

## **Brockley Meadow**

I was once at the Equator, bathing in the sun,  
Then the Earth's tectonic plates moved me, slowly, slowly,  
I came here and now I'm even happier!  
Millennia later, I was covered in ice,  
Shivering and shaking in the whipping wind,  
I was a colossal platform in the Ice Age,  
Nothing but ice coating me, compressing me,  
Until it melted, drop by drop...

My ground is hard – I can stand my ground,  
But wait! I hear a new sound! Here they come!  
A Roman army stamping and stampeding!  
Soldiers scratch and scrape their weapons against me,  
My meadow trembles...  
I have never been excavated,  
I hide treasure under my skin,  
In the future, will my secrets be told to the world?

Billowing trees spread their roots in me, twisting and turning,  
I watch them dance in the sun and I feel relaxed,  
Flowers are my grandchildren sprouting new life,  
In summer, buttercups are freckles on my face,  
Sheep wander around like cosy, fluffy pillows,  
Orange flashes of foxes dart past in the seasons

The river Teme flows through me into the distance,  
I can hear its water splashing, dashing, crashing,  
Water is my blood, it runs beneath me,  
The Teme is my life's soul, it will never hurt me,  
Sometimes the river floods me to my waist  
But I don't drown!

I spy houses like blocks with triangles on top,  
At night I hear screaming and laughing  
And it doesn't help me sleep!  
BE QUIET! I shout silently,  
The moon is my soothing night-light,  
When I can't sleep, I count shooting stars,  
There's so much life around me, I can't hold it all,  
I feel like I'm a natural carnival!

*Written by Beatrice, Emily, Kacper, Molly and Tai  
Leintwardine Primary School  
With Sara-Jane Arbury, Ledbury Poetry Festival 2019*