

## **The Tinnerns Way ~ Love and Loss in Flood**

What wild and wet and wail,  
As I trudge on the trail;  
High ridge, high chin,  
Deep mine, gold glints;  
And far below, the rough Atlantic swell.

What heather, rocks and stones!  
Such tired, aching bones;  
No trees, no shade,  
No soft and gentle glade;  
And far beneath, the tin-mines' tunnels moan.

What years and ancient blood!  
The Celtic stones, the mud;  
Old dreams, new thoughts,  
No change, all's naught!  
And in my spirit, love and loss in flood.

*Jackie Carpenter*

*25<sup>th</sup> September 2021*