

A Countryside Winter

Laura Adams

Awakened by a choir of birds in dawn chorus,
I squeeze into my boots and step outside to see what awaits
The world has been sprinkled with diamonds
Everything is crystallised as it shimmers and glistens,
The grass thin and on the verge of cracking crunches beneath me
Viewing the fields as they stretch on for miles with ease
The country is buzzing with life, it excites me.
In the distance racing cotton wool balls dot the scene
Galloping towards me, heavy hoofs hit the firm floor
As a majestic mare comes to greet me at the gate
I glide my hands through her silky mane feeling every hair along
the way

Reaching the shed and approaching what is nestled inside
The aroma of the shed hits me like a brick wall. As I step closer
I peak through the door and see a herd of cows, at home,
Sheltering from the forces of winter as snug as can be
The countryside is my place, this is home to me.

