



**CLYDESIDER**  
OUR COMMUNITY'S POPULAR PRESS

*Photos*

*Creative  
Activities*

ct Day

*Poems*

**Creative  
Summer Special**

# Levengrove

During midge siestas, the park  
is at its most engaging  
when strolling beneath strawberry moons  
flush with Leven grapes, lemon hollies.  
Crouch low to watch trotting hedgehogs  
race for slugs, barbed Usain Bolts  
showing off  
their six-pack stomachs  
to scraps of golf flags on the putting green.  
Even hedgehogs dare to dream.

The ruins of St Serfs remains  
ever-shaded, fenced, memory's lane,  
graves of glassworks and glory days  
buried at the back of minds.

Then forward, towards ornamental fountains,  
striped, grungy bees  
buzz like feedback howling  
from flower-headed microphones,  
beds of pollen where ravers have fallen  
asleep, in love, 'til morn.

Levengrove lip-syncs lullabies  
of sea monsters, exhales seagulls  
like slippers with wings  
and gently moves the children swings  
with the breath of piper's lungs  
and in the firework's annual crackle,  
the rusted cackle of the water pumps,  
the sounds and sparkle  
of ancestors' ambling through these grounds  
echoes in the intimate reflections of my hometown.

By Stephen Watt

Welcome to Clydesider Creative's Summer Special.

After the last few difficult months and rather soggy summer we wanted to create a fun-filled family publication that felt like a ray of summer sun.

Thanks to the many talented people in our community we had plenty of creative material to work with, as we never have enough space to publish all of the poetry and photography competition entries we receive.

And thanks to funding from the Corra Foundation we will be able to get 1,000 copies printed and distributed to community organisations across West Dunbartonshire who will give them to people who might not have been able to enjoy our Clydesider Creative cafe week online.

We hope you enjoy this Clydesider Creative Summer Special as much as we enjoyed putting it together.

Amanda Eleftheriades-Sherry  
Editor



Foundation  
Scotland



CORRA  
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# Summer Magic

Sun shining.  
Waves lapping on the shore.  
Seagulls screaming overhead.  
The smell of wood smoke.  
Blackened kettle boiling.  
Children playing,  
Clambering over rocks  
To be 'King of the castle'. Jamming  
Slipping on seaweed Round glowing golden embers.  
Exploring rock pools. The clink of cans,  
Treasure hunting. A well earned beer.  
Buckets full of shells. Music,  
Racing over rippled sand Laughter,  
To jump the waves. Dancing on the sand.  
Paddling. Quiet campfire conversations  
Happy squeals As a silver moon  
When water reaches their Rises High,  
knees In a navy blue sky,  
Over Ardmore.  
Lured back to shore  
By the smell  
Of Sizzling Sausages.  
Shivering.  
Swathed in towelling capes,  
While devouring a feast.  
Sunburnt weans  
Slathered in calamine lotion.  
Sleeping in tents  
As a scarlet sun  
Sets over the shore.  
By Ann Pryce

# A Perfect Day

It's a saft day, dreich drizzle  
geying us the richt feel o' the laund.

The ben lowers ower us.

A gowden eagle soars  
and a peregrine falcon swoops doon  
tae gaither up a wee bit rabbit.  
Its chicks'll no gang hungry the nicht.

We trauchle through the mire,  
backpack heavy, looking forrit  
tae a log fire and hot broth  
and telling tales though the nicht  
while ootside the windae, deer snicker,  
gulls caw and the barn owl screeches.

A perfect day!

By Ann MacKinnon

## Oh Beautiful Flower

Oh how beautiful In my eyes  
The deepest yellow  
An element of surprise  
Big and strong  
How you grow  
All over my garden  
You thrill me so  
Wind and rain  
Tough terrain  
You pushYou shove  
Theres no disgrace  
To show your beauty  
With all your might  
Oh beautiful flower  
Full of delight  
Names and rhymes  
They scorn you so  
They pluck you out  
Wherever you grow  
Planting others in your place  
Oh beautiful dandelion  
There will always be  
A place in my heart  
For the beauty of thee.

By Christine Andrews

## Happiness

It's there in smiles and welling tears we not long left behind

It's there still from the recent touch of intent simply kind.

It's there too in the thudding heart that aches for simple joys

It's in the breaking moment when a man becomes a boy.

