## From Windmill Hill

Enchantingly England, diminutive in miniature, with beauty Neat, low-key, diverse, not grand, ornate in scale.

Sharp morning light, sun slanted low, pricks out, In limestone white, the ministerial towers of York, Engaged a thousand years in pomp and power, Set off, beyond the plain, by smudge of Wold, Howardian Hills, and, tucked away behind, the Viking coasts Where plunderers, horde on horde, refined with native blood, Produced, uniquely, Yorkshire's brood.

Slow flowing Wharfe, in tribute to Hardrada 's stream, Pre - nemesis of Harold 's fall, meanders Through the tumbling weirs, past British Library's ugly pile, The scar of Papyrus, Thorp Arch 's threatening growth, And would - be spa, discarded in the rush to rail, Though now, in late Elizabethan times, aspiringly genteel.

Way out from Boston's bosoming trees, a far off replica, Seeming primeval in design, hacked out of white stone cliff; Cantering the hills of Hambleton, this mighty horse rears up Above the vale where Thompson's mightier mouse holds sway

Nearer again lie Catholic Clifford's monuments; at either end A church; between, a nunnery where former calm gives way To order of a differing kind, control of miscreant boys; And, close at hand, silently humane, the school Where present nuns bring hope to deaf and blind.

Down left, the snaking lane past lately hacienda 'd farm, Brick hovel boxed in stone to meet improving style, Attracts attention to another highway, just beyond, Arterial route bound up in history's deeds two thousand years, The great road north and south, for Roman legions; Feuding English barons; princes of the Scottish blood; And Irish bombers --- all taking nationalistic aim.

Be human instinct as it may, a far - off glimpse
Of ancient Almscliffe 's gritty mass impels to mind
This scene, unspoilt though changed by need
And fashion 's passing fads, should yet inspire
A constant joy transcending Man 's inconstancy.