



Bolton's lost words

HIGH STREET LIBRARY • HEYWOOD PARK

GROUP: LIBRARY OF
SANCTUARY AND
PRECIOUS GEMS
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Bolton
Library and
Museum Services



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**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

**Bolton
Council**

HEYWOOD PARK

Community groups Precious Gems and Library of Sanctuary wrote poetry inspired by the park. Step into their shoes, by reading the poems inspired by the beautiful park around you.



What foods can
you see and
taste at the
picnic tables?

What languages
and accents can
you hear on the
playground?

fish & chips
stormy weather
pebbles
warm feeling
security
utopia mundane

(a poem by Munira)

Tomorrow is the future What are you going to do?

(a poem by Andrew)

Lallibadi! Lallibadi!

you are so beautiful!

What else do you need to glow?

(a poem by Amna)



Find the stone circle with
people dancing around the red
rose of Lancashire. What story
are they telling?

Find some sticks around the
park and create your own
figure to join in.

Look across the
park and see
the sea of tree.
Count how many
you can see?
Are they all
the same?

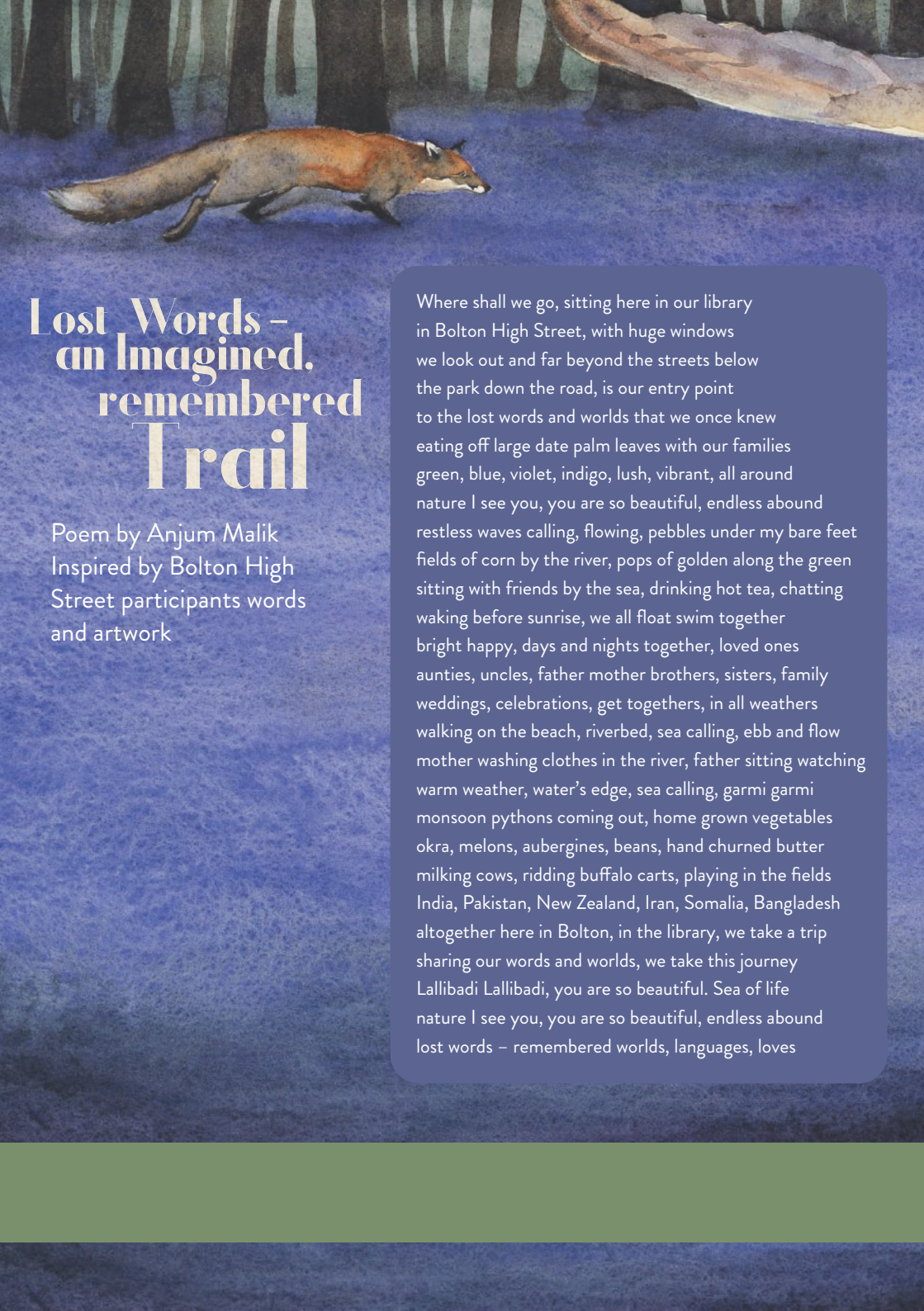
sparrows, squirrels, crows

The restless waves ebb and flow
over mudflats and pebbles
they meet the tress, the vibrant fields
of corns washed by the river

(a poem by Liz)

Miss sparrows, squirrels, crows
always there, every day, amazing
pythons coming out in monsoon
okra, choli plant, sweet corns
melons, aubergines, sweet beans
growing in our back garden
milking cows, riding bullock cart
our garden, the farm, the rivers
mother, father, my siblings
many thanks for this opportunity
of memories of growing up in India

(a poem by Manjula)



Lost Words – an Imagined, remembered Trail

Poem by Anjum Malik
Inspired by Bolton High
Street participants words
and artwork

Where shall we go, sitting here in our library
in Bolton High Street, with huge windows
we look out and far beyond the streets below
the park down the road, is our entry point
to the lost words and worlds that we once knew
eating off large date palm leaves with our families
green, blue, violet, indigo, lush, vibrant, all around
nature I see you, you are so beautiful, endless abound
restless waves calling, flowing, pebbles under my bare feet
fields of corn by the river, pops of golden along the green
sitting with friends by the sea, drinking hot tea, chatting
waking before sunrise, we all float swim together
bright happy, days and nights together, loved ones
aunties, uncles, father mother brothers, sisters, family
weddings, celebrations, get togethers, in all weathers
walking on the beach, riverbed, sea calling, ebb and flow
mother washing clothes in the river, father sitting watching
warm weather, water's edge, sea calling, garmi garmi
monsoon pythons coming out, home grown vegetables
okra, melons, aubergines, beans, hand churned butter
milking cows, ridding buffalo carts, playing in the fields
India, Pakistan, New Zealand, Iran, Somalia, Bangladesh
altogether here in Bolton, in the library, we take a trip
sharing our words and worlds, we take this journey
Lallibadi Lallibadi, you are so beautiful. Sea of life
nature I see you, you are so beautiful, endless abound
lost words – remembered worlds, languages, loves