A thank you poem for all our station volunteers, adopters and friends

Pride of place

Here’s to the shopkeepers, office staff, pensioners, dads, students with sass, and footballing lads
the mums, and the grandmas, the drivers of vans
who look at their stations, and come up with plans
who see something needs doing and decide there and then
that the someone who’s going to do it is them

who paint and who plant, who make dreams become real
who make greenery grow beside ballast and steel
who give old buildings new purpose, their stations new heart
who put poems in waiting rooms, create murals and art
who roll up their sleeves and who don’t make a fuss
who say this is our place, and it matters to us

who give up an hour in the evening, or one at weekends
who are links in a chain of an army of friends
who put a spring in your step and pep in your paces
a song on your lips and smiles on your faces
who see what is and what could be, then make it come true
who sow the seeds of small miracles, and then give them to you.

Written by Steve Pottinger
from Poets, Prattlers, and Pandemonialists

Poets, Prattlers and Pandemonialists are a collective of Black Country poets dedicated to making the world a better place, one poem at a time. Find out more at pandemonialists.co.uk