

The Road to Bayeux

Normandy is dressed in every shade of green
From eau de nil to emerald
From new leaf to deep forest

Fields stretch away from us on each side
And the road is edged with white lace
As cow parsley sways and bobs in the breeze
There is yellow too in the bright gold of buttercups
And the acid yellow of rape seed flowers

We pass through villages of pale stone
With dwellings old and new in the French style of steeply pitched roofs
And shutters at each window
The churches are all ancient, having marked the rites of passage for
generations of French people

Sometimes a high arch frames a set of elaborate wrought iron gates
Perhaps this is the entrance to some grand estate

Cream coloured cattle munch on the rich grass looking relaxed
And somehow knowing

Before long the pointed spires of the cathedral come into view
Do they perhaps suggest needles in a town famous for its tapestry?

