

## SALISBURY PLAIN

(December, 1914)

THE grey moon at dawn:  
The grey sun at noon:  
Dank mists a-crawl,  
Grey as the moon.

Furze in the vale:  
A farm on the hill;  
Wet, grey flocks  
Roving at will.

Haws on the bush;  
A lark in the sky:  
Old Stonehenge counting  
Ages go by.

Furze black as grief:  
Sward green as Spring  
And one grey bird  
With heart to sing.