

We are artists.

We are landscape painters in wellies, commissioned by our fellow citizens.

We paint, Constable-like, pictures, when we plough brown, when we spread recyclable manure, when we plant green grass, flowery meadows, hedges and clusters of diverse trees.

We create aesthetic. Lowry pencil forms and shapes when we rebuild grey stone walls and store sunrays on solar panels.

We are dramatists, writing scripts with flock health plans and quality assurance schemes. Our staff and family troupe, dramatically play out seasonal chores sowing, lambing, shearing, harvesting, from a stage of fields, barns and yards.

We copy, we invent, our farms are studios, in a rural gallery. We paste, craft and sculpture in welcoming villages.

We can sing, we can orchestrate, cheerfully, harmoniously when our biodiverse farms nest soprano-choirs of birds. Our collie dogs bark in tenor, the tractors rumble base.

We can dance. We dance when the spring barley sways in the wind, when the trees heave and when our Welsh lambs twirl and foxtrot in the morning sun.

We are tapestry, plural-rural.

This is our Heritage - we share!



