

SEPTEMBER RECOVERY TIME

BINEGAR 2019



LOVELY FARM OUTHOUSE CONVERSION BY TONY & SUSAN

BEANACRE - THE VENUE



SOMERSET DELIGHTS

THE ASPECT



HOUSE & GARDEN



THE CREATIVE PATIO

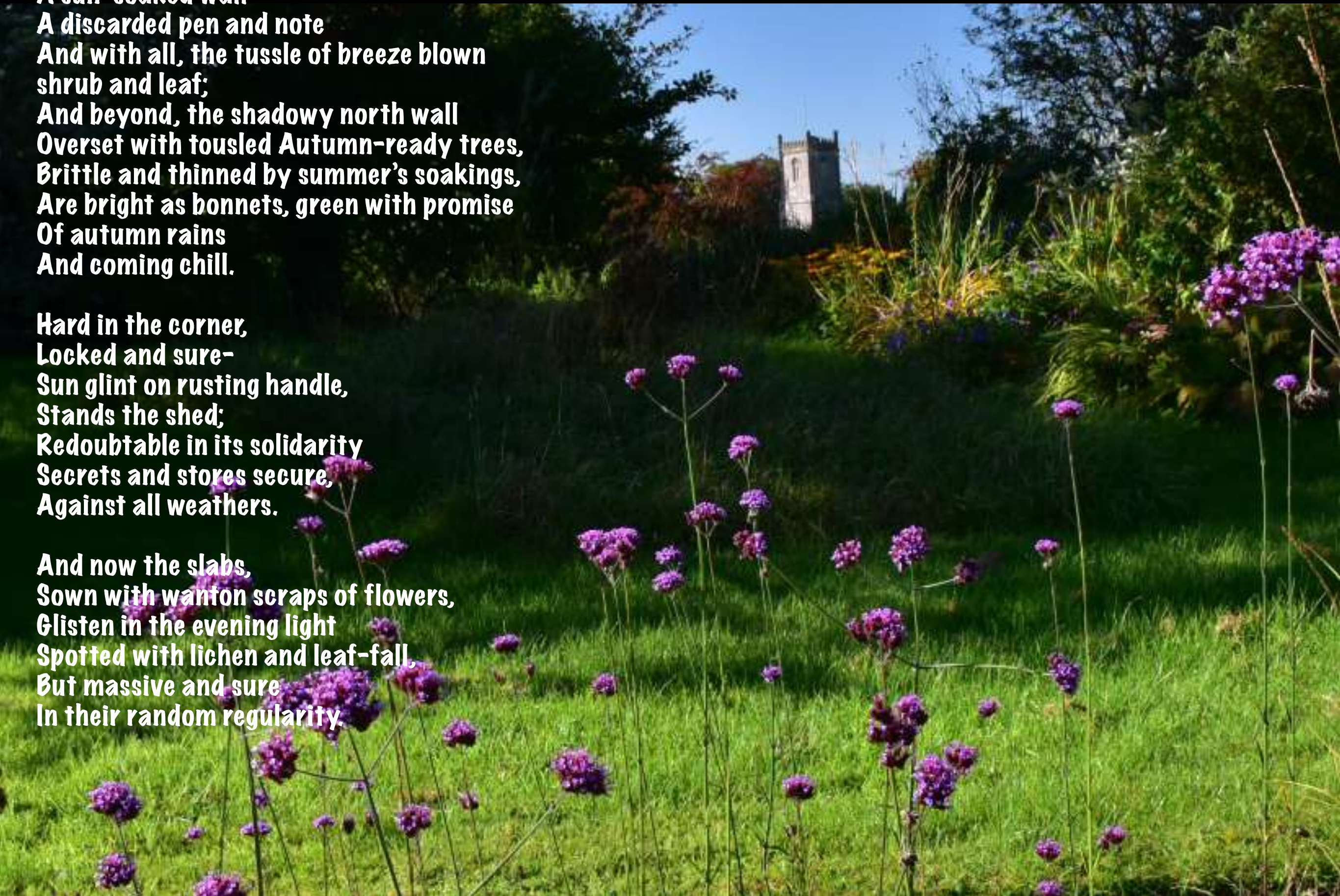


COUNTRY SEAT

**A seat
A sun-soaked wall
A discarded pen and note
And with all, the tussle of breeze blown
shrub and leaf;
And beyond, the shadowy north wall
Overset with tousled Autumn-ready trees,
Brittle and thinned by summer's soakings,
Are bright as bonnets, green with promise
Of autumn rains
And coming chill.**

