

REFLECTIONS REFLECTIONS

LEEDS
ART
GALLERY



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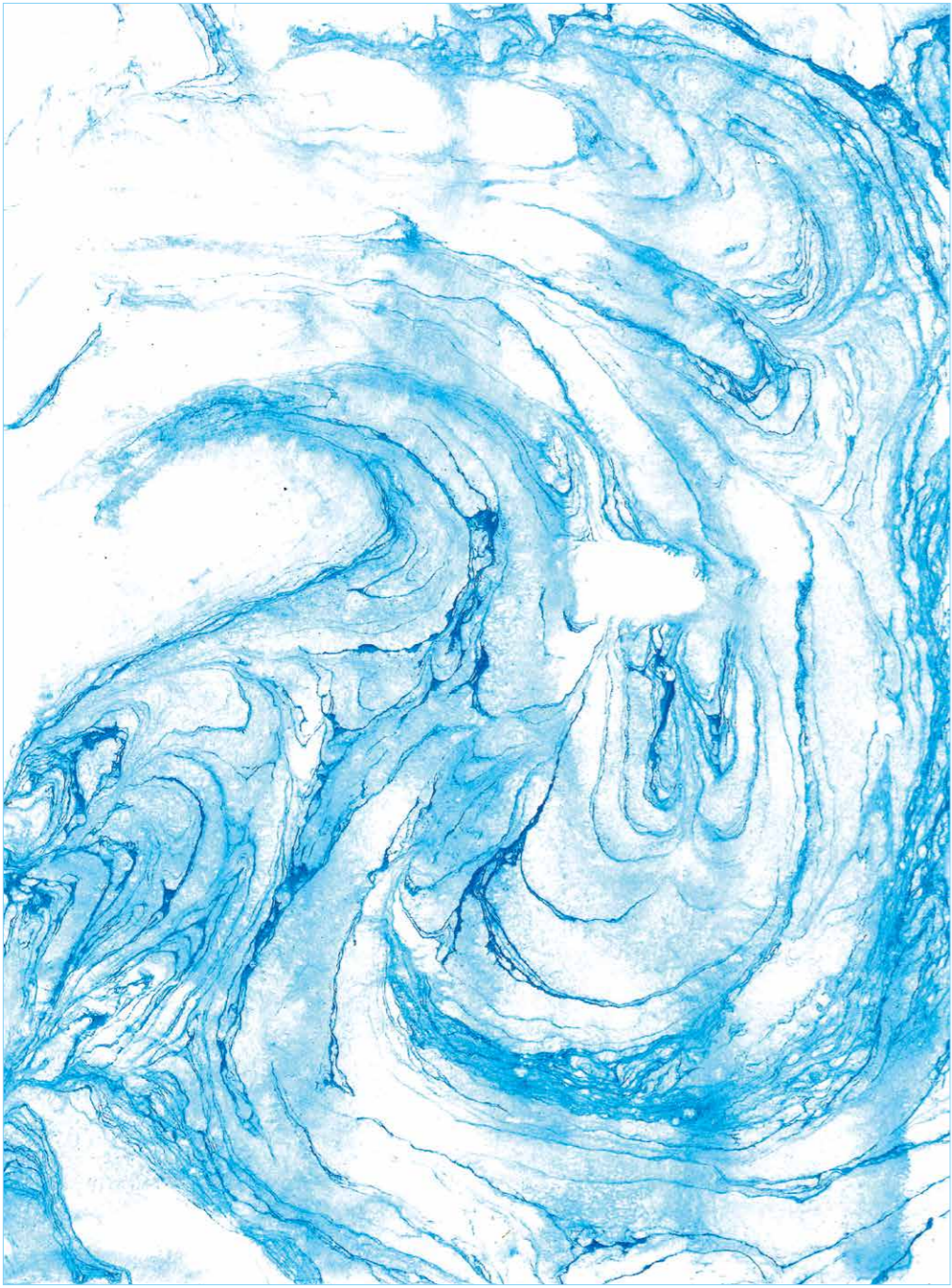
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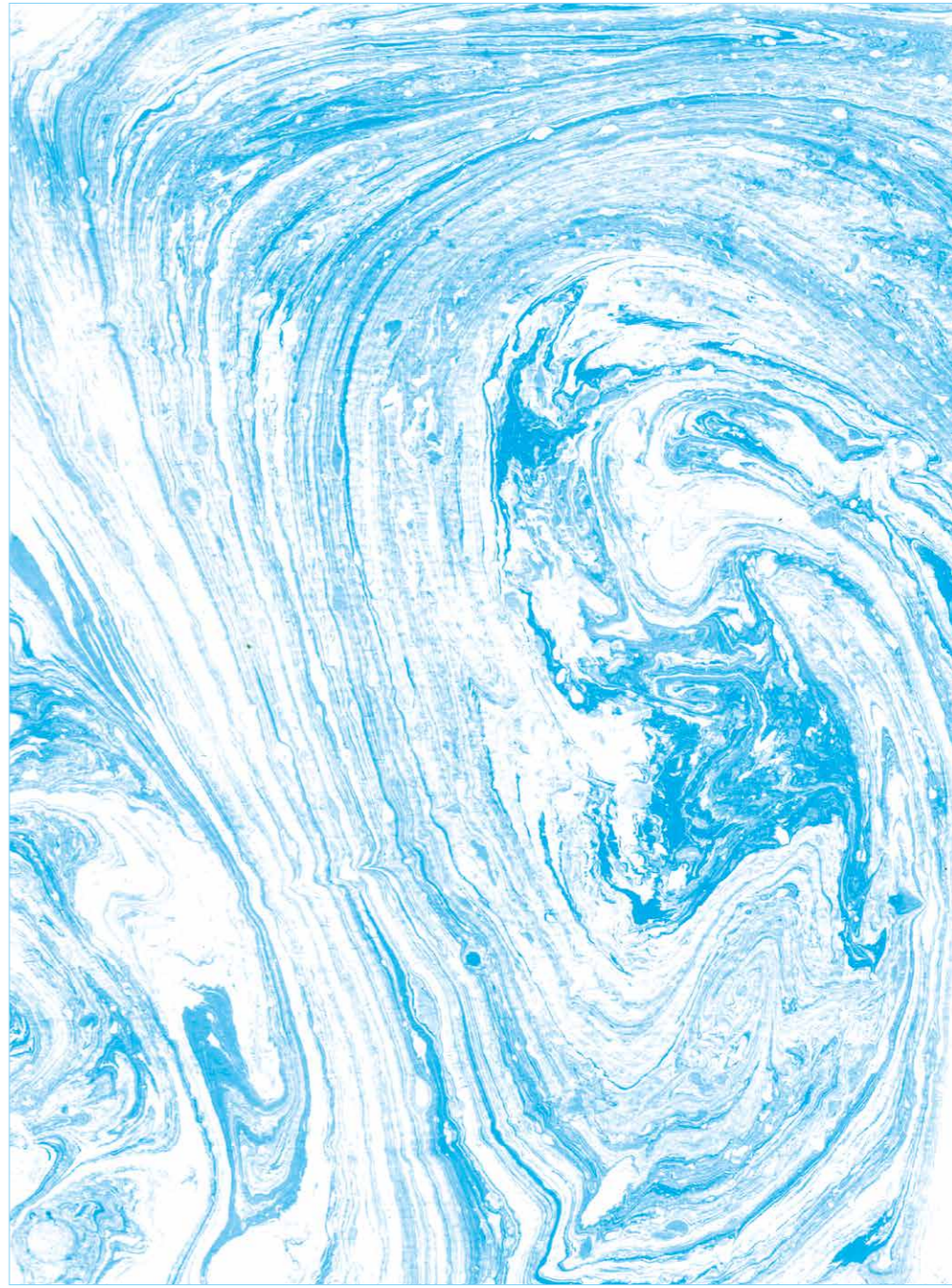


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INTRODUCTION

This anthology of poetry is the culmination of four workshops that took place at Leeds Art Gallery, between members of Arts & Minds Network and award-winning poet and performer Rommi Smith. They were invited to respond to the exhibitions showing in February and March 2023, and to focus on those that related to the theme of the sea. Exhibitions included: *Object, Space, Time*; *The Leeds Artists Show*; and the permanent collection of the Ziff Gallery.

Object, Space, Time was an exhibition curated by Nigel Walsh that explored the work of John Tunnard and his peers through themes of water, the sea and their relationship to land. Flowing through the ethos of the space was the invite to slow down, dwell and let your imagination wander. *The Leeds Artists Show* showcased artworks created by 90 artists from across the city. The exhibition featured drawing, painting, photography, performance, sculpture, textiles, film and video and celebrated the richness and diversity of the city's art scene. The Ziff Gallery features aspects of the Gallery's permanent collection and includes several works by Victorian artists related to the sea.

Gallery Curator Nigel Walsh introduced the group to the inspiration, themes and narrative of the exhibition *Object, Space, Time*. This was followed by a series of poetry workshops led by writer Rommi Smith, where participants were enabled to shape their own written responses to the collection. Members' experience of poetry and creative writing varied hugely, from those that had no experience to those that had.

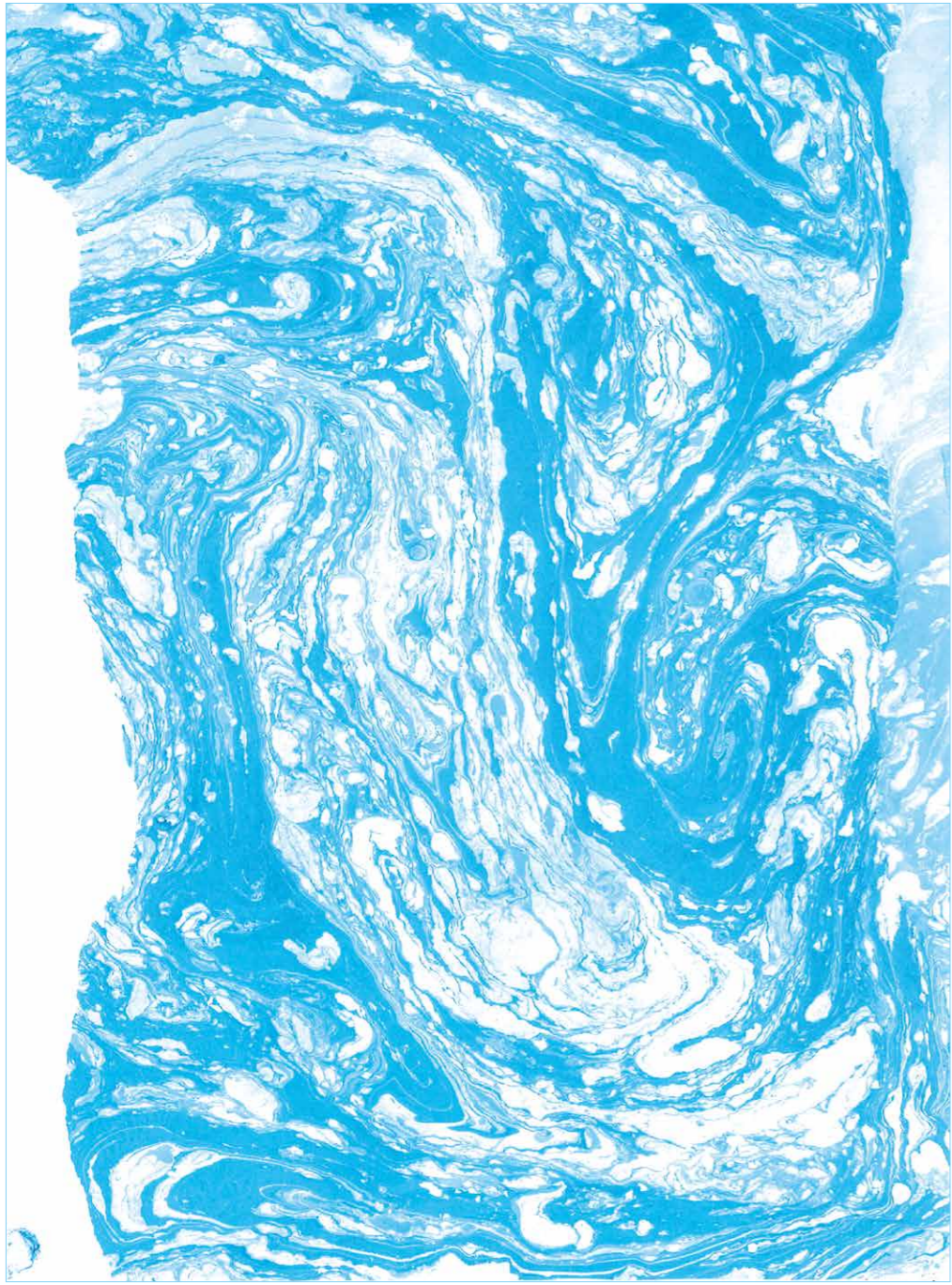
Many group members described the positive benefits the project had on their mental health, as well as their increased confidence, knowledge, and skills to write poetry. Participants also created the artwork that features in the book and directed the book's shape and format. The poems follow the order of the workshops, as the group wanted the book to illustrate how their work had evolved over the course of the project.

