was the stare from th
Dreams Passerine
Discovered in the
SILHOUETTE

The passerine belongs to the bird family *Passeriformes*, from the Latin *passer* meaning 'sparrow' and *formis* meaning 'shaped'. They are the largest and most diverse species in the bird family. As *Homo sapiens*, we have been here for over 200,000 years – yet the passerine is 50 million years old. Everything we have achieved as humans, they have witnessed and have been privy to. Blackbirds, robins, great tit, chaffinch, nightingale, house martin, coal tit – their ability to perch comes from their feet. Three toes facing forward and one facing backwards. Maybe we should learn from the passerine's ability to grip a branch, to 'put more energy into the future while keeping one toe in the past'.

Phil Green
Summer 2022

skies

Skies

Arturo Galang

Skies so vast and colour blue only
on summer days and at night so
lovely to see with millions of stars
that blink when you stare at them.

Skies

Rab McClelland

I'm looking above, my head's in
the clouds deep in thought!
Trying to find an answer
for my troubles.
Hopefully I can find an answer
to my problems.

Skies

Elizabeth Kelly

I look up to the sky

And what do I see

A beautiful rainbow

Many colours against a blue background

And the odd white fluffy cloud

So peaceful

The Walk

Stephen Gifford

The rain drips off the leaves
A rainbow brightly coloured green
Blue, red, yellow has formed
As I'm walking through the trees

Skies

Alexandra Topping

Today the sky is blue. Looks like we are going to have a nice day. Just some fluffy white clouds as well, too early to expect the sun. It is only 10.30 am but it is getting warm already. I will hang out my laundry in the garden. As I get to the last item, the clouds have parted and the sun has appeared. The sun looks so different now, no clouds. Just bright blue and a lovely bright sun, what a nice day.

Skies

Myrtle Shannon

I see skies as an enormous space / expanse of space.
I feel peace and calmness. A sense of tranquility.
Local birds are flying overhead with the trail visible
of an airplane which passes by.
I feel a sense of hope and expectation
of what the sky will deliver today.

As I stare upwards at the enormous expanse
of space unknown as the sky.
I feel calm and at peace with a sense of tranquility.
A few lone birds fly overhead and there is the visible
trail left by an aircraft which had recently flown over.
I feel a sense of hope and expectation
of what the sky will deliver today.

Skies, Here I Sit

Gary Wylie

Here I sit
Looking out my window
I look away from my television
To look, (no) watch out my window
I see a couple of things
A bird, a plane flying so high
With my dreams and thoughts
On the world

bleckburd

The Blackbird's Song

Kieran Stewart

The blackbird's song is from master singers,
In early morn and dusk,
High above the other birds
They sing masterful songs
Of their own making,
Each unique in their songs.
They are the mimics of other birds,
Impressionists of the avian world,
The trickers of the human ears,
Though their songs are of beauty
In many musical ways.

Bleckburd

Phil Green

Wi oot wairnin at ma scraich o
tha day
Thon auld bleckburd aye haud his say
Haud yer wheesht, ye uncouth beece
Yull walk haud ma kintrie, sivin days
O tha week

Am ath niver to sure
If hes bein braif oor boul
Or jus lukkin a wumman
Til houl whin its coul?

An whin he goes quait, an luks, aw
Aboot
Hes upta somfin, of thon theres no doot
Quick assa flaish, haes doon onna groond
An pulls uppa worm, which by listnin
He Foond!

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

after Wallace Stevens

Leah Batchelor

Between 12 white hill tops,
The only thing working
Was the stare from the blackbird.

Clear crystals hung in the corner
Created silhouette of a blackbird
Going back and forth.
The atmosphere
Discovered in the silhouette
A bewildering cause.

He rode around Belfast
In a windowed, opened car.
Once, a past hurt hit him,
In that he had mistaken
The black marks of his surroundings
For a blackbird.

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

after Wallace Stevens

Rene Boyd

He rode over Albert Bridge into Belfast in a glass carriage.
He spotted the blackbirds flying beside him through
the window which was coming close to him. Totally
inspired by them, their flying movements, their display.
Their display tells a story. Their parents are getting
their young ones to learn how to fly.

Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird

after Wallace Stevens

Stephen Gifford

Among a few snow-peaked mountains
The only thing that moved
Was the reflection of the blackbird
I was indecisive
Like a tree
In which there was three blackbirds
The blackbird glided in the autumn winds
It was a tiny part of the show

I do not know which to choose
The beauty of thought
Or the beauty of innuendoes
The blackbird whistling
Or just after

Frost patterns on the window
With basic glass
The shadow of the blackbird
Moved back and forward
The thought
Traced in the surroundings
Not decipherable

O thin men of Haddam
Why do you think of golden birds?
Have you not seen the blackbird
Stroll around the feet
Of the ladies about you?
I know posh accents
I know the blackbird song

chirrup: birdsong homophonics

The Starling

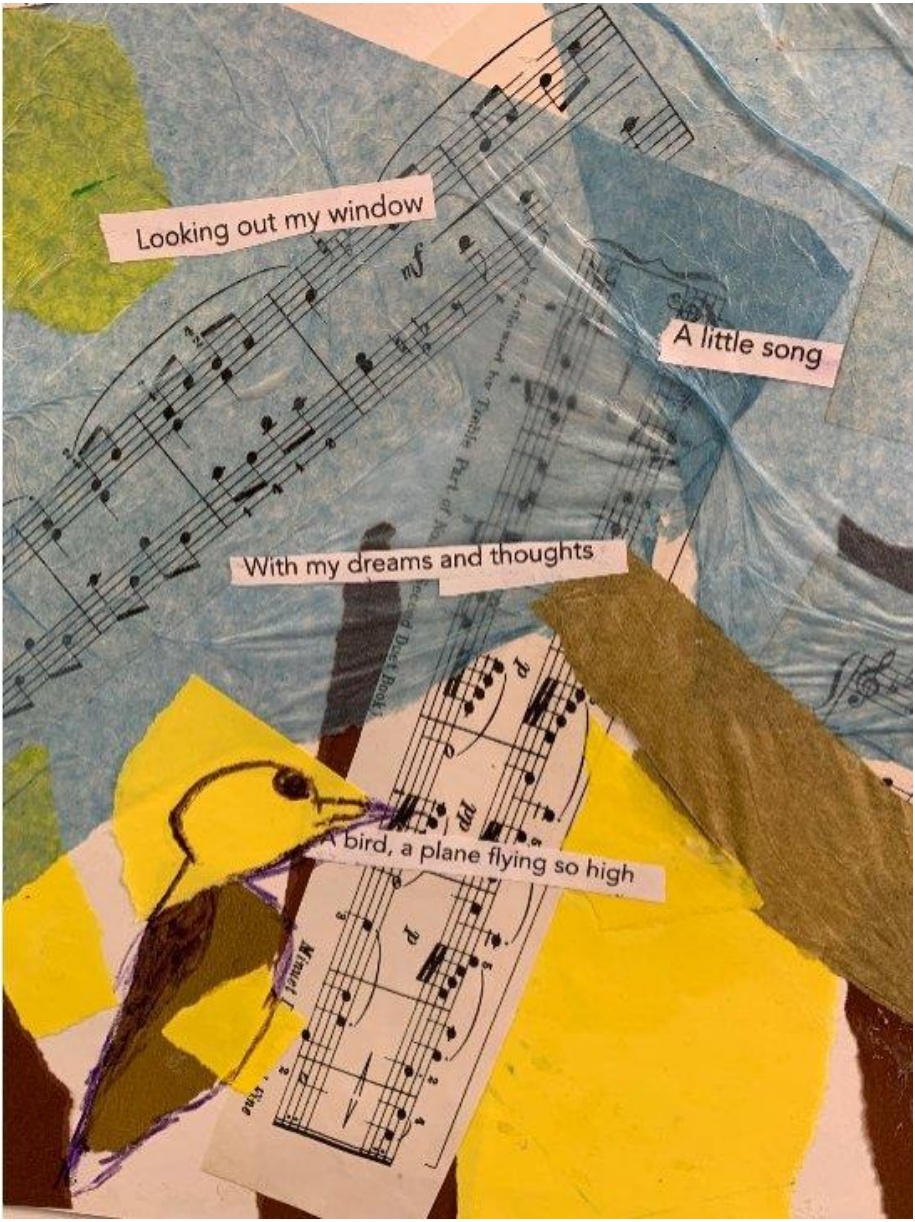
Gary Wylie

The bird it's a starling
It sings its song
From its repertoire of songs
From its little bill
A sound put out in my garden
From a starling
A little song

My Birds for Garden

Liz Boyd

If the birds arrive in your garden
What would you do?
Listen to their flapping!
To their chirping!
Get out some food, they are hungry.
Pellets and fat balls.
Which do you feed – them all
The black or small birds
Hopefully 2 robins,
You have had a great time.


