

## **Masculinities: Online Community View**

### **Poetry from 'Writing the Image' workshop**

The poems below were written during a live version of the *Writing the Image* workshop, led by Annie Hayter for a group called The Take Over. The Take Over is a summer school based in Dagenham, where young people build skills as poets and producers.

#### **His Wings**

Out the window view  
Its scenic and natural  
All as god had planned  
All as she had made it  
A distraction from the world next to me  
Not the best form  
Yet a beautiful thing to remember  
He is leaving  
They said he's going on holiday  
Somewhere nice  
Somewhere better  
I wish I could be with him  
I know I won't hear from him  
He always forgets to send letters  
He's wearing wings  
My parents say that soon they will be real  
And he will fly  
I hope he flies back to me  
I hope he fly back to the view that I see  
After all  
It is a distraction

by Shannon Pengelly

## **expression**

My hair is a form of expression  
I change it because I'm bored  
Sad, lonely, happy  
Any reason really  
I used to hate my hair  
Compared it to others too much  
Kept it long to fit in  
Also because I didn't think it would frame my face well  
Once I cut it I didn't want to stop I wanted it to be shorter  
So instead I started dying  
All the colours of the rainbow  
Expression is what I use my hair for  
I cut it again and dyed more  
I'm finally comfortable  
With how it looks  
Short but vibrant  
My hair is no longer just a form of expression  
It's me.

by Shannon Pengelly

## **A piece of clothing that makes you feel like yourself**

A free blue dress  
Torn slightly at the front  
With broken buttons

Yet,  
Comfort wraps me  
No matter how broken  
That dress may be

Flowers dance on the skirt  
Wavering between sun and shade  
But  
At my own fault  
The dress is already  
Stained:

Raspberry juice  
And Bicycle Oil

I'm not good with dainty things  
Delicacy is not my forté

But with my short stubby hair  
And blue stained dress  
I feel free,  
As the dress itself when given to me  
Salvaged from the scrap heap

By Grace Penton

## **What would the beard say?**

The wind whips through me  
Brushing my dainty curls  
As I sit  
Complementing this yellow t shirt  
You stare,  
Although I don't know why  
As I ordain the skin  
With a rich dark brown

-

The wind brushes my bald scalp  
Caressing it  
As if it was a child  
Hair dropping onto shoulders  
Into crooks of clothes  
Haunting the body  
For days  
And weeks  
And months to come  
With an itch

An itch of the mind too  
A feeling of freedom

With nowhere to tread  
I have no need for those  
Expectations  
You have of me  
My hair can come or go  
And I will still be here  
Rustling in the wind

By Grace Penton

## **Windows**

Spiders crawl through my window  
They swing down  
Lowering themselves onto my bed  
Creeping into my comfort

They scuttle  
In through my ears  
Into my dreams  
As I feebly  
Bat them away

If I shut my window  
The temperatures soar  
And I swelter  
But if I keep them open  
The spiders  
Creep their way  
Back in

Should I befriend them?  
The spiders, the dreams,  
Or should I squash them  
With a book  
To brutally smother my fears

I simply want to sleep  
Comfortably again  
When the heat subsides  
And the spiders  
Go back to hide  
And I can open my windows  
Without fear

By Grace Penton

## **Your worst hair cut**

Like Shakespeare  
Had just been resurrected  
And started walking around  
London;  
Hair gloriously swaying in the breeze

Going to recite some poetry  
Yet it's 2019  
And Shakespeare didn't realize  
He was being photographed  
And his hairstyle will be  
Posted on the internet  
Forever,  
The terror!

Never turn around,  
Shakespeare,  
As the back is way worse than the front  
Act normal,  
Although you don't know  
What the normal of this era is  
Anymore,  
People remember you for your plays  
Hopefully they won't remember you  
For your haircut too

By Grace Penton