

## **From Rome to Explorium**

Inside many pockets,  
Touched by many hands.  
This coin has travelled far and wide,  
Over many lands.

I was formed in the Earth,  
Dark and delicious.  
A nugget of silver,  
Shiny and precious.

Rinsed in the river  
And dried in the sun.  
Taken to the city,  
My journey begun.

Melted by fire,  
Moulded and shaped,  
And then all of a sudden -  
I have a face!

That's when my journey truly began,  
Across an ocean with a massive span.  
On my way to England I made lots of friends  
Whilst cruising across the river Thames!

I was carried in a leather pouch  
Amongst many others.  
I wonder what's become  
of my little silver brothers?

Given in payment to a Roman soldier  
Who was later killed by a massive boulder...

I was stolen by a thief  
And spent on beer and wine.  
My life got quite exciting  
for quite a long, long time!

I was dropped into a puddle.  
I was picked up once again.

I was flipped and glinted in the sunshine,  
I was soaked in pouring rain.

I saw wars and I saw battles.  
There was peace and quiet as well.  
I once lived in a farmer's field.  
Once down a mine I fell.

I travel to Somerset in a large silver chariot,  
and into the hand of a small girl named Harriet.  
She picks me up, only to cry,  
'It's amazing! I wonder, what did this buy?'

I belonged to a rich man,  
who lived in Bath, a famous town.  
He put me in a treasure chest.  
Again I'm buried deep, deep underground.

Jostling, clinking,  
In deep darkness tinkling.  
A year, ten, hundreds, then thousands more.  
Hidden underground. A treasure hoard.

Silence, dark silence, then  
Scrape, scrape, scraping, and movements again.  
A voice. 'Look at this!', 'Wow! What a sight!'  
On the move again as we're all taken up again, into the light.

I am held in a hand, a real, warm hand  
and then into a box with a tinkle I land.  
I am cleaned, I am scrubbed, I am washed, I am dried,  
To get placed in a new box's inside.

Matt and Liz brought us all of this way  
And we ended up at Explorium today.  
Our journey's been amazing, we've made front page news.  
Our path brought us to you. Our adventure continues.

**This rolling poem was written by the children at Explorium Creative Learning Centre**