Looking out my window
A little song
With my dreams and thoughts
A bird, a plane flying so high

Birdsong: Twit-twoo, Twit-twoo

Christine Williamson

what you're bringing to me is my grandad
he used to be able to make those calls
that's a dying art
he used to live quite close to a park

when I'm at the Lagan
I hope I will be able to see
the blackbird

Sometime Later

Tony Matthews

How do they do today –
How do they do today.
How can they speak.
They can operate in all sorts of ways.
They go about in the countryside,
Longing for butterflies
Along the hedgerows.
Watching the hedges.
As long as they see some movement
On the tops of the hedge.
It catches their eye.
They notice it and write it down.
Sometime later they may add to it,
At a later date.
It is all very important for them to do.
I have a lot to make up for.
Time, it waits for no one.

bird-understander

Skies

Paul O'Reilly

What is happening in the skies?
We look up and see the
Birds and to see what is
Happening. Are they doing something?
It's a mystery
People saw the bird injured
They want the bird to survive
They take the bird and
work on it. Hopefully the bird
will survive.

Holiday

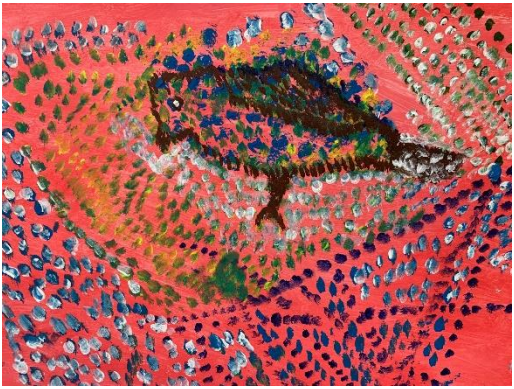
Lisa Forsythe

We are going on holiday to Los Angeles. When we get to the airport there is a big queue. There's a blackbird stuck up in the room. Everybody hears it. We get into the queue and show our passports while hearing the bird. We get into our flight. It was sunny that morning. When we arrived we had to wait for our luggage.

Trapped

Leah Batchelor

I'm trapped in my body unable to move
The world above me unaware
I just watch and stare, unable to respond
I lie every day just watching the world above me
I'm trapped in my body unable to escape



Trapped

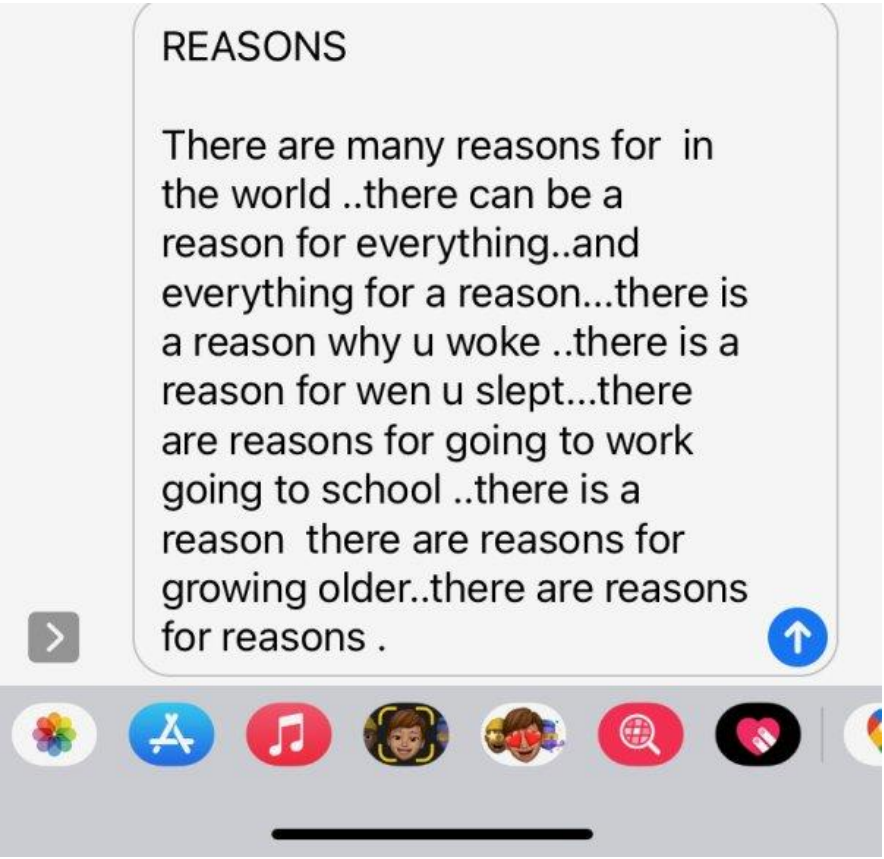
after Craig Arnold

Myrtle Shannon

A bird trapped in an airport unable to escape from this foreign environment. How scared the bird must feel and desperate to get outside where it is familiar. What can he do but wait for something to happen making it possible for him to get out of this seemingly impossible situation which he cannot understand. Stay calm and help will come to release him.

Reasons

Hugh McInally



at last its wings unfolded: translating Apollinaire

The Little Eagle

after Apollinaire

Paul O'Reilly

The little eagle
That whistled song
Sang away on the
Little hill. With friends
And have a thrill.

