



SALE POETRY ANTHOLOGY 2026

Thanks to Bug & Bee
Creations for the photo!



Foreword

We hope you enjoy this collection of poems from the 2026 Sale Poetry Trail. This year we were thrilled to receive 80 poems from 56 poets and to display as many as possible around Sale town centre. Do take a moment in a cosy chair to enjoy the creativity of our poets.

Our aim is to be inclusive and to flood Sale with poetry from Trafford residents and visitors of all ages and backgrounds. We do not edit any poems, so the poems you see here are just as we received them.

The trail would not have been possible without the hard work of our committee and one person in particular really gave his all this year. A huge thank you to Dylan Miller, a local poet who organised everything while studying for his A levels. We'd also like to thank the ever-patient Carolyn from Bug & Bee Creations who created our trail map and put up with countless additions as we had to expand it! Thanks also to the wonderful businesses that agreed to display our poems and even managed to fit in two when we received so many entries!

The Poetry Trail is one small part of Sale Festival, which runs in the summer in our town and celebrates music, theatre and culture in all its forms.

Enjoy!

Sale Poetry Trail Committee

Claire Hines, Shine

Michelle Crosby, B For Butterfly Books

Dylan Miller, poet

Julie Cunningham, poet

Charles Swift, poet & actor

Carolyn Jackson, Bug & Bee Creations

Crabs in a Bucket

The school playground is a noisy wave of children
I am anchored
safe against the prefab wall
Pigtailed girls jump rope
Boys, crouched down, argue over marbles
Above the foaming sea of white
I spy her, skin the colour of ripe conkers
Beautifully braided ebony hair
Pink knitted jumper and matching skirt
The new girl looks straight at me and smiles
before steering herself towards the prefab
The world stops
Girls in mud-jump
Boys in mid-battle
only she keeps moving
my eyes plead, don't choose me
as heads turn in slow motion
The jeering crowd shout Dunce
The new girl tells me her name is Jamila
That it means beautiful in African
She tells me the teachers want to call her Lorraine
they think an English name will help her fit in
I tell her a secret, my real name isn't Dunce
The whole school is a sea of sharks
But Jamila will be safe on my island

By Linda Downs

What Little Boys Are Made Of...?

Listen up, I am talking!
I have got these things to say, and I know that I am important.

I guess you are right, yes, I am cynical,
&
I know that it gets in the way, and it's downright stupid.

But...

If all you have known is losing? It takes a while before you can
trust again.

And...

If all you have known is hurting? Then your view of life may be
somewhat tainted.

I have got something on my conscience.
Alright I confess...
Being with you makes me feel nervous.

When we are alone it's perfect, but I feel so naked around the
general public.
Being with you is not the problem.
It's just I think, people must think and say to themselves - *"Why is
he so deserving?"*

I guess you think that I am stupid.
A little boy, oh so insecure?
You know, I would hate it if you left me,
It's just that I am slow to warm.

I have never shown you my anger,
I have got this “rage”, and it burns deep within my heart!
Maybe I should boil over?
But to tell you the truth, I wouldn't know where to start.

Listen up, I am talking!
I have got these things to say, which I know are important.

If you ever think that you are leaving me?
Well, you can't!

You see,
I am flesh and blood, and this heart is not for breaking.

By Mark Burnett

Pride of Place

Behold the 'burbs of Altrincham
and Timperley and Hale
But for bloomin' creativity
- the best abounds in Sale!

By Anonymous

Local Limericks

A flirtatious lady in Timperley, would wander the
neighbourhood skimpily. She'd wiggle her rear at
gentlemen near, who'd find the experience pimplily!

A curry mad lady from Alty, once dated the actor
Nick Nolte; they wined at the Nawaz for 48 hours,
on Cannery Row eating Balti!

By Peter Miners

Ti Amo Papà

Your baby girl was born a blessing and a beauty.
Yet you left her all alone, as she returned to the place called home.
If only you'd given us a chance,
You'd realise that she would have made your heart dance.
The time came when she searched for Papa,
And was told that he was in heaven, a place that was so far.
Her little heart broke when she realised that there was no hope, gone was her
papa, in this place so far.
Seeing girls with their daddies, playing and being happy,
Made her eyes cascade tears so sour as she cried for hours.
Papa! She would stop males in the street,
And they would pity her and wouldn't speak.
To his grave she left flowers, cards and souvenirs,
But all it brought her were endless tears.
She always loved her Papa, with no memories to share,
Still the thought of not having him she couldn't bare.
Throughout her life the void remained,
But the love she carried never went away.
Her Papa, was not, she learned, in a place so far away, but he was in her
heart, only beats away.

By Antonella Sonia Zottola

Trail of Pale Ale

They'll
hunt throughout Sale,
and, no doubt some good ale,
In the hope of finding a tale
or two.

If they bail
they will fail
and take a homeward-bound trail.
We won't remember you!

Let's hope that this gale
will enter a gaol
to peter-out before rain and hail
will completely soak them through.

Participate, don't stay at home, stale.
Come, go beyond your self-imposed pale.
The cheering crowds will hail
their prince and princess of Sale
and then they can "pull up a pew"
have a brew
and sigh "Phew".
Too.

By Peter Barry Comar

Sale's Cinema

Sale's cinemas bring joy...
It started with the Savoy
At the back of the town hall,
All visitors having a ball!

Seven hundred stylish seats
Sat in there; waiting to greet
Their audiences, by far
Starting Sale's love of cinema.

Next up came The Odeon,
Another that has now gone
Also known as The Pyramid,
It brought film fun, yes it did!

Now, here's The Northern Light,
Bringing Sale's movie delight.
The heart of the community,
Wich film will you see?

So, Sale loves it's movies
We find them very groovy.
But, I really could've sworn
That you promised popcorn!

By Dylan Miller

Star

I'd love to be an angel
But one with a guitar
To sing with Ozzy Osborne
I'd feel like a real star
I'd love to jive with Elvis
Like Ann Margaret did that dance
I know she's not arrive there yet
So I'd like to have a chance
I'd love to write with Lennon
While sitting at his grand
A duet with George Harrison
If he'd let me join his band.
I'd scream and shout with Meatloaf
We'd do a proper show
Bat out of hell might not be right
They might tell us to go
I need to sing Valerie as that's my real name
When Amy Winehouse passed away
It really was a shame
George Michaels been there for a while now
The better half of Wham
He really could sing and hold a note
And a really special man
If Bowie was available
We'd thrill them with Life On Mars
What a day wed spend up there just mixing with the stars

By Valerie Quirk

AlphabettiSpaghetti of Failed Boyfriends

Alan insisted that he was the boss
Barry was always very cross
Callum maintained that he wasn't ready
David balked at going steady
Edwin -- too timid, wouldn't touch
Fred was way, way way too butch
Graeme had no common sense
Harry was extremely tense
Ian said he wouldn't commit
John was just an all- round twit
Ken used drugs, was always high
Leo had an STI
Mike --emotionless, so cold
Nigel -- all those lies he told!
Ollie had a weird intention
Paul did things I cannot mention
Quentin trained to be a Druid
Rae wanted to be gender-fluid
Stanley wouldn't part with cash
Tarquin had a nasty rash
Ulrick only spoke in Norse
Vincent's English -- even worse
Winston wanted to be gay
X is the one that got away
You're the one who might be next
Z is for zippee! Send me a text.

