



# A CELEBRATION OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS WAY THROUGH POETRY



Many visitors to the 79 mile Yorkshire Wolds Way National Trail find happiness in the peace and tranquillity provided by the surrounding stunning landscape.

Such a calm environment, in a busy and hectic world, offers people a perfect place to relax in comfort on one of the benches along the trail and express their thoughts in the form of poetry.

Visitors were invited to do just that as part of our celebrations of the 40th Anniversary of the Yorkshire Wolds Way in 2022. Hundreds of poems were written at the benches at South Cave, Huggate and West Heslerton.

The quality and emotion expressed in so many of these pieces of creative writing amazed us. We have selected our favourite 20 poems to feature in this celebratory e-book.

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## With every breath I take

Each step kisses the earth  
With gratitude, compassion  
Peace and forgiveness  
With every breath in  
I am calm  
With every breath out  
I smile  
This is my meditation.

Daniel



## Take 3

Intrepid women

True Friends

Big walkers

Add in

Laughs

Picnics

Anecdotes

Mix with

Sunshine

Showers

Breeze

Plus 1

Yorkshire Wolds Way

A perfect Cocktail of Happiness

Image: Anthony Clark





## **I come to this walk to clear my mind**

Of things I would like to leave behind  
So this surprise was rather nice and put a  
Smile on my face, to think of good memories

On this bench

To take a breath in and out

A sigh of sadness and relief

Don't worry there's always better to come

Even if not now

You can do it, I believe in you

If we can do it, so can you

So put a smile on your face,

Tell someone some kind words and remember

Your soul's beautiful inside and out

(And to the person I am thinking of –

I hope I get to see you again)



## Look across the rolling Hills

Into the clear blue sky  
Breathe the air and feel the chills  
Whilst watching the birds fly by  
Take some time away from it all  
And allow your mind to relax  
It's nice to feel so small  
Here on the Wolds Way tracks.

Laura







## Treading along the pathways

Previous generations have worked and lived  
Their stories told in fields and villages  
Comforting those who come

Wide green and yellow patchwork valleys  
The smell of the sea over the hill  
Changing communities settled along the vale  
Inspiring those who come

Birds sing the musical background  
Sheep graze on the lush green grass  
The scent of flowers and trees around you  
Welcome those who come

It reminds us of our ancestors  
Who worked hard and were happy here  
Many had to move away to find  
New lives elsewhere

Their presence felt  
It's good to think they once  
Lived on this land they loved  
Along the Yorkshire Wolds Way walk.

Tim and Pat Beckley, Beverley



## Born in the village you see below

Years have passed, it seems so long ago  
My brothers and sisters have all died  
The pain inside is hard to hide  
My wife and children have also gone  
Life is hard when you are the only one  
Yet such beauty as I see today  
Makes me feel I'm going to be ok.

Peter, Scarborough







## Our intrepid adventurers

Pause on a bench  
For a cup of hot, sweet tea  
From a flask  
Thousands of steps behind them  
Thousands of steps ahead  
Their bodies ache  
Their feet tire of repetition  
And their backs long for a soft, warm bed

Sumptuous symphonies of skylarks  
Provide the soundtrack to the Wolds Way  
Punctuated occasionally by the  
Awkward squawks of the pheasants  
Or the low hum of the bumblebee

Tomorrow they shall reach the sea  
And be triumphant on the Brigg  
Their lungs fill with the clear Yorkshire air  
Their hearts are full.

Carmel

## As my soul melts

As my soul melts into the essence of this place  
It finds its home  
My time is not for worry  
My time is not for care  
My time is all bespoke  
For the valley of the hare  
Enjoy your time upon this wold  
It's the ancient narrative retold  
Where as you stroll across the grass  
Animals pause and watch you pass  
Unaware of politics and war  
They live their lives on wing and paw  
Find time to reflect beneath a tree  
Of long ago when you were free  
Your inner child can meet you now  
In dappled sunshine beneath the bough  
Share her joy her innocence pure  
For all your stress, the perfect cure  
All too soon we must depart  
But not for once with heavy heart  
For always now you share this place  
Its joy, its peace, its truth its grace  
Spend time within the valley of the hare  
He will wait.







