

# Lines Made by Walking

## Creative work by workshop participants



Lines Made By Walking took place online in February and March 2021. I was privileged to meet some wonderful people and hear their words and stories. The work that came out the workshops was truly inspiring. I am always amazed at how the words and images of others can help reshape your understanding and appreciation of the world, even places you know well. Thank you to everyone involved for showing this land from new angles and creating yet more beauty from it.

**Emma Decent**

The workshops were a very welcoming and inspiring experience that chimed with my own experience of connecting with nature as a way through the experience of lockdown, and of trying to reflect this in my writing. Although I'm mainly a short story writer, the workshop has encouraged me to look to poetry as an alternative form and given me welcome fresh momentum.

**Dave Wakely**

### Husbandry (acrostic d'amour)

Hard to the water's edge, the heron stands  
Under the willow, its razor beak ready to  
Spear a bream, a roach, a passing minnow,  
Blessed by the surplus of the wardens' husbandry.  
And here I stand among the rushes,  
Neck lasso'd in a scarf of Christmas velvet you  
Draped around me as I left the house,  
Risking a doorstep daylight kiss.  
Your husbandry impeccable, as always.

**Dave Wakely**



I really enjoyed the course. It opened up a part of my brain that had been asleep for a long time. Using words made pictures. I'm now more aware of the crossover between words and images.

**Rita Frayne**

### Untitled

Walking through the woods, the smell of the earth  
overwhelms my senses.  
I taste it on my lips, mouldy and tangy, fresh and alive.  
The sight of small buds on the trees, bring a smile to my  
face, a sign Spring is  
on the way.  
Flashes of yellow give me hope, telling me all will be  
well.  
So I stop and breath in the hope that nature offers.  
All will be well...

**Rita Frayne**

### BIRDS

B Beautiful to hear, so welcome to my ears.  
I Iridescent flashes of starlings' wings.  
R Rustling sounds in the undergrowth reveals the  
nervous blackbird  
D Daybreak brings sounds of joy across the valley.  
S Sparrows flit inside the hedge, sharing today's  
gossip.

**Rita Frayne**



### Colden Clough

I walk this valley to wake up  
To wake up from hibernation  
In panic to find an answer

I breathe in the forest air (breath)  
Can you help? A step  
Will this help? A step  
The green moss on the granite doesn't know about  
Covid 19  
Help me find strength I ask  
Or find some truth in the bedrock of bare bones  
Your winter trees with hands in exultation  
Bald heads kissed by the early blue morning

I don't know why the beauty of this valley makes me cry  
It's sureness so bright it aches to the core  
My chest the musty scent of rotting leaves  
My laughter their pale tinder husks falling and falling  
My heart the blackbird startled on the path ahead  
I'll take anything you can give me right now

I don't know if this emotion is grief or joy or regret or  
surrender  
My voice a crack in Snow White's tomb  
Not serene or perfected because the air got in  
And ripening became corruption, became tired and grey  
But  
There's beauty in the tracks in the muddy path  
The bejewelled blood red leaves soft in tender carpets

The silver birch a lake inverted  
A pale mirror miraging on the cliff  
There's beauty to say the first thing that comes into your  
head  
And be the valley's echoing interpreter of being

So I walk  
Stumbling upon truths in your patient depths  
And in this abundant companionship  
There is magic

**Rosemary Howes**



Cliviger Monochrome

Emma encouraged me to feel the landscape using my  
other senses rather than just my eyes. As I sat on the top  
deck of the bus on this dark snowy day enclosed in my  
glass coffin I closed my eyes and imagined the touch of  
the snow on my skin as it worked its soothing smoothing  
magic on the jagged walls, the craggy rocky outcrops,  
the withered trees and ultimately brought stillness to my  
restless mind.

**Heather J Morris**



Hudson Clough Early Spring

Firstly can I say how much I enjoyed the workshops. I'm  
not normally a writer, my preferred domains of creativity  
being the pencil, paintbrush and camera, but Emma's  
nurturing approach to bringing words responding to our  
experience of landscape out of the group was brilliant. For  
me personally this has been very timely and very helpful  
- I'm a year into producing a body of work responding to  
the landscape around Todmorden and Emma's sessions  
have helped me think a little more obliquely about what  
I might be doing (I'm never entirely convinced that I know  
what I'm doing at the best of times!).

**Martin Grimes**

### Fault Lines

Feathered now, time having blurred their definition  
Announced proudly in bony gritstone or shaled layers  
Under our feet, fathoms deep, blue clay, limestone and  
glacial rubble  
Local ruptures, streams cut adrift, lofted, cascading over  
newly cut rock  
Travellers snake over tracks shaped by deep time, desire  
paths etched by pack animals, and lonely traders

Lines cut by time, whorls and blisters atop a restless  
mantle  
Inescapable tectonic shifts, forces impossible to imagine  
or quantify  
Noble peaks were once undersea tidal runs  
Elemental evidence of impermanence  
Scarred with scarps and slip planes, the stratified crust  
laid bare

**Martin Grimes**

### Finding My Stone

The day was sunny and warm when we walked along the  
cliff top on the remote island.  
My friend was down on all fours, looking at the minute  
wild flowers which somehow  
found enough sustenance to grow on the gravelly  
ground.

Drawing my attention to a flower new to her, she told me  
to look at it. My attention was  
drawn to a misshapen, triangular stone glinting in the  
sun, enticing me to pick it up.  
Forgetting the request to look at the flower, I held the  
stone up to the sun.

It's clear ivory colour had hints of blue in its depths, with  
thin veins of gold running  
through it. The stone was warm in my hand.

The sea breeze, leaving a salty taste on my lips, seemed  
to whisper that I could keep  
this, my rough diamond!

My friend was not pleased about me taking the stone,  
but I shall return it – one day!

**Veronica Moore**

### What prompted this story

We were encouraged to bring an item to the workshop  
that meant something special to ourselves. This is the  
story of my stone which looks like a rough piece of  
quartz, which was written during the workshop.

### Peacefulness

The path is sloping towards the river  
Wind whistles through the trees on either side  
Leaves fall  
Birds chirp – singing  
Squirrel scuttles away  
The sound of trickling water  
Slip on the leaves  
A little grit stops my fall  
Dappled light shines through the leaves  
A magpie calls  
All green and clear in the morning light  
Peace!

**Veronica Moore**

This exercise encouraged us to use our senses to feel  
the atmosphere and depth of our surroundings. On the  
theme, Take My Pen For A Walk, I imagined I was in a  
place I recently visited, which for me was my local park  
early in the morning before most people arrived for their  
daily exercise during lockdown. It is a great exercise to  
take into further writing when explaining the atmosphere  
of some physical settings

### Words

The writing below is based on Free Writing. One picks  
a word, writes it vertically, then uses each letter as the  
start of a word and allow thoughts to flow, writing the  
first thing that comes into one's head. A great exercise  
to free the mind and let the words flow.

W Words come fleetingly  
R Right or wrong, who knows  
I Insight into the deep recesses  
T Thoughts tumble around  
I In the mind's eye, forgotten images  
N Nothing making sense, yet  
G Growing into a definite picture

B Bees bussing round the broom in flower  
I Insects vying for the nectar  
R Rustling heard in the undergrowth  
D Dormouse pokes its head out  
S Slips quietly away, avoiding human contact  
T Tall and majestic, swaying in the breeze  
R Resplendent in the autumn colour  
E Eventually the leaves will fall  
E Exposing the framework on which they live  
S Silently carpeting the ground, nurturing for  
continued

**Veronica Moore**



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