

Withernwick 1947

When I was four the world turned white
tumbling flakes all through the night
that woke me up to it's glaring light
and cold that nipped my nose.

The village was cut off from the town
the railway and roads all closed down
buried under a shining white gown
that soaked my boots and bit my toes.

Granddad Barker seventy and tough
stranded in a train had had enough
walked ten miles back through the stuff
and very nearly froze

Beyond the village just a little way
winter gripped and won the day
catching two shires just feet from hay
trapped to the shoulders in snows.

The day the plough set us free
all the village walked off to see
them still held beneath the trees
just necks and heads on show.

More than fifty years on I still see
the way they seemed to look at me
those large dark sightless eyes
that seemed to ask if I knew why
as I stood trying not to cry.

Still now some nights it seems those large cold heads invade my dreams