Playing with words

*Here are some pieces written by those attending a writing workshop (the Earthworks Conference). I’ve typed out all the ones that were handed in, including those that were unfinished. Apologies if I misread some parts. Aren’t they wonderful?*

The voice of the dark-coloured
sea-rocks ripples and eddies,
green and supple, meeting my breath.
My trill wind-words dry on the air.

No! Whispers the wind,
a dark coloured voice,
dry silk-thread of breath.
No! Echoes the vine and embraces…

The supple wag whispered on the wind rippling words that played full echoes through blood boughs of buzzed breath. Alone, beating the belched rising of sea-rock respiration the shade shone in silk-thread smoke of embraced lungs.

supple sun smoke me
swift the noon air
through silk-thread lungs.
the wind whispers trill
along the green hay,
ripples fields of shade.

Ripples rising through the silk-thread breath of smoke whisper as the wind blood belched beating song buzzed dark coloured echoes from my lungs…

Beating blood
boughs breathe
through fields of dark coloured green,
reaching, rising
to the ripples of wind

A wag whispers on the dark-coloured wind. Ripples rush to play along the lungs and, passing, breath sea-rocks the shade from the vine. No noon of shine. The air alone embraces belched full green fields.

boughs buzzed
as the green shore
 of hay ripples…air whispers
wind words
and echoes rush

green eddies
smoke shade
whispers beating
vine….

Fibonacci in English Summer
*(I cannot reproduce the shape here – sorry)*

hay-
fields
green-full
of silk thread
and sea rocks, shade and
shine, sun, breath, boughs, ripples rising.
rush to noon, sound whispers and eddies and echoes. Voice.

I
lift
my face
sniff the
silk-thread of salt
beating supple
on the
wind

The blood beating of health ripples around my arms my breath buzzed from my lungs, reaching along the sea-rocks, and embraces the dry, dark-coloured shore. The sun shine rising and the wind whispers of song; echoes of words. The green trees belched no delight, smoke eddies and boughs. The fields passing me, a rush of air on silk-thread streets. My own bed meeting alone through shade, feeling no noon.

Silk thread whispers and winds through trees sea rocks ripple rising and sun sound streets. Feeling embraces…  *(sorry can’t quite unravel the writing here!)*

*For those who might be reading this and wondering how these came about, conference attendees were given a collection of words (taken from a poem and rearranged in alphabetical order) to play with and make something they liked.*

*They had just a few minutes.*

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Memory Snapshots

Here are some nice snapshot poems using the Memory Lane technique from some Y7 and Y8 students I worked with at John Spendluffe College in Alford, a lovely school deep in East Lincolnshire.

I like the contrast between 'I won't' and the last line...

In the garden
My big sister and my mum
touching the handle bars
Sitting
A swing and lots of fields
birds tweeting and my little sister crying
the smell of my dad's cooking
'Don't fall off your bike'
And then I said 'I won't'
Scared....
The day I fell off my bike

I chopped some words off line 10 - hope the writer didn’t mind!  I like to see how few words can be used to achieve an effect. This one really succeeds in becoming as minimal as possible:

On a field
My cousin
A hoop
standing
caravans
people playing games
I was laughing
bacon cooking
I was happy and excited
my cousin hula hooping (he's a boy)

To save that last line being long and a bit clumsy, why not give the cousin a name in the second line. Then you can just finish with 'my cousin hula hooping!'  Now here's another accident:

Near a bridge
With one of my friends
Holding onto my handlebars,
Just about to touch the floor
Almost lying in the water
green fields a grey bridge with water in it
Listening to tractors in the fields in the distance
and the cars rushing by in the nearby streets
the smell of the water underneath the bridge
in pain, hurt
it was the day I went over the bridge on my bike

Perhaps some rearranging of lines would be good - e.g. move lines 6 7 8 9 up so that they become lines 2 3 4 5?

Here are another two really short ones:

Go Karting track
3 friends
Steering wheel
Sitting
Tyres and grass
Engines of others and my go kart
Petrol
Excited, competitive
A birthday party

(I guess you could shorten it even more by making line 6 say just 'Engines')

School
Everyone at school
Trophy and prizes
Standing
People looking and clapping
Loud clapping and shouting
Congratulations!!!
Happy and surprised
Winning my trophy.

I think this says it all!  Maybe alter line 2 so that it doesn't repeat school...something like, 'all the pupils/students').  Here are some slightly longer ones.

On the patio at my old house in London
I am on my own but my parents are in the kitchen
A pile of plastic chairs and my head
Lying on the floor
My old garden, lots of blood, grass, trees, concrete
Birdsong, me crying
'Josh, what happned? Are you OK?'
It hurt. What had happened? Sad...
I tried to pick a couple of plastic chairs up and I fell and hit my head on a paving slab and cracked my head open.

(The last line tries to say too much. Perhaps we could even cut it?  How does this seem:)

On the patio at my old house in London
On my own
My parents in the kitchen
A pile of plastic chairs
                      and my head
Lying on the floor
My old garden, lots of blood, grass, trees, concrete
Birdsong, me crying
Josh, what happned? Are you OK?
It hurt.
What had happened?
Sad...

I am in Worcestershire
I'm with my Nan, granddad, mum, dad and my little sister
I was holding my new hot water bottle that my grandparents had bought me for Christmas
I was sitting on the sofa with my Nan
My grandad's tele and my parents smiling at me with the cat Tommy on their lap
Tommy the cat meowing because my Nan needed to feed him
My mum said Merry Christmas Phoebe
My Nan's perfume smelt like Parma violets
I was happy to see my grand parents and it was Christmas Day
My week at my grand parents

What a wonderful collection of images and detail - which gives us lots of material to work with. Imagine that any collection of words is like modelling clay, or building blocks - anything like that. We can rearrange them, take some out, even stand some up another way...  I quite like centring the lines on the page.  Heres one way of using the material. I hope the writer will have a go at some rearrangement of her own.

Worcestershire
with my nan, granddad, mum, dad and my little sister
holding my new hot water bottle that my grandparents had bought me
sitting on the sofa with my nan
my nan's perfume smelt like Parma violets
grandad's tele, my parents smiling at me with the cat Tommy on their lap
Tommy meowing for food
my mum said Merry Christmas, Phoebe
happy to see my grand parents
and it was Christmas Day

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