

Satsuma

Stretched on tippy toes  
balancing on the small brick wall,  
I peer over the wooden panel fence  
To help the neighbours  
Feed the koi in their pond.  
Orange scales glittering in the sunshine.  
Mum calls me inside to the front room.  
Skipping through the hall  
I plonk myself down on the floor,  
sat straight backed  
legs outstretched  
under the coffee table,  
just the right height for me.  
She is holding a big folder, too big for me to hold  
But to my delight she pulls out  
drawing after drawing after drawing,  
a small chalk field mouse,  
bright pastel sunsets and  
devoted sketches of teenage dad.  
I am so happy and surprised  
Mum did this!  
my view of her shifts  
she is still mum but has become...  
something more.  
She wants to teach me to draw  
opposite the large red brick fireplace.  
Two replica pistols hang upon it  
pointing to the centre.  
Antique binoculars placed on the shelf  
stand like monoliths  
whilst the gold carriage clock  
gently spins in the centre,  
softly ticking away the time.  
Paper is set on the coffee table  
pencils, rubber and a satsuma.  
Bright orange against the vast blank page  
I stare at it closely.  
Close enough to smell sweet citrus  
whilst listening to instructions.  
Practice and pick a technique  
Hatch, cross hatch, stippling  
Look at the form, shape, colours, shading, light source  
Sun. Shining through the netted windows  
Shadows speckling the carpet  
Mum gets angry, thinks I'm not listening  
I was, I am.

This found poem was made from text on the JHG website About page.  
The penultimate line was the inspiration for the overall theme.  
It is called We are Proud to Present

We are proud to present  
Our great vision of the widest challenge  
to develop a better world via art.  
To realise this critically acclaimed possible change  
we create our leading part.  
We want to inspire people in the heart.  
We create extraordinary encounters that excite  
the world to play with great art.  
Role in the cultural life  
the audience are outstanding.

### Love is Like

Love is like Impressionism  
Some people say 'such beauty'  
and are satisfied with a flat copy  
to hint at the real thing.

Love is like minimalism  
Some people question 'is it art?'  
But do not compare what isn't there  
to what is.

Love is like conceptual art  
Some people claim 'I could do that'  
But do not get the effort and vulnerability  
it takes.