



Keep Talking: Creativity

An explosion of talents
uncovered during a global
pandemic.

Keep Talking Creativity

A passion for community research and pure determination to ensure the sustainability of the group; Keep Talking community researchers unconsciously raised the bar and unleashed an explosion of creations during the lockdown of 2020.

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and

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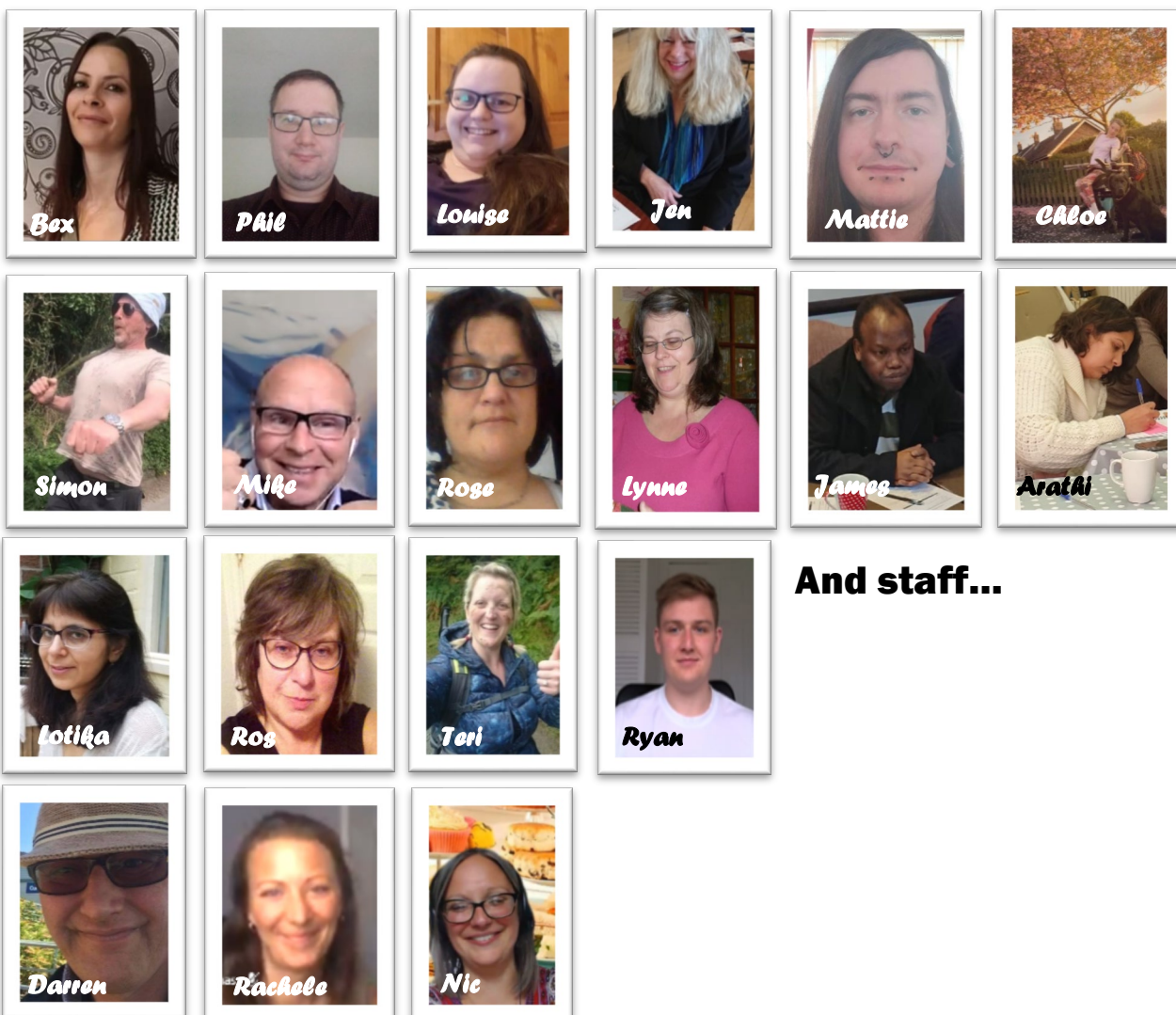
Keep Talking Creativity

During the lockdown resulting from the Covid-19 pandemic in 2020, Keep Talking community researchers created a bond that became the foundation to enlighten the community with creativity. From taking photographs whilst out walking the dog, to baking their grandma's homemade scones recipes, Keep Talking community researchers were able to connect and share through a safe space on social media. This became a virtual home, or hub for most to declare their feelings, thoughts and words of encouragement to help and support each other during these uncertain times.