**Hard in the corner,
Locked and sure-
Sun glint on rusting handle,
Stands the shed;
Redoubtable in its solidarity
Secrets and stores secure,
Against all weathers.**

**And now the slabs,
Sown with wanton scraps of flowers,
Glisten in the evening light
Spotted with lichen and leaf-fall,
But massive and sure
In their random regularity.**





Avalon visit

SO MANY LOVELY THINGS TO SEE



such amazing scenery

- MAKES YOU WANT TO STAND AND STARE -



WHERE'ER YOU WALK

ENGLAND AT ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL



WHERE'ER YOU WALK

UP HILL OR DOWN ON THE MARSHES



Ode to a bottle of milk (Devon)

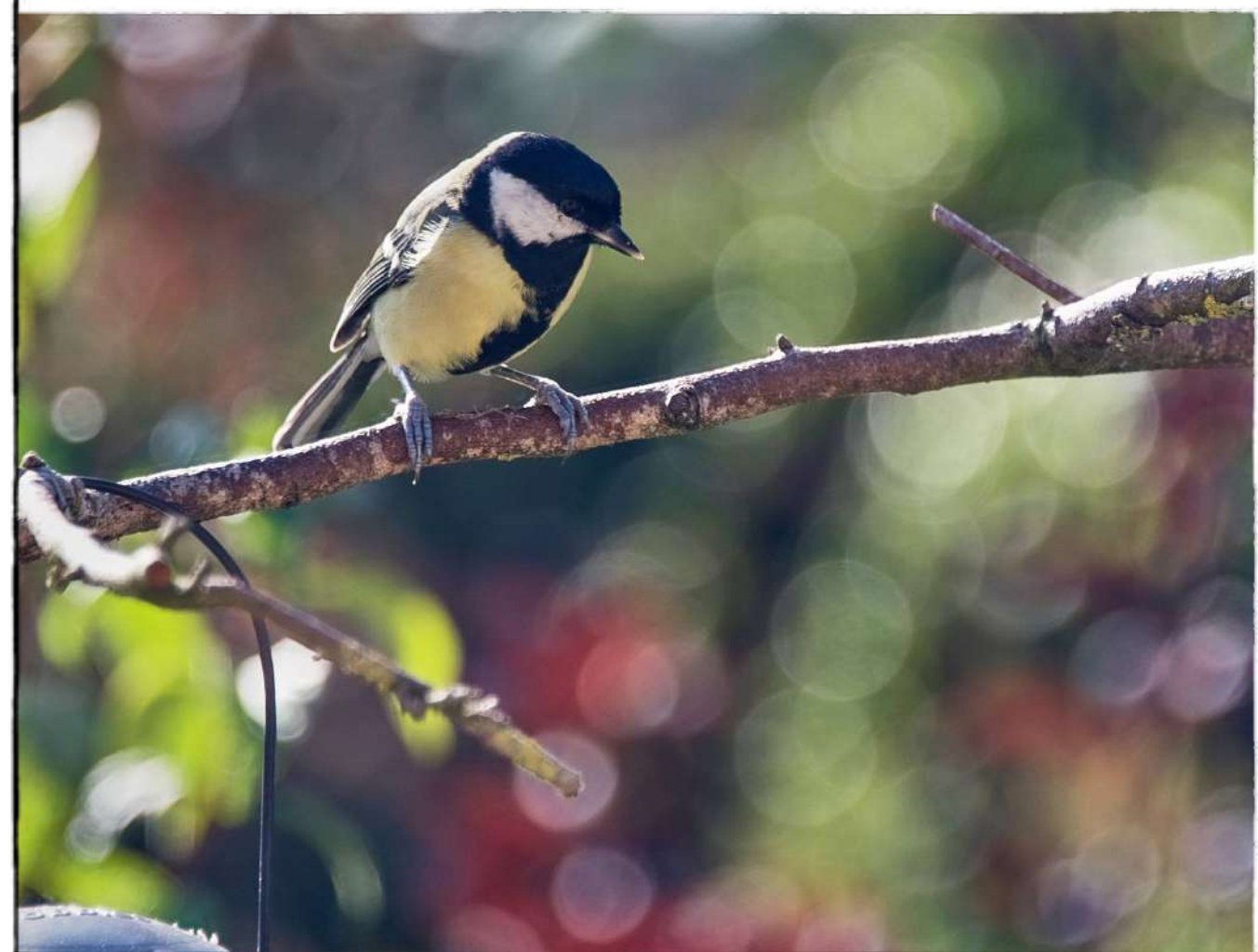
The milk at home is blue they say
When dripped into a bowl.
Hold the stuff up to the light,
They've homogenised the whole!

