



BORN IN BRADFORD

You're awake

You're here

In this light

This Bradford light

A town built on the softness of wool and water

Feels like a good place to be born in.

The hills protect you, and the rain seems to whisper so quietly

That you hardly notice it. But it's there. Falling like history.

You turn your face to the light, and let's face it

The boom that sustained this place has folded like cloth

Folded and put into a drawer like babies were once,

When a cot was a luxury you couldn't afford.

You're awake

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And now you're crying. You're filling your lungs

With West Yorkshire air and pushing it out

In long notes and short notes; and listen: those notes

Are pushing their way into a future that none of us can hear

A future that will undoubtedly be yours,

In the soft rain and the gorgeous Bradford stone

That has seen laughing times and shattered times,

The morning pram and the afternoon hearse.

You're awake

You're here

In this light

This Bradford light

And now you're sleeping; you're smiling in your sleep,

And sometimes you sigh like a long breeze from the hills

And nobody knows what's waiting inside you: the cough,

The fear of spaces, the joy of running faster and faster,

The hands that look like your father's hands,

The way you shape your sentences so you sound

Like your grandma, the crisps on the bib,

The way you seem to be born to laugh and laugh,

The way you always get any cold that's going,

Catch it like a net catches a fish, the way the first pint

Will always lead to the sixth and the bag of chips

The way all these things will happen, will happen

Unless we enfold you

Like the wool that once enfolded this city.

You're awake, You're here

In this light, This Bradford light

BIRTHDAY CARDS



Dawoud & Ishaq

Happy First Birthday, Born in Bradford!

Come sing a birthday song with me
A birthday song of greeting

Welcome to all babies born in Bradford:
Not too loud; little 'un's sleeping!

Come dance a birthday dance with me;
A birthday dance of joy
Celebrate the babies born in Bradford
She's daddy's little girl; he's mum's little boy!

And in the middle of the night when you're wide awake

Just smile and have a bite of the birthday cake!

Happy Second Birthday, Born in Bradford!

She's kicking her legs because she wants to run,
He's leaning forward to hear the news.
Both living in a world of songs and fun:
The simple sun shines and the sky is blue.

And in years to come this sister and brother
Will hear their twin cry and feel them laugh
Even if there's a distance, one from the other,
They're always side by side, like in this photograph



George & Grace



Dawoud & Ishaq

Happy Third Birthday, Born in Bradford!

Three new stars in the Bradford sky
Three new smiles on the face of the earth
Three new lives getting ready to fly
One huge gift of great worth...

Three new people who begin to grow
Three new smiles on the earth's broad face
Three new dancers in a lifelong show
One set of runners in the human race...

Happy Fourth Birthday, Born in Bradford!

Four years: that's sixteen seasons,
Four Summers and Four springs
Four years and sixteen reasons
To celebrate children, delight in twins;
Four Winters and four Autumns;
Think what just four years have taught 'em...

And here's to the next amazing four
Let's run to the future and open the door!



George & Grace



Dawoud & Ishaq

Happy Fifth Birthday, Born in Bradford

Now the journey of learning begins:
Wide eyes and hopeful grins
five years of experience, sensible shoes,
a new chapter ahead and new skills to use...

Now the journey of life carries on,
An endless, developing song;
Five years of growing, in body and mind
And the long road ahead unfurls and unwinds...

Happy Sixth Birthday, Born in Bradford!

It's six of one
And half a dozen of the other;
The eggs in a basket
The sister, the brother

The six years here
On the Bradford earth
The six short years
Flown since the birth

That gave us these faces
Shingin with joy
The three times two
The girls, the boys.

Happy birthday
Six years old
Stretch your wings
Let life unfold!



George & Grace



Dawoud & Ishaq

Happy Seventh Birthday, Born in Bradford!

Another birthday's come round.
A year turns like a ring:
Fourteen feet on the ground
Seven voices to sing.

Another birthday's come round.
Life circles and spins
With the sight and the sound
As the singing begins:

'Another birthday's come round
Life leaves on a tree.
Come, see what we've found
You're growing, like me!'

Happy Eighth Birthday, Born in Bradford!

They gather the years
In handfuls like flowers
Laughter and tears
And thousands of hours

And hundreds of weeks
And months by the score
Each one unique.
Now open the door

To the glorious eight
All these sets of two
Who really can't wait

To share their world with you!



George & Grace

My Daddy's Hands

My daddy's hands
Will carry me forever;
The gentle echo of his fingerprints
Are part of the way I will be
Are much of the way I am.

My daddy's hands
Will carry me forever
Or until my hands
Carry him.



Sidra