By Pam Bradshaw

Chase Crumbs

I think we could get along now
You and me
Now I'm old
And you're not here anymore.
We could stand together and stare out of a window,
A blackbird in the garden.
Lets
Chase crumbs round a china plate.
You could show me how to knit,
I'd listen this time.
Church in the morning
You the alto, me higher up.
A trip to town,
On the bus
No impatience when we saw a neighbour.
We could meander across peoples paths
Oblivious together.
Complain about the price of a cauliflower
And argue about who was paying.
Home in time for Countdown
Leaf tea in a china cup,
A shortbread finger
A cat outside, this time
What a day to be alive.

By Anonymous

Sale Town Hall By Day

Sale Town Hall from 1914, Was bombed in the blitz
A Mourning saint George Stands tall and proud
Remembering Soldiers From world War one and two
Yes The clock tower Stands in a shower
On Sunny days, Wedding days, Happy days
And as I walk on past On the way to work
smile at the people Passing by
Charity shops, Coffee shops and Posh shops In Sale today
There's Shoppers, clip cloppers
Homeless on the street, Trying to make ends meet, On a
Mancunian street,
Theres rich and poor, Walkin the floor, Just Open the door
So yeah, Sale Town Hall from 1914
Was bombed in the blitz, A Mourning saint George, Stands tall
and proud
Remembering Soldiers From world War one and two
Join me in the que



By Andrew Alan Matthews

Accompanying painting: https://youtu.be/xA4Nk_yrDb8

Canal Boat

I walk along the canal path
The rain is dropping drip by drop
The hue is grey, it's cold today
The downpour doesn't seem to stop

The sun has gone behind the clouds
The rain is pounding, pounding loud
Into the water, the droplets go
Heavier and faster, joining the flow
And yet along with the canal goes
A long boat by the name of 'Anne'

Cutting through the canal like a dolphin
A rainbow ripples through the water
A thing of beauty, the sun rips through the sky
to shine down on Anne, and so she shines the light
over all those caught in the plight
of the raindrops falling thick and fast

Anne glides along and I stop to watch
The long boat passes by, and I see inside
The cozy cabin, the life of the canal boat
A moving home, the chariot of the simple man
The clouds part, the day shines through,
Anne is smiling at us all
We are in her thrall
The beauty of a siren call

But then Anne goes sailing by
Her joyous ripples cease to stir
The heavens open up again
The downpour falls, and as for her

Dear Anne, she keeps on chugging down
Onto another place or town
And so I turn and skulk away
Into the cold and rainy day

By William Lightening

Embrace Vibrant Summer

Embrace this broken world with healing hands,
don't let your past write your future,

rewrite, recreate and reimagine
a better world worthy of your desire,

summer beats eternal in all our hearts,
listen, listen, hear it in the darkest storm,

all your hopes turn into reality,
all your wounds become painless scars,

healing comes in circles and waves,
drowning, gasping, then floating, easing, curing,

repeats obsessive, compulsive, mending, winding,
triangles, downs, lows, survival then highs, softly,

mazes, lost darkness then exhilaration, salvations, healing,
eventually: hold on, hang on, new normal will be answers.

By Peter Devonald

Jake

I took a ride to the seaside,
And remembered we came here once.
You poked your long face through the rusting sea wall bars,
As if to say, what is this place?

You didn't take to the dishwater-coloured sea.
You dipped a claw as the foaming tide snapped at your paws,
But there was a glimmer of wonder in those big hazelnut eyes.

And we set you free on the sand, and you gambolled and lolloped
and sped and made tracks,
and playfully protected your precious balls
from jealous interlopers, and spied a beached jellyfish and barked
and pranced at the unknown until you flopped down on the shore
and said, no more,
I'm spent.

It was a slow walk back to the car.
I lifted you into the boot,
reassured you it wasn't far.
And you snored a beautiful, guttural, growling symphony all the way home.
We vowed to do it again, but Jakey, we never did get to be so carefree
and foolish like then.

I can see you now, though,
crouching sphinx-like, waiting for that throw,
then taking off into the low-hanging, parting clouds over the sea
for one last time, knowing you were loved, and cherished and happy.

You're ashes on the water now, somewhere far away,
Yet still here in all I say and do, I'll catch you soon, yeah?
One day.

By Daniel Thomas

Please Wake Up

Boy to dog, crush to lover
Teacher to laptop while sorting cover,
Cat to owner with paws on chest
Cold-hearted witch to hex on the rest,

Tinfoil hat to gormless masses
Pile of sticks to nesting chaffinch,
Head to brain when she steps outside
Goggle-clad eye to this cell-strewn slide,

Mutation of thrushes to crest of horizon
Bowels of the earth to the plates under island,
Candidate hopeful to torn eastern county
Booze addled captain to map of great bounty,

Aching wrestler to legs propped on the top rope
Huddled up scouts to flameless smoke,
Man to wife and wife to man
Hand to crotch and coast to land,

Clock to student, roots to leaf
Child to worms that must be beneath,
Surfer to waves as night approaches
Nightmarish creature to nest of cockroaches,

Wide-eyed students to month sleeping turtle
Ignition to engine, the crowd begs to hurtle,
A morning of people to hand scolding coffee
Batsman to crease, expecting the offy,

The coach to her team sat next to the sub,
DJ to crowd on phones in the club,
Sun to meadow's frost-cloaked flowers
Pots to the clouds, desperate for showers,

Dog to noise other side of the fence
Drunk to fruity, pockets jangle with pence,
Believer to heavens while clutching the cross
Fans' heads to their hands, can't take one more loss.

By Saul Allerton

Work

When I was 20, my 30 year old self visited:

"Get a job - you need to start building a career now if you don't want to fall behind."

When I was 30, my 40 year old self said:

"Why are you doing a job you hate? It's time to start again."

