

Poetry from Hollins Vale

Richard Easton





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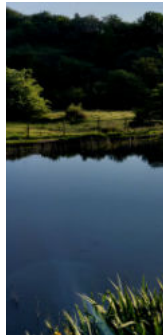
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Hollins Vale

Hollins Vale is a recovering brown field site situated to the southeast of Bury, bordered by the M66, Croft Lane, Aviation Road and Hollins Lane. Its industrial heritage harks back to the cotton trade and the factories that were once present produced bleach. I believe there was also once a brick factory located in the Vale.

More recently, the dedication of a service track as 'Aviation Road' references that the RAF had a logistics base here during the second World War and there are tales locally of Prisoners of War and companies of UK and US troops being based around the area now occupied by Garic.

The site fell into disrepair and for much of the latter part of the 20th century, it was abandoned with foundation slabs and an old doorway that led deep beneath what is now Aviation Road, being the last remaining suggestions as to the past.

In the early part of the 2000s, investment in Hollins Vale, funded by Viridor Ltd and Bury Council, saw permissive pathways created providing easy access throughout.



The site was also given Local Nature Reserve status. This resulted in increased recreational usage and was later supported by additional investment in the Plantation area adjacent to the Church Meadow housing estate.

Hollins Vale is easily accessible via the following entrances:

Church Meadow into the Plantation:

The Hags, off Hollins Lane:

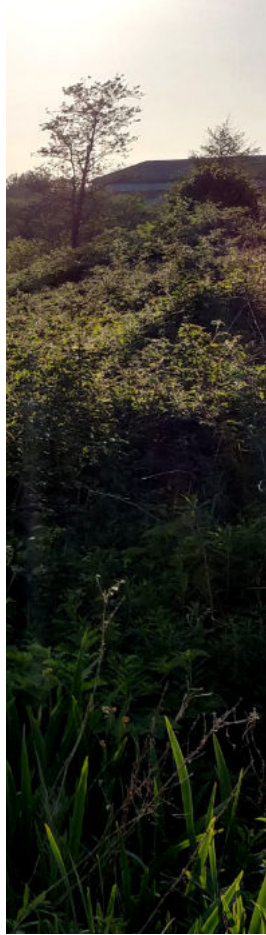
Borden Way, off Croft Lane:

Public Footpath running off Hollins Brook Way
Aviation Road, off Pilsworth Road

Since the Nature reserve was established, much of the care and maintenance has been completed by the volunteers of Hollins Conservation Group.

If you are able to do so, please support the group through their GoFundMe page





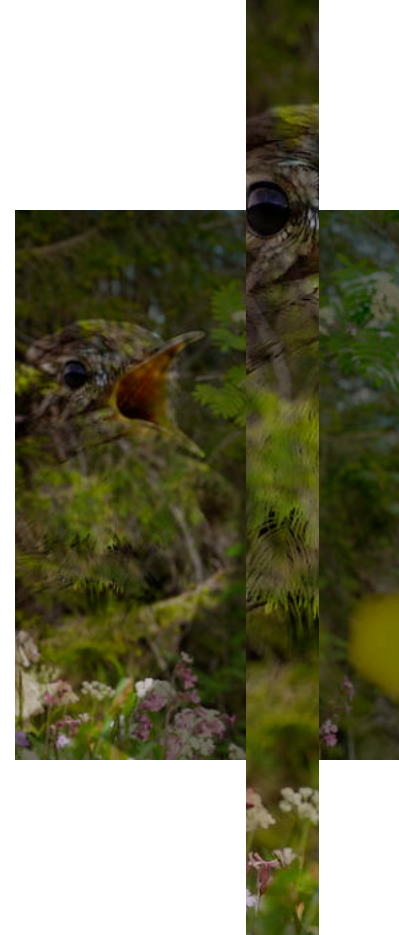
A Walk in Hollins Vale

I wrote this poem in 2020, during the COVID 19 Lockdown. I spent a lot of time walking during Lockdown and the value of this nature reserve on our doorstep really became clear.

I began to list the various bird species that I saw, a list that grew and grew and now numbers 84 separate species that I have seen in Hollins Vale.

There are others still, such as Barn Owls, which I am aware of but have not personally witnessed.

My poem attempts to record some of the bird life as well as recognising the beauty of the area, and the benefits myself and others still regularly appreciate.

