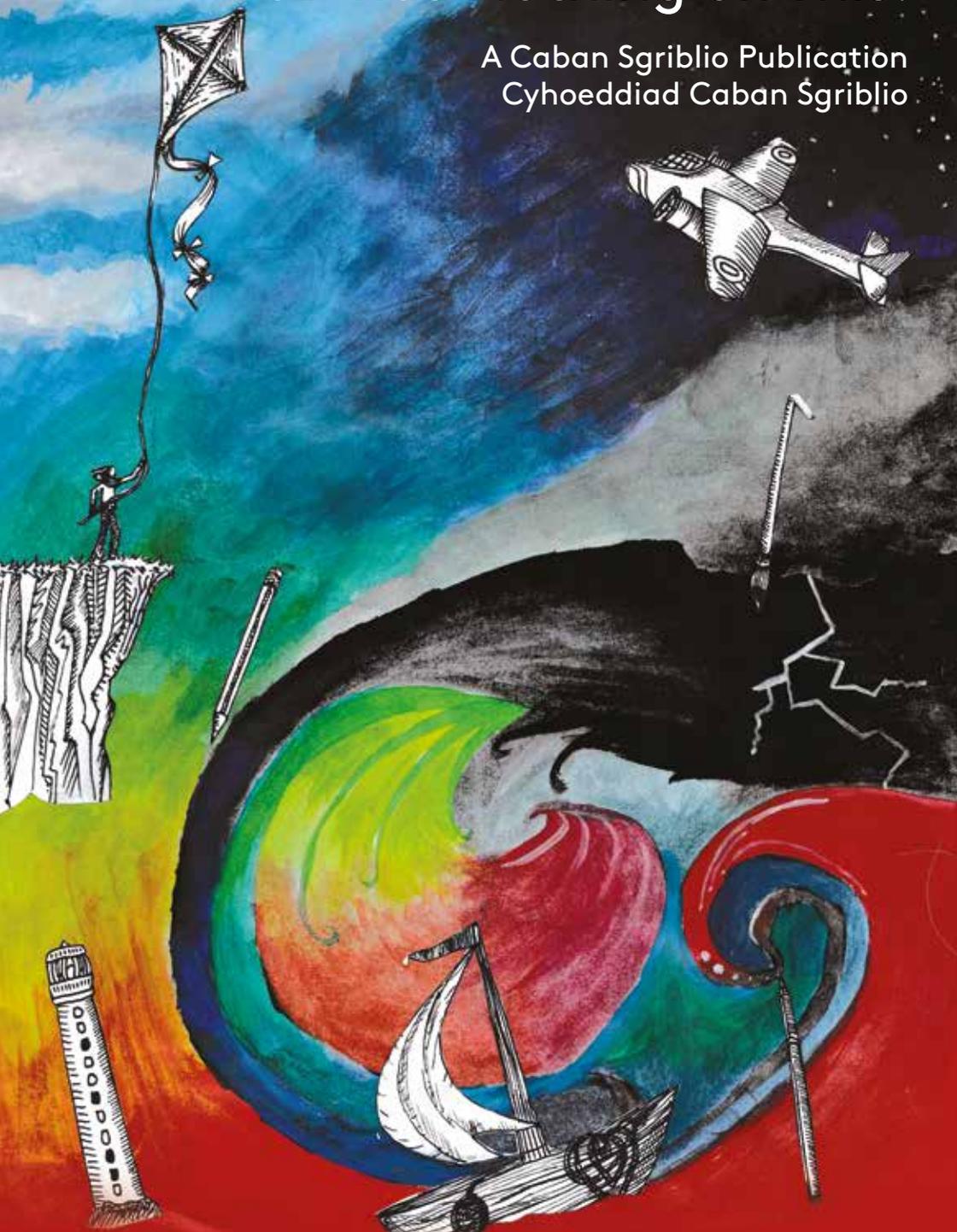


3D has Nothing on This.

