

Caban Sgriblio Anthology 2018



Introduction

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

Managed by Peak, Caban Sgriblio provides young people in Powys, Monmouthshire and the Valleys with creative writing workshops. Over a series of workshops the young writers drew inspiration from their surroundings, objects and poems written by professional poets. They were invited to write about the world as they see it.

This anthology provides a lively record of the participants' originality and enthusiasm. We hope you have as much fun reading them as they did writing.

With thanks to all the young people who took part in the project.

Thanks to the adults too:
Janie Davies, Ionwen Spowage, Jenifer Edwards, Lynsey McCrohon, Claire Pugh, Kayleigh Hughes, Richard Greatrex, Deborah Gillingham, Mike Gough, Hayley Kaya, John McMorrow, Delyth Pearson, Matthew Oliver, Damien Briggs, Sarah Jacob and all the staff at Bedwelty House.

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**Photo credits: Toril Brancher,
Siôn Marshall-Waters**



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.

Cyflwyniad

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

Dan reolaeth Peak Cymru, mae Caban Sgriblio yn darparu gweithdai ysgrifennu creadigol ar gyfer pobl ifanc ym Mhowys, Sir Fynwy a'r Cymoedd. Yn ystod cyfres o weithdai cafodd yr ysgrifenywyr ifanc eu hysbrydoli gan eu cynefin, oddi wrth wrthrychau a cherddi wedi eu creu gan feirdd proffesiynol. Roeddent yn cael eu gwahodd i ysgrifennu ynghylch y byd, fel y maent hwy yn ei weld.

Mae'r casgliad hwn yn darparu cofnod bywiog o wreiddioldeb a brwdfrydedd yr unigolion a fu'n cymryd rhan. Gobeithiwn y byddwch chi'n cael llawn cymaint o hwyl yn ei ddarllen ac y gwnaethant hwy yn ei ysgrifennu.



Peak Art in the Black Mountains
Celf yn y Mynyddoedd Duon

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 ysgrifenywyr ac athrawon proffesiynol

Gyda diolch i'r holl bobl ifanc a fu'n rhan o'r prosiect.

Diolch hefyd i'r oedolion:

Janie Davies, Ionwen Spowage, Jenifer Edwards, Lynsey McCrohon, Claire Pugh, Kayleigh Hughes, Richard Greatrex, Deborah Gillingham Mike Gough, Hayley Kaya, John McMorro, Delyth Pearson, Matthew Oliver, Damien Briggs, Sarah Jacob a'r holl staff yn Nhŷ Bedwellty.

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**Fotograffau gan: Toril Brancher,
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CXBAN

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.

“I like being able to write about all manner of strangeness and feel okay because they write odd stuff too.”

“I love the freedom of writing whatever I feel about something”

“Creative writing makes me feel good because there’s no limit whereas in the classroom, you feel under pressure and you have to think of a certain thing. Creative writing is endless and you can write about anything you want”

“I have enjoyed being able to share my writing without being worried about what other people may think. I enjoy the freedom”

“if I had a bad school day then Caban Sgriblio brightens it”

“I find I am much more creative and expressive than I used to be – Caban Sgriblio has freed my imagination.”

“creative writing calms me down after a stressful day.”

“It allows you to express your feelings about random things – it’s almost an opportunity to vent feelings/emotions very useful for stress relief.”

“It makes me feel calm because it’s not a straight up topic and you can write whatever you want.”

“It is good because it gives me tips on how to improve my writing”



The Balloon

Everything is red.
The rubber jolts beneath me
I rise higher.

Every time I take a step,
I bounce.
Underneath me there are huge towers -
buildings.

It squeaks and screeches
Like fingers down a blackboard.
Air rotates around me
Turning everything cold.

It jolts
And again I rise higher.

By Layla

The Door

Wooden and rusty
Painted doorway
Nails passing through from the other side.
The old posh handle, slightly rusted.
Base going green
as mould slowly spreads
Leading to a graveyard of people from the past.
Shaped like the sides
of a wooden boat.

In an empty space
As if it were in an ancient house.
A door
leading to a place
Untouched by mankind.

By Rachel

Down Past Nettle Hell...

going to Sean's swing,
in the centre of the old wood,
in the centre of the mouldy rotten wood,
where the bright flower shines.

By Sam

Fish

Fish, all different shapes and sizes,
perfect in all parts, colours colliding
Beautiful from the egg: the shimmering of their scales.

They live under the oceans, amongst others of their kind.
Moving gracefully, cutting through the water,
Under the ombre of the sea.

The sea of deep bottomless darkness,
where every fish lives.
From rainbow fish in the sea
to crabs and starfish on the sand.

Oh, how every single one is different.
They always catch my eye with their colourful perfectness.

