

GROUP POEM

We Are

We are ten years of finding our feet and our voices,
growing up all the better for it, grounded and brave.

We are the hum in the room which charges our pens and pushes them to the
page.
Here, they belong in our hands. Here, we know what to say.

We are a tapestry of biscuit crumbs, trodden between carpet hairs.
We are tea stains that seep and connect onto the pages
packed with words and those yet to be filled
Untangling words in every corner

We are torn pages, scraps of paper taped together.
Scarred but no longer scared.

Wow, clearing out the closet feels good.
No other cleaning comes close

We are gloriously unashamed, and hold all fragile truths with care

Breath, pens moving, page turning,
breathe,
silently sharing,
thoughts slip past together

We are the history records, the stories they'll teach in schools
We are making connections between people and landscapes,
our blessed history and now

We are guts, bravery, overcoming fears.
We are campfires, Monday nights. Trains.
We are elaborate, imaginative, instinctive. Different.
We are celebrated

Shouting out on the Bandstand
Learning to look up and slow down,
I felt that I belonged; I knew that you would understand.
When I was within those walls, and freewriting lines,
I somehow found my identity too.
I was a writer and I saw that reflected in/

On that outside air which was cool and soft...
I felt we are full and floating through a warm, creative fuzz.

We are ten years of words still engrained in memory,
a reflex of imagination

I hold up my head and stop shuffling my feet,
right now (despite my height) I could reach the highest shelf.

So I say every word, and I mean it

We are this . . .