



**Cannock
Chase**
National
Landscape

Legacy

When was the last time you heard a cuckoo?

Some never get this chance to look to

that lop-sided call across bristled heather,

its slanted flight, those slated feathers.

And I'm not talking about you, me, here, now,

but kids who've never heard the chiming sounds

of spring. Who never bring a tiny fist of rage

against the armour of an oak tree fifty times their age

and feel it all subside, wide-eyed at sheer history,

who've never truly felt "yeah, this *is* for me".

Is this going to be our legacy?

Or are we going to pull together, see

our Chase-land thrive again – recover,

branches burdened under birds of every colour,

a lapwing or a bat swing through twilight's flair,

cast the buzzing scent of hawthorn to the sweet spring air?

Will your grandkids ever taste a fresh bilberry pie,

track swallows scribing summer through a cloudless sky?

And when they come and ask you "Grandma, what's a bluebell?"

Will you have a tale of velvet sun, scent sugar-spun, to tell?

Will they follow you down to those glorious woods,

or will you say "they only exist now in books"?

Which would you rather is your legacy?

It's time to pull together, see

the Chase we want to leave behind us,
make a promise that you'll never find us
leaving litter where it has no business being,
straying from the paths so carelessly in
the places where we long to see the rainbow slip
of lizards, the Chase berry's crimson waiting lips.
Where seas of heaths and heathers blaze,
where skylarks and their songs just raise and raise and raise...
It's time to choose our legacy,
we need to pull together, see
this through.

Cherry Doyle

25th April 2025



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