At Len’s Leisure

Our parking was sporadic

dotted through the street

The Anchor a focal point

a designated place to meet

We gathered by the netties

Len explained the route

Setting off at 8:30

Hoping for a hoot

Everyone expected rain

a dreeking after lunch

The rain gods played fair

this was a lucky bunch

As we walked the moor

mounted horses trotted by

Sleek and sure footed

legs reaching to the sky

We had tarmac and grass

plus heather underfoot

Ferns as tall as men

raspberries eaten with such glut

Admiring the trig point painted by Mr Ford

It’s become an obsession whenever he’s feeling bored

I’m sure he wants a knighthood

Or even called m’lord

Finishing in high spirits

all nineteen safely back

Most had a drink

and a catchup yack

@Paul Ashman

August 2021