



Worcestershire Young Poet Laureate Winner

A street called Worry.

A small street stood stamped with tall, Italic
Houses that leaned forward, brown and blemished,
Lifeless and limp as the limbs of trees.

They domino steeply up the cobble way,
Weaving and snaking north, dipping then climbing fourth
In the wake of oak-flourished hills that overlook,
Resilient and beacon-proud between pockets of howling wind.

In the mist, the men would walk; sulking and scowling around,
And in the cold, the fog is found, grouped and idle in gangs of white,
Above, the stars are huddled for warmth, like twinkling sprinkles
Of silver salt, and the spotlight moon looks on in glowing concern.

Most of the windows are nervously shut and the ones
That are not will in time, begin, to frantically swing in the
Cynical sweep of the breeze. Behind you will find the
faces of people who really don't want to be found.
Even the trees quiver and freeze, even the sky
even the ground.

The streetlamps glower and scour the road
For anything left in the night,
Nothing wants to be seen by anything
Not even darkness not even light.

By Rowan Standish-Hayes

