

The Place We Called Home

This place you hold dear
Was once our home too
We rooted our lives
In its green and sky blue
We knew every hedgerow,
Each meadow and lane,
From winter to harvest -
Our perfect domain

*We went when they asked us
Gave flesh, blood and bone
'Til nothing remained
But our names in the stone
A century of summers now
We've never known
Oh, do you recall us
In the place we called home?*

We too walked the Balmer,
Stocks lane and down Copes.
We too had ambitions,
Our dreams and high hopes.
When horse chestnuts candled
And spring sang 'cuckoo'
Our hearts leapt, our blood stirred,
No different to you

The Terrace, The Village,
Are lost to us all –
The cut, church and chapel
And Hole in the Wall
No more Coptiviney
Nights in the Sun Inn -
And gone the last kiss
From lovers and kin

Heather Rodenhurst 2018