



CHERRY HINTON DAYS

By Wayne Visser

One day, I expect, we'll look back and smile
At these blossoming Cherry Hinton days
With walks, traced in chalks, to the crumbling cliffs
Of the limestone quarry's white blaze

Some day, may it be, we'll pause for a while
And remember our bright mosaic ways
With strolls, in the knolls of the Gog Magog hills
And spoils from the Burylane's maze

One day, I can tell, we'll turn back the dial
To these sun-splintered Cambridge lit days
Getting trim, at the gym, and Saturday tennis
And The Orchard, for scones and a laze

One day, mark my words, we'll look back and smile
At these swan-sailing Cam river days
Bikes flashing, oars splashing, to the syncing of strokes
And the cows on the common at graze.

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