The little eagle
Who stays on the hill.

Zone: Memory Translation

after Apollinaire

Chloe Drillingcourt

This poem mentions flamingos, roc birds,
Chinese birds, American eagle.

It also mentions a mechanical bird.

At the end it mentions buses swarming
Paris and they come too close.

Pyre bird.

Alone in a crowd.

Rubik's Cube

Leslie Beckett

RUBICS CUBE

PUZZLES CROSSWARDS
STRANGE THINGS THAT
I SEE IN MY MIND OR
WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES
I SEE STRANGE COLOURS
TWISTING INTO ONE COLOUR
LIKE WHITE OR BLACK
RED

Zone

after Apollinaire

Roger Kane

Phoenix in the ashes
Bird with Adam's skull flocks of mythical birds
Ibis bird
Herds of people coming too close
Buses bellowing
Eagle in the wind
Taking time to look up and pause
And take a good look
Around / alone while surrounded by people

Bird

Lisa Forsythe

Bird

im flying high in the sky
in the farm i see different
animals and different animals
in the feild i can hear
people out for walks. i
can hear different birds as
well i can see the
moon at night and stars
i go to my nest for the
night and its morning i
fly about and get my breakfast

Welcome Aboard

Tony Matthews

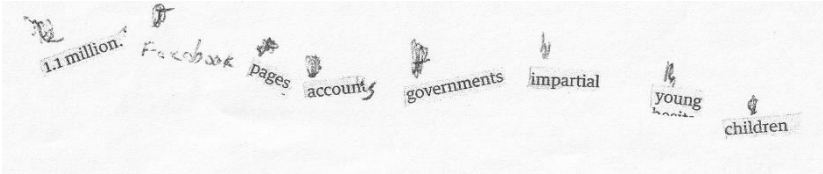
It's good to be with you.
I hope we meet again on this journey.
I may have this time to myself.
I do not see so many people now.
I get many treats and that makes me feel good.
I enjoy the simple things of life.
It's all very simple to make me feel good.

I am a good listener and prefer it to talking.
I want to tell a good story.
I just don't know where to start.
I was well, then I had this brain injury.
I was lost.
I find it hard to remember.
I find the task too hard.
I did not know where to begin.
I am lost.

