

"Sweet Memories" by Alfie, the Black Country Poet

I strolled the grounds of my childhood years, only just the other day,
To recapture all the happy times, of the games we used to play.
I closed my eyes and wandered back, to recall the many hours
We laughed and played in the summer sun and bathed in April showers.

Nothing mattered much to us, we were young and free,
With our bread and dripping sandwiches, and a nice cold bottle of tea.
The fun we had was endless, as we played upon the swings,
The helter skelter, paddling pool and many other things.

Not for us the sea-side trips, to Rhyl, or Brighton Pier,
We didn't board a plane, for a week in Spain, not us, we stayed right here.
Though not by choice I must admit, but it didn't bother us,
We would travel by 'Shank's pony', rather than catch a bus.

Times were hard and money scarce, we didn't have a lot,
But after all was said and done, we shared the bit we'd got.
Sometimes we'd raise enough to buy, a lolly on a stick,
Then patiently we would sit and wait, till it came our turn to lick.

Tiredness then would take its toll; the strain would start to show,
Our little bodies all worn out, the time has come to go
At the close of day we'd hurry home, to arrive before the dark,
A wash, a meal, a kiss, a prayer, and sweet dream of **Dartmouth Park**.



Alfie