

## **Sussex in Stone and Fire**

**By Ali Moir**

Up the downs, around the deans,  
From the beacons to the shore.  
Here we walk on rising chalk  
Where the ancients went before.

Weaving twittens, wash of shingle,  
Greening ripples on the slope. Flint  
aside us, flame to guide us,  
Marching still along the smoke.