**Ode to Alresford**

A child in Holland - dreaming of the hills
in which ploughed fields rise up to meet
proud woods parading on the ridge,
stooping and rising with defiant ease;

an ancient farmhouse hidden in the
shade of comforting, protective trees;

a sandy lane losing its way, secluded
among hedgerows through the fields;

a friendly unexpected town, surrounded by
green hills and clear fresh water springs;
a church with bells; a station in the age of steam;
Alresford in Hampshire — fulfilment of my dream.



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