

The spirit of Thwaite Mills

(Inspired by the ghost of Thwaite Mills)

Trudging in darkness along the small track
You must be wandering why I come back.
Remembering workmates who perished in pain
The noise and the stench with little to gain.
Time was so endless, bodies aching and raw
Would we survive? No one was sure.
Week by week we succumbed to our fate
Never again to walk through the gate.
But time is eternal in my new home
Moving as I please with leisure to roam.
Oh no! You won't see me
I melt with the snow
And ride on the breeze
Through the ages I go.
I'm happy out here
With the old, misty moon
Than sleeping alone in a cold, damp tomb.
So remember us when you run for the bus
Or sit in a traffic jam starting to cuss
When the bosses are angry and your workmates the same
And you seem to be the key one to blame
Get on with your task as time passes fast
You're here in the present, not locked in the past.