

Observations from a Hill

The Family

Chimney tops, roof tops, higher than
tree tops I stoop there on a hill
Sky blue, slate blue, cold as the wind
blew leaves that never stay still
Buildings jagged and clustered
I remained unflustered.

People are strolling, cars only rolling
down man made paths of grey stone
Children larking, dogs sometimes
barking break sleep of old folk alone
Church organ, choir sing hymn life
Sunday eve quarter past five
These are my observations from a hill

Towers and flowers, phone lines and road signs
All these things come to view
I look to the valley and there by a
shalley suddenly I see it's you
Beckoning me to follow
Maybe I'll come down tomorrow.

These are my observations from a hill.