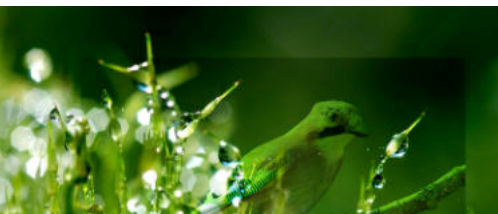


A Walk in Hollins Vale

*Once over the '66'
I'm in a different world
as natural glory begins to unfurl
My feet on the cobbles
as I walk down the lane
a soulful connection
awakens again*

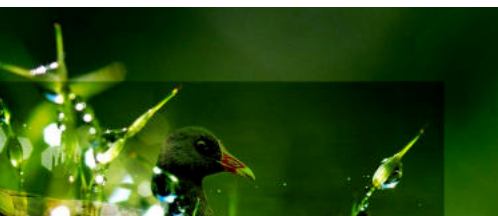
*The pace of life slows
The air in my nose
The noise disappears
The sounds in my ears
The things now heard, like a nearby bird
an escape from the madness
and a cure for my sadness*

*A fearless Robin makes a pledge
a tiny Wren sings in the hedge
a Grey Wagtail's, tail-wagging display
whilst a flock... of Long Tailed Tits play*



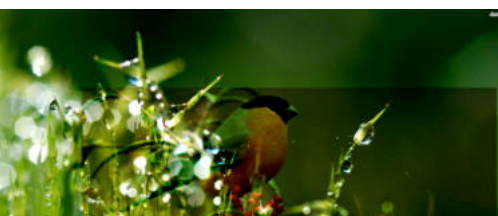
*A Woodpecker, tap tap tapping
a Wood Pigeon's... panicked flapping
a Common Tern hovers above the lake
a Jay and the dreadful sounds they make*

*The Chiffchaff, alarms
a Goldfinch, charms
the delicate butterflies delicately, flutter by*

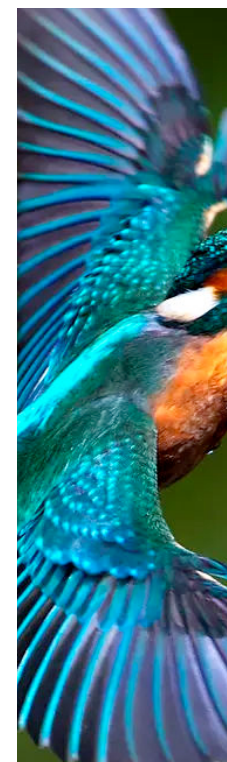


*A Tawney Owl's hoot
the Swans... they are Mute
a Moorhen's red beak
the white beak is a Coot*

*So distinctive... Peewits or Lapwings?
a tiny Goldcrest in a fern tree, sings
a Blue Tit, a Great Tit
House Martins and Swallows
Dunnocks, Rooks and Carrion Crows*



*A Chaffinch, a Greenfinch, a Bullfinch too
a rare Ring Ouzel, just passing through
a territorial Blackbird, chases off rivals
a Tree Creeper, creeps up a tree in spirals*



*In Hollins Brook, I spotted a Dipper
nearby, the evidence of another fly-tipper
A Roe Deer, bolts, towards the landfill
an unforgettable moment, a real thrill*

*A Greylag Goose, a Great Crested Grebe
at Pilsworth, I see a Bunting in the Reeds
A Kingfisher in flight, with a blue and red coat
a Song Thrush competes
with a singing White Throat*

*Sparrowhawks, keeping watch from a tree
The Heron... flying away from me
A pair of Buzzards soaring above
a pair of loved up, Collared Doves*

*A Cormorant, a Little Grebe, a Tufted Duck
so many Magpies, I'm due some good luck
An aggressive, male, Canada Goose
a rumour, there's a 'Big Cat' on the loose*

*A Kestrel, hovers, to observe
the beauty of Hollins Vale Nature Reserve.*

Jacob & Penelope

There can't be many visitors to Hollins Vale who haven't admired the resident pair of Mute Swans who have chosen this place as their home.

I chose the names Jacob and Penelope on the basis that a male swan is called a Cob, whilst a female swan is called a Pen. I am sure other people have different names for these 2 beautiful birds who brighten the lives of many.

I believe that they first nested in the spring of 2019, and as such, they themselves were probably born in 2017.

They built their first nest alongside the path on The Cut and I recall there were 6 eggs of which only one hatched, and subsequently fledged on 14th March 2020.

In 2020, with lockdown in full force, many people, myself included, leant heavily on the local countryside to enhance our wellbeing. This coincided with the swans mating and nest building.



Their exploits became a welcome distraction from the harsh reality of Covid 19 and provided a real sense of hope as they laid a clutch of 10 eggs.

Locals visited regularly, monitoring their progress, willing the eggs to hatch and longing to see the cygnets on the water.

It was perhaps in keeping with the mood of the ongoing pandemic when all the eggs perished and the nest was abandoned.

I have written several poems about Penelope and Jacob.



Jacob & Penelope

*Throughout Coronavirus Lockdown
the Swans in Hollins Vale
provided hope
to many folk
that goodness would prevail*

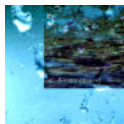
*For seven weeks she dedicated
Almost every hour
Eight eggs
lovingly incubated
through both sunshine and shower*

*The hope that was once promised
It seems
has sadly passed
these pods of love, of life and hope
lie silent in the nest.*



