

Caldamere, a Retrospect

Seamus Filcarah

Adrift, I linger in the summer days
I spent within the space of Caldamere,
when I was young and lived in wild ways
and never went without a cause for cheer.
How lovely were those quiet country scenes!
The morning mists ablazed with golden rays,
the mirror lakes enclosed by rolling greens,
and floral fields where flocks would play and graze.
But most of all, I miss the people there
who lived their lives as poets think we should.
They shared and cared and always acted fair,
their goals directed towards a common good.
Oh Caldamere, my home, for thee I yearn!
And yet, to thee, my soul cannot return.