## **WENDOVER WOODS**

From the road you see the hill, thickly wooded. The path calls you upwards and into the shade. When the year is new you might lose the path, follow instead the muntjac tracks in the snow. The overnight fall has purified the light. The chiffchaff sounds spring. And the robin singing out from the top of the tall trees, the pines that bristle against the pale sky. And then the butterfly days of summer, the whites, the blues, the gatekeeper, the comma. The flickering punctuation of the chalk hill path. Look hard for the tiny spark amongst the conifer branches. The gold or fiery crest against the duns. Come autumn, the beeches will themselves begin to burn while the air turns cold and crisp around your ears. The jays have considered the future. Buried their acorns and nuts. They are the bright eye of the winter wood, always looking forwards.

> Will Burns, 2017 Local Poet



## A walk into the magnificent woodlands of the Chilterns, taking in ancient settlements, kids activities and all the local flora and fauna

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