By Jenny



Wales

A land of snow-capped mountains,
A land of rugged hills,
A land of fluffy sheep,
And yellow daffodils.

A land of ancient mines,
Where many souls now sleep
Very close to our hearts
Is where they wish to keep.

A land of noble soldiers
Who fought in World War 1
A land of our great heritage
Tell the story for someone.

For Wales is our country
We salute it every day
But for now in Wales
The vast sky is darkened gray.

For here in Wales so far away
The Welsh remember still
And on St David's day, with pride
Wear the leek or daffodil.

By Gareth

Time Walk

You wake up a baby
As soon as you look in the mirror
You are eleven.

You walk down the stairs
You are eighteen
As you get your breakfast
You are twenty four
When you eat, you are forty eight.

After breakfast you go to work
When you are driving
You are sixty.

You are getting to that age
Ninety Four.

You've got cancer
You are lying on a sofa
With your family staring down at you sobbing
Then black!

By Jess W



Mistake

Here there is no freedom.
All you see is darkness,
as the sun comes up.

Dark suits
with stripes of the purest dullness.
Blue men
with faces of the harshest cruelty.

Shouts
of the snappiest words.
Footsteps
of the plodding people, coming.

Sloppy porridge.
The bowl perched next to a bucket.
Mouldy bread.
The crusts green and perhaps
if you are lucky, brown.

The great unwashed,
Scruffy all the way through.

Deadly fear,
of all the blue men.
Our beds
Silently crying for a soft mattress.

The grey baton.
Constant fear of beating looms.

Here we have no freedom,
and here
we deserve to be.

By Freya



Imagination

I was on a cold, snowy hill.

Suddenly

I found myself on the sofa

drinking hot chocolate and reading a book.

Wait.

Stop.

Correction.

Playing on my Ipad, talking to my friends and playing games.

By Shannon

Winter

The smell of chocolate coins
bending your fingernails to open the wrapper.
Paint.
Pine needles going brown on the floor.
The roaring of the wood burner
as it disintegrates the wood.
The squeeze of the sofa as you relax.
The weight of my cat lying on my feet in bed.
The click of the power when you turn the TV on.
The trickle of water running down your jacket
After you get hit by a snowball.
The feeling when your freezing hands
Touch something warm.

By Jacob

My Head

In it there are assignments:
Accounting, Marketing, Advertising.
There are appointments;
Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
Work.
I've got to earn money.

There are far away places I drift off to
During the most boring lessons.
There are memories of places I've been,
experiences, people I've met.
All have shaped me.

There are plans
for the future, weekend and evening.
There are strategies.
How am I going to get there?
WHEN?

By Hannah

Why?

Why do bouncy balls bounce?

Why do helium balloons float?

Why do dogs die?

Why do we live on oxygen?

Why does everyone have a best friend?

Why do we have planes?

Why does the surface of the water shine?

Why do we have to obey stereotypes?

Why do we live?

Why do we die?

By Lara

I-pod

The i-pod is a blue glove that comforts my hand,
The i-pod is a blue top of a car or blue door,
The i-pod is a flat cookie with blue, white and steel icing,
The i-pod is the sun with a blue outline,
The i-pod is hair when it is left down.

By Sioned



Collisions

A garden fork is a sleepy monster
With greasy skin, it lives in the earth.
It comes out at night
to do people's gardening.
Although rather a disgusting sight,
It can be quite helpful.

A violin is a small shimmering light
that shines at night.
If one collides with another,
a once in a decade sight
It produces beautiful pieces of music
that can only be heard through a telescopic tube.

A carton of apple juice
is a keyboard made for gaming.
It may be slightly dangerous.
It can burst and release a smelly liquid
Deadly to a computer.

By Jess T

Dread

School,
Homework,
Bored.

When you're late,
When you're ill,
When you hurt something,
When you have no friends,
When people are bullied,
Alone.

When you watch a sad movie,
When you get attacked by your dog,
When you have to run around school,
When it's quiet and your stomach growls,
Embarrassing yourself in public.

When you watch a horror,
the screen goes black
You scream at your reflection.

By Denni

If You Come My Way

After Lynette Roberts

I will show you my adventurous garden
Where I plant the beautiful, delicate flowers
I will show you the outstanding countryside views
Where I gaze looking out onto a tiny farm.

I will make you homemade spaghetti bolognaise
Served with a little loaf of bread.
I will show you my bedroom,
Which I would turn into a fun house
when I was a little girl.

I will take you down the park
We can play on the swings!
We can dine out in the Cozy Café
We can stand in the band stand
Pretend we are a part of a choir!

