

THE MAN ON THE HILL

(The Long Man of Wilmington)

I've passed you several times
Your chalky white lines
I look out from the train
You're radiant on that hillside terrain.

I've wanted to spend the day
Merrily chatting away
About all my concerns or nothing
Probably not worth really discussing.

There is a mystic energy about you
Something wonderful and true
Calming, sense and wisdom
Received through my glazed prism.

They say you are The Long Man
Of Iron age or Neolithic clan,
I will happily sit and listen
Alongside your spiritual intuition.

I don't care if it rains
On these South Down plains
It'll just be me and you
United, we two

So, come the day on your hill
A day when all shall reveal
I will understand all that you see
Life, the train, and me.