

MARCH

Writing from in-person group which takes place Wednesday 10.30-12.30

People share (non-obligatory) homework at the start of each session before further writing, reading and discussion. (Apologies, some items reformatted to save space):

I am (Jane)

I am not here. I am invisible. I am not seen by anyone. I am stealthy. I am a ninja. I am unnoticed. I am incognito. I am not noticed. I am not heard. I am silent. I am insignificant. I am not needed. I am listening to things that are not true. I am listening to a lie. I am not all these things. I am only human, after all.

Entrance (Will)

They say the entrance to the city centre of Nethilor was an easy one from the under city, what they failed to mention was it's up two hundred and forty stairs and the lift had stopped working twenty years ag. So poor Alice had to carry all ten bags up the water worn stairs, that were dimly lit and covered in water and moss. Her job wasn't done once she got up there as it came out in the upper outer city, and she needed to get to the upper inner city which was on the other side of the upper outer city and the river. The joys of being the mail girl who collects and drop off the mail from the under city, two hundred and forty stairs up and two hundred and forty stairs down.

I am (Liz) I am that little golden blob swimming round in a glass bowl. Blowing bubbles and weaving in and out of the castles, pushing away the pebbles from below me. Seeing huge big eyes looking in at me. It can be quite scary when they clean me out, trying to catch me with a net as I swim round and round. It's very lonely in here. I hope next time they go to the fairground they win another like me, then we can chase each other in our bowl.

I am (Pauline)

Sang Neil Diamond when he was homesick. I know exactly how he must have felt. His success dictated his whereabouts. From NY to LA. 'These days I'm lost between 2 shores' he sings. I am lost between 2 counties, just a few miles inside one and a few miles outside the other. 'I am' has a sound of ego about it and we all have one of those, but these days it is not about my ego. It's about wanting to go back to my real home before I die. I am – I am here. I am not here. None of us have a say in whether or not we are here, our parents make that choice for us. Usually, we don't have much choice about when and where we die, either. It doesn't really matter, because after we die, we can no longer say 'I am'.

I am (Maggie)

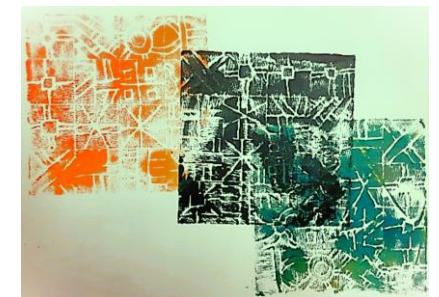
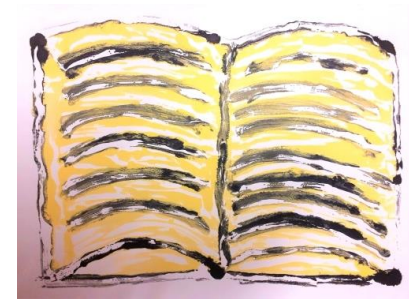
I am your future
As yet unknown to you
I know your path
I lead unseen
Your choice is to be free
Or stay in chains
I care for you
So send you messages of hope

I'm willing you
To see the patterns in the mental ropes
Defining you
And holding you
Back in the mire of anger
And self-pity
For a past you cannot change.

So - look ahead – there is a way
I'll help you cut the threads
Just dare to take my hand
And we'll release a better future
Starting now

Hill (Bill) Hill, or hills, these days have become a bit of a challenge. Stop start, heavy breathing (no, not that type) just the old ticker not working too well anymore.
But having said that, the beauty of the landscape where we live is and always will be amazing.

Some work this month celebrating **Chinese New Year** and a selection of the varied **print techniques** explored with placement student **Jess**.



MARCH DETAILS

You, our participants

currently contribute to our rent in Fountain Street and help keep our services going

with donations, large and small, in cash and in kind.

Vitally, you are also supporting one another.

My favourite film (Rachel)

My favourite film is Sixth Sense because it is so intense. My favourite bit is when his wife sits at the table waiting for him but he doesn't show up. So she leaves and then later his wife dreams of him and she knows his is with her. And then she knows he will never leave her.

Entrance (Mark) Some entrances are grand, some less so. Some say: Come in! Others: No! But whatever the door, the portico It's what is within that I wish to know.



Contact details:

c/o Leek Health Centre, Fountain St
Leek, ST13 6JB (Andy collects mail weekly)

Phone: 01538 528708

New mobile: 07760 138395 (now on a better connection)

Email: info@borderlandvoices.org.uk

Website: www.borderlandvoices.org.uk

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1398672493722468>

Borderland Voices contact: **Andy Collins: working from home**

Storm (Linda) There is a storm due later on today, with heavy rain and strong winds. People walking with broken umbrellas. Hats flying off across the street. Hair looking like a bird's nest. People running into shop entrances for shelter before they get soaked by the rain. Children jumping in puddles with their wellies.

Ploughing a furrow (Mary)

If it's the first time the field's been under the plough since anyone's great grandfather can remember, what might you turn up?

Good earth – the shine on it - worms and leather jackets, ten years under the ground - the crows gather as soon as they hear the tractor – hang in the wood's edge the other side of the drystone wall, then plunge and swoop down following, for their fat meal.

Stones – many stones tumbling away from the ploughshare - the ground nests of birds – battle bones - a golden hoard with garnets – a mouse's nest. If you are a poet, a poem.



Borderland Voices

24 years of arts for mental wellbeing



The Queen's Award for Voluntary Service

Newsletter MARCH 2022

In-person sessions, Leek Health Centre, on Wednesdays.

Every Wednesday: 10.30-12.30 Creative Writing;
1.30-3.30 Expressive Art. All welcome.

For guidelines on **finding the venue** and **ongoing sensible precautions** once inside, email info@borderlandvoices.org.uk

Images inside **Chinese New Year** and various **print techniques** with placement student **Jess**

March art: 2nd, 9th: clay work; 16th, 23rd: 3-D wire + papier mache; 30th: catch-up. All with **Jess Vere** (our Derby Uni. Creative Expressive Arts, Health, Wellbeing student on placement.)

Many thanks to supporter **Viv Young** for a generous donation

Sat 19th 10am-4pm Foxlowe Arts Centre, organised by Leek Town Council, Leek's first **Literary Festival**, including BV creative writing about the Land Army + artefacts, uniforms etc.