

## Lost Cobble Stones

By Ursula Oxley

It's rather strange that just when Easter's near,  
When buried loves of last year re-appear;  
And Doctor Meryon's Croci - wintered through—  
Push up the turf, and show their colours new,  
And tits look out, with disproportioned sight,  
To spot the tight leaf buds, still wrapped in Winter's night,  
And to each tree they fly, in order - down the hill,  
Hanging like tiny gymnasts while they take their fill,  
That, here and there, hidden through so many Springs,  
The Cobblestones of old, so long un-seen, should re-appear!  
Once, they sauntered gaily down the street,  
Breaking the surface gently either side,  
Dividing paving stones from tarmac wide,  
Draining the road and keeping dry our feet;  
A trick of Nature taken up by man  
(The water quickly trickles from the land,  
With stones discreetly placed) as we should know –  
Now, tell me this, in yellow paint or white –  
Who had them buried - almost in a night?  
And where were we, to let the Cobbles go?