The Old Shops Of Leintwardine

Higgledy-piggledy shops puzzle over the town,
Secret shops hidden around every corner…

We are like jigsaw pieces embedded in a picture,
There used to be thirty shops in Leintwardine
But most of us have vanished into history

Wait! I am the butcher's shop, I'm still here!
I sit like a resting cow waiting to serve you,
I sell Super Shropshire Sizzlers! Oven ready chicken!

Hunks of bacon hang on hooks like village maps,
White fat clings on chunks of ruby red meat,
Crimson families clustered on sparkly tiles,
Refrigerators buzz in the pungent air

I sell vegetables too! Sweet purple swedes,
Cabbages and cauliflowers, potatoes and parsnips,
Ready for your roast dinners!

I am the house opposite, I was the courtroom,
Roadside jails held drunkards and prisoners,
Now their dark cavities are blocked up forever

I am the white house on Church Lane,
I used to be a sweet shop, a popular shop!

I am the old Post Office, I moved around like a letter,
But now I have lost my post…

I was The Swan pub! Can you see where I used to be?
The sign hanging outside will still tell you!

Our neighbours were a blacksmith, a leather-worker,
A coffin-maker, a greengrocer, but they've all moved away

Old professions retired into history,
Old shops like us are disappearing,
But we are still here, hidden like secrets,
Almost vanished from the village, but not quite gone…

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