

Remembrance



We ran the hazel byways he and I
And chased the morning glory down the lanes
And tumbled through the meadows on the way
To lay our tousled locks in secret glades.

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And oh the bluebell bowers where we played
Mid slumbering pastures sheltered in the fold
Where nodding shires slowly turned the fields
To scented earth beneath our wayward toes

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And through the lengthening shadows fleet we sped
Before the harvest moon had shed her light
To four strong walls where hands would gather us in
To draw us near and keep us through the night.

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And innocence reached up to touch the stars
In strong brown arms that often raised us high
Where smiling faces took us by the hand
And led us down to dreams by candlelight.

***Bernard J Calgie** was born on the Necarne estate near Irvinestown and spent his formative years there. He has lived in England for sixty years now but still remembers his childhood days in Fermanagh with affection.*

Photo of bluebells at Necarne by the author.