A Caban Sgriblio Publication
Cyhoeddiad Caban Sgriblio



3D has Nothing on This

Caban Sgriblio is thrilled to introduce our first Creative Ambassadors, Ceryl, Amy, Roxy and Amelie.

This vibrant collection of poems celebrates the originality and talent of four young writers who have attended Caban Sgriblio for the past three years. They are now sharing their enthusiasm and skill by leading creative writing workshops for their peers, as well as continuing to write poetry of great originality, insight and often humour.

Caban Sgriblio is a creative writing project giving young people the freedom and support to be creative and explore their ideas through poetry.

With especial thanks to Kayleigh Hughes, John Williams, Gwernyfed High School, Powys.

For further information please contact emma@peak.cymru

Front Cover: designed by Roxy and Amelie
Image Credit: Toril Brancher

Does gan 3D ddim o'r gymharu â hwn

Mae Caban Sgriblio yn llawn cyffro o fod yn medru cyflwyno ein Llysgenhadon Creadigol cyntaf sef, Ceryl, Amy, Roxy ac Amelie.

Mae'r casgliad disglair hwn o gerddi yn dathlu gwreiddioldeb a doniau pedwar o ysgrifenydd ifanc sydd wedi bod yn troi i mewn i'r Caban Sgriblio dros y tair blynedd ddiwethaf. Yn awr maent yn rhannu eu brwdfrydedd a'u medrau trwy arwain gweithdai ysgrifennu creadigol ar gyfer eu cyfoedion, yn ogystal â pharhau i lunio barddoniaeth hynod wreiddiol, yn llawn craffter a hiwmor yn aml iawn.

Mae Caban Sgriblio yn brosiect ysgrifennu creadigol sy'n rhoi rhyddid a chefnogaeth i bobl ifanc fod yn creadigol ac archwilio syniadau trwy farddoniaeth.

Gyda diolch arbennig i Kayleigh Hughes, John Williams, Ysgol Uwchradd Gwernyfed.

Am ragor o wybodaeth cysylltwch os gwelwch yn dda â emma@peak.cymru

Clawr Blaen: wedi'i gynllunio gan Roxy ac Amelie
Ffotograffau gan: Toril Brancher



Caban Sgriblio is a project run by Peak (formerly Arts Alive Wales), an arts organisation that works creatively with professional artists and communities, responding to our rural environment. It is managed and delivered by Emma Beynon with support from Uschi Turoczy, both professional writers and teachers.



Caban projects are designed and delivered by Peak to support the health and wellbeing of individuals who live in the communities of mid and south east Wales that we serve.



Mae Caban Sgriblio yn brosiect a weinyddir gan Peak (Arts Alive Wales gynt), sefydliad celfyddydol sy'n gweithio'n greadigol gydag artistiaid proffesiynol a chymunedau er mwyn ymateb i'n hamgylchedd gwledig. Caiff ei reoli a'i wireddu gan Emma Beynon gyda chefnogaeth Uschi Turoczy, y naill a'r llall yn ysgrifenydd ac athrawon proffesiynol



Caiff prosiectau Caban eu cynllunio a'u gwireddu gan Peak er mwyn cefnogi iechyd a lles unigolion sy'n byw yng nghymunedau canolbarth a de-ddwyrain Cymru – y cymunedau y gwasanaethwn.

How to be normal

Step 1 – Go on a lengthy and entirely unnecessary journey of self-discovery.

Step 2 – Adjust your moral compass and head north.

Step 3 – Travel the world in 79 days, one better than the other guy.

Step 4 – Don't eat the same food twice for a month.

Step 5 – Workshop a different city everyday.

Step 6 – Realise being normal is the abnormality. Continue with life.

By Amy

Autumn

The strong winds pick up another handful of leaves, hurling them at oblivious passerbys.

Too busy sheltering from the icy onslaught of rain threatening to blind them.

The rain heckling the wind having succeeded time and time again to hit the passers by before hitting the pavement.

