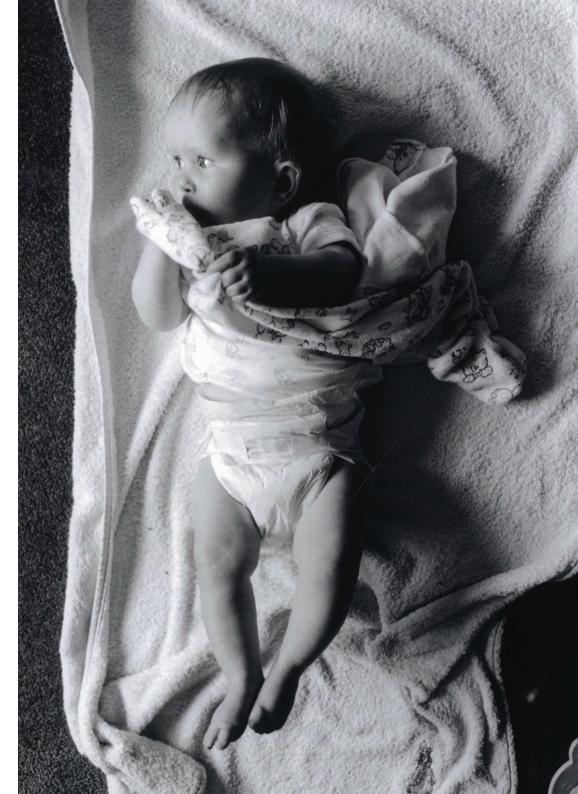
Born in Bradford

By Ian Beesley and Ian McMillan



A town built on the softness of wool and water Feels like a good place to be born in. The hills protect you, and the rain seems to whisper so quietly That you hardly notice it. But it's there. Falling like history. You turn your face to the light, and let's face it The boom that sustained this place has folded like cloth Folded and put into a drawer like babies were once, When a cot was a luxury you couldn't afford.





And now you're crying. You're filling your lungs With West Yorkshire air and pushing it out In long notes and short notes; and listen: those notes Are pushing their way into a future that none of us can hear



A future that will undoubtedly be yours, In the soft rain and the gorgeous Bradford stone That has seen laughing times, shattered times, The morning pram and the afternoon hearse

And now you're sleeping; you're smiling in your sleep, And sometimes you sigh like a long breeze from the hills And nobody knows what's waiting inside you: the cough, The fear of spaces, the joy of running faster and faster,





The hands that look like your father's hands, The way you shape your sentences so you sound Like your grandma, the crisps on the bib, The way you seem to be born to laugh and laugh,



The way you always get any cold that's going, Catch it like a net catches a fish, the way the first pint Will always lead to the sixth and the bag of chips The way all these things will happen, will happen

> Unless we enfold you Like the wool that once enfolded this city.

Born in Bradford is one of the worlds biggest studies into why children become ill. Following 13,500 babies born in the city from 2007-2011.

Involving a community rich in cultural diversity. The study will examine genes, diet, lifestyle, schooling, neighbourhood and upbringing.

www.borninbradford.nhs.uk



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