



On Heath, in Wood

Suzanne Munro

A Tranquil Hour Upon the Heath and Wood

A tranquil hour upon the heath
In company of dragonflies with diaphanous wings, and butterflies,
To while away an hour of life
In fulfilment, beneath June skies
Of azure blue;
And to wander through the cool
Of woods; brush the ferns of emerald green
That act as a foil for the dragonfly's diaphanous wing
As she flits through her dappled, jade domain.

Sunlight coming through the trees,
A refreshment to the breeze
That only morning time can bring,
And, all the while, the gentle singing
Softly, upon the air of tranquility,
That descends upon the mind and soul
That brings alive an inner spirit.

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....after a walk on Ruislip heathland and in the woods

This walk was the inspiration for the poem, and the poem, in turn, inspired this piece of music.
Both owe themselves to that beautiful morning walk.

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