

**PAMPHILL POEMS by members of Wimborne Community Theatre  
November 2005**

Acrostic poems: PAMPHILL

written by the group on an early visit to the site of *The Lie of the Land*

Pool of light,  
a morning sunbeam,  
maybe a sleeper  
prone to night.  
Hours pass like stars.  
I wonder if the  
light will touch him,  
lift his beating heart?  
*Tony*

Public park and  
acres of pasture  
measured out,  
perfect idyll  
half way to Blandford.  
I watch the stars. The  
ink sky swallows up  
light until morning.  
*Gill*

Passing by on Sunday,  
afternoons of cricket.  
Muddy walkers see a  
pavilion from the gentry,  
half thatch and timber.  
It's worth a pause  
laying on the grass,  
living in the past.  
*Barbara*

Passing through mud  
as fast as I can  
mud, lovely mud.  
Puddles, I love.  
Horrid sisters who stop me going too  
fast on my way.  
I love to ride over cracking lovely mud.  
Lumpy stones to ride over.  
*Jack*

Plodding in mud  
and smelling bluebells,  
messaging in water!  
Pure blue sky and  
horses so white.  
I smell bluebells,  
love the sound of the  
lovely squelch of wellies.  
*Kathryn*

Pub is the Vine. They sell good  
ale, always ample.  
Mate's missus  
playing darts,  
hell on heavy earth.  
In the dark inclement,  
lightning, flashing  
laughter.  
*Clare*

Present pupils playing  
amidst ancient almshouses.  
modern motors, mothers.  
pylons  
high humming hovering.  
I  
lonely,  
lost.  
*Dunja*

Picture a line of trees.  
a line of trees rides into the distance,  
marking time through the ages,  
present into past.  
Hidden treasures, tales of mystery  
Illuminated by the present  
lost to the casual tripper,  
lost to the progress of time marching  
mercilessly. *Dave*

Pages are empty  
Atmosphere-a-plenty.  
Many of yesterday within  
Pamphill of today.  
Hill of day to pamp  
in an empty stage  
looking through the blue.  
Lives to be fulfilled.

*Kate*

Pamphill  
'arm shop  
must  
provide  
homemade  
irresistably  
lovely  
liquor.

*Adam*

People, their homes  
and their surroundings  
matter more than ever.  
Proximity to great ones and their  
houses may therefore  
influence their own  
lives far into the future.

Living on a knife edge, as they will.

*Ken*

Pamphill  
American rockstar comes every year  
to write  
music.

Pamphill  
happening  
in the garden of the Vine  
Landlady says it.

Listen, landlady says it.

*Chris*

Public  
Alehouse,  
minute  
premises,  
happy  
idling,  
liquid  
languishing.

Pavement of stones,  
a pond of lilies,  
meeting some dogs.  
Pockets full of flowers,  
Hills in the horizon.  
I can't believe I'm wet.

Lovely white gate.  
Loads of mushrooms.

*Yolanda*

Pale and thinly  
a sunrise  
morning.  
Pamphill  
hides  
its  
long  
life-story.

Pub  
always full.  
Merry  
paradise.  
Horticultural  
idyll.  
liquid  
laziness.

Peaceful  
August  
morning  
pausing  
happily  
in  
leafy  
lanes.

Play  
and magic.  
Midnight parties  
high jumping  
in  
lovely  
landscape.

Puddles of mud  
and smelling flowers,  
messing with my stones.  
Pushing friends in water,  
hiking up hills.  
Ice in the winter,  
losing my way.  
Lovely sweet dew on spider webs.

Pamphill's  
awful  
murder.  
Poor  
Henry  
in 1946  
lies in rest.  
Let's find the killer.