

A to B

As I ramble or I motor
Over Yorkshire's vast terrain
My thoughts are filled with past times
Time and time again

Who trod these paths before me
Long years before my being?
Did they stop en route like I do
To admire the view they're seeing?

Were they jagers, vagrants, drovers,
Intent upon their quest?
Did they bed down for the night here?
Man and beast in need of rest



Did they follow fingerposts
And wayside signposts too?
Or did they use the sun and stars
Like old seafarers do?

The Roman roads go arrow straight
North, south, east, west they spread
Their old mile-stones still standing
Guiding travellers as they sped

Marauders on the rampage
May have long passed by this way
Or battalions of soldiers
Travelling foot-sore night and day

Old "monk roads" link the abbeys,
Those routes can still be found
Where they farmed the land for sustenance
Then prayed on hallowed ground

Many two or legged journeys
Took a slower rate of pace,
Now, we've mile on mile of motorway
Where the aim seems chase and race

The fast-track world is frantic
Three lanes at break-neck speed
Queues and bouts of 'road rage',
Is this really what we need?

Oh! Give me the old byways
Where there's time to look and see
And follow the old mile-stones
To get from A to B

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