

An Ode to the Allotment Association

The allotments, the world reflected,
Where those who make do and mend
Old sheds, old tools,
Take their rest on ancient stools,
While some with humming trimmers
And raucous rotovators all B&Q new
Paint their fences Farrow & Ball blue.
Locals from generations back about
New Scots from further away
Than they have ever travelled
Who bring fresh delicacies,
Chillies, coriander, pak choi
Survival risky, but worth a try.
Many are good neighbours,
But always a few whose weeds
Wander thoughtlessly around,
Whose romantic illusions underestimate
The work required to master the ground
Each week a crocodile of children arrives
Some bored, some keen to learn
Where food comes from, to harvest and sow,
Plant sweet corn and watch it grow.
Over cups of tea advice and seeds
Are freely swapped
But sadly some are seldom seen
Don't seem to want to be
Part of a community,
Where, many now agree
That growing respect for nature
And treasuring the diversity
Of bugs and birds and bees is good
And just as important as growing food.
The allotments for sure,
The world in miniature.

Margaret McGregor