

CWAREL ISAF

This place knew him,
this place my friend knew.
Time is on hold
but the brook flows on.

Tree-lined arcade channels
the pilgrim's way, over
mossy bridge spanning
the stream of consciousness.

He knew this place,
this place knew my friend.
A timeless zone
but the brook flows on.

Bird song medley blends with
leaf whispering wind, an ensemble
bathed in lush drizzle. The cacophony
of silence enchants the subtle ear.

Robust, there it sits, slate stacked,
modestly defiant, self-absorbed,
radiating solitude, if only the walls could
speak, they'd spin us a yarn or three.
The smoking chimney once signalled
his distinct presence.

It knows its place,
this place knows it too,
Time is adrift
but the brook flows on.

And was there anyone to hear
the fall of that mighty tree? Did it send
the butterflies into a delicate flap, or make
an impression on those cheeky squirrels?

Moon and stars illumine
the dreamlike enigma of being here;
though that bloody owl made me jump
again, intent on its nocturnal quarry.

But I love this place
for this place knew my friend,
this place is my friend,
and the brook flows on...