Reflections is packed with a rich variety of styles and approaches, and contains a fresh, raw collection of poems by new and emerging writers that will delight and surprise the reader. We hope that this eclectic work gives you new insights as you sit and read it amongst the Gallery's collections, helping you see them anew, and even inspires your own poetry.

This project was a collaboration between Arts & Minds Network and Leeds Art Gallery, joint funded by both partners. Many thanks to all who made this beautiful book possible. Special thanks to the amazing writers, and to Rommi for revealing this rich vein of undiscovered talent.

LINDA BOYLES

ARTS & MINDS DEVELOPMENT MANAGER

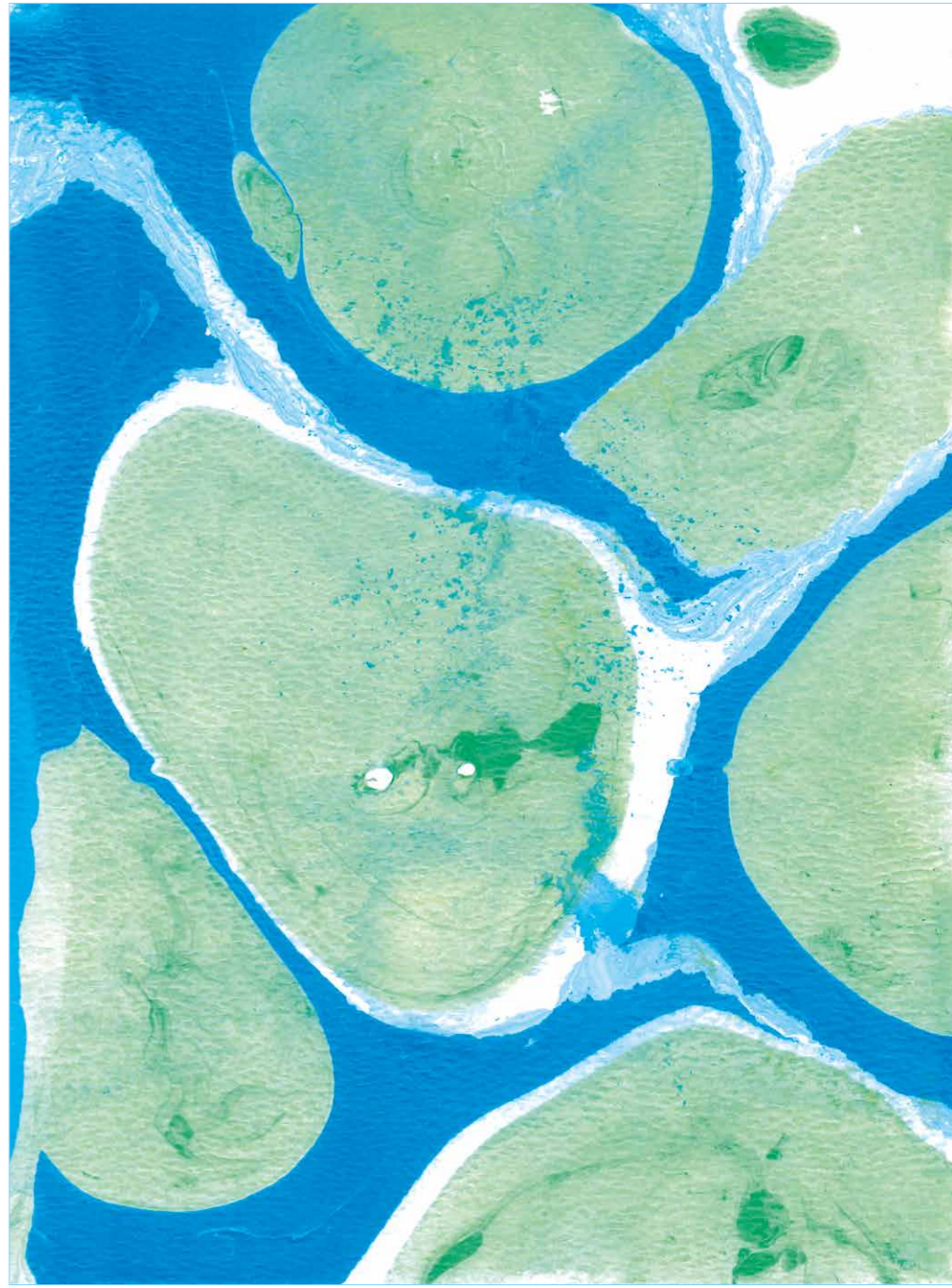


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VISUAL REFLECTIONS



CHAPTER ONE

GROWING UP

I was indistinguishable from the sky,
but I was an ocean of hearts.
Except that the sea I was in
didn't know I was drowning.
I was drowning in my heart.

I remember a storm and a boat
or maybe it was a ship.
I watched on in awe,
people had come to rescue me.
I didn't know their names.

But I felt safe.
The clouds were running from the storm
towards the boat.
I looked at the clouds.
I felt scared, but I did it anyway.

And then I was a body
with no head
or so it seemed
until the storm
gave me a chance to grow it back.

DANIEL WHITE

SUNSET ON THE SEA

The clouds leap across the sky,
escaping the sun's fading light.
The rocks huddle together,
watching the light,
at the end of its journey.
Thin red streaks
like shooting stars,
run to the horizon.

DANIEL WHITE

IMMEDIATE RESPONSE

Still, blue, green,
sluggish, reflective
polluted, lap
roar, ebb, crash,
cold, yellow
sulphurous
shadowed, man-made
canal versus ocean versus river
moonlight
brushstrokes.

MORTICIA

*Inspired by 'Reflections on the Aire on strike' 1879 by John Atkinson Grimshaw.
Located in the Ziff Gallery.*

SECONDARY RESPONSE

Nestled between man-made banks
tight within industrious boundaries
not for leisure but industry
contemplation of escape
sulphurous yellows, dirty white toxicity
thin moonlight breaks through the smog
life happens on, next to but not in
no refuge except for the lost and wasted

MORTICIA

*Inspired by 'Reflections on the Aire on strike' 1879 by John Atkinson Grimshaw.
Located in the Ziff Gallery.*

THESE WORDS WERE SUGGESTED BY X-RAY FISH BY JOHN TUNNARD

In a blink
insides laid out
with skeletal precision,
cast aside
to lay deep
death detritus

MORTICIA

Inspired by 'X-Ray Fish' 1947 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

WATER MATTERS

Angry waters take no prisoners.
Serene seas, **serenity** makes.
Mysterious rivers hold real stories.
Sensitive aquas draw me near.

FE

Inspired by various paintings located in the Ziff Gallery.

SEAEMOTIONS

I am an expansion of
soft, soft,
blues and hues.

There is
nothing here
that will interrupt
my serene
reach,

not even
the sailed
vessels, that caress
my surface.

I breathe,
I flow,
I tenderly
touch
the shore.

I LOVE being water.
I love being calm.

I know
if the moon
speaks to me
in a certain
way... I will change.

But right now,
the moon is
silent
and so am I.

I smile
at the heavenly
clouds
above me
because we move in
synchrony.

All is
at peace.
All of my
blues and hues
as a sisterhood,
as it should be.

FE

Inspired by 'The Harbour Bar' 1890, by Adrian Stokes. Located in the East Gallery.

LA GENTE

There is silence
in a town,
once bustling with,
life,
love and
laughter.

The houses,
silently
speak of their
loss.

There are
no persons
inhabiting,
yet
the town is
still alive.

Waiting,
wanting in
patience
and
yearning.

The LIGHT
of the
day,
has frozen in
defiance
of the
change.

The change,
is not
accepted.

The loss
has been
regretted.

The windows
wait,
like frames,
to be filled.

Portraits
of people,
lost...

but portraits
never
forgot.

FE

Inspired by 'Marseilles' 1926, by Edward Wadsworth. Located in the East Gallery.

WAVE

I am a flooding deluge of turquoise.
Seeping, wrapping, and feeling.
Endlessly seeking.
I am wave.
A drenching hurrah.

I am the heaving water;
supporting the bulking bulwark.
I am energy passing through.
A tender caress
on naked flesh.

I play.
Dip and dive.
I strike harsh.
Slice in half.
Drowning killer.

Approaching the shallows;
my bed, a churning darkness
of stone and rock; and sinking sand.
The absence of light;
evidence of my obliterations.

I lurch forwards and upwards.
Repeating.
Again, the same movements and moment.
The endless reiterating.
Remembering, forgetting and failed working through.

A lost cry at sea.
The disturbance builds
forcing the wave.
Slowing and compressing.
Cresting yet never arriving.

I am wet and all at sea.
I crash down.
Disperse.
Dissipating to surf.
Dissipated self.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'The Mermaids Rock' 1894 by Edward Matthew Hale. Located in the Ziff Gallery.

ESTUARY

The tide snakes full and fat
towards the sea. Sand islands
in parallel blocks. Thinning
and blurring, merging
until disappeared.

Horizontal poles
mark the tidal depths
and keep time
with the lunar;

drawing in
and drawing out;
attracting and repelling.

A polar triangle
warns of a danger
nowhere yet in sight.

Grey cumulus
rumble and roll
across the sludgy horizon;

threatening
and roiling;
thundering in the distance.

