

**Lines Composed as a Tribute to the Power of Nature, and as a Nod  
to Wordsworth in the Year of the 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of his Birth.  
June 2020**

**by Wendy Stickley**

I wandered, happy as the day,  
Across the heath to Longslade View.  
Wild orchids cheered me on my way  
And cobwebs sparkled in the dew.  
Against blue skies tall foxgloves stood  
And buzzards circled nearby woods.

In spring, I love the dappled shade  
Of beech trees, sunshine filtering through,  
Highlighting bluebells in the glades  
Where robins sing, and blackbirds too.  
Here, I would gladly spend whole days  
Joined with them in songs of praise.

Sometimes, yearning for the sea,  
I walk on Hengistbury Head.  
Sweet heather is alive with bees;  
The salt air nourishes, like bread.  
Waves susurrating on the shingle  
Make my senses shiver, tingle.

While lingering in open spaces,  
Nature ministers to me;  
Reaches into hidden places  
Of my heart, setting me free.  
It calms, uplifts, and gently heals,  
Bringing riches none can steal.