cento / collage

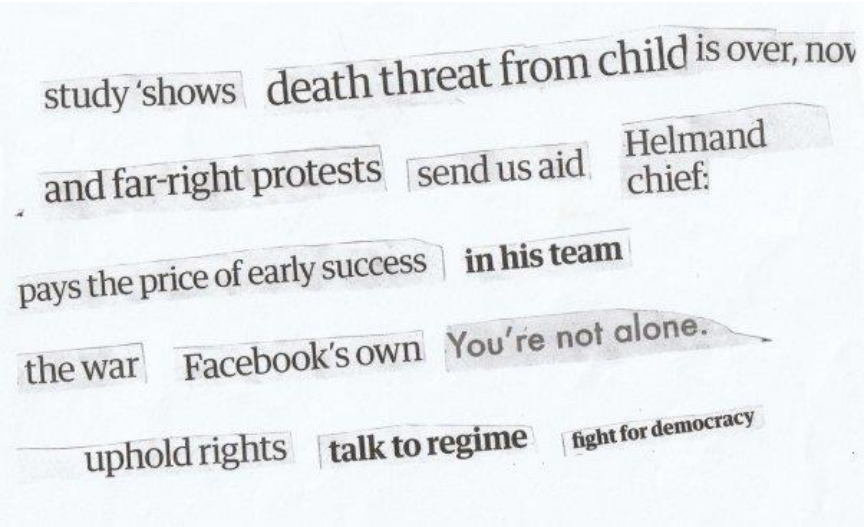
Collage

Michael Ross



Lost At Sea

Chloe Drillingcourt



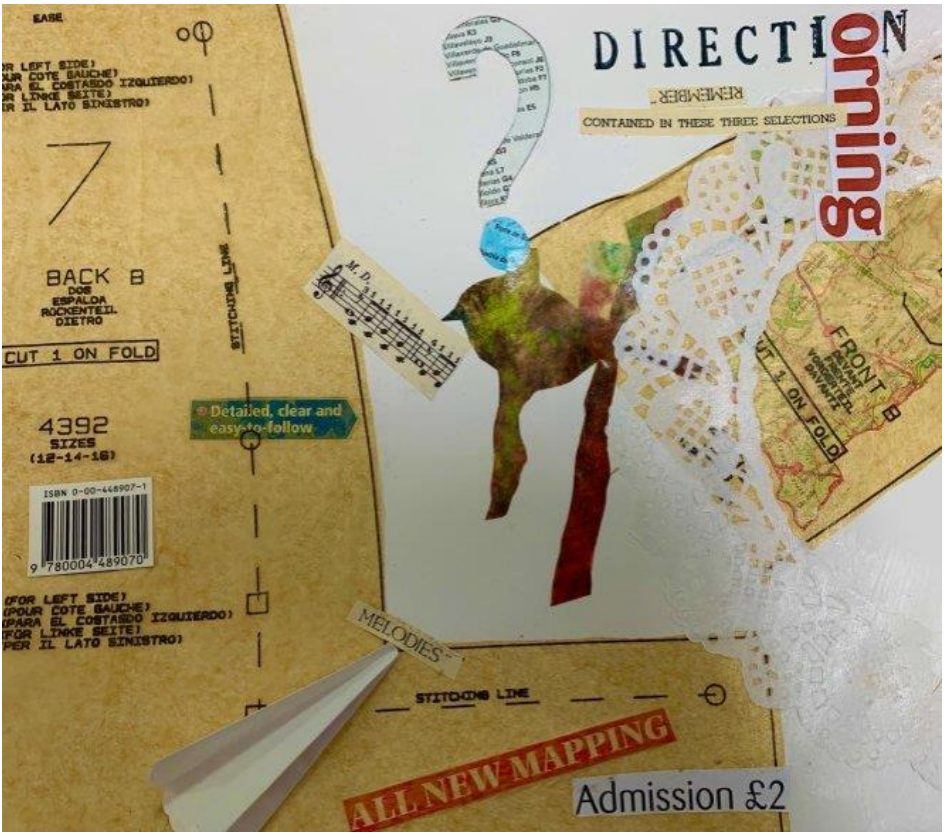
Swallows

after Siobhán Campbell

James Stewart

Sometimes it is positive to feel a memory

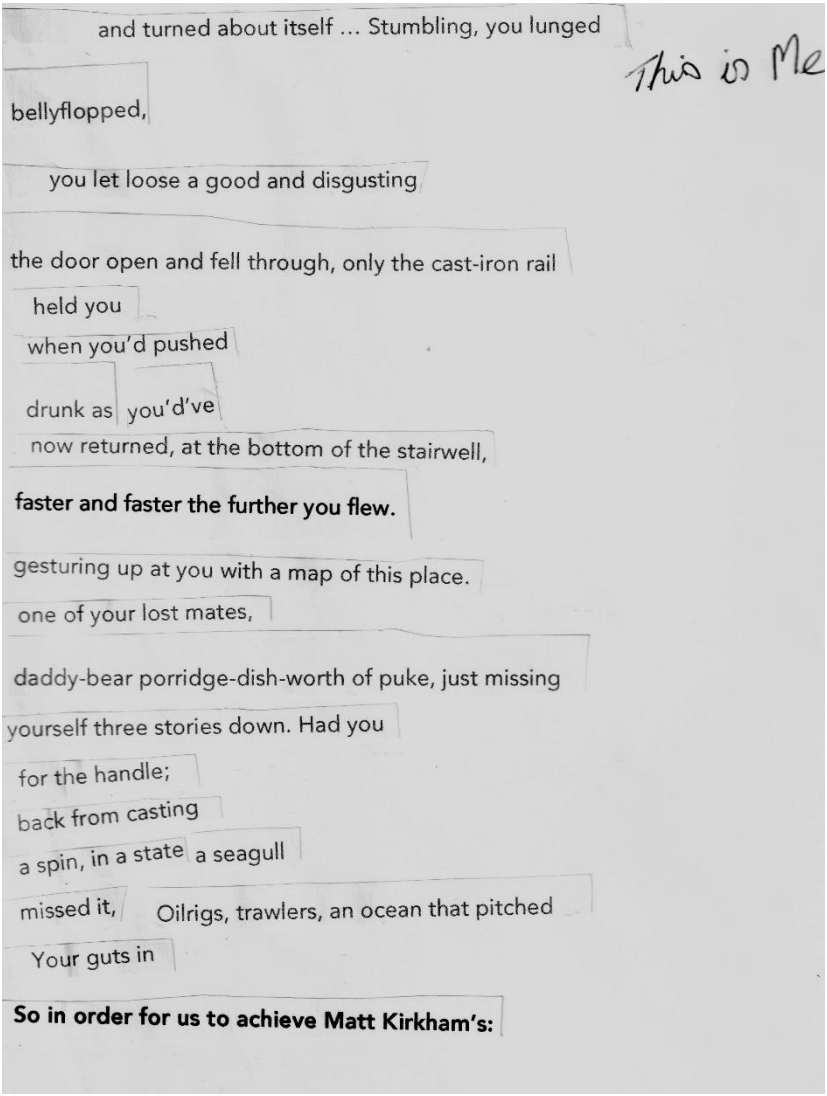
I feel alone in the world
Where I go, I feel alone
No matter what happens
I feel alone
Without my family
I feel alone
How can it be
This alone is too much for me


