A Day in the Woods with Colin

By Sue Rogers

It was a wet and windy morning in March,
As I head off for an early start.
In Vernditch wood Muntjacs were calling,
The day was slowly dawning.

Up into the high seat I did climb,
Waiting for Colin to give the sign.
But alas no deer we could see,
So it was back down and not to be.

Hazel and bramble bushes are ready to house,
Colin’s smallest of friends, the little dormouse.
Nesting boxes are set all around,
To make sure they are safe and sound.

Off we travel to a wood called Groveley,
Along roads where were had to go slowly.
The entrance was blocked by a fallen tree,
Colin had a saw, soon the road was free.

We parked up and went to view
Some of the regen which is coming through.
This is since the trees have been thinned.
So letting lots of natural light beam in.

Stonedown wood was our next stop,
Drive edges have had a chop.
Primroses were pushing through,
With crocus, marjoram, lords & ladies to name a few.

Butterflies are having flight paths made,
By Colin’s clever plans being laid.
They will be able to flutter around,
And will not be disturbed by a single sound.

Back into the truck we do go,
And in to Ashmore for a spectacular show,
The valleys are a sight to be seen,
The air smells so fresh and clean.

Ancient monuments here and there,
Badger sets too, so be aware.
Tracks can be seen where they drag their find,
Backwards they go, what a clever mind.

Last wood of my day, Ringwood North,
Which really is of a different sort.
So vast in its size,
So open and wide.

Snakes will be having this as their home,
Where they have space to roam.
In specially made areas of ground,
Shingle, heather altogether in a mound.

I wanted to share some of my memories,
And could mention more about trees,
But for now I must say,
Thank you Colin for a wonderful day.

It was a privilege to be,
With someone where you could see,
Devotion to what they do,
And sense of achievement too.