

Peak Mini Residency: Saturday 2 November 2019, Peak Studio, Crickhowell.

Observe & Write by Dafydd Reeves

An intrepid band of young adults
Make their first foray into the wild world of modern art
Journeys into a galaxy of lights
And a spangled canvas:
A poem to prime and activate artists.
The youths confused and confounded yet boundlessly intrigued
Then a symmetrical parody arrives on screen
A jab at those souls who hold their own selves too seriously,
Then a psychedelic marriage of sight and sound
That again confuses and confounds
Before moving on to the work at hand.

An explosion of activity bursts into life,
Intermittent fountains of laughter
As the youths take to their cameras.
The opening and closing of chairs goes awry.
Why was this chosen? Don't ask me why.
Then a shake of the head from side to side as the gentleman reclines.
A photo of a hand, random things.
Then the girl stands half obscured by the door.
Through crazy activity youths know the score!
A purple hood snags the peg, a hanged girl: It's all good!
A wild and careless jump in the air;
Not your usual fare.

Effortless enthusiasm
They take to the action
Like fish to the ocean,
Commotion rich.
Then the editing stage where the flames of activity silence
And concentration and murmurs hold sway,
Though even here there are snippets and sniggers of laughter
For the fun is fermenting still.

Opening bins, strike a pose

Celebrity style
Raving under a table, wild.
Psychedelic sunspots
And retro black and white,
The demonstration gives delight.
Eyes in snow
An iconic image
That was envisaged.
Darting paper aeroplanes in warm sunset colours
And an amusing tale of death and chocolate.
Then a video of much tapping and thumping

A contemplative poem by Sassoon follows,
First read tenderly,
Then a military reading clipped and loud like a captain's call,
Then in the terrible whisper of the dead,
A haka-like boisterous chorus,
A cornucopia variety of voices and sound.

To the sound recorders and a Babel of voices
Blasts through the ears.
A cluster of buoyant chatter
The wagging of a multiplicity of tongues,
The polymorphous noise destroys order.

Finally to end contemplation and receptivity reigns once more
Free writing in utter silence
Save the sound of scribbling and breath
What have they written?
A girl declares a bright and blazing word
'Confidence'
And though some are shy
They are happy and friends are made.