A patchwork path of puddles and pavements.

Puddles a mirror of the world, washed away, a lake where the leaves sail.

The fiery colours of autumn, if only the colours matched the seasons' temperament.

By Amy



A Small Star

It was a small star
It tried to shine
But never bright enough
Overruled by the blinding sparkles
That surround the dampened light
It's warming colour
Never embraced
But the hidden spark
It holds inside
Will one day burst
Into a blaze
An explosion
A revelation
A hope for a little light
In the engulfing midnight sky

By Ceryl

The Forest

The forest is an alfa wolf
Commanding and misty grey
It's echoing howl haunts the land
Like the moon haunts the midnight sky
It's shadow leaps
Rock to rock
Moving vigorously
With the chasing winds
That seem to roar endlessly
Through the crisp black night
Hiding each trace
Of the menacing predator
Waiting
Lurking
Surrounding
Haunting your every trace
Never quiet
Never there
Yet always there

By Ceryl

Where am I?

I can see gloom, and smog,
The smoke and fog off the river mixing, churning,
Into an impenetrable veil.

I hear the lapping water, rattling wheels,
As I follow a cobbled path.
Figures in tall hats loom up and disappear.

Ball gown shaped dresses with hourglass corsets,
Brushing the streets,
While others shiver in the cold evening.

Carriages fly past, trotting horses tossing their heads,
I hear the creak of the reins.
Inside, I imagine women with silk flowers on bonnets.

The air is thick, suffocating, grey,
Stroking clammy fingers across my skin,
As I choke, cough.

Lamp posts glimmer above me,
Casting haloes of golden light,
The windows are still lit, though many are muffled by velvet curtains.

Inside, it is warm,
With air that tastes of tea and silk,
The products of a richer world.

But half a city away,
Other doors open to ramshackle rooms,
Where the cold creeps and rules.

Fog, and smoke, gaslight, silk and ships,
The essence of this queen's city.

By Roxy



Books

Little films playing in my head,
But so much better and worse.
3D has nothing on this –
This comes complete with emotions.
How do scribbles become lives, feelings, visions?

Words fly around me.
They catch me,
In nets made of silk and promises.
Spider's webs of phrases,
Forests of tangled conversations,
Following a gold thread of meaning.
There's more than one girl on fire here.
There are new angles on worlds I know;
And different worlds I'll never see.
Birds fly above me (one for each person I leave behind ...)
And the moon is shaking (let's go rattle the stars ...)
And people are shouting (Run!)

Then I look up,
And the world is the same.

But I'm not.

By Roxy



Siblings

Siblings are the forest
Tangling in your hair
Poking and prodding
Trying to get a reaction
They trip you up
And shock you with roaring rages
Debris flying around
And you are in the middle
Wishing you weren't.
A whirlwind of dirt and leaves,
Insults and stolen wishes.
But will eventually calm
To a creaking time-bomb.
You attempt to carry on.
Do not disturb their rest
Fail, trip, neck deep in leaves and mud
You scream in anger.
The wind in the trees chuckles,
And a branch taps your shoulder
Again, again,
Until you want out!
Out of this horrid forest!
Out of the trap and the outstretched claws.
But you don't want it to go.
When the forest is gone,
It leaves a space that can
Never quite be filled.
You protect your forest.
Your forest protects you.

By Amelie

Dancer

A dancer is a new garden fork
As they learn how to move
Their fluency is clogged with mud
Tangles with thorns.
They are not creatures of beauty.
As time passes,
The dancer would weed out,
The weak and unattractive
Leaving only flowers to flourish.
The dancer is a rusty garden fork
Growing scratched and worn
As time passes,
The prongs break,
The dancer cannot dance.
The dancer is a broken garden fork.
Of no use to anyone.
Not ever again.

