



## Mountain Writing Competition 2024

### 1<sup>st</sup> Prize: Poetry

***Between Little and Great Dunn Fell, by Colin Bancroft***

Between Little and Great Dun Fell

A spine of stone stretches across the boggy col,  
Each slab reclaimed from fallen northern mills.  
Two hundred years ago these blocks were floors  
In dark and dusty rooms where workers stood  
For hours on end feeding threads into a loom.  
They had no thought for these high moors,  
Gore-Tex, Go-Pro's, Open Access Rights,  
For them outdoors was a dark walk home,  
A Sunday trudge to church, not hikes  
Up to a radar dome and lunch beneath a currick.  
Now these steps that line the ridge like unmarked  
Graves are all that's left of that dimming past,  
Unless you count the clumps of cotton grass  
Ghosting up along the edges of the path.