It's in the evolution of the birds that never change

It's in the wonder of the stars that will never re-arrange

It's in each silent passing of a night in velvet cloak

It's in the dewdrop forming. In each crow's morning croak.

It's in the crying of a child and in its mothers gaze

It's in the fields of cornflowers where burns the sun's hot blaze

It's in the heather hillsides and the curlews mourning call

It's in the leaves of autumn as silently they fall.

It's in the grief of strangers as you tend a hurting smile

It's in the wealth of poverty that humbles you a while

It's in the times of torment when that memory returns

And bitter-sweet it guides you though the love no longer burns

It's in our vast humanity, our endless need to love

It's in the void of emptiness that stretches far above

It's in that blue of in-between, the wonder that is evergreen

It's there in you, it's there in me

The happiness we must always see.

By Bruce Biddulph

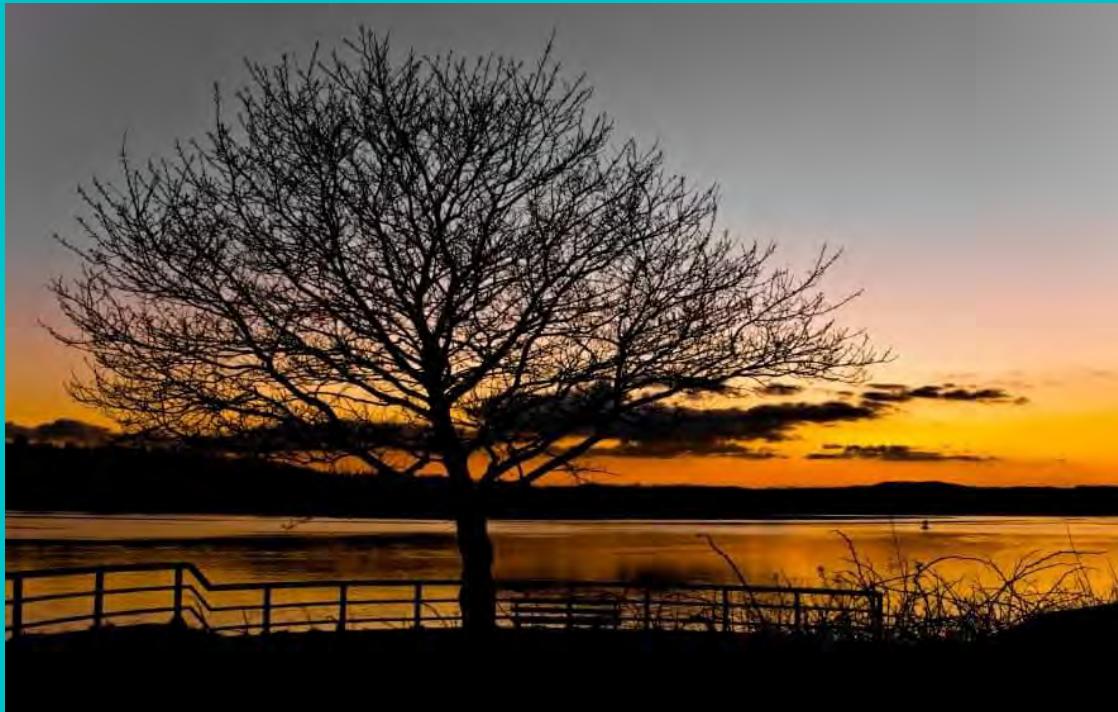


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# How to Make Salt Dough Ornaments

## Ingredients

2 Cups of plain flour

1 Cup of Salt

1 Cup of Water

Any size of cup will do as long as you stick to the 2 parts flour/1 part salt/1 part water ratio



## What you will need to make the salt dough:

- Plain Flour
- Table Salt
- Water
- Cup
- Mixing Bowl
- Spatula
- Rolling Pin (optional)
- Food Colouring (optional)



## Method

- Mix the flour and salt in the bowl
- Add the water (you can add a few drops of food colouring to the water at this stage if you want to)
- Mix into a dough
- Roll out on to a flat surface to around 2cm thick
- Sprinkle lots of flour to prevent sticking to surface
- Use another bowl to cut a circle out, or create a shape by hand that you like
- Use a spatula to move the dough onto a baking tray to keep shape



Time to get creative, press any shape you would like into the dough:

- Handprints
- Pawprints
- Shapes
- Leaves
- Words



If you would like to hang it up remember to make a hole for hanging at the top while the dough is still soft



### Other ideas of things to make from salt dough:

Let the kids make little animals and toys to paint and play with



### How to set dough:

Bake in oven on lowest heat for 3-4 hours until rock hard

You can also leave it to air dry for a few days in a cool dry place

Once dry you can paint to decorate, any paint will work but may need a few coats



## Home Entertainment

In the garden, she cups petal fingers  
beneath the fluttering cherry tree.

