

FENELLA BERRY

Copley Lane

Three decades ago I
sledged down Copley Lane hill
on a carrier bag.
The snow had arrived quickly
taking the town by surprise.
The streets suddenly impassable
by vehicles. We walked home.
Plastic bags over our smart
office shoes. Oh how we laughed.
It seemed like a good idea at the top.
Our descent was scarily fast!
Those bollards are well placed...

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