

Leftovers

day

breaks

breaks grey

grey and tired

a patch of grass inhales

imbibes cigarette stubs, vomit, blood – tree roots recoil

sorry, rippling grass caresses tree bark and roots, *first workmen then teens*

soiled might be the words its looking for

will there be rain today

to wash away

memories of

last

night?

After a brief, but fascinating introduction to writing about place and nature by Helen and Thorsten, we found ourselves in a tiny park with a patch of grass, some surprisingly old trees and an empty playground. We were told to find some detail within this piece of urban nature and write about it. I ended up sitting on a concrete wall. There were signs of humans everywhere. Broken glass, cigarettes, dog poo ... I wondered what it would be like for the plants growing nearby to cope with those things, and since the Fibonacci sequence offers a handy structure for poems, I ended up writing about grass in Fibonacci numbers. Overall, the writing workshop was wonderful. It offered just the right amount of factual and creative incentives one might need to try and write about nature. I'll definitely use some of them for future pieces.

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