*Pink snow, Granny!*

Under a baby-blue sky, bunches  
parachute and drift. Nature's confetti falls  
adagio on tissue-soft hair.

Later she holds her wee sister's hand,  
swirls en pointe through my home.  
The radio's tempo taps our toes.

I recall my Mammy rolling back  
the rug, setting our floor free for dancing.  
I laugh and kick my slippers off.

By Finola Scott

## Life As A Rosebush

The eternal love between mother and child;  
The union of friendship;  
The power of women;  
Does not fade through time, through life,  
through death.

Come autumn, through dark winter  
We tend to our roses, with their fallen petals

Warm in the knowledge  
That after spring, in summer  
The petals will bloom once again

The women, we do not  
give up during times of hardship and pain.  
We share our strength with our daughters, our  
sisters, our friends.

We pass it down through generations-  
Telling stories of how beautiful the rose bush can  
be to bring hope when all we  
can feel are the thorns.

By Hayley Corcoran

## Making The World Go Away

My mother settled me to sleep under  
a Bakelite radio, so I fell  
in love with the tone morning,  
noon and night.

I kept a pad and pen to catch the words  
of Stranger on the Shore when I was ten  
but it's the drums that hypnotise, hold me.

The rhythm, the race towards the rising  
chorus gets me deep...and when

Springsteen sings  
Maria's Bed, the mix of instruments

entering one at a time takes me off.

Drops of Jupiter...Mississippi. Train's  
laid-back mooosic lays it on, wants looping.

Play playlist dreams – swing on that  
melody...

sail down lazy rivers, jig in blue grass.

By Irene Cunningham

# Make Your Own Fairy Door

## What you will need:

Sticks or twigs  
Glue



To decorate you can use paint, glitter, ribbon, buttons. Anything you think looks magical!

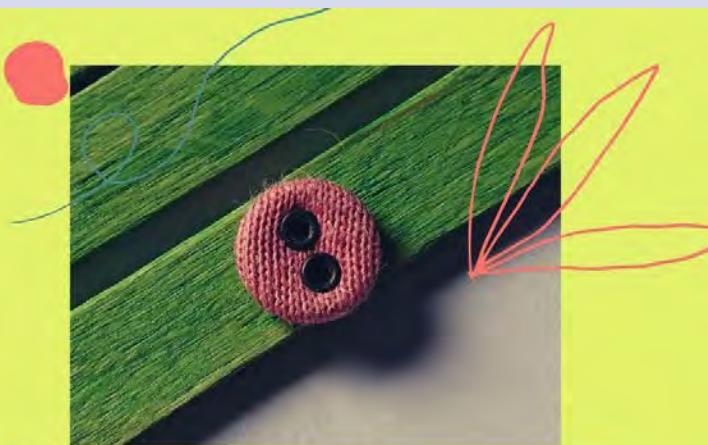
1. Line up your sticks or twigs.



2. Glue sticks diagonally across your 'door' to hold it together.

\*\*\*if you are using twigs glue onto paper for extra strength\*\*\*

3. Once your glue is dry. Paint your door whatever colour you would like it to be.



4. Pick the buttons or pebbles to be your doorknob and letterbox. Glue them in place.

5. When the glue is dry, place your door against a tree trunk or wall.





Photo by  
Rosie  
Montgomery



Photo by  
Craig Jump



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# NATURE WEAVING

## STEP BY STEP GUIDE



### step 1

CHOOSE YOUR SHAPE



Arrange your twigs into whatever shape you like with the corners overlapping

### step 2

#### BUILD YOUR FRAME

Use your string or ribbon to bind together each overlapping corner of your frame.

Tie off each corner tightly so it has a strong structure.



