

PART 1:

Incoming, we inhale breathes of salty air
A town sprinkled with history
Seeing people turn to machines
Motorways once foot trails and lakes.
Pinching land, creating raised bumps that draw attention.
Itching for regeneration, tilling brownfield sites, aerated for hope.
“Incomers” from neighboring towns, north, east, west and of course... south.
‘Which’ towns well which town will you choose?
We? We are Northwich.
You don’t realise how much this place has changed until you stop and reflect.

They ask me what my town looks like. I say it looks like a normal town. A quiet town.
Either way there is nothing for us to do
For teens and adolescents
The ones who get followed round the shops,
hoods up cus they feel less part of the community,
Adults thinking they’d steal something if given the opportunity
“I don’t wanna steal a £3 sandwich” that’s exactly what they told me,
Maybe if there’s a safe space for us too, I wouldn’t turn my lack of belonging into insecurity.
See no one has asked us-what we want to do... what struggles we face and want to overcome too
And we don’t know what we can do. Like Who do we go to? How does it all work? See, cus, can we call up the council and ask for a new KFC? Or ask them why we have 6 costas, 3 b&ms but no primark?
It sounds silly, but it's all a good point, don’t put us down. I lack education on how to be an activist in my own town. Instead, I’ll avoid the underpass when its gets too dark, go past streets with abandoned stuff. I’ll acknowledge the traces of homelessness, and the fact that independent places closing down are town normalities, or how it sometimes feels like there is only a thought for the retired, children or cohesive families.
You don’t realise how much this place has changed until you stop and reflect.

We are Northwich. We are Northwich. We are Northwich.
We have one-way systems which somehow makes traffic worse,
A riverside that reminds us of the old-fashioned industrial roots of our DNA
And a simmer for nature walks and tours, brambles that can be shared with the wildlife
Our community green spaces are curated with home in mind, an attempt to connect with our environment that has been underlooked.
Everyone is welcome here, old, inherited and new
Whether the ties to your heritage is deep in the salt mines or fresh as morning dew

But when I have lived here for 50 years, will you still call me a newbie? I heard you still do...
You don’t realise how much this place needs change until you stop and reflect.

PART 2:

The ground vibrates, granules break, rolling across each fragment,
Shoulders pressing, pulling, pushing past one another,
Like the bustle of an artisan day.
But the energy is filled with ideas for a better future.

We aren't Cheshire-west, we are Northwich. We deserve to be treated as that. I don't want a new town centre if its a copy and paste, we have a unique melting pot and deserve a unique landscape,

One that holds independent shops, creative hubs and buildings that uplift scenery,
Hear our voice, hear our heartbeat, rattling of bones that need to be nourished with the right energy (funding). But maybe, I'm being too unreasonable? Irrational? Or too nonsensical? We should be grateful right cus we do have a pina colada festival...

And when the footfall disappears, then what? What happens next? We need a buzz that ripples into the soles of our feet to the very tops of our head.

That leaves imprints for a burning ember to survive- one that stays with us every day, week, month and year.

Longevity for communities, so that when tourism slows, we still have that ember glow.

We have a town that has character but doesn't speak it, we have walls that are washed in colour and artwork but no one truly feels it.

Different visions in different spots which appear so incohesive.

Funding in all the right places but spent in the wrong ways. Funding flashed in front of our faces but spent in the worst ways.

We want a town that treats us as an independent unit- with collective and shared needs but also tailored support and architectural designs- adding shipping containers as shops may work for other cities but definitely not mine.

So much litter and debris that needs to be cleared,
and the Barons Quay still empty, when it should be revered.

Oh yeh, and the kids, they still want that new KFC-someone tell them about the boycott please?

Imagine a world where we are supported and challenged to creatively think

Where we can trust our minds and bodies to be fluid and free

Have our own small businesses and support those to succeed

One where voices are heard and change can happen

Where we can source everything from our one universal community

Where we have more equity in our equality, fairness and humility
Our schools all access-led, make education less of an institution
Have imagining possibilities lead the way for human evolution

Reclaiming funds from excessive wealth pots
Reclaiming resources from hoarders of wealth
Upskilling and creating new traditions,
Secure access for worldwide health
Infiltrating systemic privileges
Changing order and practices that hold us back

But how do we do that? How do we thrive?
How do we not feel the pressure as each generation is dealt more uncertain tarots of the future
life?

Using activism and strength of community to carve trails for universal unity
Using your voice, position, and privilege, to educate, to advocate,
And although some days you may want to press the lock button or switch off from wars,
corruption, and genocide,
We need to see my fight is yours, and your fight is mine

Boycotts, protests, discourse, positive actions
Healing through intention
Seeing we are all human, who should have the same rights, same freedom, same choices and
attention

PART 3:

And there's so much to be proud of and so much to see
Like the community hubs that exist, stay open and free
Or the trails and boat lift that hold heritage in its heart
And the people who glance smiles at us when we walk past
There's room for collaboration and you can see creative arts is of importance
Our plaza is still going strong, film buffs unite
There's more local groups forming, more voices for transforming
events made by us, for us, and therefore, our needs
We're still tryna balance in it all but I have faith we will succeed.

I see a future of nightlife safety for our young people
And our woodlands being taken care of and every plant, animal, and organism
We will find a chance for the teens to make their own space and find tenacity in activism

And even more glowing sizes rather than small individual pots of community

We will retire the need for resilience, because we will thrive in cohesive unity.
And because we will be striving to the common goal of unity and peace,
Infrastructure will be complementary to where it plans to be.
We will learn to love and cherish the concept of living, not existing, thriving, not surviving.
We will set ourselves free.

And I hope to still see that guy whos busks with an accordion,
Loud and proud, though I'm unsure if he can play very well
But that's the point, regardless, its something we love to see
People being passionate and choosing how they want to be

I want to walk through town with posters, artwork and voices telling me I am supported and in
the right space

"Eat the rich"
"Love is Love"
"Anarchy for sale"
"Everyone welcome"

I want to walk through town and hear that we are unified in our rights and we are sustainable in
our actions to forge peace
We need people to see
We are the babies and the adults,
The sands and the seas,
The sun and the moon
The student and the one will teach
Humility in every touch, every breath.
It's our audacious nature and ability to find ourselves in each other that will cure and heal the
fractured DNA we all carry
And that will spark a revolution which leads to transformation, leads to restorative justice and
feeds our ability to thrive in unity.