Silvered swaying,
switching and
squashing water
to steel blue
and titanium white.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'Silver Estuary' 1925-27 by C.R.W. Nevinson. Located in the East Gallery.

EMERGENCE

The creak of damp unfolding wings
unsticking out of water
into wriggling yellow light

After the long sub aqua climb - out!
On a bright yellow drying day -
their jointed legs, their vasty wings.

AMANDA SZEKELY

Inspired by 'Emergence' 1958 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

LOST ESCAPISM

Lost escapism overwhelming.
Unseen depth captivating.

Pulling me into non-existence.
Hidden, tranquil and torrid,
reflecting dreams.

Deep sleeping, rhythm continuing beyond time.
An endless mirror.
Hidden, tranquil, torrid.

Unseen depth captivating.
Lost escapism overwhelming.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

VAST

I rise and fall, though no one moves me.
Graceful, calm forever reflecting.

The sky above me my only companion.
I rise and fall, the wind passes over.
I am lost in my own mystery.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

LOST AT SEA

There are actions without consequences.
The future seems spectral and ill defined.
Challenging the perception of what is real.
Able to manifest into something.
The feet on the ship remain rooted in reality.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

MERMAIDS ROCK

I am the thin veil of white. I rise until I reach the peak before I drop and dissipate into the darker shades of incandescent blues and greens. Deeper and deeper, plummeting into the endless blackness and the gloom below. I move fluidly, blending and breathing through the blackness into the dank depths of my depression and despair. Only to rise again.

Pushing up from the rocky seabed which is an apt reflection of my hopelessness. I set off speeding, faster and faster through the unidentifiable black abyss. I swirl into the navy blues, through the rheumy, murky greens until my travel upwards through the ocean gives way to the shades of translucent blues that quickly merge into a transparent turquoise that is reflected back from the skies. I find myself soaring above the thin veil of white. I collide and explode with the horizon. I am lost within the white clouds and the blue skies. I am soaring and finally feeling the elation I have been chasing for so long.

I seem to endlessly repeat the whole process over and over again. I reach the point of failure and exhaustion frequently until the power and danger of the sea abates.

I again become fluid, basking in the heat of the sun, the turbulent waves of the rough seas forgotten in the current moment. I know they will return again with the same if not with a lot more turbulence, danger and vigour. For now, I am content to be me.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by excerpt from 'The Waves' by Virginia Woolf.

THE SURREAL FISH SKELETON

Skeletal remnants of a life gone by
The aroma of the smokehouse
that is long forgotten.

Shark, Pike, the skeletal remains
of the fish that are reflected,
the whole earth, over and over again
in life and death.

The naked whiteness of the bones
is observed to be even more
of a stark contrast with the iridescent
brightness of the flowers and foliage.

The threatening presence
of the shadow of death
is almost ironically alive
in the ebb and flow of the ocean.

A sea that is a consistent
and endless form
of evolution.
A true reflection
of the certainty
of life and death.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by 'X-Ray Fish' 1947 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

PEACE, PLEASURE AND PAIN

The sea is:
A scene of turbulent, penetrating danger that is spellbinding. Cold and irresistible. I dip my toe into the chills of the winter waters, not knowing what dangers or pleasures exist.

The sea is:
Curious, spooky, a dark defiance in the past, present, and future, beyond us all.

The sea is:
A mysterious, hypnotising, spellbinding, accepting sense of calm and self.

The sea is:
A unique, certain, constant, reliable, and enchanting world of true and real depths that constantly evolves.

The sea is:
Able to devour my body, mind and soul, wholly and completely. Losing myself in the moment, breathing deeply the unique aroma that can only be experienced by the sea, finally finding peace within myself.

LISA DUNN

RECLINING

Reclining, her instrument
close at hand
but silent.

She feels no pressure to play
but rests in silence in her head
is composing tunes
Others may never hear.

She can be intimate with the
Partner of or her creativity
she plays to her own heart.

If a listener is moved,
She is pleased
But that is of little importance
to how her strings speak.

MAUREEN RICH

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

Fanning out, the sea's movement is guided
by constraints of boundaries
and points of passage,
ferocity of wind or gentleness of a breeze
an enduring reminder of its capriciousness.

Darkness settles on restless waters
where reflected light dances atop gentle ripples,
here a patch of gold, there a hint of green.
Moving, teasing

before sliding back in the shadowy water
only to rise again, like wet claws
beaconing landlubbers to search again
for rhythmic lights that delight the eye,
provide merriment.

But it keeps not its promise.
Ripples swell, reflections fracture
The sea now threatening,
dark, disturbing, deceitful.

Robbing all of illusion of safe passage
It's strength roars,
It will not be constrained
Its movements, mystery and light, cannot be controlled.

Like the Sea, I must be free
and you must discover
your own ebbs and flows.

MAUREEN RICH

THE CARGO

Sun rays cast white shafts of light to brighten the mermaid's chasm.

I circle and caress the scaly skins of the creatures that play and strive whilst living amongst me.

My inhabitants dive and get lost in my inky depths then resurface into my pale, aqua blue.

Sometimes they survive my ferocious thrashing of turns, lashed, thrown aside and adrift, clinging to anything that will beholder them.

The creatures can find solace on the sides of a visiting vessel, which at most I keep effortlessly afloat, safely synchronising and moving in harmony with every wave I propel across my surface.

Pushing towards the cool breeze to keep it on route and direct it gently away from the crackling, popping shore.

Instinctively knowing my ocean-guardian's, my mermaid's who swim playfully around the barnacled clad vast hull, will soothe, and safely guide this great wooden holder of prized cargo, on its way.

CASSY BURTON

Inspired by 'The Mermaids Rock' 1894 Edward Matthew Hale. Located in the Ziff Gallery.

DEEP SEA SHRAPNEL

Deep coloured swatches of inky blue and murky green flows through the water, laid below tiny white rows of broken track lines or precision points from a cartographer's equipment.

The plane is split by a large two-tone anchor dividing the space, nearly behind to the side is a strong red rudder no more guiding, fore fronting a sea-scrap-yard full of wrecked shrapnel and a large black cannon ball marked with a symbol sits amongst it all.

A swathe of rusty brown/orange colour sits amongst the scrap like a misread, dryly brushed in, misplaced, abstract ghostly shape floating and guarding its unworthy treasure.

CASSY BURTON

Inspired by 'Davy Jones Locker' 1946 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

ABSTRACT

A primary, bright yellow background,
placed centre: two white-filled half-moons

cross over each other. Two white circles,
abstracted on a reflective sea;

a dark shiny sea. Inland, three mosquitos
stand rigid, like Indian tepees.

on a great plain, their opaque, veined wings
resembling a mapper existence,

their faces pointed upwards,
towards the sky, looking for a sign.

JANE AUSTWICK

Inspired by 'Calvary' 1958 by John Tunnard. Located in the Ziff Gallery.

SPIRIT OF THE SEA

I push towards the surface
so the nymphs can float in me –
They tread my water and levitate
Looking towards the oncoming ship.

The sirens beckon the sailors
Towards the abyss of my unknown
Depths. I hit the ship with
All my force, the ship crashes into

The Mermaids Rock, breaking up
Into pieces. The men fall into the
Beckoning arms of the sirens –
Who hold them up for a short,

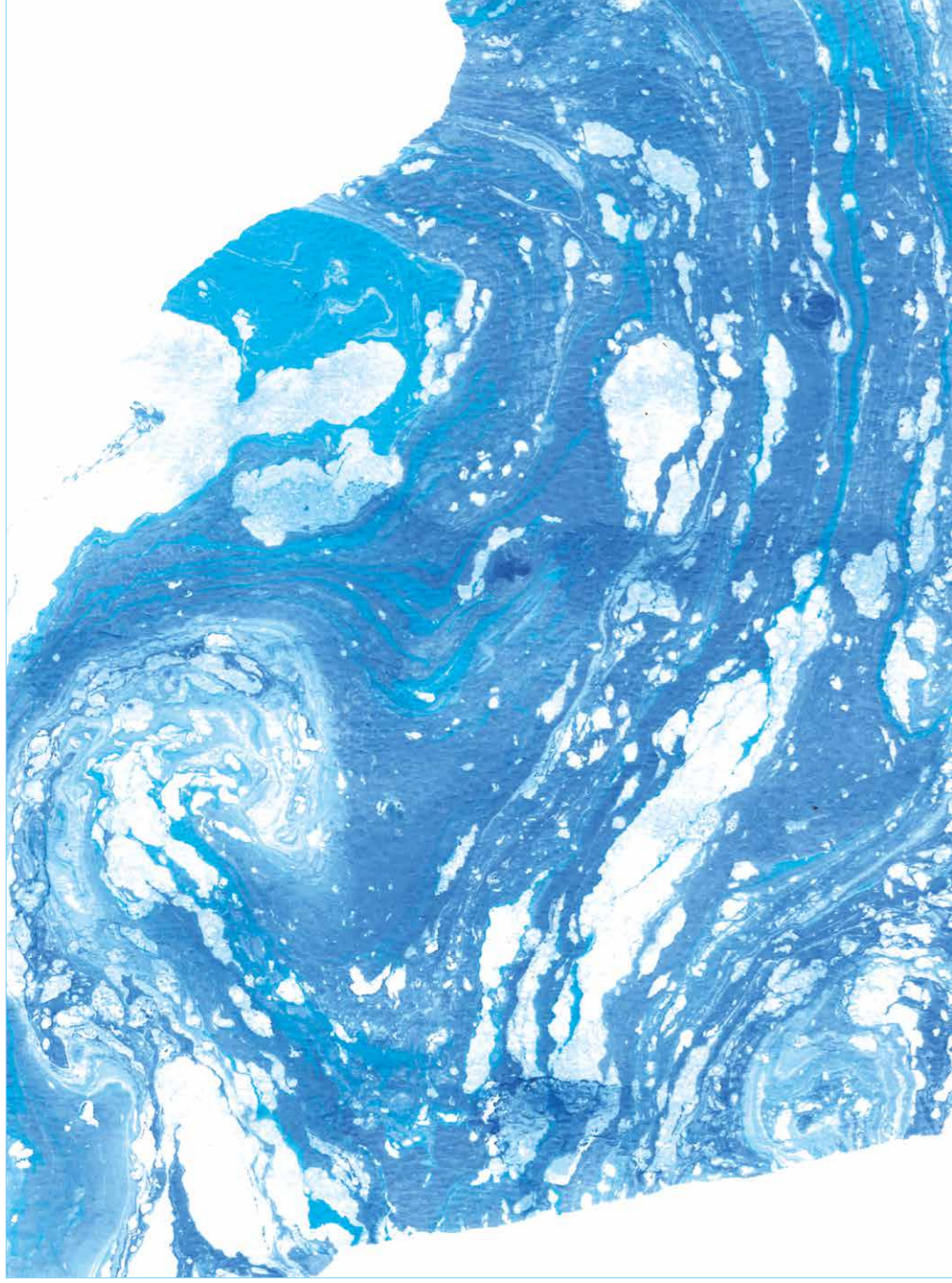
Blissful time. As the ship breaks,
The sailors try desperately to hold
on, trying to find the support of
The mermaids, the Nymphs, the Sirens.

