

Stockport2020 – video transcript

Video transcript of Stockport Write out Loud poetry reading by AndyN.

Abandoned Cricket Ground

Slipping into the past for a few seconds
I can hear the bowler swear under his breath
when the ball flies over his head in succession
almost like the batter is trying to hit him on purpose
instead of just been sat there alone
watching the grass grow longer each day.

History was in the making then of course
when the coin flew up towards the heavens
creating a ripple then a rupture
as the third shot went towards the boundary
leaving us all sat there
wondering how much longer this could go on.

Now of course, even after lockdown begins to waver
these grounds are to remain shut
while everybody's lives sprinkles back into work
lying in bed in the shadows
when previously you would see my friends
cheering furiously whenever they got a wicket.

All that is left now is the bristling grass
and the luminous clock they would bring out
for whenever they were playing a 40 over match
and the flood-lights which wouldn't always come on
when-ever it went past 8 on a hot July night
if one of the teams had two hours instead of one for tea.

All that is left now is memories lost in shadows
folded into the edge of a shopping retail park
in a rhythm of abandonment when the shops re-opened
instead of staring out at the level meadow
as another element of our lives fades away
perhaps never to be seen again.