**THE SECOND FLAMING**

**Longer than Grindleford tunnel,**

**a musky damp of not being lived-in ,**

**a sort of dank, like all is lost and gone,**

**folk shake under ganister in fear,**

**trapped, each thought hacked.**

**The labour brought and bonded here,**

**its o k to stare or look away, choices are difficult.**

**How was the brick top curved**

**under limestone, sandstone and grit?**

**Down the walls ancient sweat drips.**

**Arson orange flames at one end,**

**each flare exposes faces of the fallen,**

**who mouth their pain, their screams,**

**from *chacun pour soi* their squalls**

**pierce each course and stretcher in these walls.**

**But there is a second flame**

**slow burning behind the shadows**

**it starts to kindle and to blaze**

**an incandescence in the dark,**

**to redeem the struggle of their days.**

***Note: Tony Benn spoke about each generation having to repeat the struggle for real democracy and that each generation’s work is spurred on by two flames; one the flame of anger at injustice, the other being the flame of hope.***