

## **With apologies to William Wordsworth**

Beside the lake, beneath the trees  
I'll walk and sit and take my ease  
Not being part of the office crowd  
I'll wander lonely as a cloud

They go to the pub on Friday nights  
To drink and set the world to rights  
For me it is a country walk  
To leave behind the office talk,  
The telephone, the keyboard clicks  
The whirring printer in the mix  
So - beside the lake, beneath the trees  
I'll walk and sit and take my ease.

**Jan Rees January 2026**