

F is for Poetry?

by Michael J. Hollows

The first thing we looked at was the texture of poetry and even managed to compose a giant list of the elements that make up a poem.

After that we were asked to chose our favourite vowel and to write it large on a piece of paper. This was a hard choice, every vowel is precious to me. I use and abuse them all! But as we had been talking about the 'sound' of poetry I chose:

A

This is because most musical notes, sung properly, form the sound 'ahhhhhh' and that was the first thing that came to mind. The other thing I like about it is its unique, singular connotations; A...

The next task, we were given a letter. We had to get to know the letter, look at it, roll it around our tongues. Then we had to write about that letter as i) a landscape, ii) a colour, iii) a weather, iv) an occupation, v) a time of day, vi) a food type, vii) a music. I edited a couple out because they were bad, but here is the rest:

F

F is a farm with lines of irrigation leading
to each other,
sectioning off
parts of land in a rectangle,
with a lower
case river
running
through it.

Fog is the weather that f would be
clogging up the landscape and
making it difficult to see.

Farmer f in its farm,
working hard from
the front,
the beginning.

Filling the land
with fruit.

F is the morning, when
the dew is on the ground

and an early sea mist is rising,
to block out the land and
slowly give way to day.

The music for F would be
folk,
living off the land, and
for the people.

Finally,
for all to
hear and
enjoy.

I found that quite difficult, and what happened in my head was basically a game of word association. The good thing about this is that it gets the writing 'muscle' working, which is a great thing. Hopefully my poetry will improve over time.

We were each given an object and asked to get to know it in the same way as the letter. The touch it, feel it and to taste it. You will see why, from the object I was given, that I refrained from tasting it. Here goes:

A Pound Coin

Polished smooth by the hands of time,
ridged in order to give form and purpose.

Round and round it goes,
always giving,
never taking.

Its two sides the same, but a choice.
The bridge of journey or the regal lines.
The metallic tang of manufacture.

A collection of senses,
smell like sweaty hands holding it
and considering its worth.

As it rolls along the table trying to escape,
a steady, controlled sound,
that clatters when control is lost.

The taste, forbidden,
of cold metal sticking to the tongue,
lingering, unforgiving,
like the taste of new fillings.

Shiny and used,
brought to a purity of style
and purpose.

Important,
the Queen's head looks calm and authoritative,
but the sign of age, it tells us.

2005, the year.

No latin on the sides.

Pure lines.

