

# Windows

The Windows Project began twenty years ago, in the summer of 1976, when four poets ran the first poetry workshops on playschemes. Encouraged by the children's enthusiasm for their game-based approach they went on to develop more innovative ways of helping children, and adults, write their own poems and enjoy playing with words.

The work in this display reflects and celebrates the work of over 150,000 children who have worked with the Project in a huge variety of situations, on Merseyside and around the country.

Schools, libraries, art or community centres, adventure playgrounds, museums, art galleries and hospitals are among the more conventional. It is impossible to choose the strangest venue - a fast food outlet or a football pitch, a busy department store or the top of a windswept hill?

# 1976 - 1996

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The Windows Project is a registered charity supported by North West Arts Board, local authorities on Merseyside and charitable trusts.

The Windows Project  
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Mice begin a game  
rolling merrily home  
falling out of trees  
banging on the ground.

Very very quickly  
they twist and turn around,  
nearly every one of them  
makes an awful sound  
chased by greedy vultures  
like the ones in town.

Communal poem / Rice Lane  
from  
The Amazing Push-Poem Machine  
one of 11 workshops held in 1976

a pink fishingboat speeds home  
waves bang on its side  
the rainbow shines over the sea  
in the big sack the fish glow  
like snowflakes

1977  
Nicola Monaghan / Tower Hill  
from Elementary Poetry  
one of 46 workshops held in 1977

It's Monday morning  
Among the crowded houses  
my mum is walking slowly to the  
shops  
with her brown handbag on her  
shoulder.  
She's thinking about what kind of  
food to buy  
and washing the dishes and  
washing the clothes  
making the beds and tidying up.  
She feels tired already.  
She wants to go to sleep.

1978  
Suzanne Gilbert / Walton  
from City of Poems  
one of 71 workshops held in 1978

The bells are shaking the stiff  
houses  
The music hits you from the  
hollow passage  
The priest's voice sounded  
like a sharp knife drawn  
along the chalice  
Right at the back entering  
through the heavy wooden doors  
a small boy astonished by  
the roaring atmosphere  
shouts with surprise

Dionne Major / Toxteth  
from  
The Phantastic Phonetic Phactory  
one of 84 workshops held in 1979

The light splashed on the shaking  
shadow of the bushes  
and flashed from the wrinkled  
water like breaking mirrors.  
In the middle of the rocketing light,  
the swan stretching its wings  
like shining white hot metal,  
dazzled the excited lake

**1980**  
Paul Lowry / Skelmersdale  
from Birds  
one of 88 workshops held in 1980

Round stones, flat stones  
scattered on soily ground.  
Small cobwebs hidden in corners  
of the cold and empty room.  
Nearby the lavender is dying,  
purple mixed with brown.  
A ghost sneezes when he  
sniffs it.  
The wind comes whistling round.

1981  
Karen Wilson / Thatto Heath  
from Sensational Poetry  
one of 85 workshops held in 1981



2-1 down and the manager says  
Go up front ... a minute later  
it was a corner, and as it came across  
I moved backwards, my body was ready  
to pounce so I leapt up and  
my forehead met the ball  
and the ball went over  
the goalkeeper's head  
and smashed against  
the back of the net ...  
on the empty playing field  
34,000 people roar in my head.

1982  
Tony Galvin/Carr Mill  
from *How Do You See Yourself?*  
one of 193 workshops held in 1982

In the dark forest  
all the trees hang over.  
The dangerous animals  
are roaring, running wild.  
The hunter, trapped in a hole in  
the ground, is slowly starving.  
A bright red apple falls to his feet  
from a poisonous tree.

1983  
Gaynor Sysum / Sutton  
from Horror  
one of 242 workshops held in 1983

## ***The Rhinuase***

The Rhinuase really is a disgrace

He lives in a slimy stinking place

His seven eyes are bloodshot  
and red,

He has three horns upon his  
head.

He lives on putrid, mouldy cheese,

His nose is clogged by diseased  
fleas,

But the only reason people stare  
Is because he has dandruff in his  
hair.

Angie James / Rock Ferry  
from **Amazing Animals**  
one of 253 workshops held in 1984

I stand by the window  
I get very excited  
but not by the coconut tree  
standing still without whistling  
or by the hens pecking by the  
wooden houses,  
the goats chewing tomatoes  
or the brown sand lying on the  
leaves and stones  
on the road, the yard,  
but by the sun;  
the sun is very powerful  
and is making a shadow on the  
dogs fighting  
that looks like a tree  
rustling and whistling

**1985**  
Shamin Ugradar / Blackburn  
from **The World Game**  
one of 208 workshops held in 1985