**The Thames and Docklands, Wednesday 1st July 2009**

14 walkers, 10 miles – leader Peter Buchwald

Into Green Park walked the 13 on a sunny summer night,

Crossed verdant greens and passed the palace of the Queen;

Found a glittering lake where pelicans would disport,

Passed a White Hall where Churchill had a seat of war.

Through a throng of people beneath a venerated clock,

Along an old river which once was tributary to the Rhine;

They saw a giant wheel which people call an eye,

And crossed that river by a newly built old railway bridge.

Trees draped in red and white were at the Hall of Festivals,

Where people were carousing and the 13 were joined by one;

We made haste and passed the ruin of an ancient palace,

By some narrow lanes up to the Tower Bridge where people dined.

A monument to Leonardo was found before the Surrey Docks,

A sufferance wharf where merchandise once shipped was taxed;

An old King's palace and a statue to a good man whose daughter passed away,

An enchanted forest now has grown in what was once the Russia Docks.

The Greenland Dock now houses pleasure boats by an old swing bridge,

A circumsphere lay on a dolphin's back, a mile of twisted wire;

And the Cutty Sark was hidden, shrouded in a canvas tent,

As we made our way in dusk to the nearest public house.