

My near neighbour and U3A member Josie Whitehead has a passion for writing poetry. I thought I would share this from her collection as a reminder of what we are missing. Lots more on her website <https://josiewhitehead.wixsite.com/josiespoems/ilkley> with many aimed at children (of all ages!)

### **ILKLEY by Josie Whitehead**

I've a favourite spot, where I love to sit down  
And watch others pass by in my lovely hometown.

I can see a fine tea room across from my seat:  
And with high expectations, folk enter to eat.

There are others, of course, who just dither outside,  
As they gaze at the cakes that are shown with much pride.  
They are tempting, enticing, mouth-wateringly sweet,  
So will they succumb, or remain on the street?

Then next to the seat is the Church Coffee Centre:  
Beware all you visitors: if you should enter  
You'll all be enticed to the cakes and the tea  
And I know those attractions - be cautioned by me!

There's a bandstand behind me: sit down and relax  
For the next half an hour, you'll forget tea and snacks.  
The band's opening notes are both vibrant and strong,  
And Yorkshire's the place where these brass bands  
belong.

Sat here amidst gardens, prolific with flowers,  
With blue sky and sunshine, you could spend some hours.  
But rouse yourself now and come, walk to the moors  
And see curlews and lapwings as they gently soar.

Golden gorse, purple heather and the clearest of skies -  
And nature's provided such views for your eyes.  
Look out from these moors to the ranges of hills  
Whose dales have for centuries housed woollen mills.

If you've not been to Ilkley, you're missing a treat  
And for certain your life will be far from complete.  
So, come for a holiday or perhaps for the day,  
But be prepared for a feeling of yearning to stay!