

The Reverend Richard Coles favourite bus ride  
By Stuart Poulton

The ever so slightly, quirky cleric  
Found his peregrination mesmeric  
On top, up front aboard number twelve X  
Embarked on an odyssey through Sussex  
Following the line of the Two-Five-Nine  
Crossing the Cuckmere's shimmering shoreline  
Once over the bridge, slow climb to the ridge  
Leaving behind, whiff of cesspit seepage.  
Egret, Paddleboarder, share meander  
Grey heron, a haughty bystander  
Past bulrush choked Friston pond, the church  
Buzzard, eyes kingdom from majestic perch  
Windhover, Shelley's Skylark, Chalk Hill Blue,  
Gentle hills, soft clouds, English Channel view.  
Long drag up to reveal view of the bay  
Golf course fairway traversed by South Downs Way  
Kipling's fair ground, weald encounters the sea  
God's handy work displayed for all to see  
Birling Gap, The Seven Sisters, Belle Tout,  
Thus being the clergyman's favoured route.