

## **Revesby 1**

I left the garden  
To come to the green  
I left the mirrors  
To capture the bigger picture

How old is the boy  
Who picks up the conkers  
How old is the tree  
Which obscures the sky

I left the footpath  
To walk by the deer park  
I left the old wisdom  
To seek out new adventures

How early  
Is the dew on the grass  
How soon  
Does the morning mist rise