

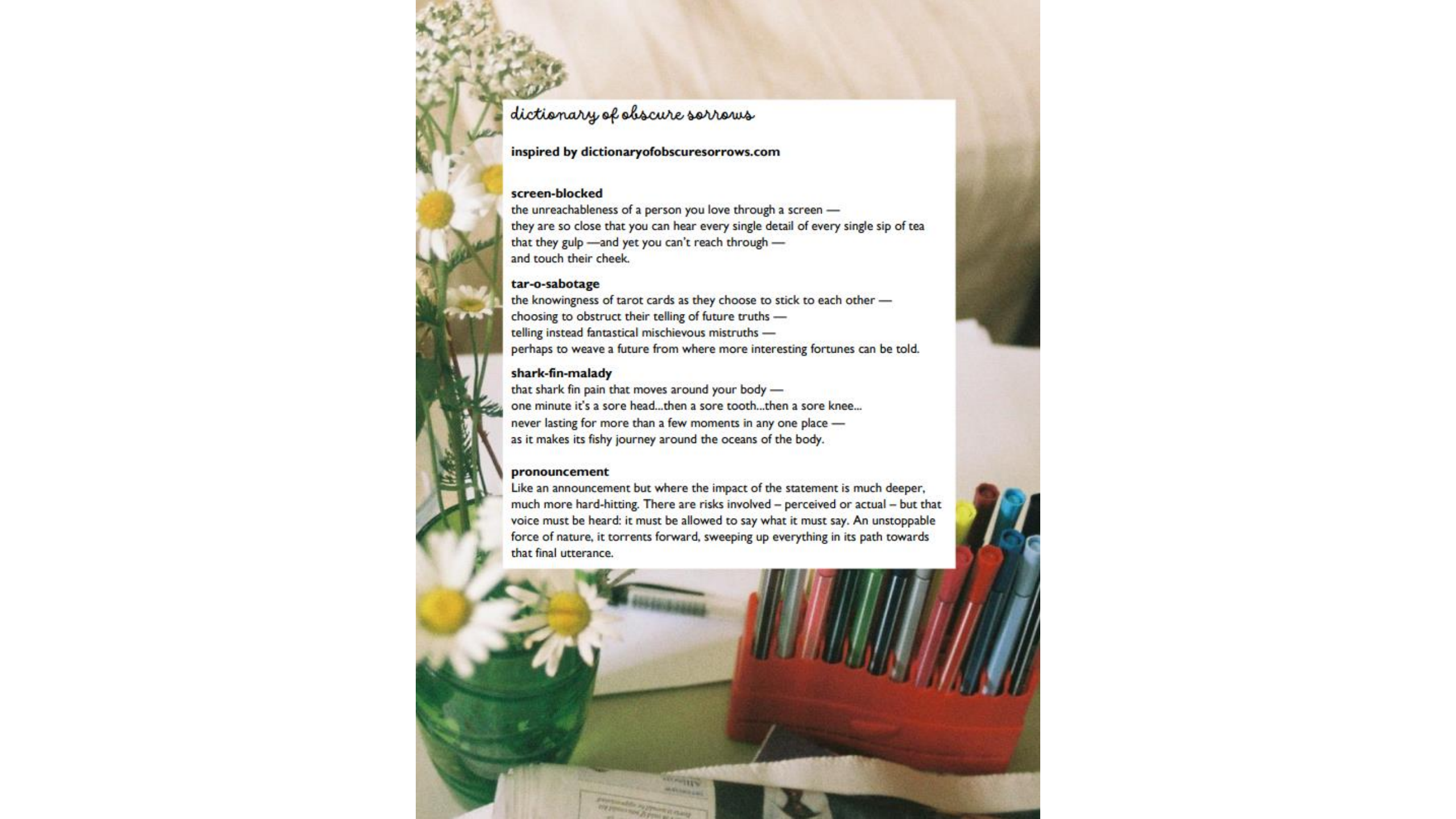


Creative Writing by Voice Collective

from 'Ways into Poetry' workshop with Bryony Littlefair

Voice

Feeling the roar bubble up inside me,
Years of suppressed statements, coming to the foreground I
catch myself, but it
runs away with me altogether. That
voice, the
voice that wants – demands – to be heard, makes itself known.
I say it, and somehow the world doesn't
end, but instead
it begins, like a sapling buried deep in the earth
suddenly shooting up, emerging from the
cold dank grubby bedding it was sown into.
It will not be contained any longer, and once again
That familiar realisation that what I say does not have to be hidden,
can be heard, without dire consequence.
Maybe, sometimes, it's OK to have a voice?



dictionary of obscure sorrows

inspired by dictionaryofobscuresorrows.com

screen-blocked

the unreachableness of a person you love through a screen — they are so close that you can hear every single detail of every single sip of tea that they gulp —and yet you can't reach through — and touch their cheek.

tar-o-sabotage

the knowingness of tarot cards as they choose to stick to each other — choosing to obstruct their telling of future truths — telling instead fantastical mischievous mistruths — perhaps to weave a future from where more interesting fortunes can be told.

shark-fin-malady

that shark fin pain that moves around your body — one minute it's a sore head...then a sore tooth...then a sore knee... never lasting for more than a few moments in any one place — as it makes its fishy journey around the oceans of the body.

pronouncement

Like an announcement but where the impact of the statement is much deeper, much more hard-hitting. There are risks involved – perceived or actual – but that voice must be heard: it must be allowed to say what it must say. An unstoppable force of nature, it torrents forward, sweeping up everything in its path towards that final utterance.