

Poets Corner presents....

Derek Stanton

Owd Fettle.

Owd Fettle looks down with pride
At little dog Judgie by his side
Faithfull eyes look back and say
E'h let's up and while our time away
O'er yon fields and moors and becks
There's plenty more adventures waiting yet

The other day by the canal side
I startled up a deer it hied
Towards cut bank leapt in and swum away.
When March comes around
I like to catch the hares at play
But they won't let me join in their games
If I could I'd make them prance and dance.

Next to Laund Wood, down Ollerton Fold
Is a reed bed were the pheasants nest
You want hear them squack and screech
When I find them half asleep
They get an awful shock
When I nip and shift the lot.

On the lodge we find the heron sitting still
A flash of blue, It's the kingfisher
showing off its angling skills,
Canada geese have just arrived
They join mallard, grebes, water-hens and coots,
But the swans maintain there stately looks.

One day I got tangled up in a bramble bush
Although I could hear Owd Fettle's calls
I could not get out of this mess at all
When I finally struggled free
The old lad were none to pleased with me
He thought I gone astray you see.

As the years roll quickly by
It will soon be time to say goodbye
Owd Fettle and I are growing old
Through the years of daily treks
come rain, sun, wind, or snow
Slower now but that's nature's way I know

It's New years Day the morn
But Owd Fettle and Judgie passed away
Still together side by side
Both lifes spent, that's their New Years lament
Owd Fettle and Judgie
Came and went.