

Earley - Blessed to Roam

This world of ours, that we're blessed to roam,
 Contains most joyous and wondrous of things.
 From gargantuan peaks that stab the sky,
 To the sound when a nightingale sings.

Humanity knows, that we're kept on our toes,
 Trying to develop, to grow, to adapt.
 As we breed what we need, and we never concede,
 'til we see only men on the map.

We have cities grow large as they gorge on our earth,
 And small towns with strange creatures, fantastic.
 But these problems of scale, leave no room for the whale,
 In the ocean we've cluttered with plastic.

And our little town, the place Earley we love,
 Feels so different, so blessed we roam.
 When our folk and our k in, come venture within,
 This great town that we all call our home.

Yet so busy and fast are our lives, as we dart,
 Rushing to school down our own Rushey Way.
 We barely stop, to see what's what,
 Just hoping Asda has petrol today.

So jumbled our lives, important they are,
 With our family, our jobs and all else.
 As we hurry past hedges and race to the car,
 Please Stop

and reflect on yourself.

Do you need to drive that metal box now?
Do those emissions need to be made?
For our little world, so preciously held,
In the balance, could whither and fade.

Take a walk, p'haps round Maiden Erlegh,
A forage down into the trees.
Catch a water vole glistening in sunlight,
Or a red kite, just a flash in the breeze.

Hedgehogs with spikes, long billed herons,
A chaffinch's colourful features.
A stag beetle's horns, the glug of a pike,
And all manner of whimsical creatures.

In Sol Joel Park alone you'll see,
Squirrels playing up high in the trees.
Or burrow down low, into earth, 'neath the snow,
Find a dormouse, hibernating in leaves.

These purest of creatures, shape their lives 'round our own,
A consideration that should be repaid.
Yet we travel, commute, litter and pollute,
'til the lives of these small beasties fade.

In summer we love, to sup as we go,
Cool drinks and icy cream treats.
And in winter we dream of warm chocolatey cream,
Giving joy to our lips with its heat.

Yet these wondrous, man-made marvels,
All come wrapped up, plastic encased.
And if not correctly placed in recycling bins,
They fill our beloved town, Earley, with waste.

So please, oh please think of our neighbours,
The kind creatures curious of our things.
Will take a bite and catch a fright,
Rubbish snaring on claws and their wings.

To summarise, stop the demise,
Of our beautiful earth, make haste.
By solving the issues, one town at a time,
Drive less and recycle your waste.

For there are beasties in the hedgerows,
Coloured fishes swimming out to the sea.
Glorious birds soaring high above us now,
And that's how its environment to be,
In Earley.



Maiden Erlegh Park

Associated Images

