

Bards in the Bog



Journeyman

Journeyman in his overalls walks up Long Field, catching a foot uneasy against the stubble
Taking a long shortcut back to a real day before machines reduced this corn
To a carpet-even nine inch cut.

A day when teams of twenty followed reaper and binder up the uneven rows of sheaves,
Knocking the heads to start the stooks, balanced like Indian tents of gold:
Days marked with morning 'lowance, dinner of four pies - two fruit, two tasty - afternoon small
beer.
And the sweet solemn impertinence of the pipe smoke, curling upwards to greet the on-coming
evening.

That was a field to walk in then.

Now one old man stumbles on
No longer picking razor-sharp spines from bloody fingers
Cussing at steady pace.
Makes for sad work in Long Field today.


David Weir

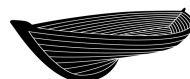
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