

Coventry growing

Mrs Evie was our Y6 teacher

I remember her now

a crinkled face with a serene smile that grew and glowed

we planted acorns and waited for them to grow

and in the Michaelmas term, she handed us a map

unfurled it wide

and gave us a window outside our classroom

"This is your city

discover it

explore it

and treasure the beauty, joys and pleasures,

always remember

the whisper of the wild even in a city home."

She guided us along streets lined with trees

ambled with us along the blooming wildflower verges

stood with us to gaze at the sight of migrating birds crossing over a swathe of sky-blue

Listen, she said,

for the bells ringing out clear from the spire

Took us to Memorial Park's green spaces and gardens

laughed as we ran through the crisp crunch of golden leaves in autumn time

celebrated the warm glow of Diwali and Christmas lights

and gave us the wonder of the bright glory of the Cathedral windows

We navigated the canal path

and uncovered the secret lines of the river Sherbourne

wandered with us through Coombe and saw us run towards the light

Our acorn plants grew, and we learnt to care for our world

and there was something about her and that map she gave us

We were a dancing poem bright with our future

heads up high

our tales still yet to be written,

she gave us

our city joys, places of wonder

a world outside

deep roots and room to grow

Helen Mosley