



Swire Ridgeway Arts Prize 2021  
Written entries 2021

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**The Visit**

I look upon the beauty of it all  
steep-sided hillside  
cropped grass with white  
which at first appears random  
then emerges  
as having been sculptured  
by hands from an age long ago  
driven by a call  
to imagination  
running rife  
by those who created  
a view of a life  
from a distance  
I cry  
I can't come out...  
to experience the freedom  
encapsulated in this symbol  
created in a world apart  
too far from my reality  
...to play  
as the image dims  
my gaze drifts  
staring at the wall  
held hostage yet free  
if only in my minds-eye  
as the image fades away  
I softly mouth  
goodbye

*Peter Wild*

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