

## Memory Farm

The sight of a field as we drove down France,  
Dotted over with sheep, stirred memory's chance  
Of my farm when I was just four.  
A square of green baize served as the field,  
The farmhouse, paint scruffy and peeled,  
And the cowshed attached, with opening door.  
I had eight or nine sheep, and I closed them in  
With inch-high fences painted in cream,  
And three cows in a separate enclosure.  
An irregular pale blue patch was the pond  
With only five ducks swimming around –  
In the winter they'd die of exposure!  
Mr Farmer stands firm, Mrs F painted working  
At the farmhouse window; and lurking  
Near the cowshed with pitchfork, the farmer's boy Joe.  
And last, old Dobbin, the trusty brown nag.  
Then Mum says, 'Put your farm away in its bag,  
For shopping in High Barnet we've got to go.'

*Roy Chisholm*