

ERIDGE GREEN

By Alice Denny

Oh

I will remember Eridge Green, the name.
Our bus stopped there today unwanted,
remained far longer than was warranted
No-one boarded or alighted as we lingered in the still
No-one coughed and silence reigned
while from above the hedgerow tops my eyes were filled
with gently undulating flowered meadows,
fields of sun-tinged ripening crops,
drowsing cattle, dozy sheep
browsing in the summer heat,
bosky hillsides, ancient copses
all spread before me in the glory that will
forever be East Sussex.