The Pen

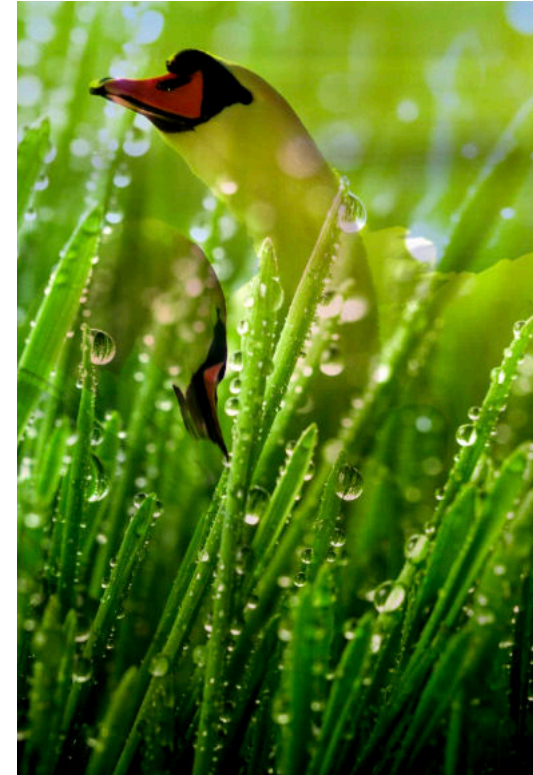
*She chose her cob
and they danced on the water
and He laid his claim
and they built a nest
and She laid her clutch
and She incubated
and He defended his territory
whilst we waited
and He waited
and they incubated
and we waited, and waited...
And we looked at her eggs
and she looked at her eggs
and he looked, and we looked
and they looked
and we all looked again
and she mourned
and we mourned with her
and they were beautiful.*





The Hollins Vale Swans

In Spring 2021, Penny and Jacob were more successful.



The Hollins Vale Swans

*Seven weeks have passed
She's hardly moved
parental dedication proved
Her trance like incubation ends
their territory, He defends
the eggs have hatched
new life arrives, she's off the nest
there're 8 new lives
they've made it this far
now there's quite a crowd
this family of swans
the parents, so proud
with young to protect, and beaks to feed
the Vale is graced
we're lucky, indeed
the swans, that chose
this place to live
the community impact, so positive
the geese beware
and know your place
these swans preside
with effortless grace
I wish them well
and hope they prevail
the Swans that reside
in Hollins Vale.*



Predated

The 2021 nest was on the far side of The Cut, 9 eggs were nurtured, 8 of which hatched on 4th June.

Unfortunately, over the next few days, five cygnets were lost.

Predation? Possibly, there are Mink and Heron in Hollins Vale, both of which are capable of taking cygnets.

Whatever the cause, only 3 survived the first weekend and one of these also later disappeared.



Predated

*Like others, I have waited years
to welcome cygnets to The Vale
the swans provided lockdown cheer
until last year's clutch of 8 failed*

*So throughout this spring, a nest with 9 eggs
brought mixed feelings to this community
the joy that comes when a new life begins
against the unease of mild anxiety*

*The eggs started hatching on the 4th June
and soon there were 8 cygnets present
such a contrast to the previous year
and a natural anti-depressant*

*On the 5th of June I made my way
to meet them and say "Hello"
with seeds and mealworm for them to eat
and to imagine how they'd grow*

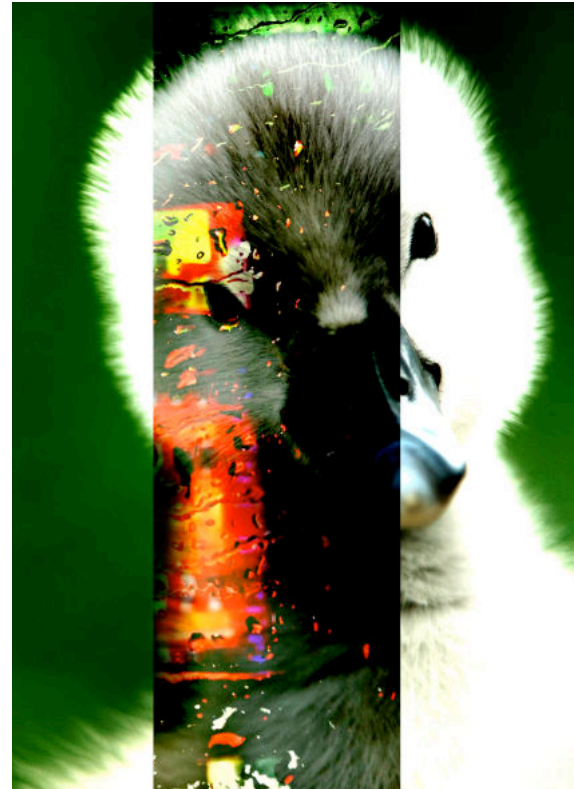


*On the 6th of June, I visited twice
in the morning and then later
as all 8 cygnets followed their parents
for a parade around the water*

*So many posts on social media
confirmed how people felt
10 swans around the vale
caused many a heart to melt*

*But everything has its purpose
and Nature has no compassion
to allow continuance of all species
nature has quotas and rations*

*So it was so sad and quite a shock
on Monday the 8th June
to see that we'd lost 4 cygnets overnight
to a predator in the gloom*



*A Mink, I think, may have been the culprit
for they stalk prey within the Vale
a callous predator, that shouldn't be here
but it needs to survive as well*

*Five little souls
that over a weekend in June
lived out their entire lives*

*Who knows what will happen
to those who remain
the three cygnets that still survive*

*Life is so precious,
like those cygnets we lost
because, when it's gone, then it's gone*

*But the one's we lost
will always be remembered
whenever I see these swans.*



In October 2021, each member of the family was ringed by the British Trust for Ornithology.

