

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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Suits and boots







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













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







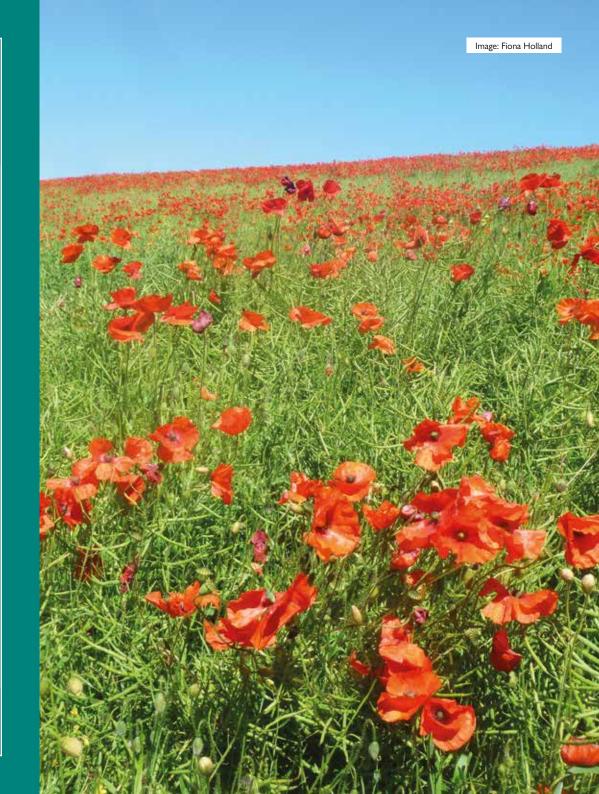


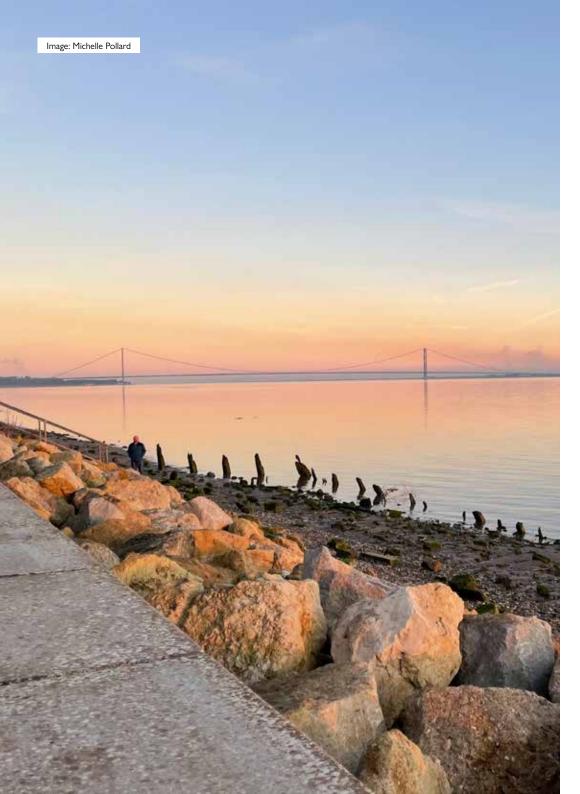
As my soul melts

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 Hessle

We started at Hessle
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 lifes 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









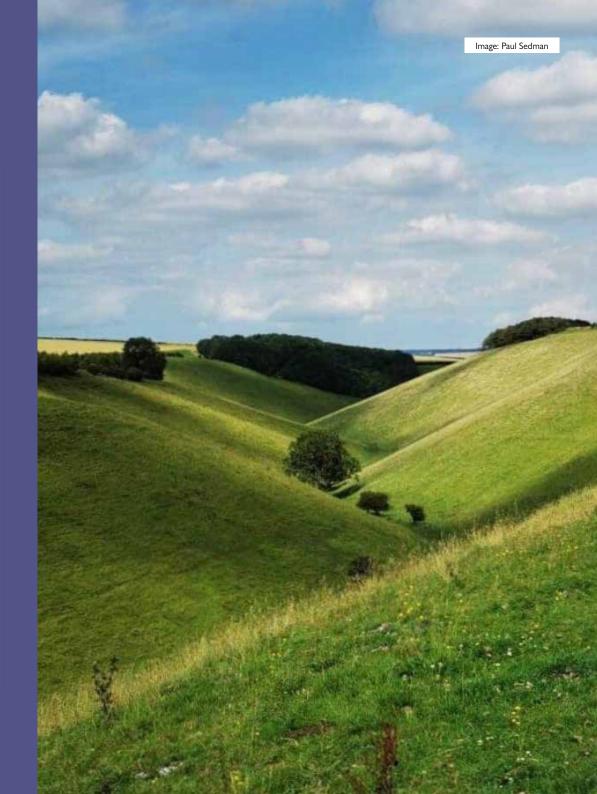
Horsedale, you are my husbands favourite place

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 enthral.

Jessica 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













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













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: Mark Blakeston

