**Pictures and Poetry May 2020. Journeys**

**Poetry inspired by the workshop**

**The Last of England by Christine Hopcutt**  
I chose to write about this painting as I was fascinated by the facial expressions of the couple in the front of the picture, a mixture of apprehension and expectation.

Today we are leaving England  
Sailing far away to start life anew  
To a land filled with promise, sunshine and freedom  
A new beginning for us, our baby, for our family

Today we are leaving England  
Can’t tear our eyes away from the horizon  
Reaching out for one last glimpse of the cliffs  
Before the view of land is lost forever

Today we are leaving England  
We shall never return to these shores  
No more greyness, drizzle, constraints  
New experience awaits us in our chosen land

Today we are leaving England  
Leaving our old privileged life behind  
Looking forward to new fresh excitement  
New country, new people, new living, new hope.

**We’re going for Gold! by PS**  
This is inspired by the painting The Last of England, as it was painted in 1855 in the height of the gold rush in AustraliaWe’re going for gold!  
Wrap up our souls with  
the baby with the books.  
Bundled and tossed, heaved  
on a broiling sea,  
Backs turned from home,  
cabbages leading us forwards.  
We’re going for gold, our lives born anew.

**Fallen Ones by David Winbow**  
The picture chosen was Abundant Splendor, by Jerri Finch, it reminded me so much of a statue in Funchal of a man suspended by chains, called the Fallen Angel, dedicated to the workers on the vertiginous levadas, which have supplied water to the crops for hundreds of years, the high-rise builders, and the bridge builders in the step gorges, who have died. Very poignant, few societies choose to remember such people.  
Remember the Chained man, in the hot Madeira sun,  
Reminder of levada builders, bridge makers-  
forgotten fallen ones,  
the unremembered.

Remember the crawling woman in Kampala,  
holding out her baby in the hot sun.  
Black flies, beseeching eyes,  
the unforgotten.

Remember the airman climbing thin air  
thinking he could touch the face of God-  
knowing life was short, and fierce and hot.  
The unsurpassed.

Remember the evasions, the time lost,  
the polishing of haloes as the world dies  
the balancing of wealth against the life of others,  
the unforgiven.

**Warm up exercise words in names; Divi by David Winbow**  
Divi, what’s that? Not a question to ask in the Co-op, obviously, or Ena in the hairnet will tell you , at length, and life is possibly too short for that, and too precious.  
A Divi, if Lovejoy were to be believed- and that would be a leap of faith- is one who by some magical impulse can sense the presence of a valuable antique  
A Divi? Well there’s divination, not necessarily of the divine, as you will find if you take to water divining, although the feeling of something outside of you moving the rods you are holding is perhaps a bit spooky. Although I can do it, I still don’t fully believe it works. Being manipulated by some force outside of yourself, over which you have no control is a bit odd, maybe I should ask Dominic C about it.

**Happy Birthday Owen an acrostic poem by Jenny Ridout.**The words that are formed from his name are in italics.  
**O**wn the room my son, on your big dino day.  
**W**hoop, whoop, you’re a whipper snapper of five.  
**E**njoy eating you whopper, hill like cake,  
**N**anna made for her nipper  grandson.

**P**ropel yourself into the party games.  
**H**oldout your arms for pass the parcel.  
**I**‘ll use my windpipe to up the volume.  
**L**oud and proud we’ll sing to you.  
**L**ower you first, then up for the bumps.  
**I**n our back garden, just out of town,  
**P**illow pile awaits you in the tent.

**R**ide around in your go-kart.  
**I**ntrude our neighbours’ peace.  
**D**ine on pizza and chips for a change.  
**O**ut of lock down, we’ll party.  
**U**ntie ribbons and unwrap presents.  
**T**hrow coloured paper into a pile.