

## Couldn't see the wood for the trees?

Standing alone an ancient oak tree,  
Purple emperors dance in its canopy,  
An open glade where the adders bask,  
"Where's the forest?" you ask.

A scrubby patch where the nightingale sings,  
A voice full of colour with dull brown wings,  
A hazel shrub where the dormice feed,  
You couldn't see the wood for the trees.

An open ride with chequered skipper brought back,  
A sunny meadow with a winding track,  
Red kites, once terribly rare,  
But now their shrill cries fill the air.

Swathes of purple bells that never chime,  
Create a spring carpet that is truly sublime,  
A winding brook with a gentle flow,  
Where jewelled dragons and damsels grow.

This is a special place,  
Where once royals gave chase,  
Where iron was mined and forged,  
In places the land still pitted and scored

Pretty stone villages bustling with life,  
Towns with parks where wildlife thrives,  
Where people play, work and rest,  
This is Rockingham Forest.

*Corinne Muir*

*Corinne was Senior Project Officer working on the Building the Links for Rockingham Forest Project 2022-24*