When I was 40, my 50 year old self asked:

"Is it worth the time you're missing out on family? Have you got the right balance?"

When I was 50, my 60 year old self advised:

"Live frugally. You don't know how hard it is to be poor in retirement. Time to start saving."

When I was 60, my 70 year old self chided:

"Idiot. Why didn't you make time for hobbies? Do you know how hard it is to fill life without work?"

When I was 70, no one visited and I knew it was time to start living.

By Ellie Lockwood

Bells

A waking, a warning, an alarm a call.
A bell signals a high and sometimes a fall.
It opens, it closes, it asks for more tea.
Service, reception, trilling sweetly.
Last orders, town crier, treatment complete.
A single bell tolls the hour we meet.
A slow heavy beat takes us to rest.
Spring wedding bells singing, they are the best.
Tolling, calling, twinkling and jingling.
Holding together, joy and sadness mingling.
A waking, a warning, an alarm a call.
Life is passing like nothing at all.

By Julie Cunningham

The Northern Line

She has a fake blue flower in her hair
A lanyard round her neck says 'I have a twitch'
She says people laugh and call her a witch
I smile and tell her, 'we are nicer in the northern air'

Why do strangers not break a smile?
Impatient and always in a rush
You'd better learn fast to pull and push
Because no one here walks single file

A busker belts out ballads commuters ignore
Maybe one day he'll make the big time
Once he's off the drugs and wine
Right now it's a means to an end for more

Moving stairs that say 'stand on the right!'
Passing posters of plays and tourist traps
Vacant eyes under fringes and caps
There in the body but gone is the light

That lady with the twitch and flower in her hair
She says she could die and no one will care
But I say I will care and I'll put her in rhyme
About people you meet on the Northern Line

By Rosemary Pogmore

Spring Is Coming

The sun is shining,
the rain is falling,
the grass is growing,
the flowers are blooming,
the bees start buzzing,
the honey is brewing,
Spring is coming,
the air is warm,
hibernation stops,
the trees are tall,
Spring is coming.

By Adam El-Metaal

Life

Things in life can be good or bad
but there is always something nice to be had.
So look at the sky and see what you see,
the world would be gloomy without you and me.
So be nice and happy and go out the door
and see what you see in the world galore.

By Anastasia Adams

Now I Am Old

Now I am old,
I feel the cold.
I wobble when I walk,
But still like to talk.
To people I see I like to say
Something nice about their day
Or what they wear,
Maybe even "I love your hair".

By Jacquie Wilson

What Rhythm Takes

Time is a band, a beat,
blasts in brains boldly.

Lost souls sing away
their sorrows, an
entertaining encore.

The world awaits
riveting rides to waltz.

Waves tempo tulips.
Melodies are metallic.

Resuscitation records
productive prances.

Spirits sparkle, spin
speeches, solid sound.

Choruses chop pieces
of pie on a platter.

Instruments instruct
as gas for the ignition.

Slow motion slides in
new notes, knobs,
the right key.

Rhythm takes time.
Tune out the obscene.

By Traci Neal

Wasted Wish

The clock struck once
My eyes flung open
I wasted my wish
That won't go unspoken

I made the wish
When I was to sleep
To have a certain person
A secret to keep

I look back on the wish
And feel sick in my throat
I think I was drowning
Now I'm trying to float

My heart was shot
With an arrow through my flesh
With an arrow called "regret"
It's rotten, not fresh

It's nothing to envy
Nothing to desire
It's an insufferable joke
And it shouldn't feel higher

So you must remember
When the clock ticks time
Know what you want
Before you act fine

Don't say what you think
But say what you feel
Your head makes noise
But your body is real.

By Ava Kelsall

Fever Dream

Why is that tree purple?
Ah, I see
The sea is green, bright neon
And I may walk across it
Greeting softly sharks as they stroll by
Cowering beneath umbrellas
For the storm is bringing rainfall
It is raining lemon drops
The sharks don't like lemon, or lime
Because they've run out of tequila
And all they have is salt
But the salt is sugar and the water tastes so sweet
That the jellyfish are served with ice cream
Oh, look! Those octopus have feet
They have led me back to land
It's there we found the sharks again
With tequila in their hands

By Elisha Bayram

Only Once

Only once did I believe, it was my turn to receive,
A gift of love, from high above.
An angel from earth, had given birth,
And now I am blessed, for all I am worth.
Much was said, about a child.
Who's life and times, were innocent crimes.
No one was harmed, no one was hurt,
No one saw sense, with my face in the dirt.
Revelations now abundant, accusations redundant,
The ones who betrayed, left wanting and dazed.
For it's time to make friends, tie up loose ends,
Time to rejoice, with a god given voice.
I'm lucky I know, that it ended up so.
Lucky to be alive, lucky to survive.
Who's waiting for me, around the corner,
Will it be heartache, will it be trauma?
Questions we ask, because of our past,
And it won't be the last time,
We're accused of a crime.
I leave you with a thought...
Can we forgive, or must we condemn,
Those we believe in, those we call them.
Innocence is hard to find, so, try to be kind,
Forgive and forget, don't live in regret

By Anonymous

Falling

The dark cloud closing around me
As my thoughts fade
My mind weak and shackled
It had once been a blade

Like a sailor in a storm
While the boat sways
Like a rock climber
Further from the light rays

And as the darkness takes me
I ask myself this
How could I ever fall this deep
Into the abyss

The darkness overcomes me
As I slip further in
My name forgotten
Had I committed some sin?

I had harmed none
And stayed true
Yet the chains surround me
Is it the same for you?

And so I keep falling
A pit where nothing awaits
An empty abyss
Thought Deaths gates

By C3leste

Nature

There is something that is the container of all life
Soft bits and prickly bits, some sharp as a knife
It's nature, a beautiful thing
Which should make our hearts sing
Are you an animal lover?
Well guess who's the mother...
It's nature of course
Wind is part of it, carrying leaves as fast as a horse
Now all of us should think that nature is great
If you don't think so, you're wrong mate
But nature is in great pain
We need to try and help it, to relax it again
Summer, winter, autumn and spring
Each one is a season
And nature is great, because that's how we're alive, That's my reason

By Róisín de Bont-Lad

Spring Messengers

Ground's still frozen
Chill is in the air
Did Bluebells ring you up
Or was it the Snowdrop
Who dropped a note
Who told you tiny Corcus
To cover the earth with
Purple, yellow, white and Lilac

By Srivalli Pemmaraju

The Sound That Never Came

A penny slips into the well,
Bright copper spinning gone too fast.

