

Arlott

MORE than the relayed
Glories from the crease,
The willow sounds,
The white-clad forms,
He also cherished words
And viewed his county
with a poet's eye.
Born in a Gothic cottage,
Close by the resting place
Of long-flown souls,
John sprang from Hampshire soil.
Loved its deep woods,
Its fragrant meadowland.
Noted the minute miracles
Of leaf and flower,

The path where paws and wings
Carve their inscriptions
Through the woodland ways.
Those earth deep tones,
Throbbing the air waves,
Rich with cricket lore,
Spun webs of verse
With like facility.
John loved the game,
Made clear its mysteries.
Yet while his voice described
Each stroke and move,
Beyond the boundary line
He saw the trees.
- Joan Howes, Riverdene, Basingstoke

BASINGSTOKE GAZETTE 10/5/2000