

POLITICAL WASTELAND

Through train window
Eerie landscape
Fires, furnaces, floodlights
Of foundries, factories, chemical plant
Glaring hazily jaggedly
Through thick fog darkness of early evening
In industrial Yorkshire
Detached from invisible buildings
That house them
And busy nightshifts manning them
Like greedy will o' the wisps
Declaring dominance of all-devouring industry
Cloaking generations-learnt skills
Of myriads of craftsmen and technicians

Silent

 In clinging fog

 From rattling train

Except for banshee siren,

 A foghorn

 Distant, half-heard, forelorn.

Years turn
Just a few
In smooth car comfort
Drive through same once-industrial landscape
Now barren dark desert of brown earth
No derelict mill
No skeletal foundry
No rusting shipyard
Empty, eyeless
Stands testimony to past achievements
All razed to the ground
Flattened
Gone
Awaiting redevelopment
At some future date
When the economy recovers

A sacrifice to one politician's obsession with destroying trade unions

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