It should be simple
A drop, a pause,
A small clink to mark an end.

But the sound doesn't come.

The silence waits
Heavy and patient
Pressing at the chest
In ways nothing else does.

Seconds stretch into minutes
And I feel the weight
Not of the coin
But of everything it carries
Expectations, small failures
The constant push
Of things left unfinished.

The well keeps quiet
But its quiet is sharp
Like something sinking
And taking part of you with it.

It's only a penny
But it hurts like a promise
That broke before it landed.

The pause grows,
Thick and pressing,
And the fall never ends
Or maybe I'm the one
Who's still falling.

By Jasmine Darrell Pearse
Age 12

You Are Loved

Mind racing, neck aching
Knuckles white from squeezing, clenching
Eyes stinging, focus shifting
Need to focus on traffic moving

I breathe

I pause

Wind shakes the branches
Waves of pink float through the sky

A beauty beyond TV screens and AI

A sense of peace. A sense of calm.
And the overriding knowledge that
I am known
I am not alone
I am loved

By Maria Howard

Never Trust a Hare!

Never trust a hare, they are so unfair
Hares bite like a snipe
Trusting a hare needs care
A hare might look nice and friendly but they are rather deadly
So the best thing to do is
NEVER TRUST A HARE!!!!!!!

By Lottie Douglas

Millionaire's Money

Spend it on a tiger, a lion, a giraffe.

Spend it on a sweet, chocolate or a gummy pizza.

Spend it on a racecar, a museum or an old house.

Spend it on an island, a rv home or your own shop.

Spend it on a dream.

By Cate Knowles

Paper Craft

We folded paper aeroplanes,
Our little thumbs fingers fumbled on the wings.
We folded simple paper cranes
And doves, that sit and do not fly.
We manipulated paper into metrics of our future lives,
Our origami army of miscellaneous things.

We created paper nacelles,
A cardboard carapace, for imaginary engines
That raced our souls through skies, unlimited by
The confines of our future selves.

The crisp white pad of Basildon-Bond,
Used twice yearly by my brother and I,
Duty bound for thank-you notes,
Found a new life a sea.
The circumnavigation of the pond,
A water-mark for paper boats.

We raised papier-mâché dragons shaped by frames of chicken-wire,
Hinged-in by soap-stone monoliths, inspired
By the twists and turns of minds unformed, as yet
Unhardened, unmoulded and unset.

Now, when my fingers find themselves on pristine paper clean.
Another ream to feed into a work-a-day machine.
I pluck a solitary sheet unblemished by,
The smear of inky intellect and adult expectation.
And with solitary smile, I begin
To smooth the sides now folded in.

By Daniel Pye

7000 steps to Winstanley Road

7000 steps to Winstanley Road
From the swans by the Bay Malton
To chinks of glasses at the Bridge by Dane Road
7000 steps in sunshine, rain, wind and snow

7000 steps to Winstanley Road
Weaving through the cyclists on the Bridgewater
Dodging the people lost on their mobile phones
7000 steps in sunshine, rain, wind and snow

7000 steps to Winstanley Road
The never ending passage between Timperley and
Brooklands
That same old journey between Park and Marsland Road
7000 steps in sunshine, rain, wind and snow

7000 steps to Winstanley Road
Pausing for a moment. Running through the allotments
A hint of the future and shoots of growth
7000 steps in sunshine, rain, wind and snow

By Alex McCann

Croatia

Croatia, a busy town, rushing up and down. Sweet ice cream in the store, dragonfruit I want more! As hot as fire, people roam through the streets, being busy is what their mind meets. Across Korcula Bay in a boat we sped all around and even spotted a goat. Chickens squawking everywhere, in the night lizards scuttle and birds rustle. In the morning, fruit galore, at the beach boiling hot like an oven. We play in the sand where the tide meets. We go home in an aeroplane, Croatia we will meet again.

By Finn O'Loughlin

Daffodils

Don't pick me, let me grow beautifully
And don't stand on me
Fantasy flower, don't make me glower evilly
Finally I can grow prettily
Orange is not me, I am yellow
Do plant more daffodils helpfully
I am a birth flower
Let me brighten days, and take my advice
Stick up for me.

By Eve Sykes

Live, Laugh, Love

A reckless night
that shames your heart.
A fearless step
that breaks your past.
A hopeless task
that proves a point.
A careless word
that hurts you most.

Grief, love, lust, rage, fear, and rejection.
Joy, pride, yearn, shame, awe, elation.

The lows exist to make the highs.
You are all these.
They shape your whys.
So live, laugh, love.
Hang your sign with pride.
Feel all the feels
and feel alive.

By Naomi Fulwood

Sale Annex

So excited for the youth club ,
It was a tuesday night ,
I wore my sisters pants ,
Turquoise and so tight ,
I squeezed myself in , They were a size 8,
Too small by far ,
Must have looked a right state ,
On the walk down , I wiggled my bum,
Breathing impossible , zip undone ,
Talking together about this and that ,
Sis said if you split them I'll give you a slap ,
I was looking at her , not where I was going ,
Manhole uncovered , I had no way of knowing,
I felt the pants rip , felt myself fall ,
Was sis sympathetic? No not at all ,
She ranted at me , bruised on the floor ,
Said get back to kumars, buy me some more

She got her revenge , next trip to the club ,
Quadrophenia was on ,
Id heard it was good ,
Sis said get some cider ,
Hide it under your parka ,
No one will know ,
The nights are now darker,
Near the front of the queue I think I was third ,
Then ' Wendy , please can we have a word ?
They'd noticed the cider ,I
I was not allowed in ,
See you after the film Sis said with a grin

By Wendy Jane Allington

The Past is in The Past

I stormed out of the maze with no regrets

Only leaving my past enemies behind me, even the
one I fell in love with in the circle

For they will not drag me down

I will stand tall and fight for what's right

For me and me alone

By Kin Hau Tran

Magic

Magic, Magic in the air
Magic, Magic everywhere
Magic, Magic mermaid's scales
Magic, Magic a swoosh of a tail
Magic, Magic fairy dust
Magic, Magic it's a must
Magic, Magic a crown of a Queen
Magic, Magic lots of gold to be seen!