But we're down West where mangolds grow,
And cider apples too.
Hold our milk up and see the cream,
This stuff is not see-through!

Pour out on shredded wheat, me boy,
And add your sugar topping
Then gently pour the liquid gold,
For third helpings, there's no stopping!!

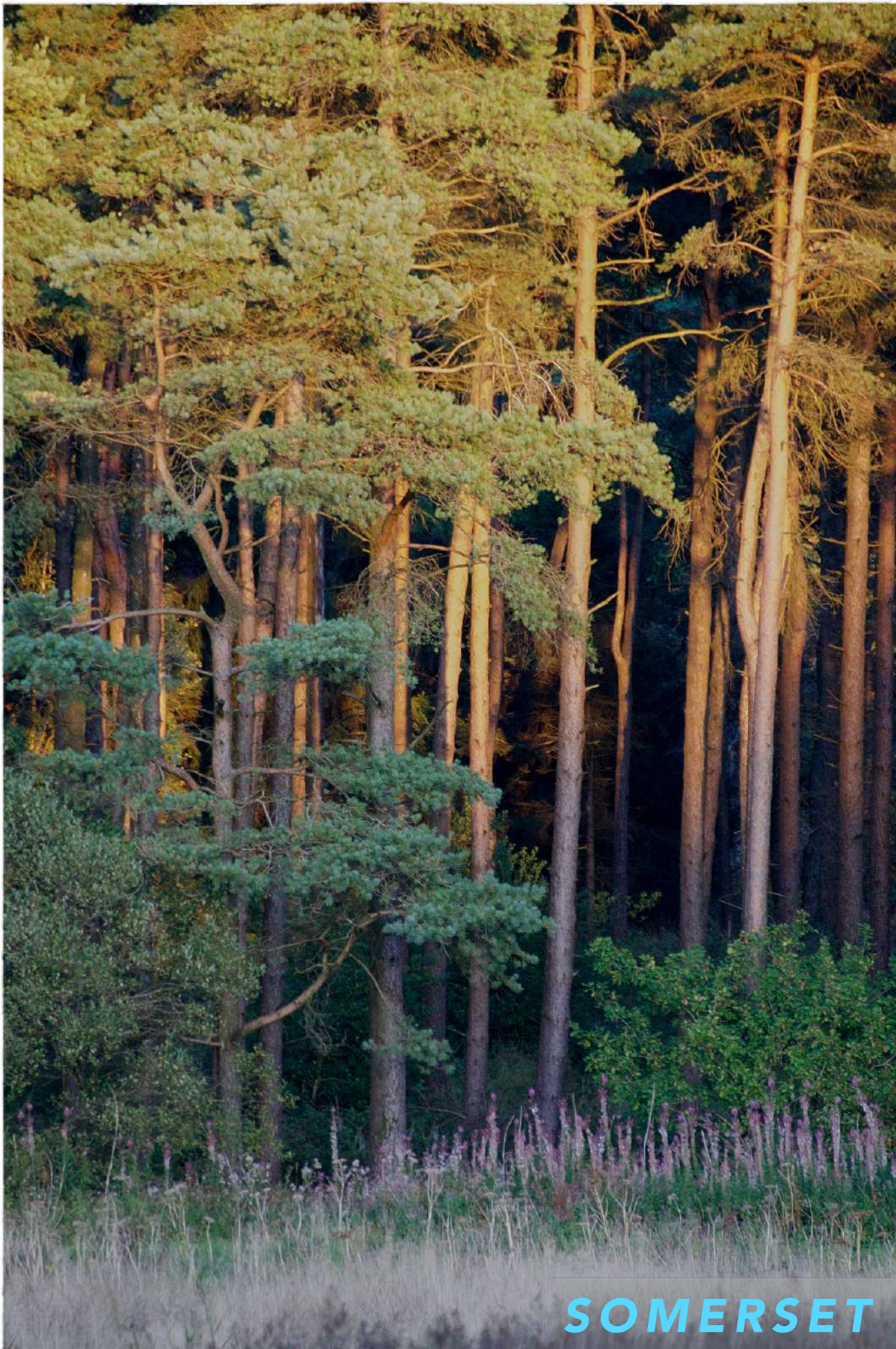
For cows down west are the real McCoy
Not plastic inflata-bulls.
They move and chew like cows of old
And the cream comes out in jugfuls!





