

Bob Catley, The Fields That I Recall

I watch the dawn light burn across
The fields and I recall
How the shire night turns to dust
How skies of blue can banish the storm
In my minds eye, return I must
To fields that I recall
As the streams unfold
So the waters flow from the pail

I watch the dawn light burn across
The fields and I recall
As a child I learned to trust
Desire the truth and never before
Did a black sky dare to cross
The fields that I recall?
Something feels so cold
Apparitions cloaked stalk the vale