

'A Creative Response to Place'.

Recently relocated here, myself, no sense of place, unknown,
assembled for an autumn walk. With a gathering of strangers.

Across olympian field we stroll, along the lowered railway track
to windmill hill: thyme-laden banks, ancient Silurian stone.
Leading on, through limestone landscape created over centuries,
gorged out, heaped up, man-made contours. Reclaimed now by tree and scrub.

Amiably meandering, converging here, then scattering
like fallen wind-blown leaves we drift, and merge, to chatter easily.
I, responding to the ebb and flow, falling in and out of step,
change my pace to coincide. My dance of curiosity.

I give myself to being lead along the trail and through the woods
compliant, but resisting it. Part of the group, yet still apart.
Falling back, I stop to linger, longer, delve the understory:
roots and runners, ferns and fungi. Deeper darker detail of place.

Then, hastening on I rejoin, as we emerge through hedge to field,
bursting on a glorious view of multi-coloured, layered hills.
A group once more, we stand and gaze; I am moved to hear the words
"Wenlock Edge like a tidal wave. Breaking on the shores of Wales".

What legacy this autumn walk? New people met, new places named.
Less strange now and more located. My first steps to reinvention.

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