

Who We Are

A 'Me-taphor' poem written by participants in Ledbury Poetry Festival's Poetry & Pictures workshop on Wednesday 18th November 2020

I am the wind, wild and blowing.

I am the wind busily sowing seeds.

I am a wide open field, I wear my heart on my sleeve.

I am a well-loved car, my seats sag in an old familiar way and my footwells are filled with books, magazines and old CDs that have lost their cases.

I am a spring morning filled with hope.

I am a coat rack hung with coats.

I am sunset across a seascape on a calm summer's evening.

I am a beaten up red Mini with cases of love letters spilling from the boot.

I am a deep sofa, inviting to companions.

I am a lump of tasty vintage cheddar.

I am a pile of toppling books.

I am a tatty comfy pair of shoes.

I am a thankful poet playing with ideas, images and words.

I am a cappuccino frothing on the surface as my deep dark alchemy burns beneath.

I am a tree with verdant foliage in an oak coppice.

I am a table, sturdy and strong.

I am the Koln Concert jaggedly repeating, pounding, stuck in your head.

I am a Western Isle with white talcum powder sand.

I am a plane, flying above the clouds.

I am a single scoop of ice-cream.

I am an adventurous camper van, a bit dilapidated but well loved.

I am the hole in the oak on the old King's Road.

I am a hammock strung between palm trees.

I am the red in the rose of the last rose he gave me

I am a wayward traffic signal blinking in all directions like an orchestral score.

I am an aged silver birch.

I am mother, wife, friend with no off button.

I am 6 o'clock in the morning, the time with only birds for company.

I am an oriental Lily, startling smooth silky sea colours, an eternal prism reflecting the light.

I am a sunflower following the light even on the darkest day.

I am a well-tuned classic car that occasionally goes off road.

I am a guinea pig running wild in lush grass.

I am vintage champagne, aged but still bubbly.

Vincent van Gogh

Vincent is the mistral blowing into Arles on a wet Monday in March.
He rips through rising wheat and shakes the stolid cypress by its roots.
He bangs the green shutters.
He shakes his fist at children who play on piles of sand dug for gas pipes
to the Yellow House.

by Denise Bundred