**Sometimes you think of Coniston**

*After Kim Moore*

and the Old Man looking down from above

and the mines where copper deposits were

replaced with spoil heaps piled higgledy-piggledy

and how the lake gave up the water speed record

in return for Donald Campbell and Bluebird,

to lie deep beneath its cold still water

where now sails the paddle steamer thrice daily

taking passengers up and down and across the lake

to find Ruskin’s Brantwood on the opposite side,

where you can take a tour of house and garden

enjoy afternoon tea in the café, before heading back

to a village steeped in history and built of slate.