

A Poem for Thurrock

Created by T100 Festival Poet
Rachel Morgan from words
contributed by participants at
the T100 Festival Finale 2026.

Thurrock is home.
Home to our sanctuary,
our safety.
We walk a path of optimism here;
togetherness.
Follow the feather that drifts
on the breeze –
it leads us to the river.
We can watch the sunset,
the light on the water.
Shiver as the swifts fly over us
at dusk, and listen:
birdsong is guiding us home.
Nature thrives here,
a happy hive where we lay down roots, and
where the fox surveys his empire, where
the fritillary butterfly flits,
where the urban cat
sneaks through the grass to rest.
But also here are people:
here is home to the Essex Girl – pride and empowerment.
Thurrock is a family
of connection, exceptional people;
our memories blend.
Remember William Edwards?
Remember Blackshots Lane?
Remember where my aunt was a caretaker
in the 1960s?
Remember Grandma's house:
I smell chutney,
the waft of sausages in the air –
the familiar smells of home,
of our place at the table.
The togetherness of community, we
walk together,
talk together,
listen, create.
Sparks of fireworks
that lead to hope.
This home gives a welcoming,
supportive sense of belonging; inclusion and care –
voices raised together
in stories that
drift along the river,
like that feather on the breeze.
Here we dance, move, breathe.
We trust.
For here is unity,
where people belong,
visibility always,
where love and art and
learning flourish.
Where we feel peace:
this is Thurrock,
this is home.

t100
PRESENTED BY
KINETIKA 