

A "cut up poem" written during the creative writing workshop,
led by Gareth Rees, after a stroll around Colliford Lake, as part of the
BEAST festival on Bodmin Moor in September 2021



Lines of soldiers, straight and tall
Across the landscape
Man-made nature.
Strong, still and spikey
Black, thin and spooky.
Geese flew in and landed
And felt the freedom that was there.
The vastness of the water brings back memories
Of the water that flows from the moors on the way here
Over waterfalls and through gullies covered with moss.
The thought brings into mind Goliath falls.
They weren't trees to me, they were pieces of art.
When you look into them they are all colours.
You don't have to be a bit of dead wood.
Blanket and mist rests carefully on the surface
The water's edge is hazy.