

The Iron Bridge

John Ward

Extract From Page One

Across the iron bridge there lies
the spiral streets that twist and dive
the corner ways and alleys blind
where if eyes and ears are opened up
the scenes and shows don't slow or stop,
amongst these stones and brickwork lines
amongst these carbon covered shops
amongst these scores and wrinkled lanes,
caught in countenance sublime
in fissured faces settled there
the age etched maps of life and time.
These rocks and soil, sea and sand
shape the face behind the hand
that shapes the land and builds a town
that traps and holds them hard and bound
to trudge the streets and wear them down,
but the ghosts of stone store the steps
of the dead that walk this way,
the clammy cobbles worn and grey
the wooden doors and walls engraved
with graffiti ground like epitaphs
proclaiming love and stating hate,
sharp new scars and fading dates
across the town the red brick waits
the latest hands to carve the cry,
the ancient words, the oldest lines

Jimmy

loves Ruth

forever.....