By Ffion

For Mum And Dad

Staring out at the rain
Reminds me of my sadness and pain
Knowing my life will never be the same
As the days wane

I miss my Mum and Dad its true
Thinking of them makes me feel blue
As memories of my childhood drift past
But it will always last

The love they poured on my brother and me
Standing firm like the roots of a tree
The good and bad days we shared
We were so lucky they cared

I wish they were still here
And they were close and near
To comfort me the days I feel sad
Still sharing the love they haf

As you age yourself ,voices in your head
Which you try to cut dead
You know they won't always be there
Even though you are aware

When they leave this mortal earth
You know how much their love was worth
And parts of your heart die
And all you do is cry

You never forget them as in your memories
they live on
But you wish they hadn't gone
The passage of time ticks on
Life has changed beyond all measure
Your parents are your treasure

By K A Newman

Unsung Star

You eclipse skies and replace darkness
Familiarity mistaken for mundane
Still you carry on.
Plasma sphere that commands the sea
Causes ocean to greet ocean -
From in between clouds.
Constantly spinning,
Constantly heating,
Our constant source of light.
When overshadowed by your inferior,
Which we marvelled as a miracle,
You continue to burn your burden
Not wanting to be celebrated as the consistent
Natural wonder that You are.
Whilst humanity lies in tainted teardrops,
The solar of salvation eliminates shattered yesterdays
And rises to expose today's surprises

By Emma Tolond

Purple Diamond

When I was walking in the night,
The moon glows like a light
Sometimes I remember the time
I said no and walk away
But I remember the light of your eyes
Because you are a purple diamond
So don't you say not again
Purple Diamond believe in me
Oh common baby, I know you like me
It is January 3rd, keep walking
Easter is not far away

By Kruthi Kiran Aradhya

By The Sea

When I step beside the sea,
I see a gull near me.
Where are the bees?
Where are the trees?

Oh dear, oh dear, I see,
I think of how it used to be.
When I saw what once was there,
Now it's gone, it's not fair.

I see the sea is bare,
The sand has rubbish everywhere.
I can't bear it, it's not right.

Oh, as the days go on and on,
More of nature is just gone.
My fear grows higher,
The warmth of the Earth lost.

"Help, help!"
Cries the Earth.
We need to help
Before it's too late.

By Erin Lloyd

To The Babies I Never Had

Dear Nathaniel, later Nate, you would have smelled so sweet,
Held my finger with a tiny hand
And the school mum's would have oohed and aahed
And not asked when I'd give your brother a sibling.

And Erin, Kathleen, your middle name,
Honouring your great-granny, part of your Irish DNA
Your light brown skin, wild curls and laughter
Would have filled our world
Your brother would have loved his sister
And no one would say "he'll grow up spoilt"

And little Albert, we were unsure of your name
Wanting to aim high, Einstein, Paul Simon
Inspiring echoes when we call you back from playing, in for tea.
Your tight brown curls, darker than your siblings honour
Your daddy's Jamaican roots.

Although you never grew to be
You are all a piece of me.
A fraction of heart, a piece of womb.
So many tears no mum could
Shed more for the babies that would never be.

Meanwhile, your brother, an only child
Has grown up gorgeous, strong and wild
He isn't selfish, not too weird
Our bond is strong, his siblings in my heart
Connect us like a taut rubber band.

By Anonymous

Prison

You see me living
What you believe is my life
As I work or see me out
You can't see the walls or bars
No one knows I'm
A prisoner inside myself
You can't understand
The cell I live in
How tiny my space is
How grayness envelopes me
Or how my tears can't be shed
I can't reach out
I can't tell you of my prison
But somewhere under my
Imprisoned soul
A tiny flame on a candle flickers

By Roland Wayne Bebler

Love Teacher

Sweet burden; in the midst of pain
You crossed the path from dark to light
A purple cry in the early morning.
Ready for our bewildered embrace
We get lost in your sweet smell.
The top of your head, our new paradise.
We marvelled at your cheek
Too soft to touch,
The delicate pummeling
of your curled fists.
Your pearly ear translucent in the light
Your eyes, two black stars
The best teacher we've ever had
We learned love.

By Christina Balalau

An Ode To Jane Seymour

Oh my love! You've gone
Tears everywhere
I'm heartbroken
You were charming, elegant
You were everything to me
A blanket of golden, glistening, gorgeous hair
in front of my eyes
Your voice was like an angel's
Now that you're gone
It's pointless living
Your forever love,
King Henry VIII

By Naisha Nayak

Winter Sun

Frozen ground
Slippery path
White powdery salt
Sprinkling on bushes
Fiery red ball
Burning bright
No warmth from
The orange glow
Smoke and mirrors
Frozen fingers
Chattering teeth
I rush inside to artificial heat

By Srivalli Pemmaraju

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves,
Yellow leaves,
Red and Tiny leaves
All leaves
Pleading
Mighty tree
Don't let me go

By Srivalli Pemmaraju

Lone Path

Are you brave?
Are you mad?
What made you
choose the lone path?
Entire herd going one way
What made you
Go another way?
What was on the mountain
That was not in the ocean
What was calling you
What did you want to prove?
Was it to everyone?
Or just for yourself?
Did you have a plan
Did you foresee a new future
What made you walk the lone path
Dear Penguin

By Srivalli Pemmaraju

War

Innocent blood shed on the battlefield,
Wounds and scars for life that never heal.
Post traumatic stress, the nightmare of war
Can never be laid at rest.
Screams of terror heard forever in your head,
An endless record to be played all over again.
Dead bodies all around, not enough space
To bury them under ground.
Lives lost in vain, for the government war is
Seen as a game. Lives destroyed forever, limbs
Lost; these are the horrific costs.
Survivors don't survive, they are the zombies
Of war, changed forever, never as before.
The horror continues never to be forgotten, always there,
how can this type of murder be seen as fair?
Where is the glamour in war? When will
Someone say; "Please no more!"

By Antonella Sonia Zottola

Kitty

You came into my life when I was tortured by loneliness and pain, each day trying to live again.

A small bundle of fluff you came to greet me from behind the arm chair, and from day one showed me you cared.

I named you Kitty after a character from Pride and Prejudice, a lady you were, feisty, vocal and irresistibly sweet.

When we were together my life felt complete.

You slept near me and kept me safe, always a blanket of comfort when I felt broken and unsafe.

I loved everything about you. I was so proud; you were a part of my life throughout. I miss so many things that formed part of you; I will always love you.

I couldn't bare the thought of you suffering, I'd sacrifice my own pain to give you rest and so it was that although you my warrior fought till the end, I had no choice but to lay you at rest.

I watched 20 years come to an end; the gift of love so divine you gave me till the end.

In my arms I'll always hold you, shielding you from pain, just like you did and changed my life.

I'm struggling to survive, your death brings so much emptiness and pain; what keeps me going is the thought of seeing you again.

I know my dad is holding on to you, you are in his care and both of you are special and a part of me. Please keep safe and wait for me.