Flailing arms splash frantically in
My waters. There is a gravitational
pull as the Sirens spirit lure the men
into my cold waters. Tempting, enticing,

Attracting, coaxing, alluring, persuading.
I press hard against the gasping,
Rapturous, drowning bodies
Until their spirits conjoin with
the Sirens spirit.

JANE AUSTWICK

Inspired by 'The Mermaids Rock' 1894 by Edward Matthew Hale. Located in the Ziff Gallery.

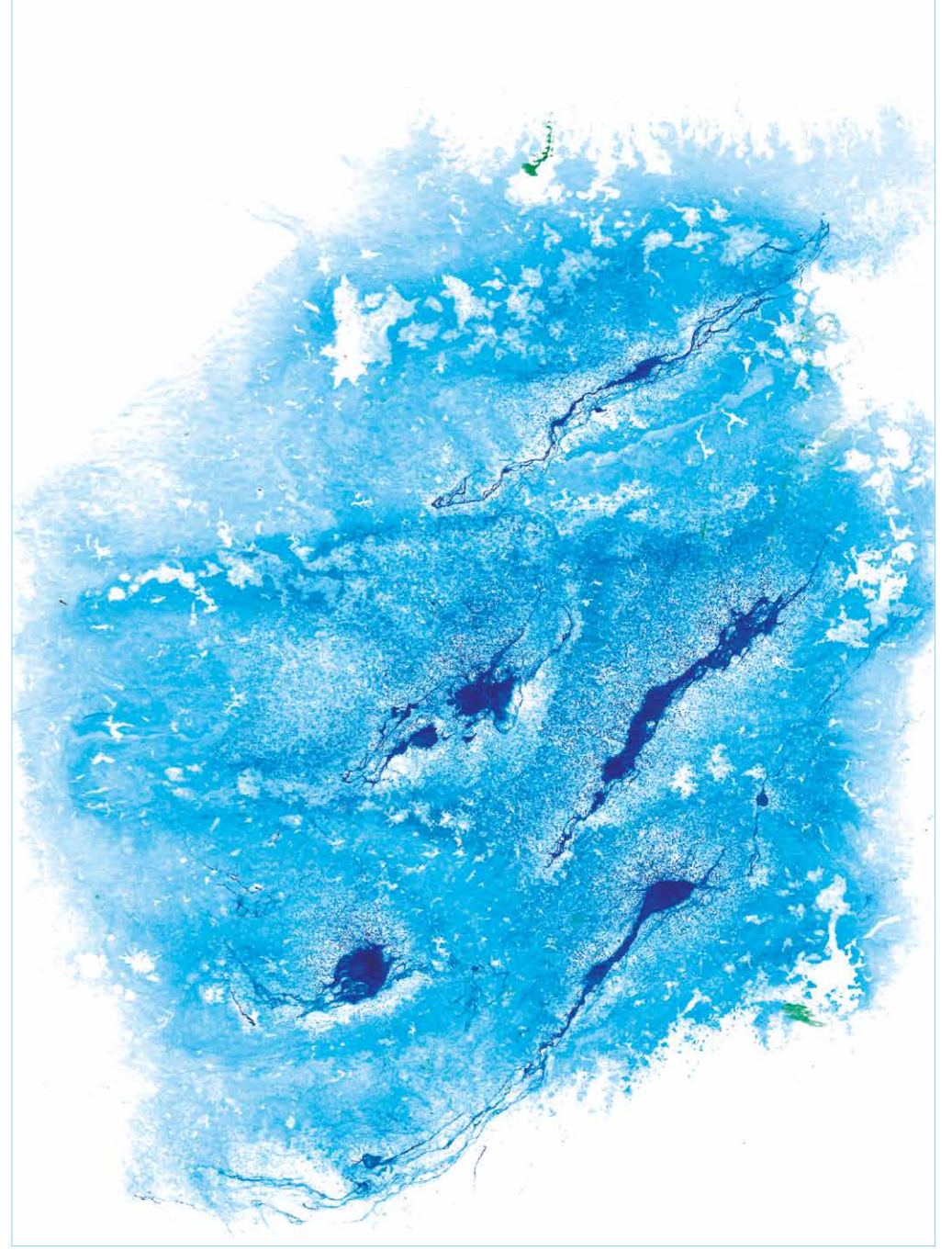


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VISUAL REFLECTIONS

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CHAPTER TWO

HEAR ME ROAR

I have used blue to create my image;
that is my main colour,
but I have flecks of black too.

I am home to some rocks.
I am a protector.
My power
lies not in my muscles
but my feelings.

When I am calm, I protect.
When I am furious,
I can shallow you up whole.

HALIMA MAYAT

OPENNESS

I have darkness within me
I am black sea
I shall draw you into my world
I am in conflict
I have the sun burning within me
You can see yellow burning within me.

But to say I am darkness and light
is rather simplifying the issue.
I am blue, green and red.

I appear to be a blank canvas,
a white sky,
but it would be a mistake to think
I need some depth,
you are missing out on the
blue, red and yellow within the white sky.

HALIMA MAYAT

I MIGHT BE...

I might be a path leading to nowhere.
I might be a map, but I sit on a chair.
I might meander when my heart speaks.
I might have nothing to say but that the music plays softly.
I might lead to a mountain or be a whole molehill of mistakes.
I might be a path.
Is there an oasis or even a lake?
I might be many things that only poetry can say.
I might be a path, but one with twists and turns.
If you lose your footing I'll help you to your feet.
Come on this journey that they call poetry.
I am a path - and you're free to walk all over me.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by 'The Sea Wall' 1932-1933 by Henry G. Hoyland. Located in the East Gallery.

I CAN SEE...

I can see a man or a creature laying,
there are eyes, but no one sees.
He looks over a mountain.
He meanders in his gaze.
If you're on this path you're free to travel.
So, what if it twists or you see no end?
It's the beginning that counts.
It's that first step. I can see a man
or creature, or nothing but paint.
A few marks of paint, this man is not an island,
as the music whisks him to a faraway island.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by 'The Sea Wall' 1932-1933 by Henry G. Hoyland. Located in the East Gallery.

THE SHIP

The ship has a memory.
Memories won't rust.
Though they may lose colour when time to reflect.
Mist out at sea.
We sailors with a thirst to quench.
We spit feathers.
We remember most things, then alcohol will forget.
But pass the bottle, take a swig of the rum.
I hear the echoes of time in this bottle.
I go to sleep 'til another tomorrow.
There is a fish or maybe white rabbit.
I say it three times, superstition becoming a habit.
The ship is all my hopes and dreams.
A sailor's life cut out for me.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by Derek Walcott's poem: Omeros.

COLD STONE

Stone, cold, with an eye
that cannot see,
an ear that cannot hear,
a nose lacking smell,
a mouth that cannot speak.

A heart encased in granite
longing to be soft,
as the eye longs to see
and the ear longs to hear
and lips that long to speak -

of its loneliness.

MAUREEN RICH

DIGNITY DESERTED

Un-rescued, left to decay
in our exposed graves,
not resting in peace but
on show for all to see,
losing our very dignity.

Penetrating nails,
bent and rusted,
no longer useful
except as a horrendous reminder
of man's thirst for power,

for blood,
now staining the debris.
A constant reminder
of just how futile
our battles are.

MAUREEN RICH

SHE SEAS IN TIMES

Evolution.
Transformation.
A beautiful creature
knows her station.

A majesty
in her space.
She smiles
without a face.

Accompanied
by two green shields,
watching over her
until she yields.

Time
is timeless.
True beauty
never fades.

I pray
she's never captured,
she may shine
wherever
she lays.

A sea
of love
around her.
A sea
of blue
beside her.

A feeling
of beauty
within her,
as
she entices you
to
escape
into her.

FE

Inspired by 'Composition' 1940 by John Bigge. Located in the East Gallery.

ABOVE ALL THINGS

I am exalted
and halted
at
the peak.
I dare not be weak.

All souls
look up at me.
All souls
come to me

as I cover their lives,
from my position
so high.

I sometimes feel
like I want to cry.
when they realise
what is in their souls.

I just listen.
I don't judge.
They are
my people.
They are
my, mine.

I feel
distant,
when
nobody purges.
I hope
my presence

will tickle
their urges,
to repent
and
release
and to celebrate
the feasts.

I have
joy
in my stance.
Looking down,
but not
degrading, those
in my ward,
who are in need of being
saved in
and out
and all around.

It is
only then,
their true self
is found.

FE

Inspired by 'Marseilles' 1926, Edward Wadsworth. Located in the East Gallery.

MUTED

My vast pale muted expanse,
broken by birds floating in the breeze.
A pale green floral of rolled robe-like textured river
flows through me, with broken up fire-wood
drawing out the snaky shape of the water.

To the side, light bounces off
a dark cylindrical submarine like shape,
which flanks to the right-hand side of my river
whilst slightly emerging, taking up a negative space
of the visual plane.

Above atop of the tree canopies
or is it my river bed, dull muted tones
reaching the same tonal value,
I see my abstracted reflection
looking back at me amidst the framed glass, protective casing.

CASSY BURTON

Inspired by 'Dry Eyd' 1947 by Boyd Webb. Located in the East Gallery.

TWO-FACED

Old and new, I am a face
of two sides split in the middle
of existence: one old and experienced
wreaking academia, preciseness,
calculating, manipulating, dark but showing
a rich splash of colour in memorandum of my youth.

I smell of large smelly cigars,
mixed whisky and port; the leather chairs
and the odour, gentlemen established.
Studios, dank club rooms for where only the elite reside.
The other side of my dimension describes my younger side.

Talks of travel, acquired new knowledge,
manipulation, light complexion, not aged, no lines,
simplicity, sophisticated, kinder, free in movement and clear.
Daubed by large gestural strokes of colour
and large heavy framework for safety,

to keep a young mind safe
in the space of the elite union,
but soon one day
the two sides of a face
can merge into one, can't they?

CASSY BURTON

Inspired by 'Abstract' 1939 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

JANUS

Foetal bird.
Hard rock.
Carved rock.
Hewn.
Something felt,
something known.

Rugged plinth.
Smooth-rounded nakedness.
Janus facing.
Birthing,
old and young,
from a rock and a hard place.

Jurassic. Green Hornton stone.
Tidal sands,
sedimented limestone.
Fossilised scars and chiselled traces.

The sculptor's history.
Moore's present.
Bare nothingness.
Bare all!

Beginnings.
Blanked eye/l.
Incised eye/l.
A life cut through.
A blind eye turned.

Open-mouthed to
a grim, fixed, set to face.
Baby to the father.

Baby to the father.
In the child is the man.
Soft sensuality
regnant possibility.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'Mother and Child' 1936 by Henry Moore. Located in the East Gallery.

CAN I BE ENOUGH?

I huddle up close,
spoon-like to your
round small softness,
your egg-shell stone-ness.

Spur to your essential growth,
my narrow chest
too tiny.

Will my hard white nakedness
be enough
to warm and grow you?;
to nurture and protect you?

The nuzzling baby you
a memory of
the baby in me.

Nudging deep.
Primitive, inchoate, primordial.
Felt, rather than remembered.
Dismembered.

Our shell-like fragilities.
Dashed and crushed
by life's howling sirens and
crashing waves.

Am I good enough?

Can I be a rock?
Can I soften and
soothe like the sea?
Can I give structure to
your emergent self?

