

Autumn Gathering - our sense of Autumn

*Salty air, rotting apples,
Tangy blackberries, bitter sloes,
Guns, gales, scattered seeds,
Ochre, gold, copper, brilliant blue,
Dew on cobwebs, fat bellied spiders,
Far cry of curlew, chill wind,
Ploughed fields glimpsed through hedgerows,
Damp wood, musty leaves, stored straw,
Sudden toadstools, mushroom feasts,
Galls gripping oak trees, acorns shining...*

Drawing Ahead and High Tide Poets 5 October 2011

This poem was the result of a discussion about the things we associate with autumn before exploring an autumn hedgerow. The purpose of this warm up activity was to sharpen awareness of the senses.

Once out 'on location' we hoped the groups would observe the landscape more closely, noting the similarities and differences between what they discussed beforehand and what they actually experienced.

Guidelines:

- Brainstorm the season, using all the senses
- Walk along the hedgerow.
- Make quick notes and sketches of what you observe.
- Use found materials to experiment with mark-making – mud, leaves, berries, flowers. etc
- On return to base try to identify as many of your observations as possible
- Make a collage of the hedgerow, using your notes and sketches. Include the names of plants and birds and colours, arranged as a verbal/visual representation of the hedgerow

Materials

Flipchart/marker pens for brainstorm
Clipboards, writing and drawing materials
Glue sticks and PVA
A1 or A2 sheets of paper for hedgerow collage
Wild life books - wild life experts if possible!
Paints, pastels etc
Plastic bags to collect found materials

estuary

Kings Manor Farm
through the seasons

a combined arts
project 2011-2012

Examples of Hedgerow Fragments for Collage

*A whirligig of dancing leaves
rusts and gold, greens and browns,
glistening garlands of bryony,
grey wispy seeds of Old Man's Beard
nod and toss their grizzled heads
Dusty brambles clamber heavy with fruit.*

Caroline

*Lustrous sloe, lingo of the hedgerows
lures with promised lusciousness
delivers shrivelled tissues
dessicated tongue*

Joan

*A free wild larder
the bounty of the year,
leaves flutter down
like tears falling from a tree.*

Claire

Collage of an Autumn Day at Kings Manor Farm

*Bindweed's last flower like a trumpet,
a sour bite of sloe, chilly breeze on our skin,
blackberries squilch,
buzz of tractor engines, shot gun cracks,
hops clinging to hedgerows with tiny hooks,
twist of steel arm of mincing machine,
fingers in squelchy mince, burger-maker clicks,
strong smell of meat, the smell of the dead cow,
An Aberdeen Angus hangs in the freezer,
almost touches the floor,
red meat striped with creamy fat,
last swallow glides through the classroom,
sweeps towards closed window, will it escape?
Is it too late to journey back to Africa?
First fallen leaves under our feet, pink of squished madder,
prickly teasle with fine claws,
beware poisonous woody nightshade
with fruit like tiny tomatoes,
a donkey brays, a pheasant squawks.*

*Kian, Jack, Evie, Saffie, Bertie, Denver, William, Harry, Maia, Jack, Louella, Jensen, Yarmouth and Shalfleet Primary Schools
(Poem created from children's notes and memories of the autumn day workshop)*

Lydia Fulleylove