

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.