

## The last day on autumn pastures.

Grazing gently on luscious grass with its dew sweetened taste,  
timelessly they nose their wet snouts over the ground.  
Contrary their painful-whipping tails lash at flies with such haste,  
one by one they gather onto St Benet's ancient mound.  
Where the autumn sun seeps into their backs brightly,  
and from the mound with its hidden brick and flint a cross penetrates the sky.  
To the top they now walk the whole herd forthrightly,  
sky alive with starling in murmuration, scenes of geese chattering as they fly.

Tis 'noon, it cometh more gentle than a spring sapling with growing leaf bud,  
its warmth much stronger than its presence in the sky above.  
The gentle giants sit in springy reeds and slowly chew the sodden cud,  
young calves nestled amongst mothers, as tightly as warm glove.  
They stare longingly towards distant field as green as pastures new,  
farm and Ludham church on horizon, hidden by mist low-lying.  
Ploughed fields damp in furrow, with near-naked copse shielding the view,  
frozen dew spreads across the marsh as cattle nestle down snorting, sighing.

The setting sun reluctantly retracts her talons of warm milky rays,  
stage settings altered now to dark night, no longer day.  
Moon in full above sleeping herd casts a bright silver shadow maze,  
glitter scattered on delicate reed heads even on mighty bull, Charolais.  
His mammoth presence imposing on this cold moonlit night,  
and the morning will force return of herd to manger until new year.  
Rest my grand and graceful beasts, so peaceful tis this sight,  
alas new day brings no cattle but winter chill and unwelcome tear.

Written by Kieron Williamson 2015 aged 12 years.