



UNDERGROUND
DEEP SHAFTS THAT NEVER SAW THE SUN
BENEATH THE FIELDS OF PURBECK RUN
FORGOTTEN QUARRYMEN, NOW DEAD
DEAF TO THE LARK'S SONG OVERHEAD
WORKED THERE BY FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT
WHILE UP ABOVE THE SKY WAS BRIGHT
MANY A STAINED GLASS WINDOW'S FRAME
FROM THOSE DARK, SILENT CAVERNS CAME
PURBECK MULLIONS, STRAIGHT AND TALL
IN MANY AN ANCIENT, MELLOW WALL
OF MANSIONS, CHURCHES, TOWERS AND SPIRES
THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF OUR GREEN SHIRES
SOMETIMES A PROBING, BLIND, MACHINE
BREAKS THROUGH WHERE THOSE OLD MEN HAVE BEEN
AND PEOPLE SAY "THAT'S QUITE A FIND
DID THEY LEAVE ANYTHING BEHIND"
I ALWAYS ANSWER, LOUD AND CLEAR
"YES QUITE A LOT - BUT NOTHING HERE"

GEOFF HOOPER 1928 - 2003

Jed Corbett Photographs from Purbeck's Limestone Plateau 1976-14-2018