



READING IS REMEMBERING

ISSUE NUMBER 2
POP POETRY

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POP POETRY IS A POETIC TIME CAPSULE

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These poems have been written by the public,
supported by artists Ella and Chris.

Monday

(Too hot to climb, too many people.
We walk and wonder)
Down to Reach End.
Lie down, look over to Gradbach Hill.
Quiet clouds drift over
muting all colours.
Peace.

Gradbach Hill

A route called the Phantom
through the haze.
Further right, Gibb Tor,
a route, Porridge at Morridge Top.
A fairy tale name.
I could cry with the beauty of this
place.

Dusk.

Ramshaw Rocks.

Bouldering, strange place, Scary.
Something seems to excite her.
She can't stop climbing.
I find somewhere comfortable
sit and watch.

The sun is going down,
Long shadows.

She moves like a phantom,
feeling the rock.
She's at home.

This girl once said to me,
"All we've got in common is climbing
and sex."

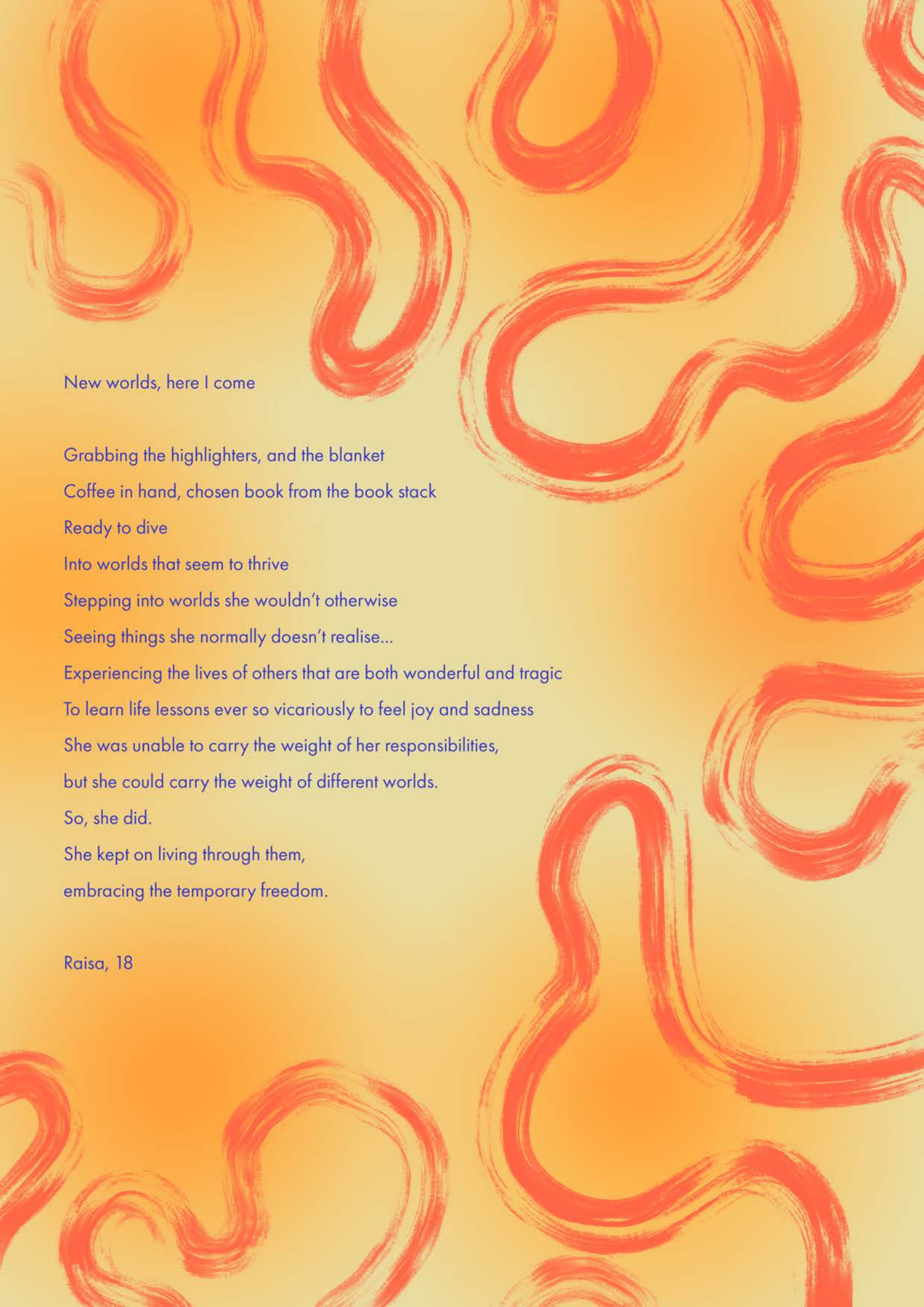
To annoy her, I was going to reply,
"What else is there?"
But didn't.
Because I know.