By Paige

Badger

I see in front of me
a brown and light brown creature in a bush
I hear the tapping of the paws
on the autumn leaves on the ground
I would like to eat my prey.
My secret is
I know where to hide from things.

By Ewan

My Mystery Pet

It is a little fluffy shoe
with a little mouth, a little nose.
Two eyes and two little ears
Four mini legs.

It plays and eats all day,
Sleeps sometime.
I look after it, by giving it food
Change her cage.
Let it free to play and eat all day.
Sleeps sometime.

I look after it, by giving it food
Change her cage.
Let it free to play
and poop everywhere.
Give it hugs and pet it.

I like her, because she is cute,
And little and nice.
It is a girl.
It's a guinea pig.
It's a pet.
I always wanted one.
Her name is Evie.

By Marie Anne



If You Come My Way

Come my way as I walk past
the sparkling water with lovely pebbles.
Go over the bridge,
race me to the telephone pole
walk over three fields.

When we get there just sit under a tree
you can pretend you saw something floating down the river
we can investigate.
We can have a laugh.

By Charlotte

Forest School

I like the fire
The spikey soft trees
The soft grass
The stones in patterns
Yellow, white, orange.
I like the mud monsters
I like the logs.

The birds are singing calmly in the trees,
The trees get hot in the sun
Under the wood where the spiders come out.
The spiders come out at night
They sleep in the day time
In tents to keep the sun out of their eyes.
We sit under the trees.

By Emma

I Live In A River

I zoom through Egypt to the Ocean.
It's as blue as a diamond
I go through the desert
Through the town , out into the open sea
I am a world famous river
I am seen from afar
I am sworn to protect it.

By Jack

In The Woods

The log is as crackly as a crisp
As tickly as a feather
As spikey as a porcupine
As fat as a bear.

By Brett

My Pet

She is purple, green, yellow and black.
She loves her swing
She always goes on her swing.
She tucks her head under her wing when she sleeps.
She hops around the floor
She tweets when there are loud noises
She tries to bite you if you try to stroke her
She is very small.
I look after her by feeding her.
Her name is Margo.

By Norma Jean

Changes

I was one but now I'm another.

I stand at the edge of the water never
daring to jump in.

Too afraid of the night
Too afraid of what will happen.

Will I sink?
Will I drown?
Will I die?

Pondering the possibilities.

One little jump is all it takes.

I feel a presence behind me, it overcomes me.

The plunge.

The air rushing past.
The cold, cold air.

I hear the splash.
I'm taken over by an indescribable sensation
covering every inch of me

The calm peaceful atmosphere just below
the surface.

I was one but now I'm another.

By Cameren



Whispering Winds

The horizon blurs
The ground beneath me is rolling
The dusty food comes up.

The silence is not haunting,
yet a great fear lies beneath.

Nights are drier,
though interrupted.
The small porthole window wakes me up.

A buzzing from below.
Soft whispering sways beneath me
A young man's drunken pride.

Food is hard and provisioned
Save for the feast on land.

The nights are cold and peaceful,
Stars uninterrupted by light.

Bobbing behind me,
a small waterproof light
Opens my mind.
To wonder I must.

The wooden circles are held tight
A binding I may not forget.

The slipping of the soft glazed wood,
A small patter above my head.

The loud crashing
soothing to the mind.
A salted drop
Marks your clothes, uncomfy.

A danger that calls attention
Lurks sometimes below.

By Torger

If ...

If this wasn't a thing
Everyone would be okay.
No comments would be made.
Happiness throughout this place,
No sadness or anger,
death threats written,
Suicidal notes left.

People make a big deal
like it's something brand new.
It's been out for years,
Imagine:
No labels or judgements
It will be a much better place.

Well, a girl can dream.

By Krystal

If You Come My Way

If you come my way,
I will offer you
A jar full to the brim with digestive & rich tea biscuits
Followed by the best tea in a Tatty Teddy mug
Or, maybe
A picnic in Bryn Bach Park.

In the evening or afternoon, while the sun is still out
I will offer
Lounging and getting tanned in the garden
Topped off by splashing & playing in the pool.
After that, we can exchange our deepest secrets,
Swear not to tell.

Anytime you like, I will offer
Getting lost strolling into endless fields of green
Or if you like,
Taking a stroll down Bedwellty Park
A never ending adventure
Finding all sorts of wildlife.

In the night, I will provide
Competing in a friendly game of checkers.
To top it off,
A large bowl of buttered popcorn while watching a movie.

By Tegan

Mars

Mars, Mars is a wonderful place.

It may be small

It's bigger than a hall.

It has a diameter of 6,742 km

The velocity is 17,400 billion tonnes.

Mars, mars is cold.

Its year is twice as long

as cold as a brisk winter's night.

