

DEMISE OF A MEADOW

Here once, there was a meadow.
A place of rest and leisure,
It catered for recreation,
Whatever took your pleasure.

Now events have gone badly wrong,
The ambience is awry.
In the name of progress,
The cause must surely lie.

Piles of brick and timber stacks
Litter around the ground.
Whilst across the velvet grassland
Tyre tracks scar the ground.

Looking on, it is a sorry plight.
For once where there was a meadow.
There is now a building site.

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