

Imagined space —

What can be made there?

The idea at the start

Like the seed of a willowherb

Packed with its genes

A thought in a head

Your head or mine

A day thought

A night thought

Blossom

Or blooded knife.

Imagination, energy  
Creating a world  
Created the harsher world in the past  
That some lived in —  
The smoke and glaur  
Of great factories here,  
Thousands of lives  
Built round the acts  
Of the entrepreneurs,  
Tharsis street  
A piece of Spain in the Garngad —  
Connections!

Thoughts in heads  
Created industrial  
Wasteland for some,  
The cowp of the Backlands  
A waste ground for weans  
Playing as best they could,  
As weans can do  
From their heads' great stories  
In a world of old fridges,  
Mattresses mouldering,  
Random fires,  
A rat's paradise.

The littered tussocks'  
Broken bottles and cartons  
Proof of a world's  
Divorce from itself,  
Custodianship  
Of this piece of ground  
Dwindled to distant hope,  
All the old connections  
Gone. But here is a chance

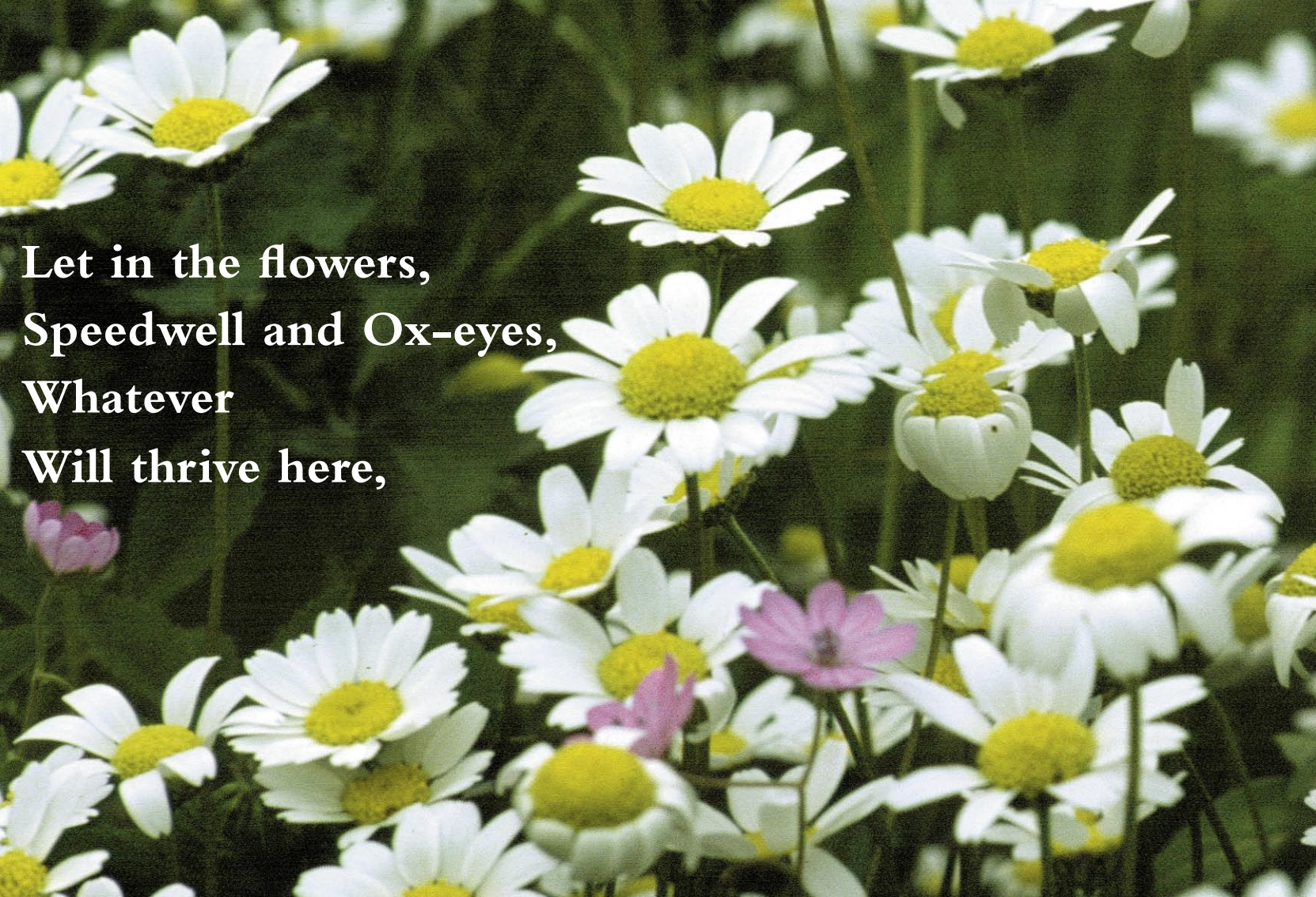
To bring in the butterflies,  
Peacocks, Red Admirals,  
The Common Blues  
Like pieces of sky,



To let in the wild birds,

The finches and thrushes,

The ho<sup>v</sup>ering falcons,



Let in the flowers,  
Speedwell and Ox-eyes,  
Whatever  
Will thrive here,





Open a space

For gabbing in sunlight,  
For old reminiscence,  
For crinkling of smiles,

For the eyes of the weans

To be gobsmacked  
By bugs and grasshoppers  
In the miniature jungle,  
But only of grassy blades.

