

Mayoral Inauguration
May 5th 2016

Dawson's Sonnet

And chain by chain our new mayor's fate was formed,
Beginning in a shed he built his shops,
He forged such will and all that it has spawned –
He's mounted, hammered, chipped to reach the top.

So forty years of work have led to now,
His hard travails have earned his mayoral place.
The golden boy atop the jeweller's prow,
Explains the tale of Dawson's rise to grace.

But his are steady hands; they've handled life –
Beyond his bench they are his most prized tool.
They've cradled his young boys, and calmed their strife,
Strong too – they've cut through nature's hardest jewel.

For Stamford, he will stand, will represent –
A diamond geezer, storyteller, gent.

by Camilla McLean
Stamford Poet Laureate 2016/17