

A collection of poems

By 21st Century Trackway Builders

Reconstructing a Late Neolithic Timber monument on the
Humberhead Peatlands NNR.



Written by members of the trackway and platform
building group.



UNIVERSITY OF
BIRMINGHAM

We are the trackway builders
Artisans of antiquity
Reaching far across the ages
Hear our voices, heed our plea

In our time, the rising waters
Drown the forest of our home
Our need to feed our sons and daughters
Drives us once again to roam

As once, we wandered fished and hunted
Making shelters where we found
The places where the spirits lingered
Here we tread on hallowed ground

And so, we tarried many seasons
Plentiful were fowl and fish
And resting from our long migrations
Here we found all we could

We made our summer camp in season
Where browsing beasts and grazers came
And saw the future in our fires
For then we knew no want of game

But how now can the hunters follow
Once familiar trails and tracks
When all are ankle deep in water?
So now, we must let fall the axe

We build our trackway for the future
And with yours, you seek the past
As if to span the intervening ages, step
between the first and last

Now, we 'all' are trackway builders
Travellers in time and space
Hand in hand we walk together
Kindreds of the human race!

By Ian Woolley, Community Builder



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We
follow in
ancient footsteps.
Fell and lay and peg
in heart-beat thumps and
thocks, the jinking, wooden line
of pine. Then walk the bumpy track
to the unknown place of sky and stars.
Look and see how we all become giants

By Addy Farmer, Community Builder

Neolithic open day sparked my interest.
Eager to try out the flint axes, I picked one up and... thunk!
Ouch! I dropped a log on my foot!
Lots of wildlife watching including caterpillars, moths and
even an adder
I enjoyed building dens with the branches snedded off the
main trunk.
Timber!
Holly bushes got in our way - all the time.
I watched the trackway transform from a heap of logs to a
complex structure.
Completed! The construction of the trackway was an amazing
experience 😊

By Brendan Woolley (aged 7) Community Builder

A Poem by 21st Century Trackway Builders

Flint axe

Granite stone axe

Axe to tree

Excitement grows as volunteers begin to move

Authentic tools

Along peat paths

Towards the trees

Axe to wood

Echo of an ancient sound

Across the millennia

Neolithic

Sap is rising, time to act

We put our force

Behind the axe

And sense the trees

Take one last breath

Trust their fate to us

Men, women, children,

Warriors with a common aim

To survive the living game

The trees take on a new life,

Reaching out to water reflecting light

Mark our space in time

**Contributions by Margaret Patrick, David Williams, Suzi Richer
and Philippa Rowbotham.**

