

It Feels Like A Sunday.

It feels like a Sunday, or rather like
Sundays used to be. I walk out into this
bright, breezy mad March morning,
a kind of a hush has descended on my world
bringing behind it an unkind peace, for
there is a kind of a war on.
I hear the early chorus of birds, busy
building, singing, and the gentle buzzing
of the humble bumble bee.
Across the fields I hear the voice of
a neighbour's child at play;
no clamour of the kid's playground,
no school bell clanging or distant church bell ringing.

My cattle do not realise of course, for them it's
just another day, as they bellow out to me
impatiently waiting for their daily ration of hay.
The chickens scratch around and squawk loudly,
almost proudly, in their own inimitable way
to let the valley know they've laid an egg.
In the distance a dog barks and there's the drone
of a lawn mower, someone's cutting their grass.
It feels like a Sunday.

I start the tractor, shattering the scene;
my ear muffs muffle the rattling, clattering,
chattering of the chain harrows,
the chuntering of the tractor. Round and round,
up and down, and round and round again:
these fields will burst, burgeon with life
and colour in the coming summer.
But for now spring irrepressible is tantalising
with hazel catkins, pussy willows,
and snow-like blackthorn blossom.
Pretty pale primroses, egg-yolk yellow celandines
and dandelions brighten the bottoms of
the awakening hedgerows. I drink it all in,
pleasantly locked in my solitary world.

Hours pass. Driving back down the lane,
daffodils dance in the evening breeze,
dazzling in the last rays of the setting sun.
Time for tea and fireside sitting, no more meetings.
I switch off the tractor and the din is done.
I'm back where I started, and plodding homeward,
bathed in birdsongs and the bumble bee's hum,
faithfully chanting the long day's epitaph. And
suddenly I'm back fifty years, and can almost smell
my father's pipe and hear my mother laugh.

Jonathan Farey