The River by Gray Joliffe

On sunny days we often went,
On summer picnics by the Trent,
Or Nene which flowed nearby,
And Bruffy said was clean, adding,
With his schoolboy wit, ‘Not the smallest trace of shit.’
We’d take our bikes, an easy ride,
And find a meadow, riverside,
Just four of us.
In sunshine, attitudes devoid of fear,
Took sandwiches and illicit beer,
Took off our clothes and plunged,
And splashed,
In dappled water, crystal clear.
But that was half a century ago.
Today in that same place the river,
Ever flows,
But not past sunny meadows green,
But now past the ugly face of
Shopping malls, past motorways, new houses , cars and junk food joints.
And Bruffy, still thankfully alive,
And in his still old fashioned way with words - and notions,
Says,’The river’s gone to hell.
No ducks, no birds, no place to swim, nowadays it’s full of turds, and
Swimming would be little more,
Than going through the motions.