



Bolton's lost words

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Discover the
Seven Acres story,
memories and
poems inside.



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SEVEN ACRES



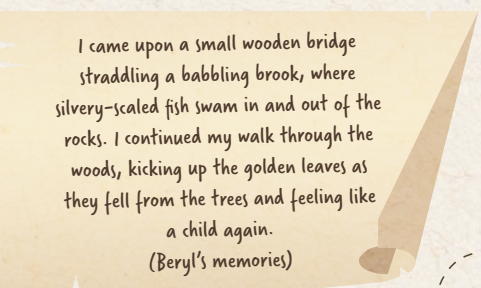
Discover our
story, poems
and memories

A beautiful day – where to go, what to see?
It's got to be close and it's got to be free,
With something for all of the family -
Let's get some ideas from the library!

A bug hunt and picnic, we soon decide,
So, armed with a trail and a pocket guide,
We're off, in pursuit of the creatures inside:
Butterflies, beetles and lots more besides.

We choose Seven Acres, no need to discuss:
It's just down the road, to avoid any fuss.
We can go to the Post Office, hop on a bus
or use Shanks's pony, it's all up to us.

In search of adventure and up for a lark,
We're soon walking into our own country park.
We stroll by the pond, see the ducks splash around,
And a heron takes off, disturbed by the sound.



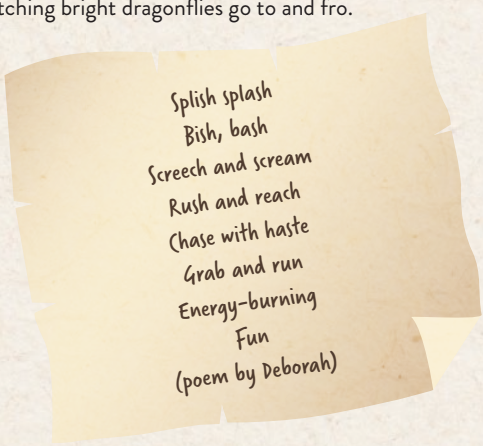
I came upon a small wooden bridge
straddling a babbling brook, where
silvery-scaled fish swam in and out of the
rocks. I continued my walk through the
woods, kicking up the golden leaves as
they fell from the trees and feeling like
a child again.
(Beryl's memories)

We emerge from the wood to the glare of the sun,
and stop on the 'beach' for our picnic, what fun!
A brook babbles by, we watch as it flows -
The perfect place to cool off our toes.

In a more peaceful world, unnoticed before,
Dappled in shadows of sycamore.
We stand on a bridge, with the water below,
Watching bright dragonflies go to and fro.

Birds in the trees, in the water, the sky:
Goldfinches, bullfinch, a kestrel on high.
Coots, ducks and dippers, the heron stands tall,
But kingfisher is the star of them all.
Staying still, crouching low for a better view,
scanning the banks for a bright flash of blue.

A fat little robin is feasting on berries,
gorging on rowan and wild pink cherries.
Some wood pigeons rise, we caught them napping,
while, on a trunk nearby, a woodpecker is tapping.



Splash splash
Bish, bash
Screech and scream
Rush and reach
Chase with haste
Grab and run
Energy-burning
Fun
(poem by Deborah)

Robin

A cheeky, chirpy chap:
Your bright feathers
Light my day.
(haiku by Beryl)

A scurry in the branches, a scuttle down down the bark,
The busy little squirrel is happy as a lark.

Surrounded by green – shrubs and trees of all kinds,
We've left all the cares of the world far behind.
This industrial site, long since destroyed,
Has been reclaimed by nature, for us to enjoy.

Leaving the shade of the towering trees,
We see beautiful butterflies bob on the breeze.

...we were walking along one day and
noticed some sawdust on the path. When
we looked up we noticed a small, round
hole in the tree trunk and, after further
investigation, we spotted a family of
woodpeckers, which I'd never seen in the
wild before. (Pete's memory)

We forget what's on our doorstep, so much nature to explore -
There must be lots of trails that we haven't walked before.
Let's take some time to breathe again, enjoy our local treasures,
Remember some of the simple things, enjoy life's little pleasures.
Those Lost Words can be found again, if we take time to look.
We can give them life again, free them from the book.

Red-breasted, the robin,
out there by the Rowan tree
Being nosy, inquisitive, making his claim,
standing his ground.
In his territory, his space,
Never shaken, determined, bossy and defiant.
(Acrostic poem by Kath)



Near the trees, in the meadow where the grass is high
we might catch a glimpse of a deer running by.

So calming and peaceful, the rustling grass
Swishes behind, as we troop on past.
Bugs scatter and fly from our clumsy fumbling
Grasshoppers leaping and beetles a-tumbling.

over, under, in and out
underneath the pale blue sky
boughs and bark
squirrel-hid
secrets here do lie.

Daring grey miscreant
Standing, still as stone,
Making observers believe
They're really all alone.

Scampering forward
on a daring run,
Snuffing through
autumn green and gold.
Weekly shopping done!
(poems by Ellen)



A map of the
Seven Acres Estate

Come and see the full map
at Brightmet Library!



Compare the many greens
In the flowing breeze.
Rogue growths in the mown meadows,
Home for many bedfellows.
(poem by Donna)

Lovely colours in the sky,
Lots of butterflies flying by.
Drawing nectar from the flowers,
Dodging drops from April showers.
(poem by Jacky)

Colourful in flight,
Shining in the light,
Graceful.
Never seen one at night!
(haiku by Val)