

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Henry Treece**

**- poems -**

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## **Lincolnshire Bomber Station**

Across the road the homesick Romans made  
The ground-mist thickens to a milky shroud;  
Through flat, damp fields call sheep, mourning their dead  
In cracked and timeless voices, unutterably sad,  
Suffering for all the world, in Lincolnshire.

And I wonder how the Romans liked it here;  
Flat fields, no sun, the muddy misty dawn,  
And always, above all, the mad rain dripping down,  
Rusting sword and helmet, wetting the feet  
And soaking to the bone, down to the very heart . . .

Henry Treece