I am flushed
to and fro
with fear and expectation,
moving between
a rock and a safe space,
a rock and a soft place.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'Only Egg' 1936-37 Paul Nash. Located in the East Gallery.

WHERE DO SHELLS COME FROM?

Side by side,
Shell and seaweed,
Sitting on the beach
Just out of reach.

Of the tide coming in.
The gentle wave softly
Touches the shell and it's
Contours. White on the

Inside, striped terracotta
On the outside. The beach
Exposes the open shell and
A shiny, beige pearl sat
Inside.

The shell remembers eons
Past, starting as a new
Crustacean- building towards
Natures magnificent picture.

It remembers its beginning in
the depth of the sea.
Foraging for food, filter
Feeding on the seabed.

The shell sits on the beach,
left behind by the sea.
A child runs screaming
Towards it, 'mummy! mummy!'

The child picks the shell up
Holding it to her ear. The
Child calls to her mother again
As she runs towards her with
Her recent find.

JANE AUSTWICK

CLEFT 1

Not living nor dying, occupying space and time like psychosis in the mind of someone experiencing a sense of unreality.

Looking to move beyond convention random structures give non-linear visions as though a unfurling carpet of a dream.

Though the place is real. From corner to corner, a non-seeing audience to our mental state.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

ABSTRACT BEACH

Fragments of non-permanent truths are passing thoughts. Abstract shapes illicit far off memories.

Unemotional structures impersonal to all.
In their shadow.
I shared memories.

My mind projects its own graffiti.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

DAD

Hanging doom, disquiet
Heart of a swinging brick
Birds on strings,
Manakins
Solace
Green carpet creases like skin with its imperfections
Wrinkles as life fades
Living wood left to rot
Forever fading
Thankfully the physical form long gone.

A moment in time, Boyd Webb 1947.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by Derek Walcott's poem: Omeros.

SOULMATE

It is the complex river of a silver haired man.
He has deep depths in his personality, but it is disguised by the reflection of the sun.
Signposts exist on his long and arduous, twisting journey
Stakes that pierce his heart as he travels the winding path
Away from the dark, perilous mountains of his past into the clearer waters of his future.

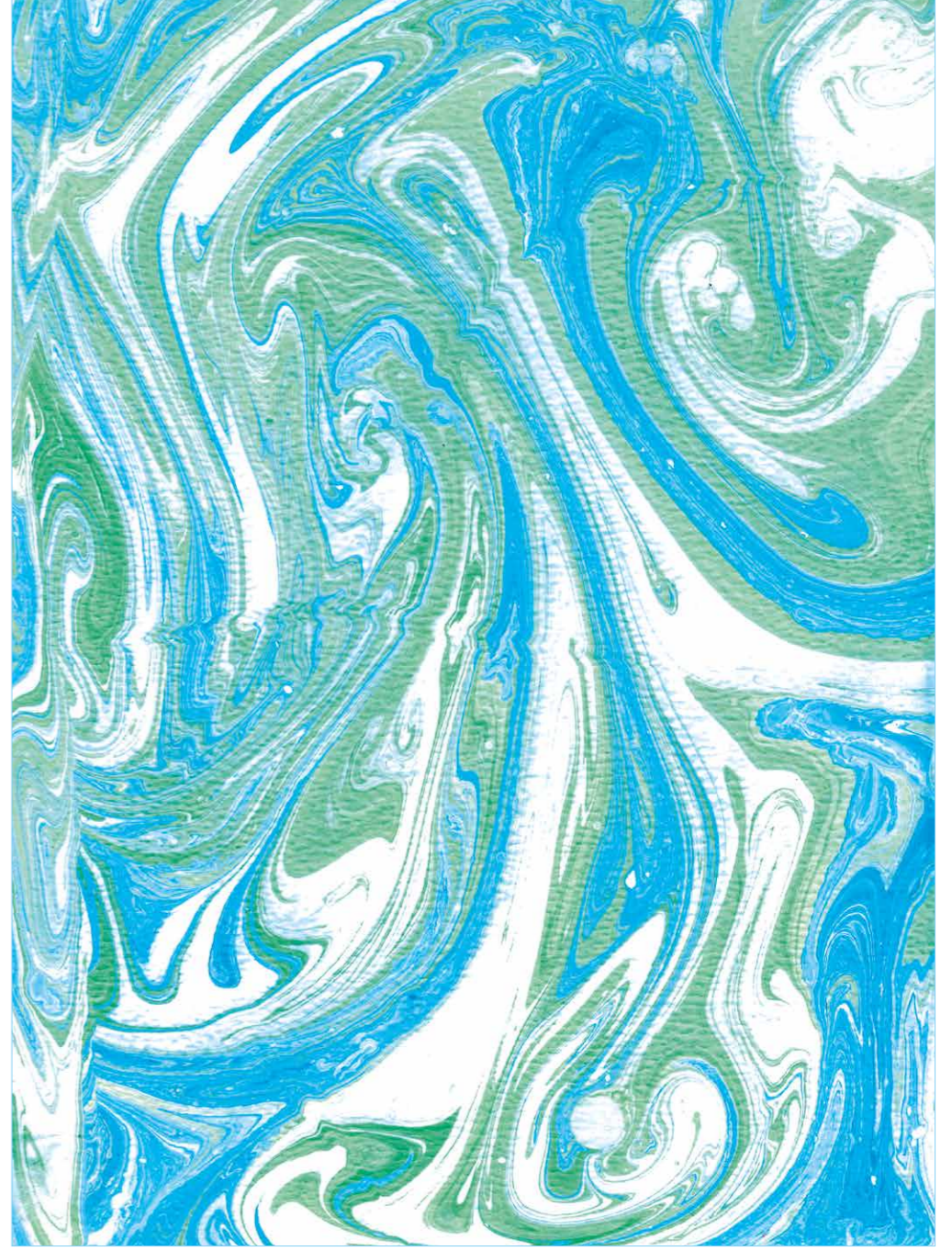
LISA DUNN

Inspired by 'Silver Estuary' c.1925-27 by C.R.W. Nevinson. Located in the East Gallery.



REFLECTIONS

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VISUAL REFLECTIONS

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CHAPTER THREE

WHO AM I NOW?

In the beginning
I was.
I was the Ocean;
a million droplets massed together.
Old Salty Dog.

Heat lifted me skyward.
Up.
Up.
Coalescing.
Grouping grey
and frothy white.

Menacing saline.
Dripping,
dropping,
drowning down
onto the grey
of man-made greyness.

I bubble and crust,
harden, and muster,
cluster and blur –
transform
into a leaden
marshy seascape.

I am muted
pewter and
puddle-like.
The hardened plate blocks
and flattens me.
It flatters me.

Its siren call
beckons
a dreamscape.
Morose.
Turns life
into a second dimension.

This artist has taken me.
Snatched a hold of me.
Married me to his plate.
Tied me to his aim.
Ground me
to his ends.

What am I now?
Am I water?
Am I salt?
Where are my ocean depths,
my dizzying heights?

Have I tears?

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'Zinc Landscape' 1973 by Glen Onwin. Located in the East Gallery.

THE AIR I BREATHE

The wind is yellow here.
It bathes my everyness.
It whirls,
and whips me up;
circles, and spins me.
I breathe its golden wholeness.

My lungs surge.
Expanding
its radiance
filling every corpuscle.
Red-round and full -
fit to bursting.

Each cell purple-charged,
throbbing with thriving.
Vein travelling.
Heart pumping.
Dread
dumping.

Twist me, turn me.
Lift me,
leave me blue,
balancing.
Upright.
Unstable and yet secure.
Vital and living.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'Yellow Balance' 1937 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

FOR WHERE THE WIND MOURNS ALONE

Once upon a time there was an empty place. There was no one to share the loneliness and thus the rains wept gently on the field. The wind mourned alone.

To this field a bird flew to find peace in the soaring clouds. For a love for the loneliness this place had found.

And happily ever after from that day forth, the wind would cry with laughter, the wind would soar.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

OUTSIDE TO LOVE AGAIN

To the end of the world I went, which were the end of the world I knew.

To set forth on a journey to the end of the street I knew.

One step before the other I crossed over the metal fence. The coldness of frosted metal on my hands. Pale sunlight gives life to my senses again.

The brightness in your eyes.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

A FAIRYTALE

Once upon a time...
there was a city made of sand,
where secret people lived behind
the solid, sturdy walls –
a world where humans could
never exist, as sand to them
was loose, granulated and gritty;
sustainable sand.
Sandcastles, houses, a full infrastructure
on our beaches –
undisturbed and unseen.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by 'Marseilles' 1926 by Edward Wadsworth. Located in the East Gallery.

REFLECTIONS

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CHAPTER THREE

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POWER

Translucent wings,
a euphony of colours:
blues, greens, yellows.
Water, swimming arms spreading, mirroring the insect spreading its wings.
Tiny bodies with unparalleled wingspan,
much like an ethereal spirit
rising into the sunny skies.
The green freshly mowed grass
disappearing from the insect's beady eye.
The wind whirling around its delicate wings
like a sailboat on the ocean
catching the power and the freedom of the wind,
much like the crushing energy of the waves.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by 'Emergence' 1958 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

UNTITLED 1

terrified waiting
til bombs blasted
fires flamed
water overwhelmed
seaweed waving through wrecked bones

MORTICIA

Inspired by 'Davy Jones Locker' 1946 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

UNTITLED 2

can feel the sand between my toes here,
no-one shouts 'pick your feet up'
free of heavy boots
wandering along the sea's edge
watching it retreating, forwarding, forwarding, retreating
cloud-watching without terror
specks in the sky are just birds circling on thermals
concrete scars are barnacle and seaweed-softened
soothed by the sea, forwarding, retreating, retreating, forwarding
golden even on an overcast day

MORTICIA

Inspired by 'The Shore' 1923 by Paul Nash. Located in the East Gallery.

IN THE BEGINNING

In the beginning there was light
that came to be life.
and creatures danced upon the waves
like giant flies they skate.

Started off nature small,
but feeding off the ocean, they grew the size of houses;
took over the world, many, many in their hundreds of thousands.
People were not needed and there was no need for ships.

The sea, once blue, turned an algae green.
And God was no longer needed.
The flies ate all His dice.
His game of chance with life.
The flies kept growing until they were the horizon;
a chance to thrive in a primordial soup.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by 'Emergence' 1958 by John Tunnard. Located in the East Gallery.

FREEDOM CALLED HOME

The freedom, I can watch the waves,
can smell the sea air. The sky is grey.
I notice the ships. They are stranded here.
I won't be stranded for long.

I am free to love, we are free to love
who we want. There are no birds here
is the first thing I notice. They discovered
freedom long before me. They have gone

to higher climbs. At the sky's canopy
they almost touch God. I too want to be touched
by God's love. In my heart the waters are soft and calm.
The ships I tell you are marooned, washed up even.

There is a ladder I notice, I will walk its stairs.
Rung after rung and shedding my past with each step.
Each step further home. I will walk the land for love.
I notice lots of straight lines, they come from ships.

I know not their name or the stories they tell.
They are stuck in the past. Now it's time
to take the lands hand and walk from here,
walk to a freedom called home.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by 'Slump' 1935 by Edward Wadsworth and 'Arrival Of The Birds' by Cinematic Orchestra.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS...

a tree
that gifted it's life,
to a young woodsman
with aspirations of
escape and adventure (from strife?)

