

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Puttleleaf's Ode to The Swinging Bluebell

by Katy Wise

I loved that Pub
A hive and hub
Of life and love

A place suitable
For Angels
From heaven Above

Yellow walls as of the sun
Glasses glint, the Landlords
Eyes reflect years of fun.

It lies beneath a sea of blue
To shelter souls
Like me and you

A fairy world It does suggest
But perhaps
Not always a place of jest

Owned by a culture
Banned from their
Own land

And forced to rebuild
A society
By their own hand

So beware the currents of red
That flow beneath the earth
You rest your head

A pocket of light
Which banished the dark
But forever the dark will leave its mark.

Age does not exist
But the need to stay
You must resist

For happiness can be found
Outside for us
A quiet life is not a must

But the heady scent
And the lull of the land
Leaves no reason to get up and stand

So just for now take your glass
Fill your belly
And watch others laugh

Safe and quiet hidden away
Sat by the fireplace
Through the window wildlife play,

Hound at feet
Takes a long awaited nap
And my horse is grazing getting fat.

For a building, a place
Can be a friend
Providing sanctuary for hearts to mend.