

POOL PIECE

Saturday afternoon. Mid-July.

Skies are clear. The mercury's high.

You couldn't ask for better weather

For all us folk to get together.

Here at Pool Piece, our village green,

To celebrate the work we've seen.

Games and picnics, shrieks and laughs,

In amongst the green and daffs.

There's snowdrops planted on the bank,

Reminders of the folk to thank.

Primrose too and flowers wild

To attract the bee and child.

Terraced seating will enable

Folk to watch the picnic table

Where actors may be playing parts

Or simply eating custard tarts.

Where singers can be really vocal

You might hear them at the local.

I do so like that wooden shelter.

Who said we'd need a helter skelter?

Kids, d'you know, while you're at school,

That older folk will think it cool

To come down here and play and learn;

They're well-behaved and take their turn.

Since Gran's been on that bird's nest swing,

She's tweeting lots. She just might sing.

It's back and forth across the bridges
The bench is smooth – it won't leave ridges.
The ground is soft around the willow,
With turf for bed and earth for pillow.

Some here may remember ninety-eight
And Norman Rose beside that gate.
The work begun, continued today.
Dear Action Group, we want to say ...

For work you've done and hours spent
You see today how much it's meant.
We're gathered here to thank you all,
To make the most and have a ball.

Richard Allsopp

12th July 2014