By Antonella Sonia Zottola

Homelessness

People pass me without a second glance,
I'm just a homeless person, extending out my hand.
If only they would look closer, they would see, I once was living in
a home before the streets.
They don't see the victim, they don't see the survivor.
They don't see me cry at night or shake in fright, surviving lonely
and cold dark nights.
The pain and despair of a life that isn't fair.
They don't see how clever I am to keep alive. It's not just a
cardboard box; it's a shelter. It's not just newspaper; it's what
keeps me warm.
The wilderness is not my friend; I've had to learn self-defence.
Vulnerable to crime in the streets there is no place to hide.
Please everyone this is my appeal, realise that homelessness is a
big deal and that the tragic consequences are real.
Remember next time don't just walk past but help make
homelessness an issue of the past.

By Antonella Sonia Zottola

Glacier

It is a truth that the glacier here before us,
cruising to a cold convergence,
may be at once appalled and thrilled
by the sudden kiss of wave and ice.

An eagle skims this glacier every day,
sweeps up its moods, stains
blue ice deep red, no mercy shown;
its beak slices at the fleshy prey.

The glacier is colder than
the eagle, and more cruel.
Its ancient fingers shudder,
claw at broken rocks, steal time.

There has been seduction here,
a birth of sorts,
schemes
and the cracking of some god.

By Pam Bradshaw

Travels on a Train (Hare's Confusion)

"I'm late! I'm so late!" cried the wild-eyed March hare.
"The train is so late, and I'll nevwr get there!
I've a dare! I've a date! In rainy Manchester,
Or - was it in Blackpool, Bradford or Leicester?

But wait! Oh, just wait! There'll be time for tea.
I son't have to be there till a quarter past three.
The train isn't late, vut the timetabke's changed.
I'm all of a muddle, I feel qyite deranfed.

Not sure where I'm going, but I know I will like it.
Because when I get flustered, I rely on my sidekick.
My best friend is Rabbit, organised and so calm,
he buys all the tickets, has rugs to keep us both warm.

Wherever I'm going, I know it'll be good.
It might be to Brecon, or under Milk Wiod.
Then I'll come home to Alty, in sunshine or rain,
and I will have enjoyed it - my trip on the train!

By Pam Bradshaw

Nature Sings Thirteen Haiku For You

daily we cut down
twenty seven thousand trees
yearly ten million

to make toilet rolls
many with microplastics
flushed into the sea

throw away food waste
pollute rivers seas poison
now in you and me

plastic bags/ garbage
kills over one million sea
animals yearly

every glass bottle
takes up to one million years
just to decompose

we are all losing
the web of life that binds us
human to nature

seasons come and go
nature always finds a way
with or without us

one million species
now face total extinction
ecosystems break

ice-caps now melting
heat-waves drought freeze climate change
mass displacement

extreme weather fuels
environmental conflict
insecurity

are you ashamed yet
by all the waste and folly
just for our 'progress'?

we all find our way
to sea eventually
what's our legacy?

By Peter Devonald

Daffodils in December

My son never born remains forever eight,
he loves the world with such passionate intensity,
laughs easily and often, so thrilled to be alive.

He plays football all the time, celebrates goals
like he's scored at Wembley, such enthusiasm,
it's infectious, makes everyone believe their dreams.

He talks all the time, sees the world as magical,
everything is possible, tells me to wish upon a star,
I tell him my dreams have already come true, he's here.

He notices skies and stars, fascinated by moon and
flowers, notices the passing of time, me aging, him
still the same, fixed forever in a moment in time.

Why does everyone else die, yet I never change?
We play last goal wins, buy daffodils on the way home.

By Peter Devonald

Barbara's Story

Dad covered up the window ,
With an alliminuim sheet ,
Bombs and missiles reigning down ,
Depriving us of sleep
Our make shift air raid shelter ,
The cellar , sparse and cold ,
Damp climbing up the walls ,
Adorning them with mold ,
Upstairs our possessions,
The life that we once knew ,
Before it was blown to pieces ,
By Hitler and his crew

Mum sits in the corner ,
A shadow of herself ,
The war has stole her sanity ,
Dignity and health,
Trying to keep warm ,
With no soles in her shoes ,
Dad tries to work the radio ,
' Maybe there's some news ' ,
Bread and milk for supper ,
Mum and dad have none ,
Make it last they whisper ,
Rations almost gone .

Huddled in the dark ,
All of us together ,
I want this time to end ,
But also last forever ,
Away from the outside world ,
Our own army of dad and mum ,
We knew they would protect us ,
Until the war was won

By Wendy Allington

Vivianne Fish & Chippy & KFC Sale By Day

Vivianne fish n Chippy In the heart of Sale,
Been fryin fish Since the year plonk
Fish ladies fry a British dish
English through and through
Flags a wavin outside
With cod and chips, Mushy peas
Proper English Tea awaits you
Its got competition, KFC over the road, Tryin to goad
A load of hungry people, stand outside
what will it be, fish n chips or KFC
Finger lickin good, American colonel come good, In Sales Hood. its all
good
Cos Fish wives of Sale, tell a tale, Of huge battered fish
Britains Favourite dish, From Trawlers out to sea
Bring in, Moby dick. The biggest cod you've ever seen
Fishermans friend Hauls in the fish, to make that special dish
Fish wives tell a tale,
Viviannes sell the biggest fish Money can buy
Come and try Moby dick, It's a whopper of a fish
Too big for a plate, In sale mate
So Yeah, Vivianne fish n Chippy, In the heart of Sale
Been fryin fish, Since the year plonk
Fish ladies fry a British dish
English through and through, KFC, Won't do

By Andrew Alan Matthews

Accompanying painting: <https://youtu.be/vnommmTlvbk>



Joker

One day, I will be the joker
Pulled out from the cards
Pretty and funny
And sharp like glass shards

I praise the joker
Made as an act
Pretty and warped
And always reacts

I fear the joker
Powerful and scared
Always obsessed
But never prepared

I am the joker
I need to be tamed
But if i'm trapped in a cage
I will go insane

I hate the joker
The joker is I
Bright like fire
And crazy when I smile

I love the joker
I shatter much like glass
Be rotted by time
And rust much like brass

I was the joker
It's time to close my eyes
I'll never stop laughing
Even after telling lies.

