

## WATCHING THE WILD

*Dartmoor, gentle, simple place?  
No it is wild;  
Screaming, fierce-eyed sky guardians  
Wheel and circle over their kingdom;  
Rushing, whipped wild waters  
Make stone watchers slowly tumble.*

*Domes of rock, formed by fire hammers  
Will crack and fall;  
Swift wind whistles through the shadows  
Through tree claws wild and old  
They clap,  
Against the clouds and raining sounds  
With leafy crowns and nature's arms.*

*We are the watchers of this wild place.  
Ragged beauty trapped in our eyes,  
Webs of time encircle these memories;  
While this is wild,  
It will not die.*

Heather Holcroft- Pinn (2004)