

## Poets' Walk

Winding round the hillside  
With views far out to sea,  
A walk by men created  
That lives in poetry.  
Where Tennyson and Coleridge  
Were pleased to take their ease  
The scents and sounds of summer  
Come wafting on the breeze.

From beached and weathered vessels  
Beside the sheltered Pill,  
Past hidden Clevedon violets  
The path ascends the hill.  
A seat there overlooking  
The ebb and flow of tide  
As high above the cliff edge  
Grey gulls the updrafts ride.

Rabbits here, descendants  
Of those for table bred,  
Scurry for quick cover  
When dogs appear ahead.  
The way curves round the headland  
As pier comes into sight  
Framed against the skyline  
Still stunning from this height.

Beyond, old church unchanging,  
Of faith staunch sentinel,  
Witness to white weddings  
And to the funeral knell.  
Then by the ancient look-out  
Descent to Salthouse Field  
With lake a shimmering mirror  
And seaside town revealed.

Peter Gibbs, June 2019