path at dusk,
heritage hiding in the earth at every step.

Imagine all of this outside your door –
imagine Wellington and the great outdoors.