

# ON WITHY HILL

On Withy Hill  
When the air is chill  
I tread the stony track

Across the heath  
With dirt beneath  
And never turning back

Despite the darkening skies of grey  
High Heath beckons me to stay  
This simple hovel, stark and bare  
Neglected now – in need of care

It calls me still, this rustic dwelling  
The need to return, intense, compelling

Barred to me now but I have seen  
Just how this homestead must have been

I see it as it was before  
With simple window, wooden door

Light from the lantern burning bright  
For weary pilgrims of the night

If only the door would open wide  
Bidding me welcome to sit beside

The ancient hearth, its warmth impart  
To soothe my hands and fill my heart

Perhaps if I should close my eyes  
And upon their opening see

My cottage on the blasted heath  
Just as it used to be

Along the rough and stony track  
That will forever call me back

It called me then, it calls me still  
High Heath cottage on the hill

Anne Nash - February 2023