**Poetry Festival Windows Display Competition 2017**

**A Selection of three poems for Category 1, ‘Outdoor Magic’**

**Fairies** by Rose Fyleman

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

It's not so very, very far away;

You pass the gardner's shed and you just keep straight ahead --

I do so hope they've really come to stay.

There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,

And a little stream that quietly runs through;

You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there--

      Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

They often have a dance on summer nights;

The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,

And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.

Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams

And pick a little star to make a fan,

And dance away up there in the middle of the air?

      Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!

You cannot think how beautiful they are;

They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King

Come gently floating down upon their car.

The King is very proud and *very* handsome;

The Queen--now you can quess who that could be

(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?

      Well -- it's *Me!*

**Listen Carefully** by Cristen Rodgers

Listen carefully,

Even the trees

Exhale their own

Sweet love songs

That roll off their boughs

And echo out to all of creation.

Love is always in the air.

Excerpts from **Piers Plowman** by William Langland

William Langland lived in the West Midlands in the 14th century and is considered by some to be a son of Ledbury – beginning the long tradition of the town’s poetical heritage.

**Piers Plowman** is a [Middle English](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Middle_English) [allegorical](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Allegorical) epic [narrative poem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Narrative_poem) written in unrhymed [alliterative verse](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Alliterative_verse) divided into sections called passus ([Latin](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Latin) for "step"). It is considered by many critics to be one of the greatest works of [English literature](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/English_literature) of the [Middle Ages](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Middle_Ages), along with [Chaucer's](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Geoffrey_Chaucer) [Canterbury Tales](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Canterbury_Tales) and the [Pearl Poet](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pearl_Poet)'s [Sir Gawain and the Green Knight](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sir_Gawain_and_the_Green_Knight).

This poem forms the basis of ‘Fair Field’, a new multi-arts production, which will be presented in a series of performances in Ledbury and the Malvern Hills during the Poetry Festival.

Feel free to use any excerpts from Piers Plowman but you may be inspired by the following verses…

Ac on a May mornyng on Malverne hulles  
Me biful for to slepe, for werynesse of-walked,  
And in a launde as Y lay, lened Y and slepte,  
And merveylousliche me mette, as Y may yow telle.

But on a May morning in the Malvern Hills  
I fell into a sleep, so weary was I of walking,  
And as I lay on a lawn, I leaned and slept,  
And I dreamed marvellously, as I will tell you.

A fair feld ful of folk fond Y ther bytwene  
Of alle manere men, the mene and the riche,  
Worchynge and wandryng as this world ascuth.

A fair field full of folk I found in between  
Of all manners of men, the poor and the rich,  
Working and wandering as this world demands.

Pere-trees and plum-trees were poffed to the erthe  
In ensaumple, segges, that we sholde do the bettere.  
Beches and brode okes were blowe to the grounde  
And turned upward here tayl in tokenynge of drede  
That dedly synne er domesday shal fordon hem alle.

Pear trees and plum trees were thrown to the earth  
As an example, fellows, that we should behave better.  
Beeches and broad oaks were blown to the ground  
And turn upside down on their roots as a token of fear  
That deadly sin will undo them all before doomsday