

Poem of Protest

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The Pool at Brookmill Close.

Does anybody care about the monstrous pool

That lurks above Brookmill Close?

Does anybody care when the tractors turn

And gouge out a deeper hole,

A hole that worsens and spreads each year,

When the growing season starts?

Does anybody care when the rights of way

Are blocked with the mossy mess,

when the hazard to health increases each hour

As the water encroaches around.

Will anybody care when a child falls in

and there's no one to see him fall,

When a person slips on the treacherous flood

And a life is blighted for all!

Does anybody care, does anybody care?

Only me, it seems, poor fool!