

True Grit

Acid etched faces of bygone little mesters
buffers and grinders and dollymop winders
cutting edge industry polished off in its infancy.

Flat caps and woodbine tabs
underarm pack-up in brown vinyl shopping bags

Wedgewood blue rouge making polished streaked black hues
tumble stone clatter and a cyanide vat
brown belt linish for a silver plate finish.

Yorkshire

My love affair with Yorkshire,
is strange to the extreme,
the rain comes down in stair rods,
as puddles turn to streams.

Flint faced buildings stand proud,
the natives just the same;
hard with a directness,
reflecting poverty's pain.

'Aye up love', and 'Ta duck',
a mantra of the North,
a warmth and loyal passion,
found around the hearth.

Depleted coal face scenery,
ghost towns from the past,
mine the depths of politics,
betrayed by bluest lass.

Coal-dust mottled snowscapes,
contrast the wuthering heights,
bleak outstanding wilderness,
the slag heap moors by night.

My soul belongs in Yorkshire,
with Brontë, Hughes, and Moore,
this northern heart keeps beating,
'til death doeth close the door.