

Forgetting It All

The pigeons sit on top of Earl Grey now
While people rush past the writing in gold
No time to read of all the great deeds
Done so long ago in times of old

You'd be hard pressed to find the blue plaque by the Tyne
Remembering the work of old Thomas Spence
Who so frightened the rich and the powerful
Once the Town Moor had been saved from the enclosers' fence

And Joseph Cowen stands right arm held aloft
Near the bottom of old Westgate Road
While so many are so content with what they're fed
Forgetting all the seeds that he sowed

While Emily lies in peace in the churchyard in Morpeth
Her body so battered that cruel Derby Day
While women are ritually abused on Twitter
By those afraid of what they have to say

And who remembers now if the tune the fiddler plays

Is from Ireland or Northumbria

While young Roma pick up the musical torch

Here to escape discrimination and fear

So many struggles, so many sacrifices

So many victories, both great and small

Will we really just let all the past go

To face the perils of forgetting it all?

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