

Bradford in The Year 2041: A Day in The Life of Me

Haris Ahmed (Y10) Dixons City Academy

***People's opinions rendered
Obsolete,
Left behind...
If your idea is accepted, consider it a
Treat,
If you've survived this long, let me inform you once more,
Caution to the wind we threw,
Started a never ending war...***

Our tale is in Yorkshire,
Or what is now left,
A town once known as Bradford,
Full of greed and theft,

Things have changed,
The scene, shifted view,
I'd say people are just crooked,
But the whole canvas is askew,

We gambled and lost,
The roulette wheel played red,
We bet on black,
Like the hearts of those who fed

those lies to us,
and like the colour of the suit,
that we shook the hand of its owner
who'd want to plant a tree with no fruit?

I'm much older now,
But back then I saw the discourse,
But I wasn't listened to,
Because I wasn't an adult of course,

We're being invested in!
Said a news report,
Must be a catch!
Something's up I retort,

Pretty soon, it happened,
The bulldozers and machines,
The wrecking ball, smashing old buildings
Along with all of my dreams,

The architecture, gone
Everything to waste
I have to do something,
But this'll be the worst that I've faced!

In town hall I stood,
I made my case,

For years upon end,
Lost all but 'face'

Months turned to years,
Which then dissolved into a decade,
Slowly building support,
but little progress been made,

The men with the suits,
An armada of tycoons,
We're the cogs in their gears,
Parading like we're baboons

Strings attached,
Like we are marionettes,
Like a drunk man on the kerb,
Feeling sad with regrets,

The sky so cloudy,
Why all the mist?
Or is it that my vision is blurred?
Or I forgot what happiness is?

Since we did that deal,
With the man in the suit,
Signed the contract and our souls away,
To let his peers, follow suit,

Bradford is a monopoly,
Chartered up and down,
From the gravel I walk on,
To the old off licenses in town,

Which don't open anymore,
The place essentially dead,
Must have been 7 years
Since the old bartender last said,

"Have a pint, on me,
You've got to be stressed,
If only knew he'd be dead right now,
I'm sat on a park bench depressed,

This isn't a day in the life,
Just another day of strife,
Yes, I changed my rhyme scheme,
But I'm no longer sharp as a knife,

Blunt, like my conversations,
Couldn't care less anymore,
My personality decayed,
Right down to the core,

I'd explain what happened,
But you wouldn't want to know,
But don't stick around,
To live your own tale of woe,

But...

This side of the story is only my own,
It's biased of course any reader would have known,

But enough of dystopia, like a darling bud in May
Bradford did prosper,
On the lips the city's name was on every travelling gossip,

Change, like a tsunami, struck like a wave,
And we thought the bad omen that loomed over us all was sent to the grave,

Children would be children,
Town hall's bell, still tolled,
Working men watched the news still,
As they grew old,

The sun, it did shine,
Trouble, like a piano piece in smorzando,
Buildings repurposed like city park's old nandos,

Each person met with a smile,
A city worth its title,
We wove our way into the hearts of many,
Till like the body part itself, the city became vital,

Destitution,
Obesity,
Negligence,
All alleviated,
Loathing the evils that taunt us,
Distant now were the struggles, my thoughts no longer resonated,

Restitution,
Uncertainty, removed
Industry, along with progress and humanity,
New residents were moved,

**Even though it's over now,
Decimated, now what was,**

I will always remember,
The forgotten years,

2041 the peak,

Of good times this old city had,
Like it was last week,

There's a twist in this tale I must admit 2041 was 25 years in the past,
The good description I just gave you was from then, though I knew it would never last

I'm 64 as I write,
The doctors cannot cure,
This illness that ails me,
This cancer is truly pure,

My grandchildren harken, for my random cries of pain,
I try to stand up to enjoy my time, but it is to their disdain,

Death has come to greet me, I knew he would, the question where?
Well good old Bradford of course, I bid farewell, so long take ca...