There are 2 rings fitted to each bird. A blue plastic one which is more easily readable but is susceptible to coming off, and a metal ring which is more permanently attached, by being clasped.

Ringling is done by trained and authorised people and the process allows the birds to be identified and traced.

This process has allowed some of the Hollins Vale cygnets to be identified and you will recognise this as you read through this story.

Penelope: Blue Ring: 4DYH Metal Ring: W53030

Jacob: BlueRing:4DYI Metal Ring:W53033

Cygnet: 4DYC

Cygnnet: 4DYG



Penny and Jacob appear to prefer mating in April and when they have cygnets, so far, they have kept them through the winter, eventually 'showing them the door' in the following March.

In 2022, they mated again, this time the nest was situated on the far side of the 'basin' on The Cut. This area is difficult to access so I didn't know how many eggs were in the nest and had to wait until they hatched on 7th June to see that they had 5 cygnets.

These 5 cygnets did well although 1 was rejected by the family and had to be rescued when they became violent towards it.

The remaining cygnets were ringed in

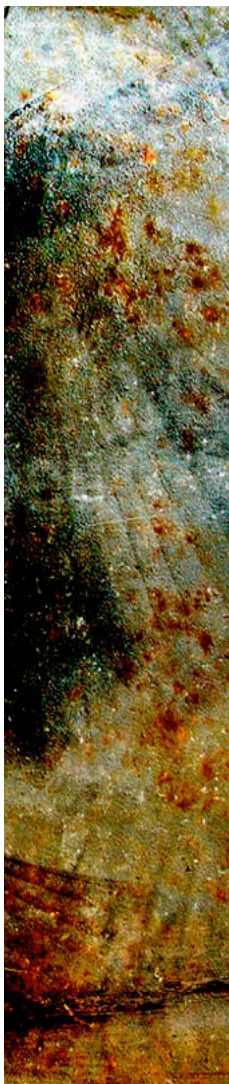
October 2022:

4FHH: Male

4FHI: Female

4FHJ: Female

4FHL: Female



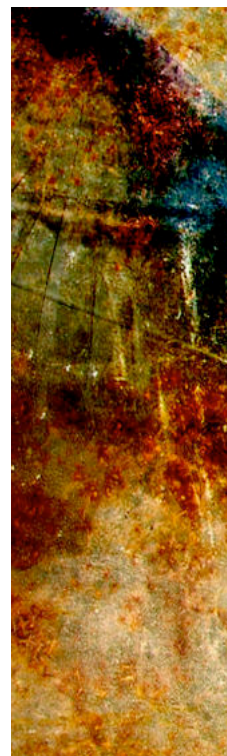
For some unknown reason, in December 2022, the three females all fledged together.

One of them, (4FHI) was seen to crash land on Kilner Close in Unsworth.

Local residents rallied around and offered food and drink, eventually coaxing her into a garden where she spent the evening awaiting the attendance of the RSPCA.

I suspect that this was 4FHI's first proper flight and if you consider this, there is the realisation that once you are up, you also need to get back down. I expect landing from height is quite a challenge the first few occasions.

I also wondered if once she had landed on Kilner Close, the 'spiders web' of telephone lines might have presented her with an obstacle she was unable to navigate and which prevented her from taking off again.



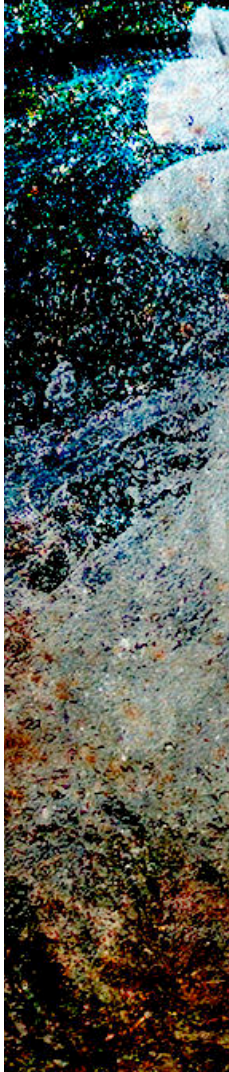
By pure chance, the RSPCA officer who attended the following morning had been involved in ringing the family and after a quick welfare check, 4FHI (by now named 'Sammy') was returned to her parents and brother in Hollins Vale.

At the time of writing (Oct 2023), I am unaware of any reported sightings of either of the other 2 fledglings (4FHJ and 4FHL). Sammy remained in Hollins Vale until around 25th February 2023 when she finally fledged.

On 4th May 2023, she was sighted safe and well in Moses Gate, Farnworth.

