

# RIVERLAND

## (The Romantic)

Such warmth, such peace, I cast my gaze  
up to a golden glimmering haze,  
and below the haze in languid flight  
a solitary seagull, white  
slender pinions ride the air,  
just he and I this place to share  
it seemed, when from the river's edge  
concealed till now by bordering sedge  
a startled finch takes whirring fright,  
I watch it go, soon lost to sight,  
but the gull still circles there on high  
ah! let time stand still: let the world pass by.

## (The Entrepreneur)

H'm, yes, land drainage, a prime essential  
to realizing the full potential  
of this idle wasteland, though I suspect  
some wheyface greenies may well object.  
Ah, well, some words in ears, some 'sound' finance,  
roads being pushed through this scarce - used expanse  
then, the right responses, (few limitations)  
would herald quite amazing transformations.  
Top - range housing, an exclusive pub,  
perhaps a small marina, a boating club?  
To the odd "unsure" I'd present things as akin  
to just a toning down of nature: let reality move in.

## (The Jogger)

Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo ...