

**To John Clare**

BY CLAIRE BURNETT responding to BY JOHN CLARE

Welcome home John,  
the land is still here.

This Spring we can stroll along green lanes  
and holloways.

Inhaling the Hawthorn,  
blossoming anew.  
Eating the leaves as bread,  
sandwiching flowers as butter.

Feel Spring sun warm your back  
and rest.  
Rest here in this meadow;

Gaze up at the skylarks  
and recline on the earth.  
Listen out for the cuckoo, the blackbird, the thrush.

When your being is restored,  
you shall wander woodland edges  
and you can see  
orchids, primrose and bluebells still abound.

Come Summer, there will be  
stooks of hay  
and again you may rest;  
lay yourself down,  
your bones held by the earth.

Bask beneath this triumphant sky  
and we may  
glimpse  
the hare arcing by.