The Path

Running between a forest and a village

Is the ghost of a meandering path

That, in days long passed,

served the milkman

With his horse, cantering back

From a hard day’s work;

Foxes that paced, preparing to catch

Their dinner, as the grand old owl

Whistled to his mate.

Now, of a summer evening – late – when the

Night air cools on the trout-ringed pools,

And the squirrels spring from

Tree to tree, the path is gone.

Brambles and grasses have covered it,

While all around factories grow and grow

Like a raging wild fire

Until the forest is no more.

But some say, when the moon is full,

You can hear the horse pounding

And the whistle of the milk man

And the grand old owl.

Chloe Owen, Year 5

Coastlands School