

The following poems by Moston residents Dorothy Banks and Demerece Greene were written as part of the development period for Census in 2022.

The House and Soul by Dorothy Banks

From Tudor to Windsor
Good Times and Bad
I've been watching and waiting
As centuries pass.

From timbers of oak
With wise windows for eyes
I saw farmland and meadow
And a community rise.

King Cotton rose too
With mills for his crowns,
spreading their shadow
over countless close towns.

A handful of cottages appeared
Like ghosts in the night,
A community blossoming.
Silk gently took flight.

Folk followed quickly,
to make an odd bob,
Tinkers and paupers, wise men and fools
Joining our village to pick up a job.

Terraces grew and families thrived.
Woodville, Ilkley, Aran and Bute,
Dozens of homes, two up and two down
Life in old Moston finding its root.

I saw the families emerging,
Laughter and Tears.
Workers, ready and willing,
Earning the bread - and a couple of beers.

Noble horses brought the barrels,
The lace and food for us all.
Carriages too, for the gentry of course .
By the strength of our horses we'd stand or fall.
Moston's history – never forgotten.

Then suddenly upon us - two World Wars,
Husbands, sons, daughters wives
left our town for fields afar,
To fight for peace, or lose their lives.

People old and infants tiny
Took sanctuary beneath the earth,
death planes threatening from the heavens,
Booming Big Bertha roaring her curse.

Peace came almost as a shock
Grey suited men finally meeting.
Millions had died and millions suffered.
Nothing learned, the lesson fleeting.

The schools had slowly shown their face,
For those with a penny to pay the fee.
Churches stretched their helping hands
Then - Moston Lane Elementary.

There they were, lads 'n lasses,
Singing and dancing, playing and pushing.
All under my shadow, my watching eye.
Big Bell for home time, I saw them running
To play out on the cobbles, 'til tea time came by.

Bottom of Gill Street, near Sankey's Brough,
Mums and Grans were out for the gossip.
To pick up their youngsters
And get summat for t'tea.

Thousands of homes, Wharfedale and Tyndal
Had swallowed the space where deer had
roamed
King Cotton was thriving now near and far,
Riches and power draped on his throne.

Who were our ancestors. Well you may ask.
The gentry who built me, your stalwart
detector?
Tailors, butchers, rogues and rebels?
Poets, artists, actors or jesters?

Here we are, a village, a town,
World getting smaller, we merge and meld,
Wealth of knowledge and cultures to share.
New, willing hands here to be held.

Then suddenly upon us - two World Wars,
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World getting smaller, we merge and meld,
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New, willing hands here to be held.

I am old, drooping, dishevelled,
Window-eyes murky like our River Irk.
If I should perish, it's true to say,
The soul of Moston is here to stay.

If I had a cap to be doffed
I'd doff it now, with humility,
To our centuries-tested community.

As the world gets smaller and our horizons wider.
We are a village a suburb a town maybe
Communities living side by side, understanding expanding and Here Still Am I.

I am broken and bowed,
My windows are murky,
Maybe my end decided, But my soul is alive and my memories will flourish. If I fall I
watched the play and heard the glee.