By Ava Kelsall

Abilene Meller

Telling kids stories
Smoking in the back
Scaring some to death
When you were caught mid-attack

You're crazy all the time
But people love you most
You're much like the Thorne
And about the Thorne, you boast

Your blood runs thick
With your rugged southern drawl
You're the girl with one eye
And the only joker to bawl

You drink and you yell
You write books of your own
You're the heart of the story
You belong on a throne

You're strong and your weak
Like your arms and your mind
Now I need to finish writing
Because I'm nearly out of time

You wrap your arms around
The child you most love
You let her sob into your arms
As she watches above

By Ava Kelsall

A Different Life

I've nothing to prove now I'm sixty five
The biggest achievement surely still being alive
I owe nothing and no one
And say exactly what I choose
But I'm still well aware
that's no reason to be rude

Life passes you by in the blink of an eye
I don't know whether to laugh or to cry
But here we are still enjoying a life
A mother a grandma and somebody's wife

No need to feel stunning and young
I'm mutton and no longer lamb
No need for Botox or fillers
As im so happy just being who I am
What im actually trying to say
Is we are not invisible
in any form or in anyway

But now while getting older
You see everything so clear
The things that used to worry us
Mean less year after year

Wisdom and confidence and beauty
Forever shine so bright
The only thing is we now see things
In a completely different light

By Valerie Quirk

The Also Ran

I also ran the race,
But couldn't place myself
Up there on the podium,
Meddling with all life's goals.

A taste and then a fast,
So soon, I never passed
The finish line my arms aloft.
To parade about, a victory lap,
My sweat, my breath,
Rasping from exertion spent.

To glory in a time alive,
So vivid in the cheering eyes.
And broadcast all around the world,
To verify our hopes and goals
That drive us on, quick step.

But what about the also ran?
His race cut short.
No dramatic exit,
Nor flashing lights.
He just retired,
Moved out of sight.

Of course he tried to run again,
But found the effort caused a weight
To fall and fall once more.
In the end he had to let it go,
The race, the haste, the pace, the show.

Now I plant myself in softer soil,
To shuffle on this mortal coil.

By Daniel Pye

The Gallery

I have no words
You've taken them from me
Placed them on a pedestal
And displayed them in front of me
The plaque reads "You'll thank me for it"
The ribbon cutter looks smug
And the ice that I wish I could feel
Clinks softly in my cup

Regardless, you warm me up
Many happy patrons
Buzz around your display
Expressing their gratitude
That this piece has taken their troubles away
But I find you in a corner
And I feel you have more to say
So in the corner I'll stay
As a friend, or a foe
Whatever my place

By Elisha Bayram

Bodies of Water

They say water remembers us after death.
It carries our memories.
Thoughts crashing in tides.
And unspoken words floating idle in stagnant ponds.
But I choose now, to strengthen my body of water.
So it can hold all the tender and glorious moments.
And when they flow to future streams
I will be remembered well.

By Naomi Fulwood

Into Insignificance

There comes a time, at least in my mind,
When nothing else matters, life in left in tatters.
Yesterday's news was such a relief,
Today's news, good grief!
In 24 hours, the powers that be,
Have condemned humanity, no longer free,
To a life under a cloud. Why so proud?
Proud of your place and your position,
As we continue, this ungodly mission,
Of death and destruction, you promised me,
Live on social media, and the BBC.
Reality TV like never before,
as we count the dead and announce the score.
Bibi and Trump, so much to answer for,
As the lights go out, a knock on the door.
Boots on the ground and tactical nukes,
As a baby cries, stands, then pukes.
And all for what? Why and how?
What will you achieve, you silly cow!
It's not written in The Book, the one you mistook,
To be your saving grace, and your rightful place.
I'd condemn you both now, if I knew how,
Because you are wrong. The days are long,
And I've traveled a few, it's nothing new.
With my angels and demons, flanking my side,
Join me on foot, with God on our side.

A final word softly spoken, a gesture of goodwill, Of reassurance, a token.
We will not fall, nor will we fail.
This day we rise again, your ignorance will pale,
Into insignificance.

By Anonymous

Grief

Grief is the bullet shooting straight into your heart, forcing us to part. The bullet forever lodged, a reminder of the wound that cannot heal, a reminder of what's missing and the void; that which inside us we hold, the deep bleeding hole.

A permanent change, never to be relived again. The end is final, like a broken vinyl.

Pain that takes the breathe away, that slowly decays.

We can grieve so many things, so many different kinds of loss, our lives tossed.

Memories made can begin to fade, this is the price that grief makes us pay. Time heals they say, but that saying is so lame. Nothing takes away the pain, we learn to function again never truly being the same, a torch in our hearts carries the flame.

By Antonella Sonia Zottola

Vlad The Wailer

Vlad the Wailer was not scary. Scaring made him very wary.

He doesn't like screams or very loud boos. He didn't like spiders or things that would ooze.

He was too kind and too smiley to ever cause fear. Sunshine and rainbows are things he holds dear.

But Vlad came from a long line of scarers. His Pop and his PopPop were notorious terrors.

"Vlad we want you to join the family business. Scaring people is something we love to witness.

But you are not scary, you will look like a fool. We think you need to go to Scaring School.

So Vlad packed his bags and Fangie, his teddy. Time to be scary. Yes, he was ready! But he didn't expect school to be so dark. It was a huge and terrifying Gothic landmark. And his teacher, Miss Hiss, was a terrifying ghoul who would punish you if you ever broke a rule.

Vlad tried not to be upset. But as he entered the classroom, he started to sweat. Lesson One – How to hide in the shadows. At the very idea, Vlad's heartbeat just froze! It didn't matter how hard Vlad tried; he just couldn't find a way to hide. Whenever it got dark, he began to glitter. All of his classmates started to titter.

"Oh dear", scowled Miss Hiss. This won't go well. Clearly, teaching you is going to be hell.

Time to move on to lesson two. Becoming a bat, let's see how you do."

Vlad tried his hardest. He tried, and he tried. But no matter what, he had no bat inside. So when he eventually turned into a bunny, his classmates found it really funny.

"This is ridiculous", said Miss Hiss. "Everything you do is completely a miss. I suppose we'll try lesson three. Can you do it? Well, we'll see."

Lesson Three was to finally scare with an ear-splitting shriek and an icy cold glare. Vlad's tummy began to gurgle and grumble. This would be the test he knew he would fumble.

And before Vlad could even start, his bottom let out a really loud fart!

By now, his classmates were roaring with laughter. Their snorts and guffaws could be heard hours after.

Miss Hiss looked on, completely perplexed. "In all my years, I've never seen students so vexed.

My dear, dear Vlad, you may have a gift. Let's put you to work and let's make it swift.

See, you may not be scary like boos, screams and spells, or bats and cobwebs or ogres who smell.

You're not like spiders or wounds that are oozing, but it seems, dear Vlad, that you're rather amusing.

