

The Cordite Way

Where cordite trains ran out to sea, to ignite the guns of war,
A way for all is born again, along Poole Harbour shore.
From Holton Heath to Rockley Pier, across to Lytchett Bay,
A path raised up from the ash of time,
Beside the London & Southwest Line,
Built once for battle but now benign,
This is the Cordite Way.

Ignore the cinder, forget the guns, from traffic find relief,
For now we have a walking route to Poole from Sandford Heath.
On bouncing turf, in golden glades, of pine and beech and broom,
We'll gaze across the Harbour's calm,
Toward the wilder hills of Arne,
And glimpse the marriage from afar
Of the Piddle and the Frome.

O happy and historic way, for active travel need!
Did Alfred's men march by here to defend the ancient creed?
Now blessed are the path-takers (those Saxon lords might say),
For they'll inherit this line of earth,
Which once was given a widish berth,
And rediscover just what it's worth,
Upon the Cordite Way.

By Colin Smith

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