



We are a group
of twelve friends
& relatives, all
independent artists and
poets, who have formed
an email group during
lockdown, cocooning,
shielding, restrictions
which prevent usual
live group classes and
workshops.

The initiative is a way of
communicating, keeping
company, sharing and
enjoying each other's
paintings, sketches,
poems and musings in a
lonely time of isolation
from friends and family
when being connected in
other ways is a priority.

The work is original
and often very moving,
enhanced by the variety
of styles and topics and
the age range of artists
from ten to eighty-two.

CORONA
CREATIVES

Corona Creatives

Corona creatives
Cocooned at home
Craft words and images
Caterpillar tracks of
Covid-trammelled voyages
Covert operations
Cunningly wrought works
Concealed in trails of
Congested emails.
Contributions keep coming!
Continue if we all agree...

Coliemore liberated bathers

So long the sole preserve
Of sun, seals, rocks and boats
Rosy's Dalkey island sea-scenes
Are now vessels for swimming
Humans re-released into the water
Pale limbs shining in the waves.

Sunday morning cycles

Riding over those hills again
I, the sun light and air
Roll out June's royal carpet
Bright green after rain
Birch, pine, rhododendron
Each leaf and petal's droplet
Its tiny captured spectrum
Recycles a shining shower

World has sprung to life again
Free-wheeling around the park
Greet walkers, joggers, fellow cyclists
Blackbirds, brown cows, red deer
Goldfinch, blue tit, iridescent cock
Pheasants calling, soloist skylark
Soaring, jackdaws show their mettle
I step harder on the pedals
Push on up to the top of the morning.

Patrick



Morning Musings

Early Sunday morning after rain,
hush-shush of waves on shingle,
one fisherman, red wool hat, chugs
white wood boat towards the island.

Sunrise lights sea lanes, full tide,
calm waves, a cormorant skims, dives,
seagulls on the wing, seal family swims
along the sea-wall as I sing my dreams.

The sea plays water music, my mother
used to sing Oh what a beautiful morning
I sing this to the seal who stretches and dips
to the rhythm, or so I imagine . . .

Gentle sea swirls and sings, I stretch,
scan waves, make ready to leave
a hefty male leads three young ones
we share stares, songs, soft smiles.

I meditate along the sea wall, contemplate
common gulls, roseate terns swoop, turn,
I long to dive in, swim with seals as once
on the Saltees we swam, our family with theirs.

One son gave me the healing powers of water
another the wavewatchers' companion,
in my cocoon I take them from my shelves
although we may not swim or even paddle.

Sun rises on the horizon, I cast my cares on
choppy waters, waves will return songs,
embroider lace patterns, seaweed shapes,
a canopy of dark trees reach for each other.

Whoever knew the Irish Sea would be
so blue, blue sky dazzles, bluebells, little
blue butterflies. Indoors Ella sings, Louis
trumpets the Blues, I'm dancing too.



Author, Andrea

Alone in the time of Corona

1.

In Greenwich Park
exercising not sunbathing
"There's a global pandemic!
Government mandates one hour of exercise only!"
Shouts a policewoman standing at my feet.

In ones and twos
the socially distant reluctantly rise
and slink away to tree margins
contemplating a return.

2.

Walking across Blackheath
Bluetooth buds play me Tito Puente
& Celia Cruz's Corazon Contento
Helicopter chatters overhead
Isolation exercised on cricket pitch
Heartstrings stretched.

Magnetic repulsion pushes us
Two metres apart
It feels a lot further
while waiting for your call.

3.

On Ha'penny Hatch
hanging over rail
white egret stabs
at running Ravensbourne.
Mallards escort ducklings
Steadily upstream
Leaving silty streaks.

Four days shut up
nature deprived
breathlessness returned
willing to breathe again.

Paul

Sanctuary

I pitch my blue tent under a bridge,
eighteenth century curve protects me
hidden by hardy ferns, reeds and rushes.
Bricks and mortar miraculously stretch over me,
stars peep down above the granite rim.
I dream of barges laden with cargo
and the frantic opening of locks;
moor hen walks across a water lily.

