

### APPENDIX 3: Every Age has its own Gods

Every age has its own gods.

It's in with the plate glass,  
out with the outdoor lavvies,  
binary code dry docking barges.

Today, men only break sweat  
jogging down the towpath,  
or rowing in the gym.

Not stripped to the waist  
working nightshift at the Forge  
stoking the furnace,  
faces all planes, casting  
long shadows on the shop floor.

They were the makers of the world  
those Waylands and Smiths,  
melting, moulding, pounding,  
all heat and wham, bam, bam,  
thrusting levers and watching dials.

Life had bells and whistles,  
clang of metal, machinery  
and making.

*Bee Smith*

*Leads to Leeds, Helen Shay and Bee Smith*

Shay & Smith are writers and poets documenting the industrial heritage and history of Leeds, in particular West Leeds. This particular poem refers to the history of Kirkstall Forge.

<http://leadstoleeds.com/dialogues/Shay&Smith.pdf>