

Saint James (poem)

We are in Saint James, called the "Sovereign Estate"
Containing thirty-two houses within its sliding gate;
Those seven acres have come a very, long way
Since those pioneering days were swept away;
It has been scrub, dairy, and a rose garden, too
With the first house built in nineteen ninety two.

S James was an ancient, venerable saint
To some, a name that seems quite quaint;
That name appealed to the developers of our estate
And it now is written on the wall beside the gate -
For everyone to see - there can be no mistake -
Going into our estate, it is the road all cars take.

Now, Saint James is our home
No more do we need to roam;
A house and garden, above the creek
With nearby amenities, that we all seek;
A house in a community
A home for our maturity.

Ken Moore (2021)