

Home Town

A pond where cattle used to drink –
At Christmas there's a skating rink
Just one change that time has made
For shoppers using the Parade

The Town Hall in its thirties style
Has surely gone the extra mile
Its famed acoustics work so well
For those recording work to sell

The football club's a hornets' nest
No room here for second best
Now playing in the Premier League
With not a sign of match fatigue

Once the grounds of an estate
The park now shares a different fate
Enjoyed all year by young and old
Its timeless story still untold

And daily papers, magazines
That came to life on great machines
No longer leave in tonnes and reams
Of fact and fiction, thoughts and dreams

Audentior – more boldly go
When riding high or riding low
A place to live and learn and think
That wrote its name in printing ink.

Jan Rees. August 2016