



This is the last day of magic.  
The final word in a sudden spell.  
Heritage heaped into happy.  
People here can taste the earth.  
They feel the fierce flavour of  
local.  
Meat raised on grass as green as  
gratitude.  
Cider sizzling fruit,  
pipped to the harvest.  
Today is about this ending -  
the last note of a song  
we've waited a year to sing.  
Poetry is hope that sinks  
its purpose into better things.  
The promise of community,  
of fellow feet walking the space  
where neighbours meet.  
Of coming together to feel and feast.  
In a humble carpark  
in a town scribbled with history  
we play out a party  
20 years in the making.