By Amelie

Pinecone Weatherman

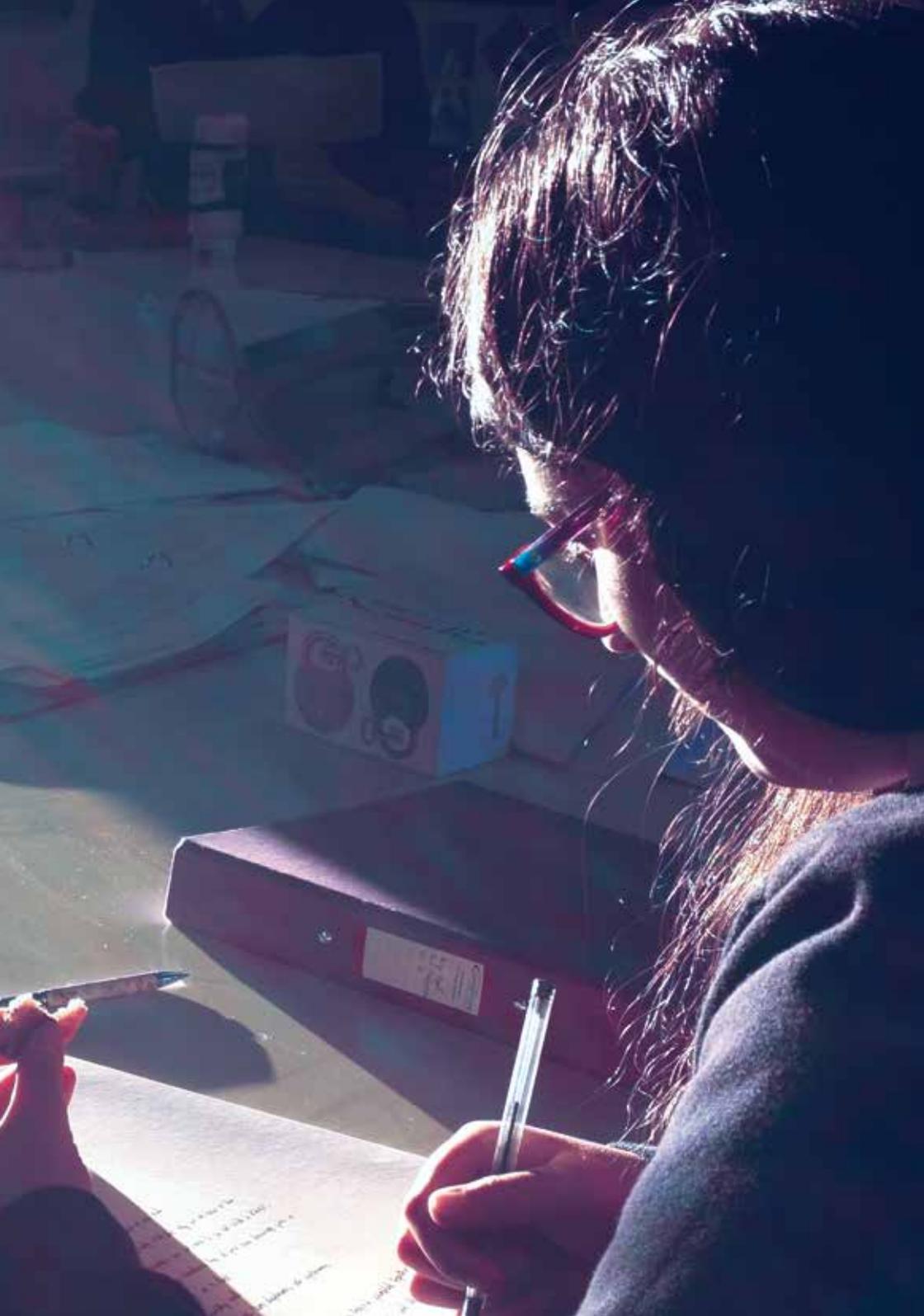
I asked the weatherman for the daily forecast,
'Sunny' he said
But as I looked at the rain drops gliding down the window panes,
I grabbed my umbrella.

