**Our Heritage Poetry Trail - ACTIVITY SHEET**

As part of the High Street Heritage Action Zone cultural programme – Newark Book Festival have teamed up with our heritage buildings to create six brand-new poems. The poems, which are inspired by some of our favourite historic buildings in Newark, were written by local poet Leanne Moden. Have a read and can you find the buildings?

**Poem one – St Mary’s Church**

We start our trail at St Mary’s church. Read the poem out loud, then think about how it makes you feel. Do you feel happy, sad, peaceful, calm or excited after reading it?

**Poem two – The Olde White Hart**

This poem is based in the Market Place – make sure you look up to see the pictures of the saints on the building! Read the poem aloud, then think about the secret phrase hidden in it. What secret phrase would you hide in a poem?

**Poem three – Clinton Arms**

Stay on the Market Place to find the next building; the grand brick building was once a hotel! think about what you’d say if you had to give a speech from the same window – what would you talk about?

**Poem four – The Governor’s House**

We’re heading to Stodman Street now for the next poem. You can’t miss the Governor’s House – it’s stripy! This used to be Greggs so the poem talks about our favourite pastries! Maybe you could write a poem about them?

**Poem five – Newark Town Hall**

The town hall is a beautiful building – but what would it say if it could speak? Think about what your house would say, if it could talk. What would it say?

**Poem six – Newark Castle**

Finally, we’re off to the Castle! Some people think it’s just a ruin, but we know better! why write your own poem about your favourite building in Newark!

You can take photos of your favourite heritage buildings and share them on social media! You can find us at @NewarkBookFest on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram. Don’t’ forget to use the hashtag #NewarkBookFestival

If you’ve enjoyed reading Leanne’s poems, you can find out more about her at her website leannemoden.com

**Come Rest a Moment**

*for St Mary’s Church*

I know a place where we can rest awhile,

where sunlight streams through shards of coloured glass.

A sanctuary, built in Gothic style;

a glorious reminder of the past.

This great, imposing edifice of stone

belies the gentle solace found within.

A quiet spot to sit and be alone;

the cooling shade, like water on the skin.

Come breathe the tranquil scent. Embrace the calm

of momentary stillness, amplified.

The comfort of the silence is a balm

to sooth against the ceaseless haste outside.

A peaceful moment, borrowed from the past.

A sunbeam filtered through the coloured glass.

This poem is a Sonnet. A sonnet is a type of poem that has 14 lines, and a regular rhyming pattern. This poem celebrates the beauty and calm of St Mary’s Church.

**Last Orders**

*for the Olde White Hart*

Built of brick and beams and travellers’ tales, the

stories, told by painted saints, are much too strange and olde

to understand. Now, each memory is sepia and white.

Warmed by nostalgia and fleeting folklore, learnt by hart.

Every pint of ale, drunk through chapped lips, is

treacle-thick, amber-coloured. *“One*

*more for the road!”* The straw-floored stables steam out back. The smell of

spilt beer and mutton stewing on the hearth. And the

knowledge that, however far we roam, Newark beer is best!

When Cromwell’s men sought to make starving examples

of us, we stood strong. Stoic as saints. Well aware of

the taste of unfiltered Trent water, and shoe leather. Dreaming of a

frothing tankard by candlelight, and old songs sung loud and late.

These memories made mortar. Unchanging since fifteenth

century folk flocked to soak up travellers’ tales. Each century

since warmed by the same shining sun. Histories building

brick upon brick, word upon word, while bunting flutters in

these breezy Market Place skies, here in the heart of England.

This poem is a Golden Shovel, which means that the last words of each line of the poem form a sentence or phrase. In this case, the last words of each line read: *The Olde White Hart is one of the best examples of a late fifteenth century building in England.*

**Stage Fright at Gladstone’s Window**

*for the Clinton Arms*

A public speech can bring a man prestige,   
if he can quell the tremble in his heart.  
Some men display their confidence with ease  
while others pace and shake themselves apart.

If I can quell the tremble in my heart,

and turn this terror into competence,

I’ll elevate composure to an art

and manifestly try to talk some sense.

Some men display their confidence with ease;  
and others fake their faith until its sticks.

I’ll deeply breathe until my fear’s appeased,

dispensing with the politician’s tricks.

While others pace and shake themselves apart,  
I’ll take the plunge, and make my courage heard:  
so, let’s begin the speech, let’s make a start!

And judge me by my deeds and thoughts and words!

This is a modified version of a Trimeric poem – a form that plays with line repetition. In 1832, William Ewart Gladstone – the newly elected MP for Newark – addressed the crowds from the central window of the Clinton Arms. Was he nervous before he spoke?

**Besieged**

*for the Governor’s House*

Let’s celebrate our history;

this place survived a Civil War!

When Newark was a town besieged –

relieved in sixteen forty-four –

this building was a vital part

of how the siege was lost and won.

A timber-bolstered hideaway,

where plans were forged, and deals were done.

It’s stripy, like a boiled sweet,

but don’t be fooled - it played its part!

If Newark is a living beast,

this house would be its beating heart.

Three hundred years and more have passed

since soldiers last surrounded town.

But, if they ever come again,

I know where we can hunker down.

So, if the town’s besieged again

let’s make our way to Stodman Street.

We’ll hide out with the sausage rolls –

all camouflaged by pastry treats!

We’ll shelter here, among the loaves,

the sandwiches and vegan bakes.

Let folk outside do as they please;

We’ll be just fine, beside the cakes.

This is a Ballad – a simple rhyming type of poem, originating in Medieval Western Europe. Newark suffered three sieges during the English Civil War; one in February 1643, one in March 1644, and one from November 1645 to May 1646.

**View from the Town Hall**

*for the Newark Town Hall*

I’m your Town Hall, and here I stand

My Georgian face is pretty grand!

A source of full-on civic pride;

for charm, I’m overqualified!

My gorgeous rooms in high demand!

On Market Place, I take command –

Revered and loved throughout the land.

My banquet rooms are idolised!

I’m your Town Hall.

Come seek me, and you’ll understand,

I guide the town with steady hands.

Dependable, just like the tides

I wouldn’t leave (I’d never try)

I hope that, here, I’ll always stand.

I’m your Town Hall.

This is a rondeau – which is a type of poem with a strict rhyme scheme and a repeating refrain. This one is written from the point of view of Newark Town Hall. I think it has every right to have so much self-confidence. It is a very beautiful building!

**“Only Ruins”**

*For Newark Castle*

“It’s such a shame there’s only ruins here”

says one well-meaning tourist to her friend.

As if some crumbly walls reduce its flare,

and partial deconstruction spells the end.

Still standing tall, despite some disrepair –

eight hundred years have brought us to this stage –

so, please forgive some minor wear and tear.

(I hope I look as good when I’m that age!)

See, when they took our roof, we dined outdoors,

transmuting every hardship into gold.

We celebrated beauty in our flaws

and never, ever did as we are told!

Some folk will ruin what they can’t control.

This is no ruin: this is Newark’s soul.

This poem is a Sonnet. A sonnet is a type of poem that has 14 lines, and a regular rhyming pattern. This poem celebrates the Castle, which was slighted in 1648. Is it a ruin? Or is it a beautiful place to meet friends, have a picnic and for music, culture and the arts.