

Song Of Songs For Openshaw

This is self-explanatory really. It is a love song for our little, forgotten community of Openshaw which has seen better days. It draws heavily on the images and language of that sensuous, poetic book, Song of Songs and reminds us that when we are truly loved we radiate beauty. Here God loves us and the community of Openshaw into beauty. Try substituting images and names from your own community.

The rain is over and gone
and Openshaw is bathed in the orangey glow
of a Sunday morning dawn
the streets are quiet
after the excesses of the night before
buses rumble picking up the workers
for the early morning shift.

The voice of our beloved
rings with the clarity of youth
across the ancient hills of the Pennines
from now ornamental factory chimneys
and silent mills
and Openshaw stirs her aching bones
dreaming wistfully of the glory of yesteryear.

Our beloved leaps the back walls
and dances along the old road
gazing through front windows and
whispering through the keyholes
of boarded up terraced houses
"Arise my fair one
for the decaying years of winter are past."

"Arise my fair one
for the rain that has ravaged you
is over and gone
the flowers appear in tumbling walled gardens
and the time for music and singing
and parties in the park
are here."

"The allotments and tubs on backyards
are bursting with produce
the bees are humming
and chestnuts are ripening in silky shells
the voice of the turtle dove is heard once again
and the sweet peas
give forth their fragrance."

"Arise my fair one, my Openshaw
for your streets are still beautiful
and your community radiates vitality
arise and dream,

sway and dance with me
for my beloved is mine and I am hers
until the day breathes and the shadows flee”.

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