



Cleeve Prior Chroniclers

Pickersom – A poem

There once was meadow
River Avon beside
With steep wooded bank to enclose,
Unmolested by money
Untouched by the wheel,
a realm of sweet grass, grazing beasts
And peaceful swinging river.
But it wasn't worth anything

So they sold it to the fisherman
Birmingham Angling Men

Down through the untouched woods
They smashed with machines
Drove their power into paradise.
All winter they moved:
Machines waxed strong along the miry field
They mined away a treasure
And madea hole
Amid a wasteland of pebbles
Very like a desert
And left it there,
A sore place in England's heart

Author Unknown