

## Poem 1: An Ode to You (Centre of Attention)

Every single day I write  
usually at somepoint too close to midnight  
as an attempt to keep my hand-in  
but it's really just a stand-in  
a sum of quantity  
not quality -  
a kind of frivolity.  
But now I am writing down  
in honour of the person, the proper noun.  
For you.

It's not really my intention  
to be the centre of attention  
but I want to mention  
while I've got your attention  
something worthy of retention  
hopefully not contention  
though it may be seen as pretention  
my rhyming invention  
helps to voice my intention  
of what I want to mention  
of this recent reflection  
in this creative projection  
of all my affection  
displayed here in this collection  
of word and image confection  
meant to help build a connection  
through verbal and visual dissection  
a creative injection  
of my real intention  
which is not to get attention  
but to give attention  
not to be the centre of attention  
but to make you the centre of my attention.

Because it's an honour to share  
the thoughts that you dare

to set free into the air  
of the things that you care  
for, the things you wanted to repair  
a past you want to declare  
and parts you want to leave there  
those words you would prepare  
of both good and unfair  
I'm so very proud to share  
all of your fire and flare  
the things that grew from despair  
into that quiet you tare  
as you dare to share what you care.

To facilitate my intention  
through giving me things to mention  
a voice worthy of retention  
You are the centre of my attention

You.

Yes, you.

You are who I'm talking to.

That very northern working man,  
the woman who doubts she could, but can.  
Those who've made this place their home  
those who it's all they've ever known  
with tragedy and mystery  
from hostility to family  
you cannot imagine the enormity  
of the impact you have had on me  
and so many others who you've passed by  
not realising that the words that fly  
free from you are so vital  
to more than this poetic recital  
You've changed this world everyday  
with all your actions, what you choose to say.

So thank you for giving me attention  
so that I can have the chance to mention  
to visually express with the best intention  
why you are the centre of my attention.

Poem 2: Chloe – I See You Standing There (Huntcliff)

I see you standing there.  
Covered in the oceans corrosive air  
with all your crumbling parts laid bare  
You still dare  
to stand right there

I look to You for guidance  
as storm clouds in the sky dance  
and here from a distance  
where I can admire your brilliance  
and incredible perseverance  
I feel your stoic silence  
despite each waves persistence  
You maintain your resistance.

And out here in my haze  
this storm becomes a maze  
that I don't know how to navigate  
but I simply cannot wait  
and hope will pass by  
though I try  
and still cry  
but stand with head held high  
because I  
see  
from here in my haze  
this personal maze  
it's simply just a phase  
and I'll make it out okay

This moment is so unclear  
but all I know is, I am here  
and amongst all this fear  
You didn't disappear.

Whether the weather is cruel or fair  
I see You standing there

Your beauty and strength you boldly declare  
I see You standing there.

And after all of this weather you've been through  
standing tall like only You do  
I think that, maybe, I can too.

Poem 3: Polly – Feels Like Home (Seaton Seafront)

You're in the centre, you're at the start  
and I'll still see you at the ending part  
Close to the Hart  
and close to my heart  
Your colourful existence is a kind of art.

Fish and chips  
while spotting ships  
and picking up chips  
of sea shells  
as she sells  
us another ice creams  
while I scream  
while falling, while learning  
with two wheels turning  
to ride a bike of my own.  
This seafront feels like home.

And on old school days  
the music plays  
from bright light arcades  
each of us wades  
into the ocean  
after the commotion  
of all of us buying sweets  
as after school treats  
sharing each of our own -  
This seafront feels like home.

And when t grows cold  
and you get told  
that you're not old  
enough to understand  
so you return to the sand.  
Music in your ears  
to calm the fears  
that teenage years  
all too often bring,

when everything  
is just too much  
and they're out of touch  
with everything.  
You try to explain  
what's happening in your brain  
while feeling all alone,  
This seafront feels like home.

Someday it gets brighter  
and I pull an all-nighter  
in secret  
we keep it  
this adventure  
we venture  
to the beach in the dark  
and we park  
ourselves together  
in this perfect weather  
we gals and guys  
eat cookies till sunrise.  
This moment,  
we own it.  
This place is our own.  
This seafront feels like home.

Poem 4: Lydia – Nowhere (Kielder)

On our way to nowhere  
to find what is now here  
because way out there  
there is almost nothing to hear

Under our feet, the crunch  
of the twigs, and the munch  
from the hungry creatures  
more than just features  
but the life of this wood  
and where we have stood  
there is a livelihood  
quiet, pure and good.

The pathway is so cryptic  
but we've brought a picnic  
which we picked up at lidl  
so that we could have a little  
snack based break

as we take  
a walk past the lake  
to ease the ache  
of the busy every day.

And we say  
nothing  
just feel  
the quiet.  
Quiet.

Inspite of the riot  
of life bursting, bustling  
sending the leaves rustling  
as the squirrels' chase  
and race  
the steps they retrace  
unearthing nuts  
so that their guts  
could be filled

these skilled  
chaotic life styles  
so many miles  
away from people.

The trees reach so high  
above where birds fly  
and creatures hop  
from top to top  
but here on the ground  
with barely a sound  
there is something new  
a deer steps into view  
and it's not everyday  
that a deer steps in your way  
and so we say  
Nothing.  
Just feel  
the quiet.  
Quiet.

Out there, in nowhere  
is us  
a pair  
who share  
a piece of silent air.  
We are there.

Poem 5: Holly – Walking Together (Richmond)

Behind the big red doors  
are a mystery collection  
of unusual trinkets  
and objects of confection.  
'Who would buy this thing?' I wonder  
pulling items from the box.  
Tins of stamps, over 100  
books of subjects so unorthodox.

When we go, we go together,  
wondering these old rock walls  
exploring cobbled hallways containing  
all these strange and gorgeous stalls.  
It was raining on one occasion  
and with no hat to cover his head  
amongst the odds and ends my Dad found  
an old ladies' plastic headscarf instead.

We have built such pretty memories  
walking out by Richmond falls  
and with each other we've loved exploring  
the walkways of Richmond market hall.

Poem 6: Hayley – Extraordinary (Langdale)

There is something extraordinary  
in the ordinary  
our beautiful kind of ordinary  
that feels so inordinary

From the world we've separated  
in this bubble we've created  
we migrated  
to this consecrated  
place  
this safe space  
we retrace  
the steps of the family  
that can finally be  
all together here  
where the air is clear  
this time share  
provides time shared  
in memories and histories  
that I was welcomed into.

They let me belong  
like all along  
I had been part  
of the heart  
of this family  
that can be  
here.

It feels like an Island,  
my land  
ad place of healing  
and feeling  
emotional connection  
in this bubble of protection.

The traditions echo through  
this place I have been welcomed into.

Sharing stories of years past  
with ripples that last  
through generations,  
celebrations  
a Bino annual on the pillow case  
this safe space  
this happy place  
where we polish the remembrance plaque  
and look back  
at this tree  
that now contains me  
This family  
that can be  
beautifully  
Ordinary.  
Inordinary.  
Extraordinary.