4FHH, the male cygnet, remained in Hollins Vale until the end of March 2023 when, as is their way, Mum and Dad decided he had been around long enough and had to take his chances.

This process can often involve the parents being aggressive towards the youngster, literally making it clear that there is no choice, they cannot stay and it is now time to go. This is what happened to 4FHH.



He appeared to suffer a minor injury to one of his legs and stayed in Hollins Vale, at the far end near to Croft Lane, possibly sulking, possibly confused. It is really sad.

Eventually, he took off and flew to the Meadway Drive/Lakeside area of Blackford Bridge, where I guess, tempted by the lake there, he decided to land and in doing so, flew right into a very similar situation where the resident adults were also evicting their clutch of youngsters.

4FHH (by now named Jeff) was the last thing that these adult swans wanted to see and he was again attacked.

He walked away onto Hampson Mill Lane where, following a call from a resident, he was also rescued by the RSPCA, checked over and released onto Elton Reservoir.

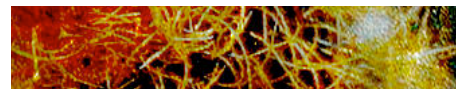
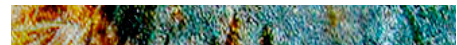
He was last seen at Moses Gate, Farnworth, on 14th August 2023.

In spring 2023, Penny and Jacob mated again, built a nest and Penny laid a clutch of 9 eggs.



But Hollins Vale isn't just about Mute Swans, there are lots of other birds and creatures, all going through the same difficulties. There are breeding families of Canada Geese, Coots, Mallards and Moorhens in Hollins Vale.

The Coots and Moorhens are very timid and spend much of their time in or around the reeds at the far edge of The Cut.





The Coots

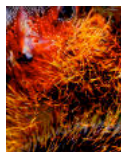
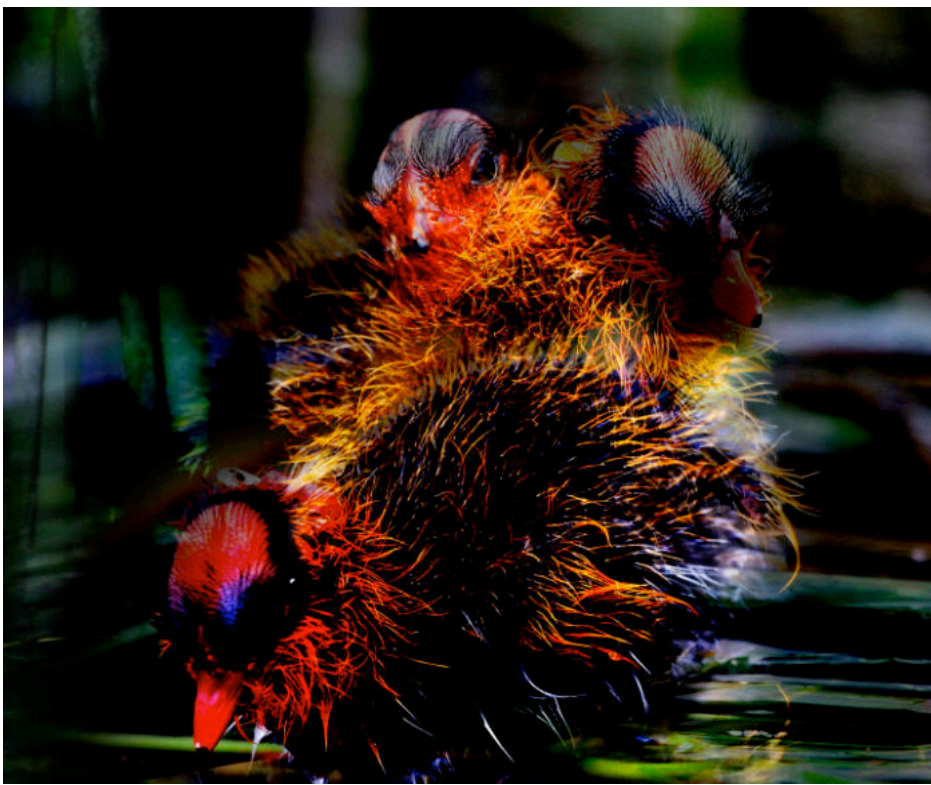
*They mated though nobody knew
and then they laid
an egg or two*

*that hatched unnoticed
then came the test
when they were led out
from their nest*

*Proudly presented to the folk
who tramp around the Vale
this family of Coots
such a timid bird
I hoped that you'd prevail*

*T'was such a lovely...
thing... to see
a family of four
but then...
just three*

*So both the parents doted on
their Punk Rock chicks...
then two, then one
but then he too vanished
where had he gone?
A meal for something?
Then there were none.*



Fly Tipping

Fly tipping is such a dreadful crime against all the community. Whenever I come across it, I almost always see a pile of rubbish that could just as easily have been taken to a Council Tip.

Invariably, fly tipped rubbish has been dumped by somebody who could not be bothered going to the tip and who has no respect for the environment or their community.

Otherwise, it is either the abandoned remnants of a cannabis farm or waste generated in connection with a business, often a builder seeking to avoid the fees associated with business rubbish.