Creativity helped the group express themselves without pressure, judgements, or negativity. Not only did this highlight the diverse talents within the group but also gave hope and encouraged others within the group to try new ways of expressing themselves, supporting each other mentally and physically.

This book of poetry and photography, created during the Covid-19 lockdown of 2020, highlights just some of the talents of the Keep Talking community research team. The poetry explores themes of reflection, mental ill-health, friendship and the adaptations we have had to make during an extraordinary year. The photography highlights the importance of nature, community and home for the team as they navigated ways of staying connected while being physically distanced.

Meet some of the Keep Talking Community Research team...



To All Keyworkers,
THANK YOU!!!
To All
**STAY SAFE, HAPPY &
HEALTHY!!!**
#BRITAINGETTALKING



Freedom Regained

What will it look like?
how will we fare?
what has been learnt?
how do we care?
can we make a difference,
live our life our best,
be kinder, more equal,
'social respect', come to rest,
every, each one of us,
touched by virus wars,
need to encourage,
mingle better, try more.
Creativity flourished,
for some, in quarantine,
ideas shared, photos taken,
quite arty the scene;
Given time people relaxed
they felt more at ease,
to all, that got through this,
and out t'other side,
let's use the positive
that's worked,
we tested, we tried,
to continue to reach out,
to those without voice,
isolated, marginalised
feel like they got no choice,
bring us all together
in a forum of ideas,
share some food,
stories swapped,
dissipate all fears.



Pink Clouds

I urge you to go out, see pink fluffy clouds.

You better go out, go out right now.

The moon is in gibbous, right now it is on glow.

The heavens put on a beautiful show.

I saw a squid, turn into, a hippo that is pink

Look up and see, see what you think.

A diplodocus took stride up to my left

then it disappeared; I was bereft,

at having no-one, with which to share

this magical sight, right now, right there.

Then this idea, popped into my mind

I could capture this moment to share, say in rhyme.

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Stars

An hour has passed, the heavens all change.
Except waxing gibbous, She's still the same.
But now She is brighter and shows her face.
Her luminosity glorious, under her grace.
She is blowing, our moon, and blowing right now!
Blowing away, wretched virus, under which we all cower.
The skies; unique, dusky blue; fading vignette
(endlessly copied by man. Ain't got it right, yet!)
which as the sun sunk, out to the West?
faded to ochre, and all the best...
Is yet to come, Sirius,
brightest of the stars
looks at its best, right now, by far.
Orion's Belt materializes into view.
his three-starred belt: his shoulders too.
Betelgeuse emerges before my eyes,
As darkness creeps into the skies.
Tonight, the whole world, together, unites
With love; belief; that we can fight
COVID 19, by mind alone
and with moons help
We're bound to show
That all can be true, and sincere
humanity can share a dream,
and live in happiness, with no fear.



Blossoms

Cream white blossoms,
dipped and danced;
like a fairies' ball,
I was, entranced,
billowy petticoats,
flutter and twirl,
dance on breeze
each tiny girl
so much blossom,
boughs weighed down,
fairies mingle,
swish of gown
image, vivid,
thought took flight -
Queen of Fairies,
appears through light
her King, was dark,
as she was fair -
they dance together,
light as air,
magic moment,
today, found
sweet birdsong,
the only sound.



A Friend

I tried to 'bing' poems to a very good friend,
but she's retreated, withdrawn:

She thinks it's the end.

I am very sad for her, and others, alike -
who battles their demons?
demon wins fight.

Mental health issues are so very complex,
and leave friends and family feeling totally vexed.

Depression, anxiety, to name but a few.

these terrible demons affect me and you;

maybe not here, maybe not now,

but some day we all feel out of our-

minds, in extreme, or just out of whack

or suffer, unbidden, a panic attack.

so, to get round this problem, I thought hard and long
how to help soothe her nerves with poem or song.

It finally came to me, quiet as a ghost
without use of technology, just use the post.

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Friends

I feel lucky, I am blessed;
I have great friends;
you are the best.
With love and guidance
from a few-
emotional turmoil,
I got through.
Out of nowhere,
or so it seems -
an awning chasm
filled my dreams;
my thought's a spiral,
spinning; black.
Must not step forward -
can't step back.
Frustration boiled,
amid confusion;
clear state of mind
no more,
illusion.
Good friends, saw through,
picked up the signs
they helped with words
to soothe my mind...
til I felt better,
chasm shut.
Demons locked back in their hut.
Thanks, my friends,
I hope I'm there
for you, some day,
if you have fear.



