

A River's Journey.



The Cheviot Hills, Northumberland

The Cheviot hills, bleak throughout the year, but no
Heather, tufted grass, carpet the headwaters of lives
As trickles of moisture ooze through moss, although
Miniscule existence, the eye unable to comprehend survives.

From minute beginnings the liquid now, a rippling rivulet
Traversing over gravel, stones, sand and slope,
Always thriving, rain, a welcome friend, posing no threat
To the conjoined streams of Carey Burn and Harthope.



Harthope Valley, Northumberland



The Wooler Water, Northumberland

Swirling, gurgling now in iridescent circles of torment,
Flowing through landscapes of history
Unexplained to those of today, but incandescent
The Wooler Water, a larger river now, but still a mystery

Salmon, minnows, trout, dart between foliage and leaves
All life submerged, protected forever in the depths
Of the River Till, meandering past settlements, as it weaves
Majestically flowing, for ever onwards until it intercepts

The final destination - The River Tweed, Scotland



The River Till, Northumberland