

Special Feature My Corner



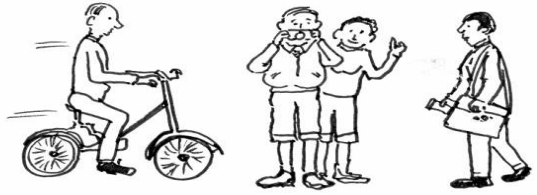
My corner is quite fascinating; it's funny
and it's sad
It's a fine conglomeration of the sweetest
and the bad!

For years there was a lady, all smartly
dressed in red,
Who fed the ducks each morning with a
bulging bag of bread,
But now she's been replaced by a
growing 'dog walk troupe',
Who laugh and josh the passers by - a
bubbly little group.

Schoolchildren wearing flimsy shirts are
waiting for their coach,
Through season's cold and brittle winds
they cast away their coats
...Then shiver. They banter, laugh, make
fun and chatter
Before they leave behind homework and
little piles of litter.

The big golden retriever, who knows just
where to go,
Boldly charges past us with his mistress
still in tow!
The postman walks on by, with one eye
on the dog,
The acquaintance is well known from his
years spent in the job.

The chap on his wife's bike sets off for
his paper



The man with his fluffy dog follows on
much later
The bald chap ('the thighs') cycles past
before three
The jogger, all noddy head, has bandaged
his knee.

Cars pull out too quickly bringing traffic
to a halt
A screech of brakes, a curse and a deny
of 'not my fault'
A regular cacophony of a blind spot on
our bend
A part of life we live with as we sweep
and mop and mend.

The young boys spin their wheels in their
beefed up little cars
Impressing all and sundry-or so they
think they are
They race around the village, caring not
one bit,
For all the kids and elderly they could so
easily hit.

My corner is magic a mix of village life
and colour
Its characters are part of us and all The
Wychwoods offer
A static, secret place in a life that's one
big whirl,
It's the adventure of my corner and its
private little world.

Jan Harvey