WALKING IN MADELEY FOR CINDERLOO

You see lavish green leaves
bursting out of the trees.
You hear leaves and wind
crash together.

in the dark Meadow Pit, the cold blowing wind
trees are brushing, leaves are waving

The rocks glow in the sunlight.
The tweeting of birds is high up
in the trees, but the old trees
are dying in the land.

in the dark Meadow Pit, the cold blowing wind
the trees are brushing, the leaves are waving

A rough oak tree stands tall over you.
Slag glistens in the sunlight like diamonds.
There's a cold wind blowing in your ear
but the trams have gone.

in the dark Meadow Pit, the cold blowing wind
the trees are brushing, the leaves are waving

Every step you take you feel
closer to the past.
Madeley's destruction
lies beneath our feet.

Collaborative poem by the children of YS, John Fletcher of Madeley, Mr Baker's class March 2022, poem edited by Jean Atkin.