

Hello, It's Susanne again!
I hope you are enjoying being
creative.

You do not need to spend huge
amounts of time on the activities.
It can be something you do quickly
in a spare moment or you can take
your time over a whole morning or
afternoon and repeat in different
ways on other days too. Please
take photos of all your work and
work in progress too - its a good
way to look at your work.

To begin this invitation I want you to
write down the first 5 words that
come in to your head.

They do not need to be rare or
special, long or complicated. They
just need to be the first 5 words you
think of. Write them on a spare
piece of paper and put them to one
side for now.

There is a poem here to work with.
If you prefer you can find, print or
write out a different poem from:
www.poetryfoundation.org

INVITATION TO CREATE

Choose a poem included in this invitation. You do not have to understand the poem or like it. Just read it and see if any pictures come into your mind or if any phrases leap out at you and seem to make sense.

Maybe the words will remind you of something or someone.

Maybe you will like a particular word or a group together.

Read it out loud to see if it feels different with sound. Do you notice a rhythm or is it difficult and discordant?

Have fun with the words and play. Make some up!

Part one

Circle words that you like.

Underline phrases or lines that make you think of something.

Say words out loud.

~~X~~ Cross out all the rest of the poem apart from the things you like and that give you visual images.

Can you make another poem with all your favourite lines and words?

It can be a nonsense poem.

It can be a rhyming poem.

It doesn't have to be a poem, it can be just some words and phrases that attracted you. A not-a-poem.

Add your words that you wrote earlier in different places in the text you have created.

How does it change the meaning or the images in the poem? Do you want to add new words?

Part two

Arrange and illustrate your chosen words or new poem with drawings, pictures, textures and colours over a few pages in a little book that you can easily make.

Fold an A4 piece of coloured or white card or paper into 2 A5 sheets and tear or cut. Then fold your two pieces in two again and spoon them together and you have a little book. Or invent another way to make your book. There are many.

Don't worry if you don't know what to do straight away. Just cut out the words and play with them.

Distribute your words over the pages and illustrate them. You may not want to use them all.

Use any materials you have and that you can find in your home. Tissue paper, tinfoil, kitchen roll, bits of cardboard. Crayons or pens or paints.

Draw or paint your illustrations.

If you like gather and stick pictures from magazines, or wool, or bits of cloth.

Cut and stick and draw and write.

Think about textures your words conjure up.




Some words might be about nature, some about the wind, some about an animal.

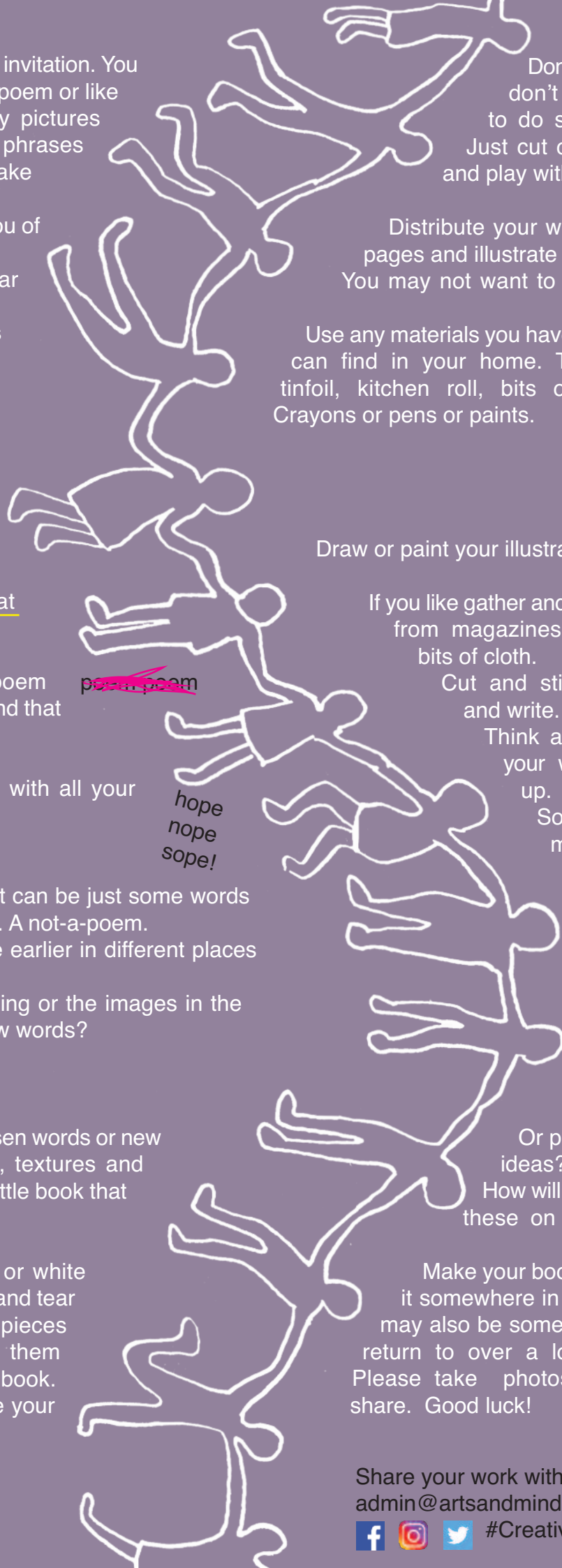
Or perhaps about ideas?

How will you represent these on your pages?

Make your book and exhibit it somewhere in your home. It may also be something you can return to over a longer period. Please take photos to keep or share. Good luck!

Share your work with us
admin@artsandminds.org.uk

   #CreativeCare



DISTANT HILLS

What is there in those distant hills
my fancy longs to see,
That many a mood of joy instills?
Say what can fancy be?

Do old oaks thicken all the woods,
with weeds and brakes as here?
Does common water make the floods,
that's common everywhere?

Is grass the green that clothes the ground?
Are springs the common springs?
Daisies and cowslips dropping round,
are such the flowers she brings?

John Clare (1793-1864)

YOU'RE

Clownlike, happiest on your hands,
Feet to the stars, and moon-skulled,
Gilled like a fish. A common-sense
Thumbs-down on the dodo's mode.
Wrapped up in yourself like a spool,
Trawling your dark as owls do.
Mute as a turnip from the Fourth
Of July to All Fools' Day,
O high-riser, my little loaf.

Vague as fog and looked for like mail.
Farther off than Australia.
Bent-backed Atlas, our traveled prawn.
Snug as a bud and at home
Like a sprat in a pickle jug.
A creel of eels, all ripples.
Jumpy as a Mexican bean.
Right, like a well-done sum.
A clean slate, with your own face on.

Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

YOU WERE WEARING BLUE

the explosions are nearer this evening
the last train leaves for the south
at six tomorrow
the announcements will be in a different language

i chew the end of a match
the tips of my finger and thumb are sticky
i will wait at the station and you
will send a note, i
will read it
 it will be raining

 our shadows in the electric light
when I was eight they taught me *real*
writing
 to join up the letters

listen you said i
preferred to look
 at the sea. everything stops there at strange angles

only the boats spoil it
making you focus further

Tom Raworth (1938-2017)