Hampstead Health And Other English Institutions

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Four legged daddy-longlegs run for cover between fluffs of dandelion.

Dragonflies buzz upward flying high... at a price like the rest.

Past times

Your wanderings through the long grass, dry weed pollinating unsaturated earth.

Grabbing at flesh passing, thirsty thorns.

These romantic heaths... where Shelly wrote, others raped, still others died in the shrubbery.

Multi-personalitied patch of greenery cheering up otherwise pathetic scenery.

Dirt paths rolling up and down, choppy watered ponds sink miniature yachts. While depressed captains sit on the shores and attempt to regain contact - with survivors on board.

U.S. Girl Scout troop 381 march one path as “The International Wild Grouse Society” takes another. Both intermingle while running for shelter from the “West Hampton Fox Hunting Club” on horseback and in pursuit.

A “slightly mad” man wounded at war - “The big one! ’41!” shouts of the inhumanity of ruthless vegetable slaughtering.

“Vegetables they feel! There’s scientific proof!” shouted the parched and crying mouth.

All of this you observe obliviously, from your room, your window... looking over the rose gardens and immaculately kept lawn.

A view looking over the heath...

press your hand to the cool glass pane... never through it but, always close.

A view looking over the heath.

ELVIER GRIMMETT