The Spirit
of South West England

Ronnie GOODYER
Home

Under camera-stars and gossip-trees, 
enclosed in love and love of things, 
I can rest informed and protected.

The fussy bee with his golden knees 
leaves its sedum patch to dance on my hand 
telling me where the first buds are appearing. 
The dragons of the air hover emerald 
iridescence from six feet away, 
happy that the clay pool has refilled. 
The pearl fritillary tells me her family 
have moved here for the scabious and loosestrife 
now their old home is empty warehousing.

Away from home the galleries are harboring art. 
Away from home the museums are embalming literature. 
Away from home a soldier walks towards us 
through a field of dead or dying flowers, 
half-buries his rifle, barrel open to the sky, 
plants it with papaver rhoeas, before 
continuing his search for the perfect rose.

The blue tits inspect a bird box, 
nailed to the side of the potting shed, 
flight-path clear, a possible residence. 
We consider leaving some ground 
next to the trees for a wildflower meadow, 
maybe Hawkbit and Cuckoo Flower, 
maybe Ragged Robin and Bugle. 
Perhaps your shoes will be covered 
in yellow dust, your clothes and hair too. 
Perhaps you’ll follow the blue passionflower 
petals that trail through my door for you...
Coming To Dartmoor

Maybe you’ll come when the hazel catkins
wave the promise of autumn fruit,
or heavy frost is melted by sun
turning meadow-grass to bright chandeliers.

Maybe you’ll come when the bluebells and purple orchids
lead to new primroses by the wood
and hawthorn-scented air rises above the pink
of bell-heather and western gorse.

Maybe you’ll come when the pearl fritillary
blows to the wild violets,
or larval clover gives birth to common blue,
opening its page-wings to green alkanet.

Maybe you’ll avoid the boggy ground
where forget-me-nots thrive beside moorland streams,
yellow asphodel and St John’s Wort form bright towers
and cotton-grass heads wait to fly.

Maybe you’ll resist running wild with ponies,
shouting loud from granite tors,
circling with windless, weightless buzzards
and be happily unknown in the wilderness.

Maybe you’ll leave in a foxglove-summer,
carrying its memory in the heart and stars,
or when heathers’ perfume lies on the warm days drift
and the unicorns gather to graze...
The End of Summer

The End of Summer is seated in the subtle lounge of Mole’s Cottage in the Manor courtyard. Mole is vividly painted, hung with wind-chimes, which play melody to Vettriano’s Singing Butler.

It is resting awhile on the blind seals at Gweek, freeing the bones of the elderly adventurers, drying the sand of the younger moat-builders casting long shadows in minds and hearts.

The End of Summer is wandering by the slipway, passing the leisure boats and sky-bright sails, lighting the wooded slopes of Frenchman’s Creek, the mud and creeping saltwater of Helford Passage.

It is saying goodbye to ancient Lowland Point, having a last hurrah with Coverack’s child-leaping harbour, waiting to close the cash-cottage doors and tuck the village into a winter-long blanket of emptiness.

The End of Summer is winding Rosenithon lanes to the sea, where hidden Godrevy Cove lures the season to crash on the water-buried Manacle Rocks, paving the way for Autumn’s safe arrival.

It is joining us in the sea, wrapping bladderwrack around paddling ankles, creating juvenile waves and gentle songs to orchestrate the memory of days, the stirring of nights, the end of the summer.
Communing

This open door leads to the moor
where I watch the lichen colonize the earth.
I walk my winter skin in frost,
treading gloved mosaics of bramble grasses
and talk to the Anglo-Saxons through mist.

I scrape my fingers on midwinter air,
peel back the centuries layers, hold close
the rowan tree that leads me to summer.
The snowed Galloway shows me brown on white,
the Scotch Blackface shows me white on white.

My play is the drama of the High Moor
the scenery is the western flank,
the applause is the Dart’s thunder.
Flat on the kistvaen’s granite capstone
I speak to my ancestors. They are content.

There is snow dusting, there is sunlight.
There is peat forming beneath my feet.
The soft rush is telling me to pick my tread,
the ley line guiding me to cob and thatch.
The way is blue, over the gold is Cornwall.

I leave my skin on the back of the door.
In the orange light I make a magazine.
And with your two thumbs on this page,
your index fingers straddling the cover,
I speak to you. I am speaking to you right now.
Ronnie Goodyer

Ronnie Goodyer’s poetry has been widely published in magazines and anthologies and his solo collections include *Within The Silence, Indigo Dreams, Lizard Reality, New Words From An Old Hat, The Way of the Dance* and *Indigo Dreams Revisited*. Ronnie was invited to be on the BBC Judging Panel for their *Off By Heart* poetry competition screened on BBC2 and was chosen by Cornwall County Council as poetry representative for the ‘Writing Doctor’s Surgery’ at the Cornwall Book Festival. He has won ten awards spanning 15 years.

Ronnie runs the successful Indigo Dreams Publishing with partner Dawn. IDP publishes 3 magazines and around 40 collections each year, and run two annual competitions. The company was runner-up in the Most Innovative Publisher category in 2016’s Saboteur Publishing Awards. Ronnie and Dawn were also the first joint winners of The Ted Slade Award for Services to Poetry. He lives with Dawn and rescue collie Mist, in an ex-forester’s house in rural Devon.