

“Dartmoor in July”
By Serafina Hillier

The never-ending road reflects in my window.
Dad steers the vintage navy Volvo.
Clouds of cotton laze in the clear blue sky.

The sweet smell of wildflowers drifts through the car window.
Wooly sheep graze near rippling creeks;
mossy stone tors shut out the dancing sunbeams.

Cheerful chestnut ponies gallop in rugged pastures;
pensive, tawny cattle lounge like shaggy haystacks;
lively, fuzzy bees settle on elegant amethyst foxgloves;
serene oak trees cluster in checkerboard meadows.

I watch as the hills of Dartmoor fade into the distance,
reflected in my window.