

Manx Notes 667 (2024)

“IRON BEDSTEAD COUNTRY”

(1958)

The slanting leaves weep over purling streams
And mirror pixies' faces, bygone nymphs
And boganes long since buried in memory...

This is iron bedstead country, where the cows
Nuzzle and peer through rusted tracery
Of whorls which guarded, once, connubial bliss.

The glass tinkles from the tholtan's eye
And spider is busy in the hollow corners,
Speedwell and larkspur busy on the sill,
Field mouse is busy under mouldering sacks,
And old Time, that haymaker, busy everywhere.

Honour the crossed curns which frighten fairies' footfalls,
And bow your head as over the bridge you ride.
This is iron bedstead country,
Where the cats mostly have long tails upon their rump
And it is rare indeed to see a stump.

WALTER DENNIS HINDE
(Near Glen Helen)

Walter Dennis Hinde. “[Letter to the Editor] ‘Iron Bedstead Country.’”
Isle of Man Daily Times 20 July 1959: 2e.

Stephen Miller RBV

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