DIRECTION
CONTAINED IN THESE THREE SELECTIONS
BACK B
CUT 1 ON FOLD
4392
SIZES
(12-14-16)
Detailed, clear and easy-to-follow
FRONT B
CUT 1 ON FOLD
MELODIES
ALL NEW MAPPING
Admission £2

This Is Me

after Matt Kirkham

Gary Wylie



and turned about itself … Stumbling, you lunged

This is Me

bellyflopped,

you let loose a good and disgusting

the door open and fell through, only the cast-iron rail

held you

when you'd pushed

drunk as you'd've

now returned, at the bottom of the stairwell,

faster and faster the further you flew.

gesturing up at you with a map of this place.

one of your lost mates,

daddy-bear porridge-dish-worth of puke, just missing

yourself three stories down. Had you

for the handle;

back from casting

a spin, in a state a seagull

missed it, Oilrigs, trawlers, an ocean that pitched

Your guts in

So in order for us to achieve Matt Kirkham's:

Untitled

after Matt Kirkham

Roger Kane

Untitled 2

after Siobhán Campbell

Michael Ross

I was *preservating*, spurting, skimming the horizon

? Frame was swooped I thought about hour not long? We

Swallows

by
your woman

Adjective, Noun

after Siobhán Campbell

Roger Kane

People like rats are running away from the sinking ship

Riveting my inner eye if I could search beyond that line
Swooped out in their sudden arcs a joy where
They garnered their significance sudden arcs
Song as though it was happiness

Memories

after Siobhán Campbell

Alexandra Topping

Memories are meant to be preserved
Lovely swallows spurted round the house yesterday
But I can barely remember them now

Though I feel I should remember
The happiness they gave me – their song and flight.

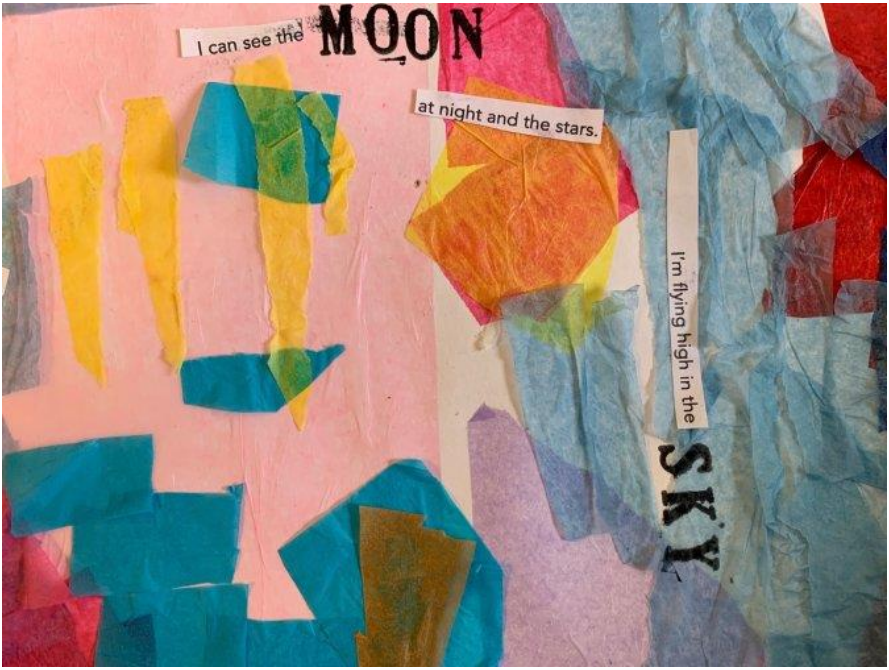
So sudden then gone.

light of the dark black night

Poem

Stephen Gifford

Do you remember that night?
At early dawn I once had been
A little cross
He will not come, and still, I wait.


I'm flying high in the
SKY
I can see the MOON
at night and the stars.

Difficult Things

Michael Ross

Blokes
Hospitals
Coma
Work
Getting out of bed in the morning
Sand
Sun

Jet

Leslie Beckett

Things That Move Us

Chloe Drillingcourt

War
Famine
Positive Change
Negative Change
Influential People
Charisma
Movies
Music
Books
Injustice
Justice
Aggression
Violence
Poetry

In her moon-lit dress
F7 B♭ F7 Cm7
I kiss'd the fair
F7 B♭ F7 Cm7
LAWRENCE

Things That Move One

Kieran Stewart

The moment a bird lands on your hand to feed, magical,
plus, very trustful for the bird to deem the human worthy
of such an encounter.

Mother Nature in general with all her creatures and scenery.