We've been waiting for years for a great entertainer. And now that you're here, it seems a no-brainer.

See, to be different and funny is really quite brave. When most vampires try, they hide in a grave.

We'd love you to start teaching a laughing class. With your wonderful skills, you'll help people pass."

So Vlad started on his new profession. And he has made quite a lasting impression.

Vampires now don't tend to be bad; they try to be funny just like Vlad!

Vlad has taught them something clear: that being yourself is nothing to fear.

So never doubt that this is true, the best thing to be is always you.

By Ellie Lockwood

When I Get Old

When my body tires easily
and I feel I'll need to rest.
When parts may start to fail me
and I feel I'm past my best.

When my joints may creak
and my muscles ache,
there may be no easy cure,
but there are some hopes
about growing old
for me, I wish for sure.

My skin will have its wrinkles.
I may have the odd, age spot.
I may get frustrated
by aging health issues,
and the ailments that I've got.

I'll still have lines of laughter
etched deep around my eyes,
and I'll still give smiles freely
and hope, I'll look kind and wise.

I hope I'll still love art and fashion,
music, dancing, having fun.
I hope I'll still get out enough
to feel the pleasure of the sun.

I hope not to become invisible,
irrelevant, unseen
and that my thoughts
and views, will interest folk
what I've done in life
and where I've been.

And when my hair
is thin and silver,
I hope I'll still take pride
in looking individual,
because,
I'm still that girl inside.

By Vivienne Mullen

No More

My calendar's now
freed up for fun,
for hobbies and for leisure,
to meet with friends and family,
do things that give me pleasure.

No more the need
for business wear,
no more restrictions on my flair,
now I can wear hip, funky clothes,
and hats and scarves
to style my hair.

No more that Sunday pm feeling,
sinking stomach full of dread.
No early morning shrill alarm,
now, if I want, I'll stay in bed.
Now everyday has
that weekend feel.
Carefree and calm and full of zeal

Forty eight years of work, fulfilled.
Dedication, joy and strife.
The years have flown
and still I have,
so much to do in life.

I've made it,
got here to that age.
Thankfully, not yet expired.
Phew....thank god,
I can celebrate.
I
am
now
retired!

By Vivienne Mullen

The Philharmonic at Mine

Wheel off the harp to the garage
I tuck myself into its box,
violins piled up on mantel
page turning on fifth at the fox.

Delayed till warm morning the only way back
my house as the host is now home,
the bronze rusting hand of the baritone cracks
Stravinsky can only atone.

Two taps of din, conductor grins
sleep falls over the strings and woodwind,
a last weary glance at the curled ball of brass
they're snoring so gently out there on the grass.

Flautists like matchsticks down under the bed
tenor's cat curled up in the trombone,
my bathtub a nest of soft malleted heads
no corner is dreaming alone.

The clock chimes one thirty, walls whispers a sigh,
a gentle B flat to see in the night.

By Saul Allerton

Buzzwords: Have we been impacted?

Why don't we touch base?
Don't want to lose face
Need to leverage resources
And assign task forces.

Let's take it offline now
And give it some 'wow'!
Make sure you run with it,
FYI: it's a hit!

Global mindset is key
I want to talk to you re:
Give you a head's up,
So you guys know what's up.

That caused us much pain
In the second swim lane,
Push back to that role,
All set with your goals?

Have you championed our issues?
If not, then please do.
Need to flag our concern,
How else will they learn?

If ever you're caught,
Without a word or a thought,
Please don't use buzzwords
They are simply ABSURD!

By Anonymous

My Cat is Sleeping

My cat is sleeping
On a hot sunny day.
When a bird comes
He starts to play.
He chases the bird
But he can't fly.
He leaves the bird
And runs back to his house and hide.

By Charlie Lau

Pirates

Captain Crossbones and his wonderful crew
were looking at the beautiful view.
Star by Star, they travelled so far
to see what was anew.

By Maria Adeyemi

Autumn Tree

A vibrant yellow
Amongst the bleak trees it sits
Burning in the cold

By Eddie Lomas

Just Friends

So you have gone
Banter and silence
Soft yet sharp
Reach out, nothing
Draw back sharply and hide
Side glance, shared smile
Blink to see future erased, but shadows remain
Scared and alone
Past memories burst into colour and you learn to live
with the void

By Katy Lees

Beneath the Blue

Beneath the blue where shadows glide,
Sharks, whales and mantaraes spy.
In the mysterious depths of the vastness,
The currents hum and push away,
Synchronised fish finding their way.

In hidden reefs where wonders roam,
And creatures of the sea call their home,
Shrimps, shrill and crabs take cover,
As they hide from preying eyes,
Beneath the blue where shadows glide.

By Otis O'Horo-Gamble

Big Blue Whales

Big blue whales swimming in the sea how happy can they be,
So much glee in the air and happiness is spreading everywhere.
So hold my fin and jump on in and I will take you there,
On an under water adventure together,
I'll share my love and care.

By Emily Matthews

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Bibble Bakes
Bubble Room
Caldo Lounge
Canteena
Diddibox
Emporium M33
Gail's
Holland and Barratt
Green and Grounded
Laura's Travel Village

Hops and Boogie
Joe & Co
Mode N Art
Petites Modes
Shine
Skipton Building Society
Solace Studios
Stanley Square Opticians
The Edge
The Northern Light Cinema
Johnson and Leatherbarrow
Burger Stop
Oxfam
Able Thai Kitchen
Frames.co.uk
Manchester Bike Kitchen

Sale Poetry Map

Where possible poems will be displayed in windows, if not you may need to head inside during opening hours

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Stanley Square | 16. Diddibox |
| 2. Joe & Co | 17. Bibble Bakes |
| 3. B&V Trading | 18. Emporium M33 |
| 4. Holland & Barratt | 19. LJ's Pick n Mix |
| 5. The Bubble Room | 20. Laura's Travel |
| 6. Hops & Boogie | 21. Polly's Flowers |
| 7. Bean & Brush | 22. Gift & Receive |
| 8. Green & Grounded | 23. GAIL's Bakery |
| 9. Canteena | 24. Shine |
| 10. Let Loose | 25. Able Thai Kitchen |
| 11. Stanley Square Opticians | 26. Johnson & Leatherbarrow Opticians |
| 12. Solace Studios | 27. Oxfam |
| 13. Northern Light Cinema | 28. Skipton Building Society |
| 14. Petite Modes | 29. The Edge |
| 15. Plan A Embroidery | 30. Burger Stop |
| | 31. Caldo Lounge |