Hollins Vale has suffered more than its fair share of fly tipping.



Fly Tipping

*Shall I compare thee to a parasite?
A selfish lowlife, an ignorant man
Your own needs met, as you tip in the night
In a flat back truck or tatty old van
A remote location to mask the noise
Sneaking down a lane, or a public park
Mattresses, tyres, a load of old toys
Plasterboard and rubble, dumped in the dark
Garden waste, furniture, thrown from a bridge
They'll rot there forever, but you don't care
As you tip in the night, a broken fridge
Dumped in a river, a settee and chairs
A freezer; bin bags... full of dead chickens
A clear health risk, you don't give a Dickens.*

Hollins Brook

A river creates a Vale. In the case of Hollins Vale, it is Hollins Brook. Hollins Brook runs from Whittle Brook, on the farmland far side of Castle Road, under Castle Road at the old iron bridge, under the M66 behind Garic, then emerges in Hollins Vale, west of the M66.

It trickles through, passing underneath Croft Lane and into the River Roch.

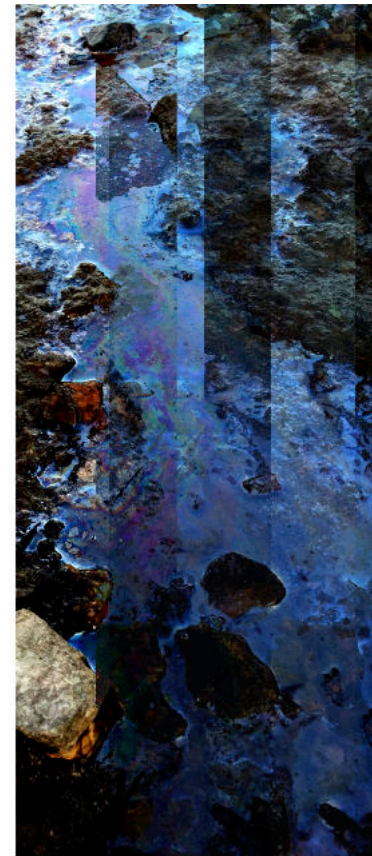
The River Roch meets the River Irwell in Springwater Park. The Irwell then runs through Radcliffe and Kersal to the Blackfriars area of Manchester, before arriving at Salford Quays.

From there, the river runs west to join the River Mersey at Runcorn, before joining the Irish Sea at Liverpool.

Hollins Brook has also suffered at the hands of fly tipping. Please note, the incident referred to in this poem predates the arrival of Crown Oil on Borden Way.

Hollins Brook

*Today
the Brook runs in blue and gold
an oily discharge
from where untold
upwind in the Vale
an acrid smell
risk of death
to birds who dwell
within this stream
and on the banks
nearby where someone emptied tanks
and set their excess
oil to drain
mixed with gentle summer rain
encouraging the stream, 'Faster, faster'
dispersing our own 'Exxon Valdez' disaster
via the Roch, the Irwell, the Mersey
sending the slick towards the sea
what chance for the Kingfisher?
Or the wildlife I see?
What chance for your kids?*



Hollins Vale Weather.

I have walked the Vale in every kind of weather. A few poems to record the memories.

Footsteps in the Snow

*Only when it snows
do I fully
appreciate
exactly how many
people walk through
the Vale gate*

*Their footsteps recorded
in the snow
then frozen into ice
walking their dogs
recreation
or maybe exercise*



*The snow that fell across the Vale
has changed the way it sounds
the deadened noises
flattened and dampened
across the hills and mounds*

*The Swans break through
the frozen water
to meet me for some food
the adults and their cygnets
the 2021 brood*

*The footsteps, evidence
if any were needed
that so many come to see
The Hollins Swans
I realise
it's not just the swans and me.*

Into the Mist

*Water particles fill the air
a haunted land of dampened sounds
as fog descends across the Vale
the colours stripped from damp surrounds*

*A cloud, descended, steals the view
the route intended, now hidden from you
naked trees, now sinister, haunted
branches seem like arms, contorted*

*Senses heightened through raised anxiety
an increasing feeling of isolation
a fear of that which cannot be seen
Perception lost in condensation*

*You adopt appearance of a spectre
as you walk into the veils of mist
you're image fades to grey, then gone
now we're both alone, in this abyss*

A Wet Day in May

*Today in Hollins Vale Nature Reserve
I got a drenching I didn't deserve
my task, to make sure that the swans got fed whilst
more sensible folk stayed in their beds*

*Before I left home, I'd checked the weather online
"Fine early on, then showers after nine"
an unexpected turn, around ten past seven
a torrent of h2o from the heavens*

*The hard baked paths have soon turned soggy the
fields around the Vale, now boggy
the footprints, 'fossilised' since they were trodden
already softened and totally sodden*

*So, as rain stopped play
I tramp back to my abode
my socks are wet, my hands are cold
no photos today, there's been nowt to see
just swans, the geese, some ducks, and me.*





Birdsong

I used to walk around Hollins Vale as a power walk, I'd often complete it in less than 45 minutes, listening to my favoured tunes through headphones. In doing so, completely ignoring everything that was going on.

