

# THE RESURRECTION RUN

## One I wrote earlier

**I: THE FALL (From the top of Cote Lane between St Monica's Home of Rest and Badminton Girl's School on Westbury Road to the River Trym near Combe Dingle.)**



I go down between age and beauty  
Where secret walls hide girlish laughter  
Where catholic souls take rest from duty  
Amid breeze swayed trees and lofty rafter  
And wait at ease for life hereafter;  
But I know I here do not belong;  
Down rushes down my path headlong.

The road runs out; the lanes divide;  
Gravelled drives fork left and right;  
Ascending paths on either side  
I shun; straight on the path in sight  
Conceals a fall provoking flight  
Of hidden steps half way along;  
Down rushes down my path headlong.



Like stone I fall past Elmlea School

Across the Dell an arrow quite  
'Straight on! Straight on!' 's the Golden Rule  
Unless I jink first left then right  
Always the eternal student's plight;  
But I step out; my legs are strong  
Down rushes down my path headlong.

Brown slatted wood content conceals  
Along the narrow nettled way,  
Or rotting, 'midst the weeds reveals  
Neglected tangles of decay,  
Beyond the Church where Baptists pray  
In cheerful, prosperous, happy song;  
But I rush down my path headlong.

Silver Birch, Magnolia trees  
And blossoms rare adorn Stoke Grove  
To tempt the pollen seeking bees  
And salesmen plump who homeward rove  
To tell their wives the tales they wove  
To please the Dirty Duck's loud throng  
But I rush down my path headlong.

Then Red House Lane broad vistas yields  
And ancient oaks 'long lane-side ditch  
Between the student's playing fields  
And then a green all-weather pitch  
'For Hire' to all who feel the itch  
For soccer or for hockey long;  
Down rushes down my path headlong.



A Black-backed Gull awaits my choice;  
Sees me pause by the graveyard gate  
With robot eye and steely voice  
It seems to scorn my earthbound fate;  
But I have no time or need to wait;  
I know for me the right way's wrong,  
Left and down's my path headlong!

Between youth and death my way proceeds  
A narrow path on rocky ground,  
Through gardens spread it, rising, leads;  
Then signposts show the way around.  
Over Canford Lane my way is found  
To Blaise. Then, lest I stay too long,  
Down rushes down my path headlong.



Down juddering steps, past storm-wrecked tree,  
 A stumbling path beneath the shade,  
 Then out into the Trymside lea,  
 A sunlit, grassy, sparkling glade,  
 Where kindly craftsmen's hands have made  
 For weary souls, a seat of ease  
 Among the gently murmuring trees.

*NB This seat was regrettably vandalised  
 and burned during Anti-Catholic  
 demonstrations one early November.*



## **II. THE ASCENT (From the River Trym to Arbutus Walk on Kingsweton Hill)**

But I reject the easeful seat  
 Without regret or sideways look.  
 I tread the stones with trepid feet  
 Which cross the gently moving brook.  
 To rise again, by hook or crook,  
 Has now become my firm intent  
 As I begin the stern ascent.

Mistletoe in a Small Leafed Lime  
 Above the track where I must go  
 Marks the start of an arduous climb,  
 A muddy trail, my feet to slow,  
 Where flesh-hook barbs on brambles grow  
 And seem determined to prevent  
 My well intentioned. stern ascent.

The way climbs up past Oak and Elm  
 Following round the nettled hedge  
 While Ivy threatens to overwhelm  
 The tangled logs along the ledge  
 Where Ash and Holly line the edge.  
 Yews branching over make me bent  
 As upwards grinds the stern ascent.

A twisted Holm Oak marks a lane  
 Which, sunken, leads to an arch I know  
 Via a kissing gate to woods again  
 Off to the left's 'Horse-Riding-Row'  
 Horse Chestnuts show the way to go;  
 The grassy field seems Heaven sent  
 To ease the path of the stern ascent.



