

A locked in flow moves through memories, land and time.
A world connects with a space inside my head, where thoughts wander freely.
Stumbling upon experiences real and imagined.
Layers of histories and hopes, some owned and some borrowed.

Two hundred years of time are trampled
and worn into the paths along this watery route.
The heritage of a grand project,
'a gloomy memorial of place.
The fouled nest of the Industrial Revolution that had flown'.

It's a hotchpotch of a space.
There are shipshape gardens and drowned shopping trolleys.
Lovers' graffiti and the anger of the disillusioned.
Those living the grey dream, afloat 50 footers.
Those subsisting on the margins.

There are no celebrities on barges, and no café culture along these banks.
But there are 'stories and songs that hang in that space between memory and
water.'
There are doors that once were, land cut with shovels, relics of industry and
bird song.
There are makeshift shelters, and childhood memories encrusted in rusty
bicycles.

Whoever shouts the loudest claims a space. The water calmly reflects.
It's from Leeds to Liverpool where my mind wanders.
Through worlds within a world. Between presence and memory.