



Cleeve Prior Chroniclers

The Parish Wharf – a poem by Mary Collins June 2000

Can you, in the fading twilight, when the world is quiet and still,
Hear the furrowed millstones turning as the grist goes through the mill?
Do you hear the rumbling wagons in the steep and winding lane?
Hear the plod of patient horses bringing in the harvest grain?
Do you think you hear the tread of heavy boots on creaking floors?
Or the thud of dusty wheat sacks hoisted up through old trap doors?

On the wind, do you catch the faintest clank of chains?
Echoes of the grey stone mill, where nothing now remains?
Evening mist across the river, distant figures loading hay,
Coming home from Worcester Meadows, across the ford with laden dray?
Laughter on the iron footbridge, muffled voices in the lane,
Cleeve folk on their way to Salford, across the fields to catch the train.

Daytime, night time never ceasing, on the river do you hear, Water falling, rushing, roaring. Can you see the vanished weir?

For centuries this place has known all life's busy hum. Nature has reclaimed it now for the centuries to come.