Hard and steep the pathway now  
 Follows slippery steps or horses' feet;  
 Rough feels my breath and damp's my brow;  
 My pounding heart provides the beat;  
 Each running step's the hill's defeat'  
 And shows that I will not repent  
 My aching calves or stern ascent.

Struggling upwards on straining limb  
 Shunning the false trail on the right,  
 To where the pine trees mark the rim,  
 The path, my goal comes into sight;  
 The climb is finished; I've gained the light,  
 Just in time for strength's near spent,  
 I've reached the peak of the stern ascent!

## **III. HOME RUN (From Arbutus Walk to Westbury Road)**

Gulping air by a Holm Oak tree  
 I, freely, run by a splendid view.  
 Across the vale, high cliffs I see  
 By Laurel framed and towering Yew.

Each bounding step my strength renews  
So now, with half the battle won,  
I lope along the homeward run.

I skitter down to bright green lawns  
By the old Hill-Fort where grown men play  
And Mistletoe the Limes adorns  
Beneath whose shade young lovers lay,  
And children shriek with laughter gay.  
On springy feet, out in the sun  
I lope along the homeward run.



I skirt Blaise House's sunlit hall  
On the left hand side and pass the gate;  
I follow right the limestone wall  
On Pennant sets at a steady rate  
To where the dead Doomsday await.  
In my present mood I'll wait for none  
As I lope along the homeward run.



Left round the Church, not widdershins,  
Past Slave Boy's Grave and lady's Ankh  
Which tell of other ages' sins

I find beneath a Yew tree dank  
A flight of steps which sailors sank  
To dig a way out from the sun  
For dead companions' homeward run.

The sudden darkness stuns the eyes;  
I stumble through on wary feet  
To dappled light where lovers' sighs  
Can still be heard who used to meet  
By Hazel Brook to escape the heat.  
The steps I race up one by one  
Then lope along the homeward run.

I bowl along through parkland fair,  
A gentle, grassy rise until  
I find I have to gasp for air  
As steep I find, on Henbury Hill  
Dire muddy paths in woodland chill  
Which prove to me that all's not done;  
I've yet to beat the homeward run.

Through crenellated arch and right  
Northover Road, with quickening pace,  
Brings Passage Road out into sight  
Whose crossing brings me face to face  
With a guardian dog of the German race  
To tell me trespassing's no fun  
As I lope on the homeward run.

The Alsatian guards the groundsman's art  
From those who'd harm the sacred pitch  
And makes it clear you should depart  
Or else stand still without a twitch;  
But well kept turf can ease a stitch,  
So I keep on now I've begun  
To lope along the homeward run.

***NB: The Alsatian and the cricket pitch have now gone and the site has been built on by St Monica's to provide sheltered housing. There never was a right of way across the cricket pitch. However, a path has been provided alongside the houses and the cricket pitch into Greystoke Avenue. The steps on the corner lead through the houses to the back entrance to the site, where you can pick up the route. (Greenway's running track is now occupied by the Next Generation Leisure Centre.)***

Between Elmfield School and Greenway's ground  
I dance with nettles, quite a knack;  
Right, down Dark Lane, the way is found,  
A steep and stony shaded track;  
Left, descending, round the back  
Of Westbury School the trail is spun  
Which draws me on the homeward run.

By garden bridge I cross the Trym;

I'll not, today, Chock Lane attack  
Nor drink Victoria's beer or gin;  
I'll take the path where nags can't hack  
And run the Churchyard's skirting track.  
Today all Westbury's joys I'll shun,  
For I am on the Homeward Run.

By Eastfield Road, on from the Mouse,  
I pass the Red Maids noble hall,  
Then St. Ursula's hidden house;  
A Pinscher barks behind a wall;  
I'm near where I began to fall.  
As red, the sun sets in the West  
I jog on home for well-earned rest.

© C.J.Bloor 1992