

Harvest Trek

We start this walk
Without the history talk
Pass the pillar from the Friary
Barbara looks at notes in her diary
Down the steps and around the corner
Should I go ahead and join her
Pass the White Hart Inn
Now very quiet without a din
Along the road
The goodie bags are a load
Into the area of Southern Rail
Where trains brought visitors to the Jail
The execution they came to see
They cheered and shouted out loud with glee
It was a gruesome sight
Surely it can't be right
Passing by the Borough Arms
Standing there with all its charms
Onwards to Boscarne Junction
Today it still has a function
Passing many fields of green
Not a vine to be seen
Onwards to glimpse the vine
Now the talk flows to wine
Time for a cup of tea
In the café by an apple tree
Maybe we're a little old
I thought it turned a little cold
We reach the long upward drag
Some of us begin to lag
Here we are at last
Now we can sit upon the grass
Outside the church
We have finished our trek

A poem by Mike Foster based on The Bodmin Way's Harvest Walk 29 October 2020