

Alone on Waskerley Moor

We have walked this way before:
Over Waskerley Moor.
Where once ironclad trains belched loud their call:
Sulphured air in clouds of steam,
Echoed off dry-stone walls.

Now we're blessed with quieter days:
With iron rail turned into trail.
Cinder raked from fires of hell,
Now falls under a whispered spell,
To crunch beneath boot trodden feet,
With only the distant bleat of sheep,
To break the silent breath of spring:
Where flowers bloom and skylarks sing.

My memories now turn into dreams:
Reflections found in crystal streams,
Vibrant, fresh and so loving.
I close my eyes... remembering:
We have walked this way before.