

## Cementing the Community

Have we lost Swanscombe the Holey City  
Known for its quarrying works and cement  
Here - a Conqueror met the Men of Kent.  
The pits and gravel were not that pretty  
Yet Unconquered Kent stood firm and gritty.  
Viking Canute and the Danes came and went  
And today the smoking chimneys are spent -  
So old Swanscombes' fate may well be tricky.  
But with the last kiln gone - a change has come  
Shop 'til we drop crowds will no doubt ensure  
Bluewaters' rush at Blue Circles' old crust  
As commuters travel on High Speed One.  
Now - there's brass in muck so this should secure  
Swanscombe will rise from the concrete and dust.

*S.A.M.Hawkes*

*This poem is written as a Petrarchan Sonnet*



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