

## Haytor's Heart

All in a line neatly stacked  
Freshly split from moorland seam  
You rested there with igneous heart  
Ancient pile, Dartmoor's stark face  
Heathland outcrop from magma source  
Now a journey begins  
Equine train to barge and steed  
Mighty vessels on ocean wave

To bright, bright lights  
Form walls to house history  
A river span where new feet tread  
Or cross in fine carriages  
You form the very tracks  
That hold the wheels that move you  
Through oak-lined tunnels  
lichen, fern, leaves of decay

A dozen stout beasts of burden  
Roped together, brace themselves  
Veins bulge and muscles strain  
No whistle for the granite train  
The clatter of wheels and hooves  
Squeals of protest, wood on stone  
Carts creak, their mighty load  
Walks the Templer Way

Through Yarner woods  
Mighty beech and silvered birch  
Wood warbler, a lofty perch  
Through dappled light, welcome shade  
Steal the peace of leafy glade  
Straining hearts, lungs, lead the uphill stretch  
Rearward for the downward run  
Hold back the stone-filled carts

At last emerge to open ground  
The final run to Ventiford  
A glinting sun shows water's course  
An artery through Devon fields  
A journey, more serene, awaits  
Longboats eager to hold you  
Bear you to the rivermouth  
Where ships' bellies await