

INANIMATE

For thirty years I have walked past that house
Its arched doorway like a lychgate spouse
Built on the corner a hundred years and some
The two-up two-down on a terrace of glum.

Once a home, a shop, and again home
Like changing seasons, rebirthed, and shown,
Lit up by a column bland and raw
Once sculptured and ornate of iron ore.

Felled and cleared like a sin
Crying in a skip, or on a heap crushed within
Cobbles ripped up, broken, and paved,
The street one half and terrace given way.

But that corner house has another hundred years
Tenanted by generations with happiness and tears,
Its identity chipping away the past
For I have less years in front of me, simply cast.

Brewery Road a hint of past trade
Draymen polished for the annual parade
Ale aroma, a storm of dried hops
The obituary of our town written on raindrops.

Cloaking our valley, and men down pit road

Pickaxe in hand and black gold load,

Steam engine a toot, a scrape and a grind

Out of the darkness, weary and resigned.

I too will soon be a ghost of the past

Driven out of the way and out to grass

Will I be remembered for things I have said?

Or the last one that knew me taking to their bed.

The house like me will still be passed by

At the corner of the street, the lamp still standing high

Casting its light as the new occupant goes about

Our history, our town, completely thrown out.