## We started at Hessele

We started at Hessele  
It's quite a long way  
The views are fantastic  
Of that I must say  
There's buzzards, red kites  
Different butterflies too  
Dragon flies, tadpoles, skylarks  
To name but a few  
Our journey's not over  
To Ganton we go  
Tomorrow to Filey  
Then it's over – OH NO!

Dave and Judy Turnbull

## Home is where the heart is

And mine is always here  
Although I live many miles away  
It's always very clear  
That roots cannot be broken  
No matter how we try!  
As I sit here on the poetry bench  
With family in the sun  
I realise there is such a lot of  
Living yet to come!

Angela, Barry, Carrie, Mark, Florence and Amellie







## We left the capital

With its noisy impatience  
And took a train “up north”  
We’ve swapped the Tube & our daily cares  
For the simple pleasure  
Of putting one foot in front of the other repeatedly  
Until we reach the sea  
Skylarks provide the happy soundtrack to our day  
Sheep regard us with bemused faces  
These city folk  
Out of place in the rolling Wolds.  
We feel the weight of life’s presence  
Lift off our shoulders  
Every small detail delights us  
Our lungs love the country air  
We stop for lunch by a poetry bench  
Boots off, let the breeze caress our toes  
Let inquisitive ladybirds land on our fingers  
Now we are fortified  
Ready for the miles left before dark  
Our backpacks lighter  
Our hearts lighter  
Our eyes brighter.

Carmel

## **Horsedale, you are my husbands favourite place**

He loves sitting on the poetry bench  
Drinking in all your grace  
Taking in your voluptuous curves  
You are easy on the eye  
Your beauty is truly endless  
Altered only by the sky  
Summer, winter, autumn, spring  
Horsedale you really are “the thing”  
Peaceful, tranquil and away from it all  
With a beauty that never ceases to enthrall.

Jessica Sedman

Image: Paul Sedman







## Here in big sky country

I can rest my weary bones  
Breathe in the views that surround me  
I know that I am home.

Deb Britton

## Dappled pools of sunlight

Skip across the Wolds  
Time has been and time will come  
For stories to be told  
Of warren and heath, of gorse and fern  
On darker days, to the Wolds we turn  
For peace and wonder, tracks to tread  
In the Wolds we wander, our dreams unsaid.

Colin Beacock

Image: Claire Giles







## Holmdale lies silent, sleeping, unmoved by centuries

Unchanged except maybe for the seasons  
The ash tree stands as a sentinel  
Guarding all who walk beneath it's arms  
Seemingly in charge of all.

The wind has gone, all movement ceased,  
Nothing in all the dale to move  
Yet the noisy chatter of the birds  
Continues unabated as they too  
Seem unaware of the world around  
Content to feed and flit in the present moment.

And now a breeze has sprung again  
Just a gentle movement on my cheek  
It seems to say that I am not alone  
That despite long years of unchanged time  
This dale is still alive with spirits presence  
No place, no person, no circumstance  
Is ever left undone.

**“Look up” she said...**

So we did  
And down  
And around  
And all was beauty  
Everywhere.

JFK

Image: Alastair Graham







## View from the bench

The buzzard circles over the dale  
Appreciating sun not hail  
It spots a rabbit in the grass  
And plummets down to make a pass  
With chicks to feed it needs a kill  
The rabbit runs suspecting ill  
Sitting here I cannot say  
Which creature will survive the day  
Tis natures way from days gone by  
And not for us to wonder why.

C.A. Matthieson



## A Special Place

Peace and calm  
Stillness and views that stretch for miles  
We walk and we are happy  
We sit and we take  
We ponder on memories of our time in this place  
Nature fills our ears with bird song  
Insects chatting to each other  
About their day  
Yorkshire is my special place  
Where I feel free to be myself.

Sam, York







## **I've walked many times**

Along this path  
To sit and think  
And have a laugh  
Even walking in the rain  
Helps my mind and clears my brain  
So I'll carry on and walk my path  
And return again for another laugh.

Dean, Hull

## Suits and boots

On poets bench we rest our boots  
We've done away with workday suits  
We walk and talk along the way  
And help each other seize the day  
It's what we are that matters most  
No longer tethered to our post





Image: Alastair Graham



VISIT  
**EAST  
YORKSHIRE**

