

SLUGS AT SYMOND YAT, THE WYE October 2017



Waters of the Wye flow west, against the wind to Monmouth
Sue asked George to plot the foot course on the GPS
Pointing from vantage to a crow where the kestrels used to fly
George held Gloucester firmly in his palm
Meg plotted the boundary of Wales to Wye
The hearts for England safe
Elaine danced as a wild pixie under the beech
Wave handing into other peoples photos
The team caught out by the fallen tree growing coins
Surrounded in all sides, Pete made tea in the Meany 3 (his new green tent)
While Meg E-minded us of child psychology
John gave away the mouldy rolls to the swans by the cable punt crossing
Waiting 9 and a half minutes for the showers to arrive
Jes turned up out of the blue and spoke a little to Sue
So the strange circle by the pink then blue route was complete

Jes October 2017