

City of light

By Helen Mosley

What makes our city?
Bricks and buildings? Ring road, river and canal?
The statue and legend of Godiva?
The Cathedral and its ruins? Our wartime history?
Or a scarf of Sky blue?

Or is it something much more than that?
Strong and true,
The people of the city, the quiet and the modest,
the unsung, unnoticed, the heroes unknown?

We are the light of kindness that shines
on the click of needles crocheting hope and love
into precious neo-natal baby blankets,
In the NHS workers and the Coventry carers

In the pouring of tea and sympathy,
the ready ear and kindest of hearts.
In the quiet listeners.
In the charity shop volunteers,
in the schools, in the generosity of spirit;
Gifts of time given freely by so many.

Shown in the warmth of welcome to the Cathedral,
bathed in the glory of the west window.
Given in the smiles of Coventry hosts and sanctuary supporters,
The food bank donators, the tireless charity fundraisers.
Peace lovers, who reach out in friendship and reconciliation.

Heard in the pulsing hearts of blood donors
or the CAB, Samaritans, helpline listeners
Seen in the city street cleaners making all well,
In the Sowers caring for our green spaces,
Fluorescent lollipop guards, there no matter the weather.

They are the many, each a delicate thread in the tapestry of our city,
A part of the very fabric of Coventry
A place where kindness matters and goodness exists
Uplifting hope

Each with their own story, humble and radiant
Godiva's army,
Holding fast to generosity and goodness
Showing courage and care
Bright against the darkness
Unsung heroes
In the City of light