

'Riverside Sketches'
Gillian Byrom-Smith

Sounds of gulls and crashing waves
give way to peaceful calls of wading birds.
Tirelessly searching, they trawl rich water;
a never ending task.
Lonely calls echo, remaining unanswered.
We scour the estuary for dark shadows
of otters or silver flashes of salmon.
Lazy, blubbery seals bask on buoys
as bells clank and clatter,
warning of rough water.
Salt drenched gusts
now bring rich, earthy, aromatic, aromas.
Fairy rings nestle beneath ancient hedgerows,
displaced, moss covered stones lie in fields,
dropped by ravaging hands.
Ahead lies the inky, tunnel-like mouth of the wood.
Climbing away from the water,
trees mask the sounds of the river;
our eyes struggle to make sense of darkness.
We stumble clumsily over roots,
heading skywards.
Once above the trees
we glimpse glittering flashes of light
between the branches and know this is the river.
We breath a sigh of relief,
knowing where we are once more.
Our life began in this place.
Our dreams let loose
like uncaged birds.