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Magical Moon

Today, I'm on fire, and inspired to write
about our magical moon, shining brightly, last night.

high in the sky; now near to whole,
shimmering silver, pleasing the soul.

Tonight, she was different, one of a kind...
she had like a *moon bow*, that word comes to mind.

A halo of gold shone through thin cloud.

It refracted the light, this voile-like shroud.

And then, for or a second, it looked like an eye
(as secondary *moon bow* made an eyebrow)
of a massive marine mammal, and, with a sigh
the wind did then whisper, and cloud was a scatter....

A cosmic delight within our universe.

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Extraordinary times

Extraordinary times,
call for
extraordinary measures,
look beyond our normal scope,
think outside the box,
seek ideas from others,
evaluate that treasure,
turn things on their head,
times demand a new approach,
rediscover consideration,
it's all out there,
no reproach,
oyster mushrooms
counter contamination,
of the nuclear kind,
in ninety days,
the soil is free
of radiation, find mucuna beans fix nitrogen,
into lifeless soil,
If, ploughed back in,
in three years time,
it's fertile,
worth the toil
sonic waves in H two O,
clean out grease in nanoseconds,
why use detergents,
at all,
when this tech is fab,
I reckon re-prioritise, reconsider,
recycle, reconstruct,
reawaken our awareness,
devastation - stop!
Obstruct.

Jenifer Spice



Inspiration Isolation

Silenced voices gather 'round,
listen you can speak,

Collective whispers make bigger sounds,
from those once considered weak,

it makes more sense than shouting fools,
considered at their peak,

as Inspiration comes and goes,
doubt in and out does creep,

a barrier or revolving door,
it's a creative hide and seek,

scribble it down, let it ferment,
come back and give a tweak,

perhaps unfinished, the latest draft,
just keep moving to its beat.



The Carer

When days become weeks,
stretch into months
and then years,
How do we cope
with the pressure,
our fears...
for ourselves,
our dependant(s),
their needs as they grow?
Did we sign up for life?
Life, to forgo?
It shouldn't feel like this,
but it often does,
despite all our strength,
our care and our love.
Being overlooked,
don't help,
don't help,
one bit -
we're giving our lives,
we're emotionally hit,
hours unpaid,
mental health at full stretch,
no regular break,
leaves one feeling a wretch;
resources are few,
life can pare down
to doctors and nurses,
men in white gowns,
chemists and specialists,
paperwork galore;
and then,
after death,
more paperwork,
more.



Human Kind

Political correctness, may yet, us, serve,
a use is seems: Please observe;
Mankind, we cannot say, it's wrong!
Humankind, it became, to which all belong.
But why not, turn it right around?
Kind humans, is what I have found,
are the humans, that I like to know-
honest, open friendship, they do show.
Have free minds; and love of man,
and woman, and child, and all they can
influence and help. They hate wars.
And "isms"...don't get me started, they abhor.
So a lesson, to all, should be for the mind:
'Kind humans bring out the best in humankind.'

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Community Research

Community Research
is what we are,
without judgement without prejudice,
we like to reach far,
search for the souls,
disenchanted by life,
to offer them hope, diminish their strife,
we like to hear voices,
your point of view,
at community meals we reached quite a few.

But what to do?
How to do it?
with Covid-19
Keep Talking,
we're working on,
as part of a team,
still intent on helping by video screen,
blog, podcast, or poems,
by lengthy phone calls,
we still hope and aim
to reach out to you all.

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Keep Talking (in lockdown)

Something to make you smile;
the video meeting went down in style.

Each attendee had a chance
to put their point of view forward
to help enhance,

The Keep Talking model,
and little bit more,

all without even opening a door!

It was novel and fun, and made you think
(and got me away from the kitchen sink).

Will type up some notes,
and put on WhatsApp,

And allow you to sort the wheat from the chaff.

It was not as difficult as I thought it might be,
as we all have Ryan,
to chat to with ease.

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With thanks to...

Nicola Gratton for being such a great lead and positive role model during these difficult times, she has steered us as a group and ensured no community researcher that still wanted to be involved with the project were not left behind – And on behalf of myself (Teri Elder) and Ryan Fox, she has been fantastic to work for and continues surprise us with her new creative ideas and connections!

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Teri Elder, Project Assistant for Keep Talking