BIRD FEEDER VISITORS





SOMERSET - SOME SCENES

LATCH OF MEMORY

Stone-clad, rugged homestead,
Beam-set with peg and pine;
Solid - silent amidst scattered flowers
And the distant mist-wrapped church;
Save for the dusk-tide tawny's hooting
Amid the ashes - giants of the field verge -
Shimm'ring yet in summer cloaks.

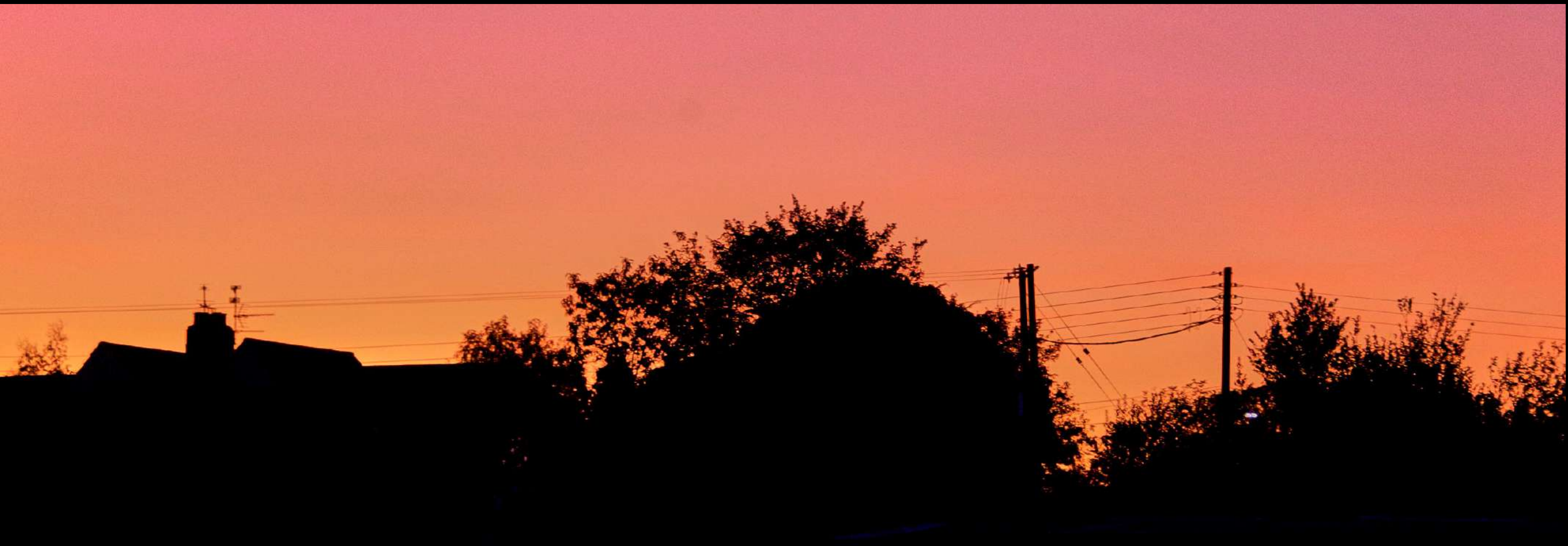
And here is peace amongst English fields,
Hesitant in Autumn expectation,
Shadowing the narrow lanes
And half banishing from sight
Noble parapet and arch of hemmed in junction lines,
that straddle, height to dale, the ancient hills:
Lost to memory save in the mind's eye;
Which hints of smoke and steam that
Still betrays it's trails in vision.

And older yet, marching the Mendips,
The sandalled hob-nails of Rome
At regulation pace and precedence
Along those map-straight cobbled streets;
Eon-laid, hidden under the mould'ring turfs,
Lost long, with sword, pot and coin
Recording a different nobility.

19th September '19



A truly lovely place
WITHIN OR WITHOUT



Thank you - the Canterbury Roses