

CHANGING WORLD

By Jim Saville

The world is changing and so am I,
Altering and adapting as time goes by.

Where once I'd wonder at the free bird's call.
Is now clearly part of the urban sprawl.

Moorland tracks where I'd go for happy hikes
Are quagmires created by ugly quad bikes.

Space must be made for a rising population
But it need not mean blight and devastation.

Yet glass and steel monstrosities now destroy
Those magnificent buildings – once our civic joy.

Modern man now has the technology
To ensure development doesn't destroy the ecology.

Parliament now grants me the right to roam
Across land that the rich once called their own

So let us ensure that each succeeding generation
Can still enjoy the beauty of our great nation.