Again I asked the weatherman for the forecast
'Raining' he replied
But as I look at the cloud-free sky,
I put on my sun hat.

Once more I asked the weatherman for the forecast
'Sunny' he stated
But as I looked at the wind battered trees,
Wrong again I thought.

But how can a weatherman tell the weather, if he never goes outside?

By Amy



A Little Parisian Coffee Shop

Along the winding cobbled street, just outside of the view of prying eyes, nestled snugly between an antique book store, which is surprisingly still in business and a quirky little curiosity shop, it lies.

The smell of freshly baked sugar bread, buttery croissants and pain au chocolate mingle with the scent of freshly ground coffee. The sounds of muffled chatter and clinking china fill the air. As I sit in the corner next to the windows, letting in just the right amount of lights, so I may read disrupted only by the waitress refilling my cup.

Outside the wind makes the fiery leaves dance across the street and back, sometimes a waltz, sometimes a tango. Even further still the echo of the bustling Champs d'Elysees, the rushing of the river Seine.

By Amy



Silence

Silence.
Heavy, echoing silence.
It is thick, and soft, like velvet,
Coated in undisturbed dust.
The wood is hard, old and gritty.
The air is cold, and I shiver, but I don't mind.
I can hear my breathing.
Making any sound seems wrong,
Like I'll get in trouble.
But it is peaceful here.

By Roxy

**Inspired by "The bird that was trapped has
flown" by James Robertson**

The bones that were broken have healed
The one who was falling has flown
The boat that was sinking is sealed
The hem that was fraying is sewn
The field that was frozen is thawed
The sky that was raining is sun
The one who was pauper is lord
The story left unfinished is done.

By Roxy

Battling Worry

Just get out of my head
Leave me alone
You haunt me like a ghost
Constantly whispering in the back of my
mind
You can't, you won't
Like a shadow, you're there and
Sometimes I don't notice you
Sometimes I just can't get away from you
But this time you're not going to stop me
I am determined to make you stop
Make you quiet
Prove you wrong
You are wrong
You'll disappear
Like a spec of dust
Into the thin air
You'll be nothing
You won't tell me I can't
You won't win
I will win
I have won

By Ceryl

The Old Railway Line

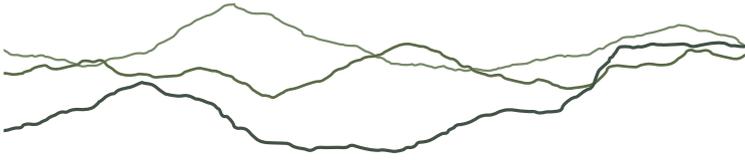
Golden and green leaves trickle through the air
Scattered by the endless gusts of wind
It's almighty strength
Pushes and pulls the helpless arms
That reach down, enclosing the trail
A tunnel of twisting toes
Leap and dive through the dampened soil
Hiding the tracks
Of an old friend
That visited quite often
But could never stay for long
It's echoing whistle
Is missed in this land
Only the pheasants cry
The flapping of wings
Or the gentle wind on a raging tantrum
Echo along this overgrown ivy floor

By Ceryl

Windows or Without?

I'm often trapped in my head
Locked away like a figment
Of my own imagination.
I look out over the world
An inconsequential spirit
Never quite touching the ground.
Can anyone see me?
Does anyone know I'm here?
I'll touch a solid object sometimes,
It tells me I'm still here
So I know I'm not lost as well as trapped
I don't know which is worse,
A prison with windows,
Or without?
Is it worse to know what
You are kept from
Or blissful ignorance.
One day I'll get out.
The more words I accumulate,
The more likely it is,
I'll get the correct combination
Create a key.
Which do I use?
There are so many.
Do I take a risk?
Free me, or imprison me further.
Should I try
Or wait to be told?

By Amelie



Peak

Art in the Black Mountains
Celf yn y Mynyddoedd Duon



Cyngor Celfyddydau Cymru
Arts Council of Wales



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