When I tried the walk without headphones, it took me twice as long as I stopped to see which bird was singing nearby.

This poem breaks away from my usual style in that it doesn't rhyme. I am still uncomfortable writing non rhyming poetry, but this is what I came up with.



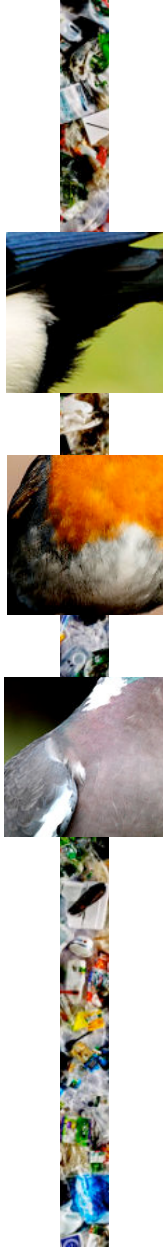
Birdsong

*A walk through the woods
some sounds I hear
across the sky, and treat my ear...*

*Strands of spider silk hang like trip wires across my path
whilst a cinnabar caterpillar
dressed in a Wasp's overcoat, dines at the Ragwort Hotel*

*The engines of a squadron of geese
roar into life to clear their route
as their Canadian pilots guide them through take off
in formation from a freshwater runway*

*Lapwings, calling their tropical loops
over a ploughed field, rising and falling
A Bullfinch calls the shopping
through the scanner at the till*



*The juvenile attitude of a young magpie
berating inadequate efforts to feed her
prompts the parental discharge of a Gatling gun
nearby, a blackbird sniper takes single shots in the woods
before retreating into cover with exaggerated panic*

*A mournful robin calls a decaying tone
the Great Tit enters a code
and a Carrion Crow pushes open
the creaking door of a haunted house
with a Jay waking everything around
like an old Binatone digital alarm clock*

*A Woodpigeon preaches his asthmatic sermon
across the tree tops
a support act for the main attraction:
The Song Thrush, proudly performing R2D2's greatest hit
"The dial up modem network connection"
as Swifts scream overhead
like Star Wars Tie Fighters on a mission from the Death Star*



*Hérons rest above a River Roch Venue
like vultures, after a feast*

*The hostility of the fishermen, ignored and returned
their rubbish scattered across the path
for nature to collect and craft
a live art painting entitled
"Discarded plastic bottles"
done in blue and gold oils
temporarily displayed
at the dam head 'gallery'
before inevitably draining away into the Brook
on a journey to the Irish Sea and beyond
The ripples of consequence can spread almost forever.*

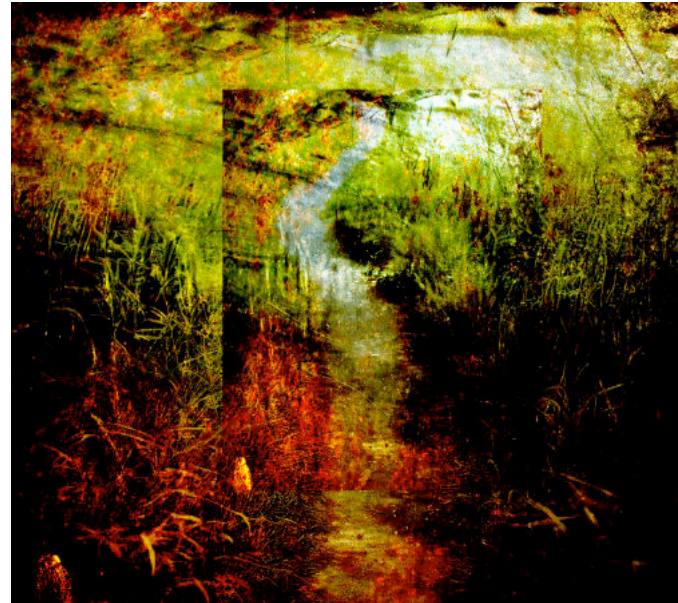


M66 Entrance

*The motorway behind you
a place of transit and stress
the place that lies before you
offers relaxation and rest*

*The pathways lead you through the Vale
where you are free to roam
for foxes, weasels, birds and deer
this place is their home.*

*So walk the paths freely and often
but the creatures, please protect
take away all that which you bring
Hollins Vale deserves respect.*



Hollins Vale from The Hags

*A place, that many hold in their heart
that ticks so many boxes
A place
to relax and gather your thoughts
and share with weasels and foxes*

*And so many other
different creatures
like birds of prey and deer
This is their home
and whilst you might see them
they'll not let you get too near*


*This place. rough land
where we can wander
so many benefits prevail
a Nature Reserve
right on our doorstep
that is known as Hollins Vale*



A Frosty Morning

*As the temperature drops
in the darkest hours
mist settles
on grasses and flowers
Then winter chills
craft new ornaments
a unique jewel
formed by the elements
Temporary decorations
born and adorn*

