

## DAVID SARGENT 18 MARCH, 2021: POEMS & PICTURES



This photo is how many people picture Revd David Sargent, Team Rector of Penrith and Rural Dean. He is, though, a person of many parts with a wide variety of interests. As well as being a very good fell-runner and keen walker, devoted to his wife and family and very keen on his dogs, he is a great reader, having pursued English Literature as his first degree. His talk will be entitled, 'Times & seasons, people & places' in poems & pictures.' One poem David discovered is by a local poet, John Rice:

### Running at Briggflatts on Christmas Morning

A firm frost defines the field's hoof hollows;  
the glass sun, drained of strength, blushes.  
The Howgills are ice-gold and pummelled, like baker's dough.  
Roads are soundless, footpaths hushed.  
Crows squawk just occasionally.  
A Cumbrian Christmas morning is a wordless world.  
A farmer strides a quad bike, sheepdog on the trailer.  
Its ruddy tongue trembling, its hazy breath bulging  
like ghostly grey balloons in the day's true air.  
A runner pads past, streak of yellow, gloved but hatless.  
His steady pace matches his measured, easy breathing.  
His single cough frightens a heron into flight.  
Farmer, dog, runner – alive and active on Christmas day;  
no other but those among us who demand to be  
forever gripped by earth, grasped by sky.  
And I nearly forgot: two lambs were born this Christmas morn.