Each moon cycle,
he waited.
Patiently
and
impatiently.
Flowing
between
the two dispositions.

"Is it soon, Mr Moon?
April, May or June, Mr Moon?
I can't be left, in doom, Mr Moon!
I must expand. More room, Mr Moon!"

As the moon waxed
it's light shone through,
upon the tree in question
with its sparkling dew.

"Make of me what you will!"
Spoke the tree.

The woodsman
always ready
grabbed his tools
and held them steady.

“I’m about to set us
both free!
As I carve a vessel
to meet the sea.”

“Away on the waves
to lands untouched.
We’ll get there in no time,
if we don’t take too much.”

“Goodbye dear Forest!
See you again, Mr Moon!
Thank you dear Tree for life.
Good world, I’ll see you soon!”

FE

Inspired by ‘Dish with Little Boat’ 1935 by Paule Vézelay. Located in the East Gallery.

REFLECTIONS

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UNTITLED

I am wild but contained,
Luminating as I reach out,
A wave on the shore,
Ending in nothing as I pull.

Back from the shore,
Stranded in puddles.
Pools that travel forward
Towards the body of the sea.

From the inland, a watery
S, like a trick, snake
Coiling along the beach.
A silver-grey reflection
From the sky above.

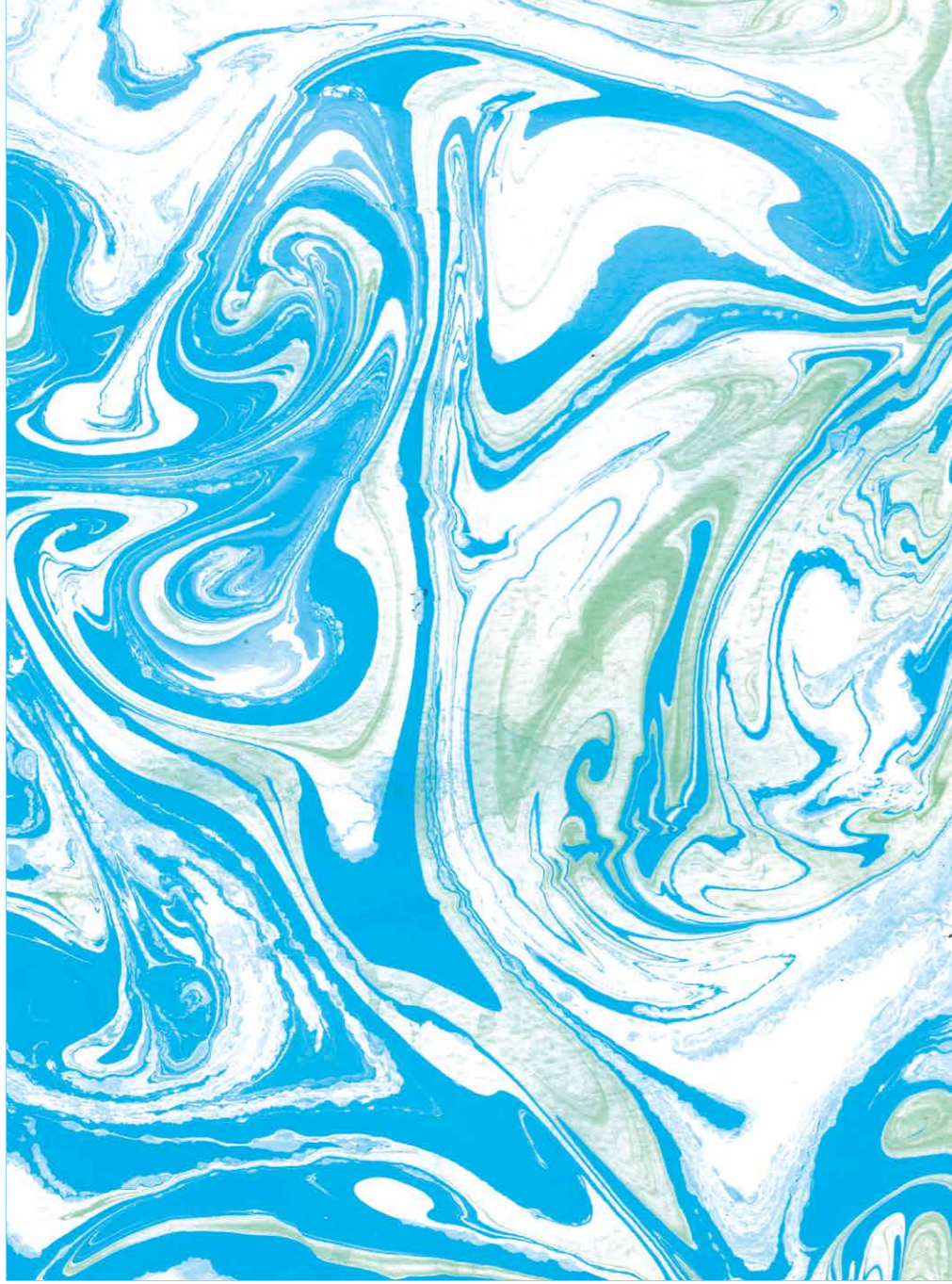
In the grey water left behind
Still on the sand,
nowhere to go, the sea has
left it travelling towards
melancholy.

JANE AUSTWICK

Inspired by ‘Silver Estuary’ 1925/27 by C.R.W Nevinson. Located in the East Gallery.

CHAPTER THREE

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REFLECTIONS

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VISUAL REFLECTIONS

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CHAPTER FOUR

WATER MY ESCAPE

Water you flow through me
Water you make me feel fresh
Water you reflect dispassionately

Your embrace is so soft, soothing me with your gentility.
I am losing myself in your serenity.

Falling deeper into you I struggle to break free.
You will not let go of what you hold so easily.
My love for you will drown me.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

DANCE OF THE DEVIL WOMAN

Stuck in this dance with you.
Living the same day through.
Every time I run round the merry go round, you're waiting there for me.

This madness is fun.
This madness is bright.
There I see the heather, a purple sea of freedom.
Waiting there for me.

So, I flee from your grasp.
I jump to the ground.
The music stops.
I'm running away.
You're stood there watching...

I never thought to just jump before.

LEONARD BASKERVILLE

A FOUNTAIN FOR LIVING - I

The sun-worn turquoise of a desert fountain.
The rip-rippling
of water-washed red,
crimson,
scarlet and orange.
Powdered tidemarks,
chromatic traces of history
remembered, forgotten,
repeated and re-lived.
Afresh.

JEAN CARABINE

A FOUNTAIN FOR LIVING - II

The murky muddled soup of your fountain.
The everyday splattering of water.
Spouting, gurgling,
the rustiness of life
worn to fading.
Then,
a flash of blue.
So bright.
So light.
And a red, so red.
and so scarlet.
So red, and so crimson.
My heart bleeds,
is filled
with longing
and contentment.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by 'You remind me of the colour blue' 2021 by Safia Reza. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

FEELS LIKE HOME - I

You.
You.
Your breath
awakened from sleeping.
The blue of togetherness.
An evening's walk.
The first day of cuckoo's calling.

JEAN CARABINE

FEELS LIKE HOME - II

The hollow roundedness
of your polished sphere.
Oak-borne and grained.
The gallant beeches,
striding giants,
fizz
lime-leafed
all through spring.
An azure roofed
woodland amphitheatre.

JEAN CARABINE

POND

Pond,
splash green.
Make swampy the
reed-filled edges.

Splash up!
Caress.
Bathe naked flesh.

Be the glue
that bonds.
Brings companionship that
forges
smooth
fractured fissures
of belonging.

Bring joy
Exploding!
Bring summer togetherness.

Merge
greens with green
and orange with yellow.
Clean.
Refresh.
Paint a life worth longing.

JEAN CARABINE

Inspired by '000 Honey' 2021 by Christopher Grisley. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

UNFROZEN

I am frozen water
I fall on this field's black earth,
on the rough backs of these horses.
Snowing, snowing.

They flutter their lashes
as I flurry in their eyes
I settle on their haunches
and they snort, stamp.

In a dizzy criss-cross
down the air I fall,
like the brushstrokes
of the man who paints me.

I draw them closer together,
make them nuzzle each other's necks
and they melt me back to water -
they unfreeze me.

AMANDA SZEKELY

Inspired by 'A Snow Storm' c.1891 by Edward Stott. Located in the East Gallery.

LOCKED IN

Smothered - swallowed.
This pixelated, textile Goya
Can't hide the giant's goggle eyes
Rolling as he opens wide
His red, dripping maw.

What is he eating?
An unspecific limb -
flesh and bone -
Our best intentions
Bloody leavings on the floor.

Nothing to eat but ourselves.
Nibbling fingernails
Then a crazy gnaw

Teeth rasping against bone.
Do not open the door -
Outside - oh the hunger!

AMANDA SZEKELY

Inspired by 'Ghost' 2022 by Hondartza Fraga. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

GROUND WATER

I conjure you to
Bubble up through paving cracks
A pooling
Lao Tzu said
Soft things overcome hard things
So come then,
Cleanse all grime.
Soothe as an animal would -
A water cat, all blue,
That wrap-around tail lick
Cool and fleet
Petal snap ears listening -
Predatory for the right reasons -
To fill the belly, nothing more,
And stalk on.

AMANDA SZEKELY

Inspired by 'Hey Me, I'm Looking at You!' 2022 by Jura Paponja. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

HOME IS WHERE THE ART IS

This feels like home.
Perfectly structured.
Lines of poetry everywhere.
Big heaps like a jungle.
Lines of poetry trying to reach out.
Trying to find people out of the chaos.
This feels like home.
It's where I write from.
Heap after heap of conflicted poems.
My head is a heap of sorrow and worry.
But when I'm at home I love the house big.
In mountains and metaphors, the hills have eyes for those who seek.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by 'Big Heaps' 2021 by Andy Black. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

RUN TO ME WATER

Run to me water.
Start off small just like a trickle.
I'll let you meander at live's own pace.
Then gush to me all the water you're feeling.
Even if your guts feel like sewage or may sound strange.
Know that I'll be there always with you right through it.
If you are a pipe, let your heart overflow.
Too much beauty, always alone.
Yet connected to the rivers and streams.
You once went through the body of a t-rex when he drank from a stream.
Just give everything you've got.
Never stop flowing.
Never give up.
Some parts of you will reach land.
Don't be put off if you touch a stranger's heart or hand.
Erupt, be beautiful, do whatever you can.
There's no need to purify, just write as you/I am.

DANIEL WHITE

Inspired by extract from OREAD by H.D. and 'You Remind Me Of The Colour Blue' 2021 by Safia Rezaei. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

REMINISCENCE

tumbling gently
left behind
an untidy line
picked over pocketed
souvenired forgotten
dust magnets

MORTICIA

Inspired by 'Baggage' 2022 by Sarah Roberts. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

REMINISCENCE II

objects jumbled higgledy piggled
layers of stuff
haphazard memory compendium
privately compiled index

make up for special occasions
those earrings - so delightful at the time
weighed heavy till re parcelled and passed on

MORTICIA

Inspired by 'Baggage' 2022 by Sarah Roberts. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

I AM ALLOWED TO CHANGE MY MIND BECAUSE...

