

City

The place where war visited, twice. Where the port and docks were full of people from all over. The cobbled streets pave the way into the centre and hearts meet their match. The monument of Queen Victoria dominates the square where mothers walk their children and the indie kids skate across the steps and ollie over the railings. There's matching *American Apparel* hoodies and *Vans* of every colour. From the boutiques in the Albert Dock to the wonderful, watchful iron men of Crosby beach, culture wanders through the place. The high streets flourish in the winter sun, walking along you can smell the fruit and veg on the stalls, laid out like a jigsaw of colours. Men and women stand all day bigging up their livelihood. Boarded up houses are scattered towards the suburbs, the metal covers creating a darkened scene, disguising the rotten wood and shattered windows. The bricks crumble, mirroring the lives of those that see their houses knock down in place of twenty first century 'necessities'. The people are strong, they strive to survive. The red and blue football teams separate the sons from the dads and the best of friends, all in good jest, a spirit shared. The city that never forgets where it came from.

N.