

## By the Weir Field

By Ursula Oxley

The day is waning  
And all around,  
The damp mist rises

The Watercress - not at its best,  
And I've left my horse  
In a watery field, with a  
Far-too-soon-filled Hay-net;

The day is waning  
And all around,  
The damp mist rises

A Kingfisher rises,  
And gently glides  
On the heavy air,  
And I stand and stare  
Then, walk on lightly.