Morning sun ripples on quarried stone
cave paintings of shimmering light,
a bundle of damp twigs makes a shy flame
barely enough to boil my billy can of water,
as I wait swans rummage through long grass,
the world in a moment that lasts forever.

Maura

Eulogy for Jimmy

Off the beaten track by the Lough Ree shore
Jimmy's cottage nestles by a forest of oak and larch
Planted especially for traditional boat builders.
This tall and gentle man lived for a full ninety four years
His powerful hands that could row to the Athlone shops,
Build a frame, shape a hull, rivet, steam, plane, carve
From oak, sitka spruce, mahogany, larch
Using his carefully maintained collection of tools.
In latter years, with his finely honed skills
He crafted award winning miniature models.
In his eighties with his new apprentice Cathy
He built two new boats in the classic design,
Partnered and mentored aspiring builders
His legacy lives on in boats built and restored.

Gail



Jimmy's Cottage, Gail

Rooted

Noble tree standing alone
connected to the field where
you belong on a gentle slope
short distance from hawthorn hedge,
Mother Nature chose this place
for you to take root and grow.
Destiny.

Maura

Some Native Irish Trees

Along the river willows overhang
saileach, sallies, pliant wands for osiers
nearby, alders keep their feet in water

shaking aspens, cran creathac, give
their name to Glencree, Glan Critheac
quaking valley where my friend lives

a wooden house nestled among trees
oaks, silver birch and her fairy tree, hawthorn
early blossom we may not bring indoors.

Druids know oak groves are sacred
places of wisdom, rituals, sacrifice
rowans have powers of enchantment

hazel wands divine where water lies
hazel scrub with holly, understory
for taller forest trees.

On my way back I hug an old Scots pine
recall a walk under an arch of yews
towards the altar, a giant tree, two
thousand years of age, still standing there.

Lives of trees and people intertwine
rooted in cycles of the natural world.

Rosy



Tangle of Trees, Anna

Moonshining

Easter Week the full moon shines with such power,
A silver disc in a clear star spangled sky
Illuminates the night garden and bathes
Everything in its magnetic charm.

I stand at the door to get the full view
And drink in its magnificence,
So bright it casts shadows and stillness
That makes you hold your breath.

I'm not the only creature entranced
By this magic – a handsome fox
Pauses statue still and looks my way,
Then glides off gracefully on night-time business.

One month later the 'Flower Super Moon'
Holds everyone in its thrall.
From my bed I can draw back the curtain
And moon-bathe in its powerful glow.

I stretch out my arms towards this silver disc,
Breath in and out and in again,
Draw back my cupped hands to my face
And drink in the elixir of peace.

Gail

Yoga Gift

Breath of Fire
Cools and soothes the swollen bud of pain
From the unfurled flower
The dove soars

Ruth

Morning after New Moon

There were days of rain
now there's the sun
and my cup becomes a map
of sunshine and shadow



Circle of Life

I breath the circle of life
as a Libran, I sit weighed in the middle;

Holding your frail hand
that moulds 87 years,
your epilogue is written in my head,
my source, my nurture and kindred soul is
slipping away;

I wrap your fragile, cherub fingers
around my palm,
my heart full and protective of your stories to be written
and life to be led.

Either side of me,
at the centre of the circle
dissolving into a heart,
Is love.



Redrawing Bristol

Sketching the view from my bedroom window
I scribble windows, drainpipes, chimneys
And wonder which of these domestic details
Was built with the ill-gotten gains of slavers

We're not allowed to hug the trees I'm drawing
Our cities are so full of private places
Legacies of other people's misery
From the time of empire to the towers of Trump

Bristol voices spent decades calling
For the name Colston to be removed
From theatres, schools and pedestals
Last weekend they toppled him into the harbour

Let's all re-write our civic spaces
Build stories that reflect the lives
Of people with as many shades of skin
As the coloured houses on this city's hills



View from my Rear Window, Anna

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