

## Exmoor

A wild untrammelled landscape,  
a canvas of bracken and wilderness  
daubed in shades of brown and green  
dotted with splashes of yellow gorse  
and pools of purple moor grass.  
Wind tangled trees huddle together  
branches twisted into tortuous shapes.  
Squat hardy sheep tear  
tough tussocks of grass  
heads bent, intent on eating,  
impervious to the elements.  
It is bleak, hostile country.



Suddenly  
a chestnut pony gallops  
into the picture  
head tossing, heels kicking  
black tail swishing.  
Exmoor wild and alive.



*Margaret Hardy*  
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