*the exposed tips
of leaves and lawns
Such beauty and symmetry
unnoticed so often
as the icy footpaths
demand my attention
shattered panes of ice
crunch under foot
crystals of frost
coating fields and woods*





*The rising Sun spreads its gaze
cold, to warm
dry, to wet
crisp, to soft
temperature defined separation
between ice and thaw
stones cast across the frozen lake
temporarily held
suspended above the water
in the death row that is the tundra in shade
waiting to eventually
suddenly, inevitably fall
as if standing on the gallows
already condemned
fate assured
to be lost forever in the water below
upon the arrival of sunlight
by the hand of a solar clock executioner
a celestial second hand, ticking
sweeping across the land*



*as a natural sundial
marking time
with unrivalled precision
As white turns green
steam, briefly rises from a thawing branch
before disappearing, condensing
into tears lamenting defrosted formations
that drizzle the ground below
where a song thrush
forages snails
under the hedgerow
Unseen, unwitnessed, unmourned...
a stone, silently sinks to the bottom of a lake
relinquished by the frost
forever lost
as the sunshine burns across the sky
and the dawn chorus greets the start of the day
exposed points start to thaw
these crystal masterpieces melt away.*

The First Bumble Bee

*The wheel keeps turning
Winter frosts thawing
Spring is awakening
the year is alive*

*Temperatures rising
Nature reprising
insects are crawling
trying to survive*

*Nature, urging
daffodils emerging
each day is warming
providing cheer*

*(The) dawn chorus performing
blackbirds proclaiming
Nature celebrating
the first bee of the year*



*The Swans are courting
creatures, cavorting
nest building and mating
leaves on trees*

*Sunshine in the morning
frogs start spawning
nectar enticing
the birds and the bees*

*Bluebells ringing
the woods are now teeming
the canopy forming
providing shade*

*Dragonflies hovering
fox Cubs playing
baby birds hatching
from the eggs that were laid*

*Summer arriving
lavender, thriving
tadpoles morphing
bats chasing flies*

*Bucks and Does
flowers in meadows
swallows returning
adorning the skies*

*Pollen dispersing
sufferers, sneezing
bees pollinating
nourishing hives*

*The haze in the morning
the earth, absorbing
hedgehogs foraging
Midsummer arrives*



*The ants start flying
house martins gorging
sun rays, burning
clearing the haze*

*Caterpillars, crawling
butterflies, transforming
families enjoying
long lazy days*

*Lily pads floating
goldfinches, charming
bumble bees buzzing
cygnets on lakes*

*The Earth's axis tilting
the foliage wilting
Summer is waning
as Autumn awakes*

If you like my poetry, I have 3 books available.

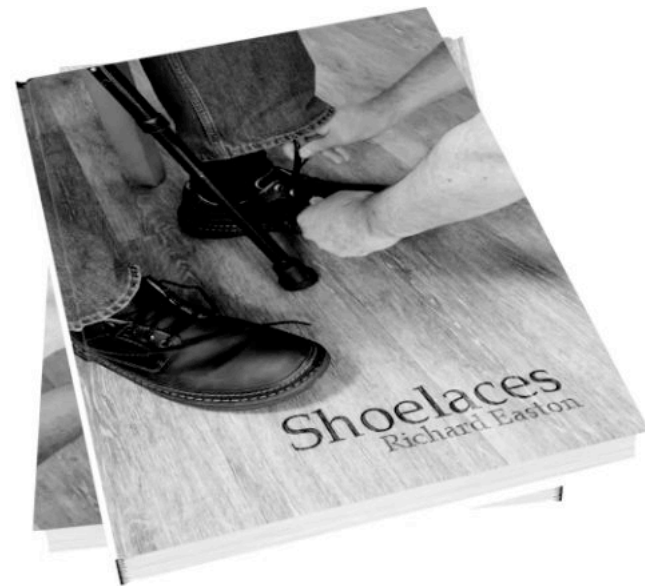
My first 2 books, previous books, 'Words, Thoughts, Observations' and 'Rambling Through Lockdown' are now only available from Kindle.

There are audio recordings and videos of my poetry on my website where you can also find details of how to buy a copy of 'Shoelaces' if you feel so inclined.

'Shoelaces' is available in paperback for £9.99 including UK delivery*. It contains 100 poems printed over 200 pages and contains many new poems as well as some taken from the first 2 books.

**Postage outside the UK at Post Office rate*

Richard Easton



Shoelaces

100 observational poems of emotion, compassion, love, hope, despair, reflection, remembrance, ascension and decline, subconsciously crafted whilst passing through the decades of my life, school days, workdays, beauty and horror, to a time when I suddenly realised, I have to write this down.

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Richard Easton: www.JeffersonPoetry.co.uk

Bury Council's Hollins Vale Map

www.bury.gov.uk/asset-library/hollins-vale-nature-reserve-leaflet.pdf

Hollins Village Conservation Group

www.facebook.com/HollinsConservationGroup/?locale=en_GB

<https://theburydirectory.co.uk/services/hollins-conservation-group>

www.neighbourly.com/project/5c8b73a1c7ac890bc467675d