

## **Bramall Hall**

A house, a home  
Trees pointing to the sky  
The pathway leads the fairy wayfarer  
Darkly did we fire ancestors?  
Who lives there?  
The Wisher?  
The last wizard of Bramall?  
Day tripping on big dippers, imagining  
Rollercoaster's of possibility  
Never mind the history

## **Bramall Hall**

Ruth Ward, Abigail Betton

As if by magic  
Here I am  
Brought here by Pirates  
Not used to such grandeur  
Chimney pots like castles  
Tears roll down my face  
I am alone

## Painting the Town

Laura Cooper

I wear a clotted coat  
Years of painting and painting over  
Gave me my carapace  
Thick skins attest to the ages  
You can read my strata  
See the blush pink of my youth  
The cool green of the greengrocers  
Red as a coffee shop  
Black as clothes shop  
I am ledger of ambitions  
Thwarted  
I have faded spot where once hung a sign  
Now I am unnamed  
Now I stand vacant  
And peel like silver birch  
But today I am given a new skin  
White  
Blank to possibility

# Picture Stockport

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Bringing to life the known and  
hidden artworks of Stockport

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## Carnival

Carnival Voices – The Dragon and the River  
Ron Taylor and Laura Cooper

### The Dragon

Why am I here?  
Why do I bear witness  
to quiet lives  
Strange lights  
Grey skies?  
They caught me-took me  
From fresh Welsh hills  
Now I am a carnival dragon  
Unfolded and paraded  
Do they appreciate it?  
Do they dance and cheer?  
Why am I here?  
Why am I here?  
They promised me the sun  
The kids were promised fun

### The River

Why am I here?  
What made me carve the rock  
this way  
As I wind in and out  
Watch the crowd part  
There is no logic  
I run and flow  
And from the silt of slums  
Palaces grow  
Why am I here?  
It is the rivers meeting  
And the bridges that run over it  
Cotton threading its way through  
nimble fingers on a clattering loom

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## Celebration

Chimlys/Chimneys — Louise Wallwein

I fell silent

No longer needed in this town

The last heat from my fire faded

A digital heartbeat replaces the pulse of my furnace

Air thick

Sweat

Toil

Tears

And industry

cordite

crushed brick

I surrender

dancing with dust

slowly returning to earth

Now the clouds

pure as diamonds

march through the sky

The revolution sailed through

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## **Dame Dorothy**

Adam Elliot and Jenny Newall

Eyes like wild Zephyrs wandering

The adventures of Robin Hood

The adventures of William Tell

The adventures of Sir Lancelot

The Buccaneers

The adventurer

Dame Dorothy has seen it all

She's not like other Dames

Wandering through time

Wild wind wandering

A wrinkly old woman with a knowing smile

Plotting against the good guys

She'd stop you in your tracks

Fix you to the spot with those icy eyes

She plots throughout time in the depths of Stockport market

Her secret lair

## Painting the town

Micha Calvert

The earth coming into light  
The morning sun  
Raises its sail  
The morning dew  
Birds that sing  
A whipper snapper passing by  
In a cloud of fluff  
The dream of trees  
Blood life

Behind these windows  
An artist is making coffee  
Having a break he switches on the tv  
Behind these windows two daughters watching a film pretending to be in a car  
they listen to music  
behind the windows the daughters are writing a script  
They met a young man and had a night on the town

Its twilight  
The woman is walking  
Bag in hand  
Thinking of her loved one  
Who sings her lullabies  
Row row row the boat gently down the stream  
Merrily Merrily life is but a dream  
Its twilight  
The woman can't wait to go home  
She's sure her lover has got her a present  
It's a little gift  
When she gets home he's on his knees at the door  
He asks for her hand in marriage  
She says yes

It's night time  
The lovers stroll through the underbank  
The town celebrates  
In multicolored brushstrokes

## 'The Crown' Inn

The Viaduct – Ron Taylor

The whole of our history is crammed into the viaduct arches  
The Viaduct defies time  
And travels through the centuries

## The Crowd at County

Faces in the crowd – Ron Taylor

Who are these faces in the crowd?  
We were there  
When the gates open it's like the flood  
Crowds rush in  
People climbing on the banking  
To steal the view  
Avoiding reservoir and railway tracks

Today our waterlogged dreams come up for air  
And we are going up  
We were there  
You are a relative who needs support  
We are tribal compassionate voices  
Raised as one  
Gangs of us, week in, week out  
Side by side  
we never got as far as know each other's names  
Relative strangers

“come on get your ideas together” we chant  
and you do  
Today you do

Those young players who we nurture  
father and son playing side by side  
held aloft on the crest of this wave  
Today we do not leave head down in silence  
Today we do not say  
“we did well to lose 2-0”  
today is a sea of banners  
a blue and white tide  
carving out a river woven by family ties  
Today we are going up  
And Tonight  
Friday Night is County night



## Viaduct

The Viaduct Bricks – Daniel Peter Farrell and Alison Lodder

We see you  
We're old, ancient  
We've seen so much change  
Walls covered in paste now  
New posters, new ideas, new faces, new colours  
We see you  
Trains fly by going to London  
Trains trundle to Reddish  
Noises running over our bricks  
We can hear the airplanes, wheels down  
Ready to land  
Day and night  
We see you  
Listening to traffic  
Journeys circling our arches  
Journeys of your own life  
The bus station  
Bikes, bells ring  
the sounds of Stockport  
We see you  
We can smell blackness of smoke  
old fires from chimneys  
Diesel power drifting into the bus station  
We see you  
People walk around beneath our arches  
Sometimes they stay the night  
Make their temporary homes  
Seeking protection under our arches  
We see you  
working,  
travelling  
breathing  
living