

## The country of my father's childhood.



Wandering along deserted country lanes,  
My father led me along bridleways, past hedgerows.

The pine trees stood majestically in the distance,  
The air was filled with migrating insects.

As the birds scavenged along the river bank,  
They swooped and soared, singing a welcome to the land of my father's youth.

By William Buchannan