There's more...

Anon.

Adam, 70

Adam shares the only poem he's ever written in photography print,
from 1975.



New worlds, here I come

Grabbing the highlighters, and the blanket
Coffee in hand, chosen book from the book stack
Ready to dive
Into worlds that seem to thrive
Stepping into worlds she wouldn't otherwise
Seeing things she normally doesn't realise...
Experiencing the lives of others that are both wonderful and tragic
To learn life lessons ever so vicariously to feel joy and sadness
She was unable to carry the weight of her responsibilities,
but she could carry the weight of different worlds.
So, she did.
She kept on living through them,
embracing the temporary freedom.

Raisa, 18

Dandelion

I was 5 years old
when i tasted nature
(a dandelion).

Call it 'curiosity',
Call it 'silly',
I was a curious, silly child.

Mother Gia guides,
My wonder and hunger
for knowledge.

Hands touch the earth,
eyes to the skies,
feet in the waters.

From microscopic beings,
to the largest of creatures,
we all have a role,
to preserve the light.

Mother Gia is dying,
We must save her,
Our tranquillity
our home,
our mother.

Rakuen Arts, 28

Reading is Remembering

Reading is I entering another world, like a machine takes you there.

At the library

on the sofa

concentrate, comfy

the ink is soft

the pages sometimes smell

like they've been taken out of a trash bin.

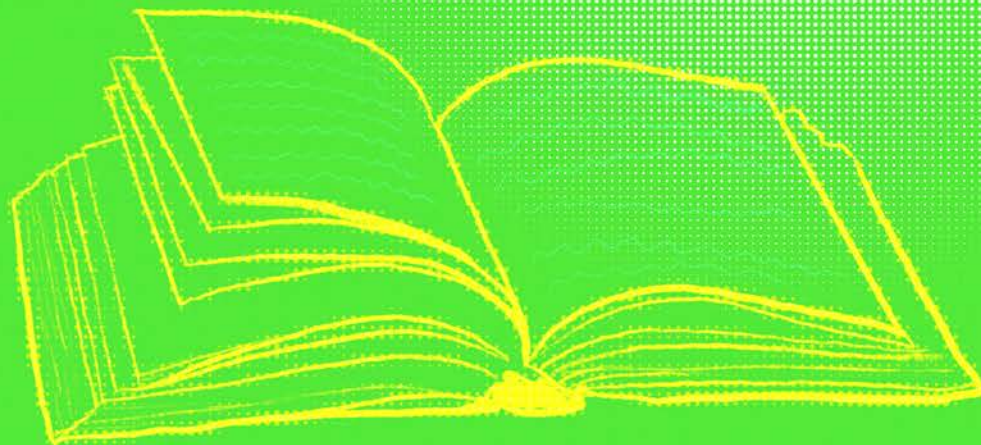
Home

In the kitchen, mum cooking fish that smells good

In my room, on my bed, peaceful when my brothers not there

This is where the talking animals meet, a robot who's lived on repeat for 598 years, where a boy turns invisible, where evil swaps with good.