It's my mind for a start!
It's attached to my heart, so it's bound to change,
not necessarily stay the same.

The FREEDOM to flex.
Not to HOLD ON to the text, as if for dear LIFE,
of what you said,
or what you thought,
or what's been taught.

A hope for something new,
should always be in view.
To take another direction,
not only for correction,
but maybe for reflection...?

Give assertiveness a chance.
Even if it's for romance.
Be bold on every course.
Give only, sufficient time to remorse.

Stand up for your mind, then I'm sure you'll find,
changing it is freeing and very natural to your being.

FE

*Inspired by 'The First Rule of Assertiveness' 2022 by George Storm Fletcher.
Leeds Artists Show 2023.*

ROAMING AND HOMING

These cowboy boots,
make me feel at home.
Make me want to put them on
and have a musical roam.

Through the country and western,
music I love.
With its lyrics of life,
strife and praising above.

I don't even come from Texas,
but when I see those boots!
They make me feel like I come from there
and that I should get in cahoots,
with the Blue Mountain singers,
singing songs that touch my soul.
I'm a million miles from Texas,
but they make me feel like home.

FE

*Inspired by 'Hey me, I'm looking at you!' 2022 by Jure Paponja. Leeds Artists
Show 2023.*

LIQUIDITY

Fall, ivory liquid.
Onto the table top.

Fast, slow, fast.
Caressing the food objects,
that you tactically move past.

Velvet movements.
Horizontal crawl.
As you come to the edge,
then you'll have your great fall.

Moving like silk.
Your flow fall continues.
Shimmering in the night light.
No one can miss you.

You drop,
silently.
You drop,
mindfully.
You move as if it's natural.

But how can that be?
When you fall on my knee.
The table doesn't shield me,
from your droplets
that want to tease me.

I'm going to let you flow.
I'm going to let you go.
You have the right of way.
I'm going to let you stay.

FE

Inspired by 'Still Life with unknown Protein' 2022 by Hannah Archer. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

BECAUSE I LIVED

Because I am loved unconditionally
Because I am needed unconditionally
Because I am accepted unconditionally
Even when I am painted,
A shell of a person.
When only my body remains, spent
Emotionless, yet in turmoil
My hands that still care
My lips that still kiss
My arms that still hug
I am painted lady with eyes that are dead,
but for the love and fierce protection of my children.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by 'Mother and Child' 2022 by Adelina Cannoli. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

SAFE

Familiarity
Kisses, cuddles, chaos
Children, family, friends, fun,
Pile ons, pets, playfights, humour
Understanding, caring
Children, growing,
Developing, achieving
Hopes, aspirations, challenging
Ups and downs
Through it all, LOVE.

LISA DUNN

Inspired Blue Kiss, 2022 by Emma Bentley Fox. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

TRIFFID

Rise high, lick the sky
Formations that bend and swallow
Stacked like a malformed spine
Collapse and relax
Lose the rigidity of your risen form
Blend into the blues and ride the waves.

LISA DUNN

Inspired by 'The well-behaved teacup and saucer' 2019 by Amelia Frances Wood. Leeds Artists Show 2023.

BARRIER TO THE WORLD

Skin holds us together
In body and mind
Holds our insides in
Where the brain combines

Skin allows us to move,
To carry, to write, to
Exercise, to cook,
Depending on our age others

Will have a look. On the
surface we hide behind
make up and clothes yet that's not
what's inside, skin is

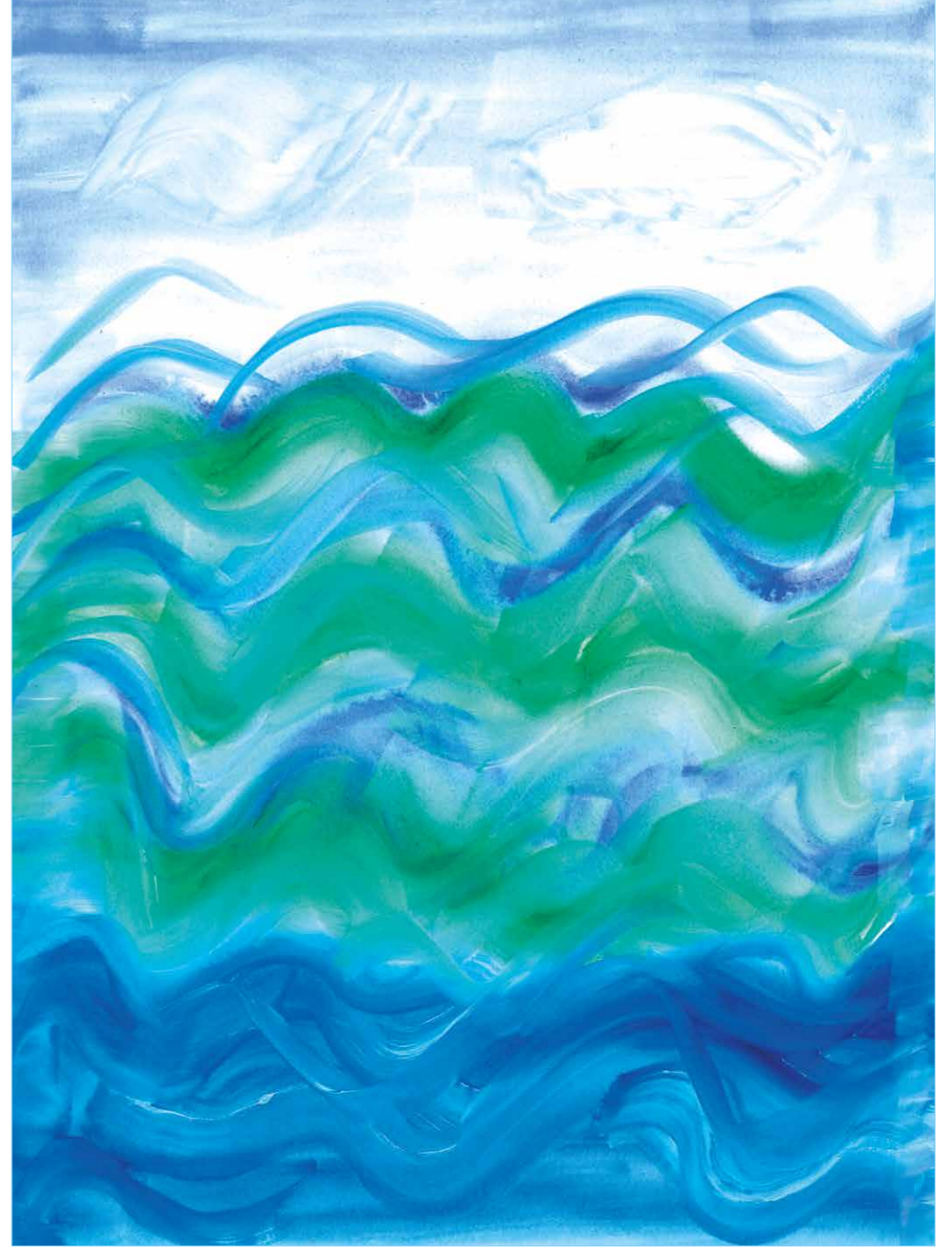
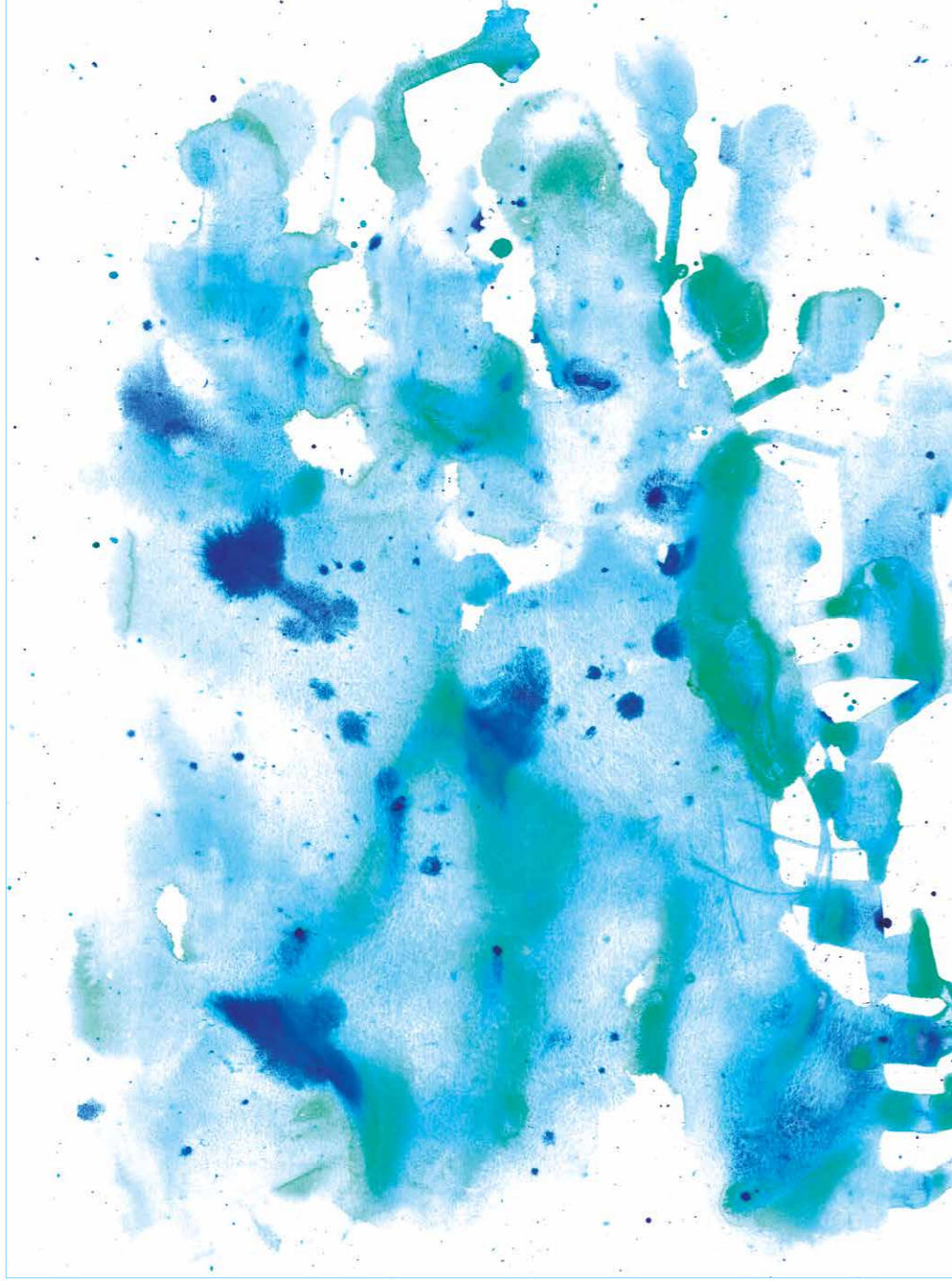
an image others recognise,
as we are attracted to
our age group and skin
by others who have also put the
hours in.

