

The Gate



I found it, it's here, the original gate
Rusting and ancient and overgrown
Lines in a wilderness, angled and straight
Softened by ivy and birds that have flown

Thickets before it, scrub land behind
Thorny and stubborn and hidden away
Left to its fate for a stranger to find
A doorway, an entry to long ago days

The gate marks the path to an old gravel pit
The digging forgotten these many years long
Abandoned to nature, fox, badger, rabbit
A playground of children, now all grown and gone

The life I once had as a child who played there
Is distant in recall, beyond a far hill
But just like the gate which has learned to endure
The child who ran through it remains in me still