

Above the cycle path

The beats and hisses of industry past
slithers through the mist.
Along the ice covered abyss
tumbling down from
the grass covered
coal slag heaps.

From the frost, a silhouetted group
ventures alongside memories.
Of a mother waiting at home in front of the fire,
for the children who play alongside the fence,
watching the yellow trucks churn up the hill,
then follow the men who ignite the heart of a community.

Fumes a plenty, and work a luxury.
The landscape, as torn as the people;
but as years pass, flowers rise.

There is life above frozen oblivion,
wonderful and thriving.
Down the drunken streets of a Friday night,
partying at the football fields,
and snogging at the church gates.

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