**Our Holme**

The village is a bubble

A fragile, hold-fast dwelling

Begun when land was first home

To hunters who put down their roots.

Choosing to grow, nurture, hurdle

Their once wild creatures.

Their once wild grasses,

The fruit of the land.

Always with a river at its heart

Or a lake, or the seas.

Still, in these fast days of travel

A village can be that all we need

If only a place to at last return.

A closeness of knowing

and of being known.

*Anne Steward*