Eli, 10



I really wouldn't know what I'd do without you <3

Look up

Look down

Look all around

See who's there and see who's not
because not everyone will be there

on the spot

Marcell, 21

There's light where ever you go
lights are like sun they shine bright
even in your darkest moments.

Home is there when you feel low and there will
be laughs and cries but sometimes nature can

talk to you

Breeze, 20

RESIST + RECIPE = REMEDY

(RIGHT WING)

IGNORANCE → MOCKING
DISSENTERS → ADDICTION

EXPLOITATION, DEATH +
DESTRUCTION

↓
KNOWLEDGE ← REGRET/
EMOTION FALSE
IDOLS

↓
AWARENESS

↓
HOPE

↓
REBIRTH

EMOTIONAL
REHAB

(left wing)

cycle
of
civilisation!

SIT ON
LAURALS

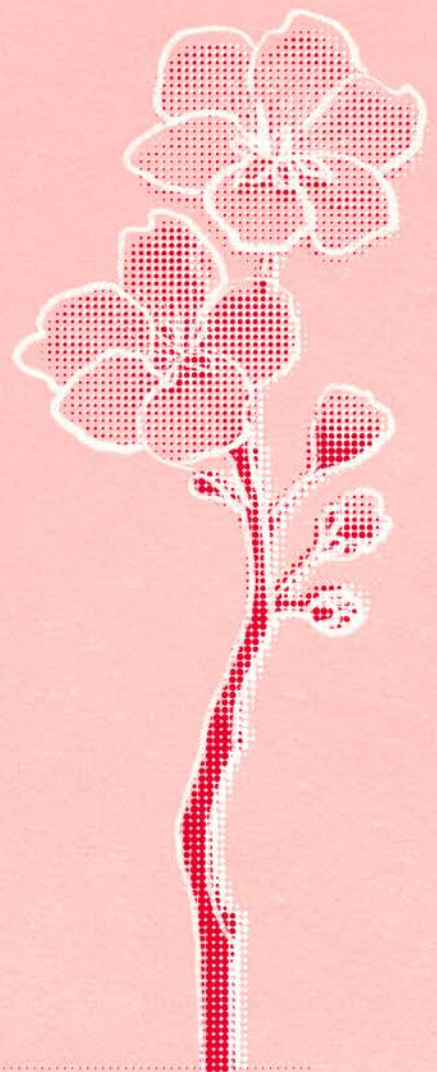
GOURANGA

May

Walking through the vibrant Palace garden
The splashes of colour
in the shapes of flowers
I am home.

Even when I'm not
fresh, yet bold

Nature is freedom
Like a soft summer breeze
It is running in an open space
The city is my garden
Tranquility in the chaos
This is where I find peace



Why did **no one** tell me about this?

No one taught us about our bodies.
They said they did, but they didn't.
How could they teach us when no one taught
t h e m ?
They did the best they could.

Yes, we had school. We had "the talk".
We were shown a uterus, a penis, a condom.
But how were we supposed to use that.

Technically we know how our baby is made
but do we know what it means to be a parent?
Our soul split in two.

Do we know what it means when we bleed every
two weeks?
When we can't walk because of the pain.
When your body feels **not yours**.

And what about those who prayed when they
bled because of the shame.
Who blotted their knickers to hide the sin.
Why did no one tell them what to expect?

Well, because **no one** told them.

Beth, 33.

Nigeria

The card of diverse culture
The voice that makes me smile
The place where there's always something going on.

I know that I am home.



Yoruba, a tribe of discipline and respect
Look through the window and watch
the old and young
in conversation.

I know that I am home.

Oluwatomi, 19



**Manchester
City of Literature**

