

They Took My Sky

By Andy Biddulph

They took away my sky,
And now it is not home.
Distant blue of Warwickshire's ridge,
Forever in my mind.
It was there for the boy who roamed lanes,
Discovering wonders in bank and hedge;
For the youth working rich, brown fields,
Comforted by changeless views;
For the young man who loved his love,
Under that uncluttered sky.

Then Aylesford built his mountain,
From the trash of a crowded town;
Covered it in bright red earth,
That ploughed like a wound;
Then planted trees and hedges,
So, it looked like a natural thing.
He can now afford to keep the organ,
On which Handel played.

But he took away my sky!
So, I must seek my solace,
Under strangers' skies.
Memories remain,
But I have no place to stand,
To let them come again.
I lost my enduring home,
When they took away my sky.

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