

RON CARTER

Moseley Bog

Yardley Wood Road entrance
I start my journey through the welcome gates
The path winds past Joy's Wood
In the footsteps of Tolkein's play
When he lived along the way
And I played here many a youthful day

Now the dreaded Bog is tamed
A walkway above those muddy drains
It winds its way among the trees
Following a sparkling stream
Wildlife here abounds, a vole pokes up his head
From the dark, dank world, above which we tread
Above birdsong everywhere sounds
My circular walk is now done
Before the setting of the sun

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