As we age our skin becomes
Thinner. Deep recesses
Come and stay, around the eyes and mouth,
A dead giveaway.

A single unit with
Personality combined,
With our own thoughts
On humanity and our kind.

JANE AUSTWICK

Inspired by 'Skin' 2021 by Phee Jefferies. Leeds Artists Show 2023.



COLLABORATING PARTNERS

ARTS & MINDS

The Arts & Minds Network brings together people in Leeds who believe creativity can promote mental wellbeing. The Network promotes the use of creativity in mental health services; develops creative opportunities for people in the community; and helps members connect with the cultural life of Leeds.

Arts & Minds is funded by Leeds and York Partnership NHS Foundation Trust (LYPFT) and works with a wide range of partners. They work in NHS services and in the community to develop projects with partnerships at their heart.

Arts & Minds Network is a membership organisation. The network is open to anyone living, working, or volunteering in the Leeds area. It's free and it's easy to join on their website:

www.artsandmindsnetwork.org.uk/join-us

ROMMI SMITH

Rommi Smith is a multi-award-winning poet, playwright, librettist, theatre-maker, performer, scholar and broadcaster. She has a doctorate in English and Theatre and her academic work is published by Routledge and New York University Press. Rommi appears on programmes ranging from The Verb to Front Row. Her radio essay on Vaughan Williams' The Lark Ascending features as part of the BBC Radio series: The Essay.

Rommi has twenty years' experience working in therapeutic contexts. For ten years, she has worked as an NHS writer in residence. A regular interlocutor of visual art, Rommi works in collaboration with musicians and theatre creatives to produce bespoke participatory experiences in gallery spaces.

Rommi is a Cave Canem Fellow and winner of numerous prestigious residencies and commissions from institutions ranging from the British

Council to the BBC. She is the inaugural British Parliamentary Writer-in-Residence and inaugural Poet-in-Residence for Keats' House, Hampstead. Winner of the Northern Writers Prize for Poetry, in 2022, Rommi was poet in residence for the Wordsworth Trust, Grasmere.

www.rommi-smith.co.uk

LEEDS ART GALLERY

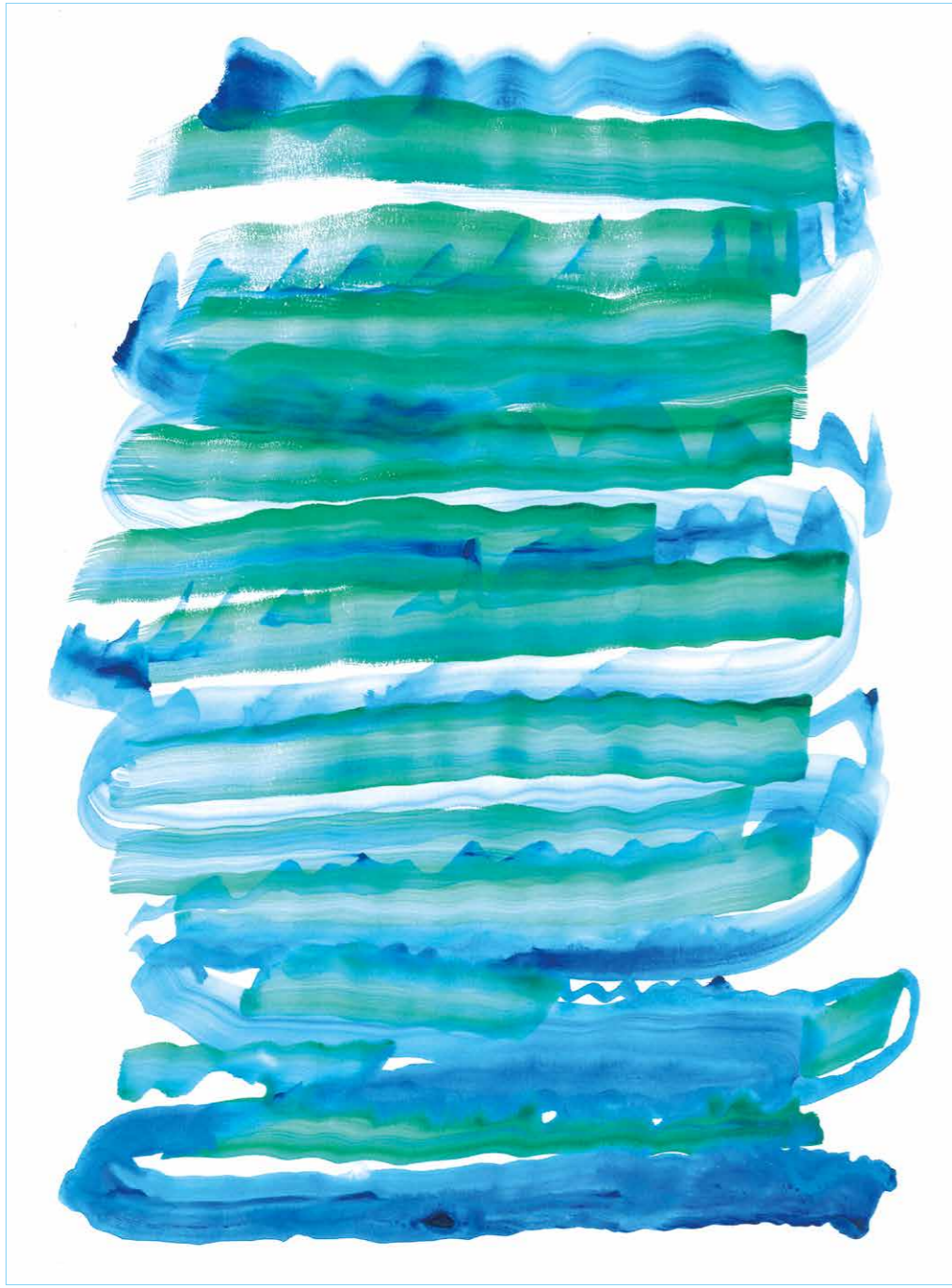
Leeds Art Gallery holds a significant collection of early 20th Century British Modernist Art which features regularly in its changing displays. Amongst it is a group of distinctive paintings by the artist John Tunnard (1900-1971). The display - *Object Space Time* - brought them together to explore the work of this now little-known artist, inserting them in small groups amongst art by his better-known contemporaries, such as Paul Nash, Barbara Hepworth, Henry Moore, Edward Wadsworth and C.R.W. Nevinson and others. Together they show that one of the defining aspects of early English Modernism was its rootedness in responses to the natural world, something that seems to speak to us urgently today.

The display was curated by the Gallery's Curator of Modern and Contemporary Art, Nigel Walsh, and was the initial inspiration for this Arts & Minds Poetry Project. The project was supported through their Community programme by Assistant Community Curator Clare Jolley.

If you have a group that would like to arrange a visit, explore an idea, or create a bespoke project together please get in touch with the gallery by emailing: meetandmake@leeds.gov.uk

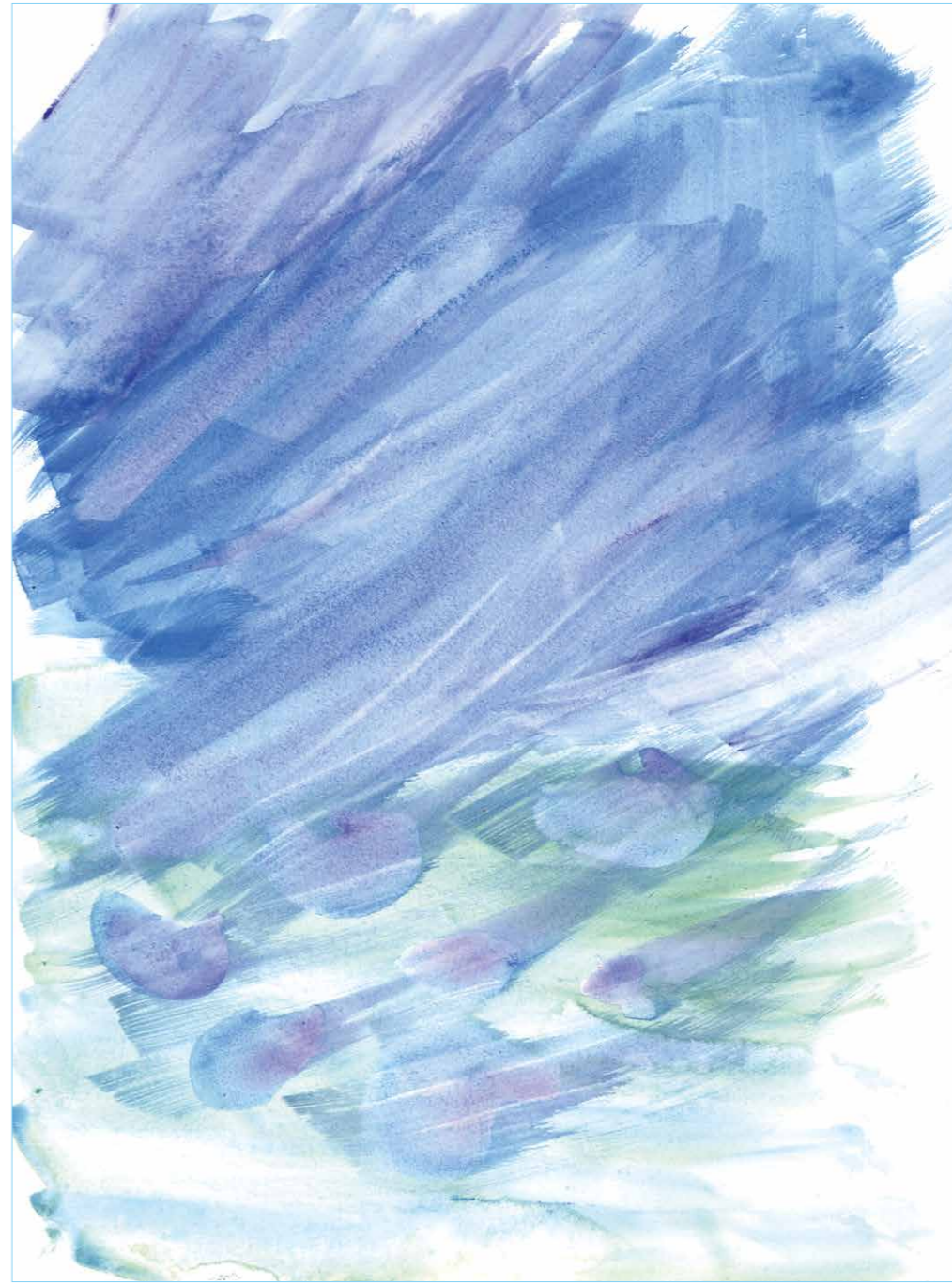
If you would like to find out about the gallery's wider programme of events visit:

www.museumsandgalleries.leeds.gov.uk/leeds-art-gallery/whats-on-at-leeds-art-gallery



REFLECTIONS

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VISUAL REFLECTIONS

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CREDITS

WORKSHOP FACILITATION:

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LINDA BOYLES

CLARE JOLLEY

PROJECT SUPPORT:

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CURATOR OF MODERN & CONTEMPORARY ART:

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Reflections was a partnership project between
Arts & Minds and Leeds Art Gallery

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