

Leintwardine In The Past

I am the village called Leintwardine,
You may think you know me

But you are walking on my history
When my name was Branogenium...

I have a protective shell around me,
A ditch makes me feel like an island

Thumping Roman guards tramp along my roads,
Dirty, dusty, constant movement, on and on

Mud flies at me, dust rises up like waves,
The air is thick with earth, it makes me sneeze – ACHOO!

Roaring noises, rattling wheels, horses and carts,
Thumping like thunder, life is much harder

My environment is a supply centre, busy and buzzy,
I hear cattle and pigs on nearby farms

Fields surround me, they look like board games,
Children run up and down, scream and play

Let's move away from my Roman past...
Loud people shout WE'VE FOUND IT! AT LAST!

Archaeologists have discovered my treasure,
They have been hunting it forever...

Later, I have thirty little shops, cramped with noise,
Lovely people sell pottery, food, hand-made toys

Listen, I'll tell you a secret from long ago,
This might be something you don't know

Some folk bury children's shoes by their fire,
So no witches will visit – WE ARE SAFE!

But it's hard to live with sounds from the school,
Raps of rulers! OW! Whacks of canes! OOH!

Then evacuees come to me, WELCOME!
I keep them safe in my walls away from war

Now I live in modern times,
Tarmac covers my village body like waves

What does the future hold for me?
What will I hear? What will I see?

*Written by Fin, Harry, Lily, Maisie and Taylor
Leintwardine Primary School
With Sara-Jane Arbury, Ledbury Poetry Festival 2019*