

Jo's Party by Pete Stott

**Written for the Great Get Together, held on 17th June
to celebrate the life of Jo Cox MP who always fought for unity rather than division**

As I was walking down Main Road
I heard the sound of laughter,
Children's voices, grown-ups' too,
With cheers and clapping after.
Now I'm a shy, retiring sort
I'm socially inept,
But something made me cross The Rec
And through the gate I stepped.

As smiling faces glanced my way
I felt quite out of place,
But when I heard a voice, I turned -
I felt I knew the face:
A slender lass with straight brown hair
Was looking right at me,
She gestured to the happy throng
Enjoying picnic tea.

She said, "We're all the same, you know,
They've doubts and fears, like you,
Unsure about strange ways of speech
And *'Folk Not From Here'* too.
But all their kids are mixing well,
They've soon found things to share.
There's mums and granddads joining in –
Should happen everywhere."

A friend of mine then cried, "Hello!
How nice to see you here.
But don't just stand there on your own:
Come over. Have a beer."
I turned towards the slender lass
But she had slipped away.
"What's keeping you?" my pal called out,
"The beer won't last all day!"

"Where did she go?" I asked my friend.
"Where did who go?" he said.
"The woman I was listening to...."
He stared and shook his head.
"You stood there all alone, old mate,
Five minutes gone, at least.
Now come and join our new-found friends –
You're welcome at the feast."