

# Shaletown

## And Also The Trees

On the blue-green rising, falling tide  
Breathing in the pebbles  
Sighing out the salt breeze  
Chaff is blowing from the stubble fields  
Leaving the dried earth land it threads the gate  
Tunnel hedges  
Old man's beard  
Sticking to the wild plums  
Old man's beard  
And follows the pot-holed tracks  
That lead to Shaletown  
The ox-man's soul forever turns around  
And ploughs the stubble field  
Caught in the lonely mile  
Between the roads to Shaletown  
He watches the chaff leave his dry brown eye  
And swing over rose-hip stile  
To Shaletown  
Under bronze-red sunset, cobweb clouds  
Dipping to the shadows  
Dancing through the dead trees  
Over carts that struggle up the hills  
Sticking into the sweat and blistered hands  
Nailed sacks flap  
>From blackened walls  
Flailing arms to welcome  
>From blackened walls  
In to the groaning heart of Shaletown  
The ox-man turns and walks into the wind  
Towards the ceaseless sea  
Ploughing the lonely mile  
As chaff settles in Shaletown  
The machines they groan and the hammers they pound  
As night falls on Shaletown  
The chaff settles in Shaletown