

VILLAGE

In the green heart of England
sleeps the small village of Berkswell.
Typical, its charm lies in the past preserved:
that essence which in concrete jungles has been lost.
Its medieval church, fount of tranquillity and peace,
inspires meditation and silent prayer.
Outside, in the stillness of the cemetery, rest the dead
beneath the singing of birds.
Springtime sees the trees sprouting fresh shoots,
heralding a new season.
Each summer roses bloom in the gardens;
children play on the green, close to their homes.
Cold winter air carries the whiff of burning coal,
its warming flame crackling in the hearth
where the past once more becomes the present.
In great cities' sprawl how sad life is
where exists only a fevered asphalt frenzy!

Coventry, Winter 2012