Spring is about to spring, though the flowers remain
closed to the cold, but slowly they are growing,
awaiting the sun's warmth to bring forth the bud to flower.

I see a Crow chasing a Buzzard and even though the Crow
is smaller than this beautiful bird of prey, the Buzzard
exits this part of the sky for quieter times.

A grey squirrel catches my eyes, which has me scrambling
for my camera because I have never seen one along this
part of the River Lagan.

Then a Cormorant passes like a ghost bird because it has been
15 years since I first saw one on the river, so another bonus
on my River Lagan Walks.

blackbird fly

Happy Young Boy

Rab McClelland

Feeding bullocks, cows, bulls, calves
In wintertime
Sliding down the hills in the snow
Made me happy and gave me
A sense of freedom.

Free Birds

after The Beatles

Rene Boyd

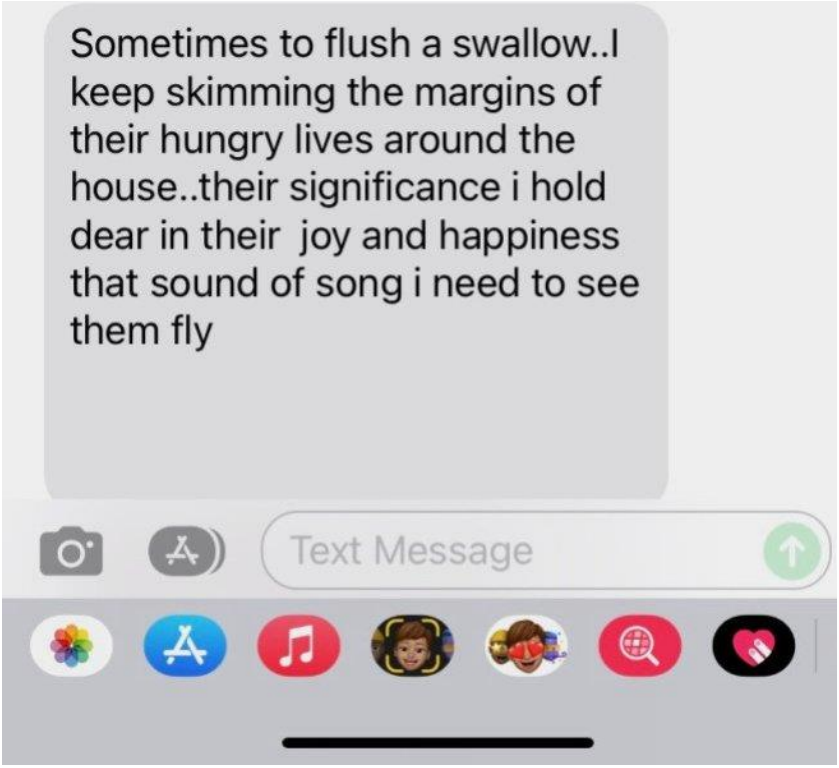
blackbirds trying to get free
into the daylight
because they are not seeing
in the night-time
their eyes are sunken
whenever the light comes
to their eyes

