

U3A Poetry Group
February's Poem of the Month

NO TURN TO WYTHAM
by Mark Chatfield

You cannot by the old road set forth now to Wytham:
Much will be strange
To you for sixty years
Of rancid change
Have from your former spheres
Erased the familiar turn that led to Wytham.

If your intention is to go again to Wytham
You will have to
Seek the modern way that
Drives a course through
Crude entanglements at
Botley's fringe where before began your treks to Wytham.

Yet once you have regained the now truncated Wytham
Lane and turned your
Back with sadness upon
The running sore
That you have travelled on,
Still you will find no peace when wandering to Wytham

For a wound has gashed the once harmonious Wytham
Fields. From Seacourt
To beyond the Godstow
Plain fiends snort
A harsh continuo
That dishonours the once unsullied way to Wytham.

Yet, if you feel the need to once more traipse to Wytham
You may in the
Meandering, artless
Waters of the
Seaport Stream find solace
To ease the hurt that strikes now when one creeps to Wytham.