Less oxygen than hydrogen in the atmosphere.

By Owen

The Cattery

Many sounds, and very annoying.
This place is kind of like a bin.
Unwanted, alone,
Desperate for a home.

As I pass the poor old things
I can't bear the sight of the cages.
Sad, stressed, but loved.
Loved by the workers who work very hard
To give them hope.

They perk up as someone passes.
Then their dreams are crashed
when their next door neighbour is chosen.
Overlooked for weeks, for months,
Maybe even for years.

When they are finally picked to have their cage doors open.
They are overwhelmed.
Sometimes they like you,
Sometimes they don't.
You never know, they like things on their own terms.

Sometimes, they go to their forever home.
Settled in successfully!

Then if you feed them, love them.
They will love you bad and
be your companion forever.

By Keziah

The Dolphin

Dolphin. Fourteen metres long, beautiful.
Turquoise dolphin
Blue and mounds of green.
Swimmers from babies
The softness of their skin.
They squirt water amongst the fish.
Swiftly moving, gliding through the water.
Their call to mating in the deep, layered blue sea.
Magical to swim with the dolphin.

By Chloe

Narwhal

A graceful Narwhal
They splash through the fresh, clear water of their home;
the ocean.
They are magnificent, unicorn-like creatures
Their enchanting horns emerging from their forehead.
Splashing with grace and beauty.
Blue and white, the gentle colours that give the Narwhal life
Dashing through the fresh cool sea.

By Lowri



Old Pink Scales Chaff
Cock Cream Stomach
Sawtooth
Crest Tails

Butterfly

If my mum was a good singer

If my mum was a good singer
my life would change.
people knocking on our door
she would be so cool.
Then she would have tea with the queen
and Beyonce too.

From lights to camera and action,
we could have a Lamborghini
perhaps a football stadium, too.
But it might become boring after a while,
Imagine listening to her singing
rubbish karaoke on Saturday nights,
now for me, the awful racket,
that is not a delight.

By Josie

Love Song to a Book

Only you can have me hooked
you take me on a ride.

Your tea stained cover
hides an inside of imagination.

You take me to a new world
where only I have been.

You fill my brain with pictures.
I dream about your story.

I'm with you all the time.
Your words fill me with thoughts.

By Lucy

What am I?

Caravan thumper
easy sleeper
heavy dropper
traffic slower
head wetter
sun hatter
window flicker
boot filler
summer wrecker
cow sitter
fire canceller
land slider
puddle masker
river creator

By Charlie

If You Come My Way

I will offer you
a face full of grass as you tumble onto the floor
Come see my pigeons, they won't bite!

The warm welcome of delightful children
screaming your name to come and play.
The comforting smell of the sausages on the BBQ
as they're struck by the heat.

I will take you on a nice long walk
through the outskirts of the most calming place in Tredegar
The birds will sing in melody of the beats
that will be hanging from my bedroom window.

If you come my way that is...
A happy smiley home
A lifetime opportunity
A day full of sunshine and laughter

By Courtney

Cheetah

Cheetah, sunset brown with bold ink-black spots,
beautiful.

From birth, faster than speeding stars.

They race across the sunburnt land
or feed, renowned for their fresh capture.

Don't be fooled by its first sight of elegance and beauty.

Crouched down in the grass,

tail flowing with the wind, still, careful

Chest panting fast, after giving up on you.

By Niamh



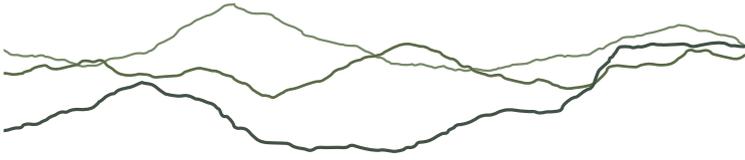
Teddy Bear

He's broken, his shattered heart missing,
his parts in a box, forgotten.
He doesn't like to be this way.
He shuts his eyes and thinks back.

He was underneath a bed,
dust gathering, covering him like a layer of thick snow.
He was sat on a shelf in good condition, like a new chair, crushed
but clean.
He didn't like to be this way.
He closed his eyes and thinks back.

He could hear laughing and giggling,
he was being used as a toy, a beacon of happiness
closing out the fear and the sadness within a child's soul.
He liked to be this way.
He concentrated hard but stayed the same.

By Oliver



Peak

Art in the Black Mountains
Celf yn y Mynyddoedd Duon



Cyngor Celfyddydau Cymru
Arts Council of Wales



Noddir gan
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Sponsored by
Welsh Government



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Reg. charity (England & Wales) no. 800502 and Scotland no. SC039652

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Registered charity No. / Rhif elusen gofrestrdedig 1011599
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