**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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