

Chalk

White is the bed on which our landscape rests,
Formed from the shells that time preserved as chalk.
Aquifer store in which the rain collects,
Filling the springs that feed the river course.

Former of flint, for fire, axe and arrow,
Shelter the follower, in hollowed cave,
Feeder of fields, for plough, hoe and harrow,
Went the Knights Templars to, fight the Crusades.

Latitude locus, Meridian Line,
Ancient the highway from Salisbury Plain.
Crossed by the marker, of Greenwich mean time,
Footprints of Romans and royalty remain.

Gentle the hills topped with heathland and trees,
Abundant with wildlife, calling it home.
The traveller here is easily pleased,
To pause for a while, near Roysia's stone.

What mark is left, on your pale crust, as the
Surface inhabitants, dance in the light.
Cradled by chalk, we play our part, in the
Foraminiferous, circle of life.