that's when they are able
to use their wings

Sometimes

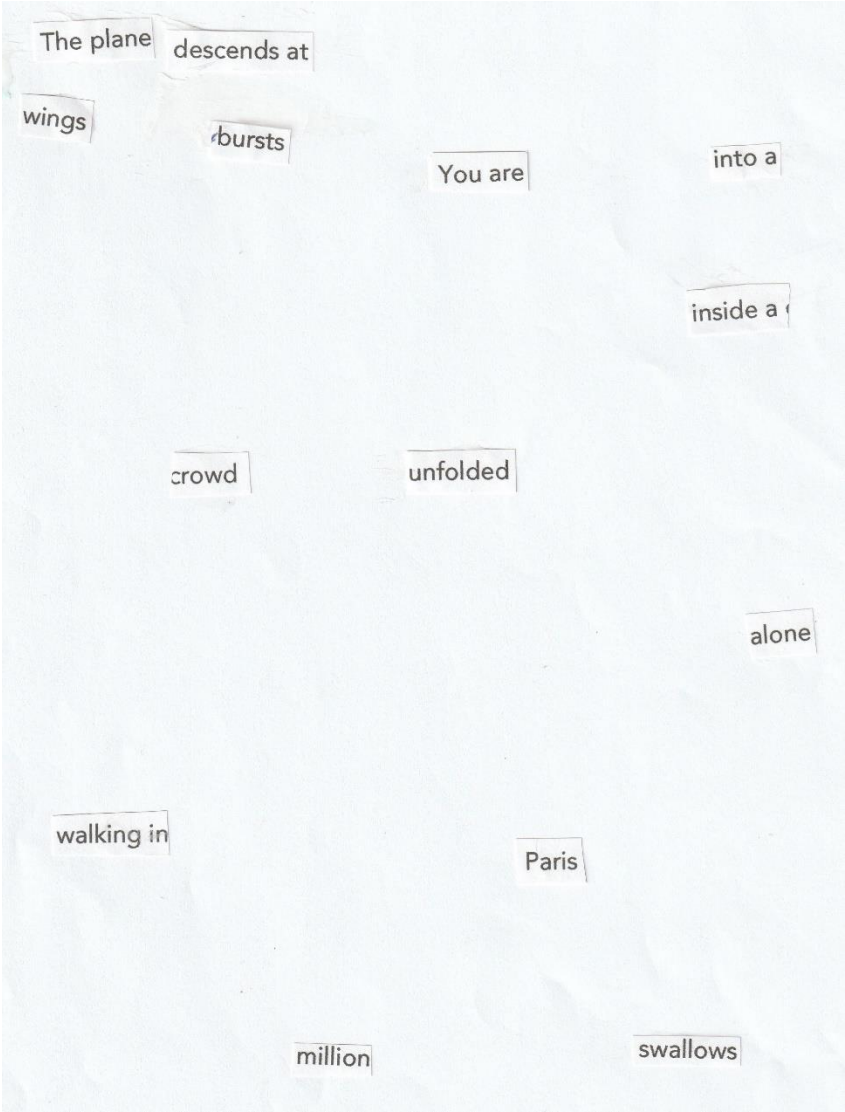
after Siobhán Campbell

Hugh McInally



Thinking

Paul O'Reilly



Loose Wheel

Kieran Stewart

You picked a fine time to leave me loose wheel,
Over the handlebars and straight down the street,
I've had some good times,
I've had some bad times,
But this time it's hurting me,
You picked a fine time to leave me loose wheel.

Robin

after The Beatles

James Stewart

Robin be free
I would like to be free
My legs will be strong, walking
Like before.
You were waiting for this moment to arise.
You were waiting for this moment to be free.

Oh, Robin chirping in the airy light
We are in love with you, my heart and I
You were waiting for the time to arise.
Robin singing in the early light
All this time you were waiting to be free
This moment has come.

Look Beyond the Line

Elizabeth Kelly

Look beyond the line

Listen to the sound

The joy and happiness

The need to fly

The Morning

Liz Boyd

Sitting in my garden
Lots of lovely birds and breeds
Here to get a feed
They chirp away at each other
Wings blattering about each other
It can be funny to watch
It is rich to watch
Keep them free to share
As I do with my trees
Once fed they go to their
Homes in other trees
I enjoy every morning

Understander

Chloe Drillingcourt

To stand under / to support
the *empathist*

Guru of understanding
trust
knowhow
wisdom

Skies

Roger Kane

Blue grey ever changing / sunrise / sunset
Grey clouds scudding across a wide blue expanse
Then breaking into nothing as the wind gets hold
Only to reform as a new cloud in a bright blue expanse

All Your Life

Christine Williamson

When this happened to me, I
could think that this was the end
of me that was before

What happened to me changed
my life
waiting – I didn't want this
to happen to me

I suppose you have a choice
whether you go that way or
whether you fly

At that point you begin
to see all this as a positive
experience –
the way I deal with this,
will help other people

let them fly

Lockdown was a time of loneliness, boredom and frustration for myself, family and friends. It reminded me of being in hospital with Locked-in Syndrome unable to move or talk. Writing poetry gives me a voice to express my feelings about life. Poetry can take you to higher heights, lifting your spirit. It can make you smile or cry by using a few simple words. Words can create a space to escape from sad and lonely thoughts. These poems were written by myself and others who attend Brain Injury Matters. Some poems are sad and some are happy.

Stephen Gifford
Summer 2022

Dreams Passerine is an anthology of poetry produced by a group of individuals with an acquired brain injury. They attended weekly in person and online workshops with poet Natasha Cuddington throughout the lockdown periods. As artefacts of poetry's capacity for both personal utterance and creative experiment, this work poignantly explores themes including relationships, life events, interconnectivity with the natural world and also, the flights of the unfailing human imagination.

Brain Injury Matters (NI) was established in 2013 as an independent regional third sector organisation supporting, promoting and empowering people affected by acquired brain injury and their families. People with an acquired brain injury can have a range of disabilities which may be physical, cognitive, emotional, behavioural or social. They are supported by creative practitioners to explore a range of arts forms including poetry, creative writing, visual arts, dance, drama, choir and music, to make their varied lived experiences visible to the broader public and to promote respect for their inherent dignity.

Belfast City Council

BRAIN INJURY MATTERS

was the stare from the
BLACK BARD
Discovered in the
JUETTE
He rode around
BELFAST