



Beneath the Turf and Sodden Earth

Beneath the turf and sodden
earth,
A whispered longing, forlorn
mirth,
I miss your presence, your gentle
way,
A poet's heart, forever at play.
In fields of green, where
memories grow,
Seamus Heaney's words, a love
bestowed,
A longing deep, a void profound,
In silent whispers, I miss you
now.
Though you are gone, your spirit
near,
A love immortal, undying, clear,
In every verse, each word's
embrace,
I miss you, dear, in time and
space.



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