### step 3

#### WEAVE YOUR FRAME

Tie your ribbon or string around one side of the frame then across to the other side wrapping it around each side as you go.



Make sure the woven ribbon is pulled tight across the frame so that it stays in place. Tie it off then cut off the excess string or ribbon.

You now have your completed frame ready for your flower arrangement.



## step 5

### WEAVE YOUR ARRANGEMENT

Weave each of your chosen flowers, leaves and grasses in between your woven ribbon or string to build up your arrangement. You can add as much or as little as you like until you're happy with it.



## step 4

### CHOOSE YOUR FLOWERS



You can now go to your garden or for a walk in nature and pick any wildflowers, grasses or leaves that you like.

Remember not to pick more than you will need, you will only need a very small amount for your arrangement. Or better yet take your frame out with you and fill it as you go.

Well done your Nature Weave is complete



You could loop a piece of string around it and hang it in your window or display it in your garden.



Or gift it to a loved one to show how much you care.

## Playin Havoc

The Scottish rocks of Ardoch shore  
A well worn path that is no more  
Russells' parks are barren noo  
Wae scarce a bull or an Ayrshire coo  
Long years ago these totty parks  
Were harvested wae weans sore backs  
We humped the spuds up yon cliff stairs  
Oor legs like lead we didnae care  
The bath wis filled wae fine Kerrs Pinks  
Ma Mither peeled them in the sink  
Fur weeks on end oor dinner came  
Mashed totties wae some different names  
The auld coos' park weans burned in Spring  
The reek o' smoke a wondrous thing  
Aboot July in the suns warm glow  
The pram wis packed tae the shore we'd go  
We'd get a place and a fire goin  
Pit up oor tent, shore tea wis flowin  
Oor pots were filled frae the River Clyde  
Kerrs Pinks were biled till saft inside  
We'd eat them wae best Co-op ham  
If that wis scarce we jist ate spam  
The men wid drink the Clyde cooled beer  
Then start tae sing awe full o' cheer  
We awe wid swim and splash in fun  
Oor pure white skin soon burnt wi sun  
Awe too soon it wis time tae go  
The pram repacked the weans aglow  
The pram wis hurled along the cliff stair road  
We took in turns tae hurl the load  
We struggled up the steep cliff stairs  
The pram in turn we'd lift in pairs  
At last we'd get tae the tap o' the brae  
And turn aroon, whit a sight tae see  
Lookin west we smiled wi thanks  
That God had made the tail o' the bank.

By John Coleman

## A Quest For Happiness

What single thing can bring true  
happiness?

What can bring a moment's joy?

What turns a frown into a smile?

Each sad thought or tear destroy?

Is it a sunset over Western Isles?

Or a baby's laughing smile?

A 5-0 win away from home,

Champagne in Paris for a while?

The stone in an engagement ring,

Or a lovely Chinese meal,

A flash car, a Spanish villa,

Or a puppy's playful squeal.

A brilliant play, or book, or movie,

Your favourite band upon the stage,

A Christmas present wrapped in tinsel,

But what brings delight at any age?

The answer's really simple,

Guaranteed to wipe away the crap,

To bring joy or smiles to anyone,

Just give them 'bubble-wrap'!

By Rolf Campbell

## The Sun Flower

The sun flower looks happy to me,  
so brightly its yellow shines for all to see -

It blows in soft summer breeze,  
so lackadaisical, care free.

But is it really content with its life?

Perhaps it's ugly,  
bitter and twisted on the inside?  
Screaming for something more than  
languishing in the sun.

Proclaiming there must be more to life?

These questions does it ponder as it  
looks at humans  
as they wander by.

I wonder does it long to have legs,  
so as it can roam wherever it wishes?  
Voice to declare what it wants  
and needs?

Would it rather be something more  
than a glorified bundle of weeds?

By John McMahon

## Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
The socially responsible thing to do  
I went to dance with daffodils  
Heads bowed by morning dew

Along the verge, beside the road  
Unmoved by global fears  
Heads nod and gently start to sway  
Spring pageant passing through

The golden bloom of daffodils  
Uplifts me to my core  
As Nature's joys restore my strength  
Once more to stay indoors

By Laura Baird



Photo by Isabel Paterson



Photo by Phil Dawson



Photo by Rachel Dennett



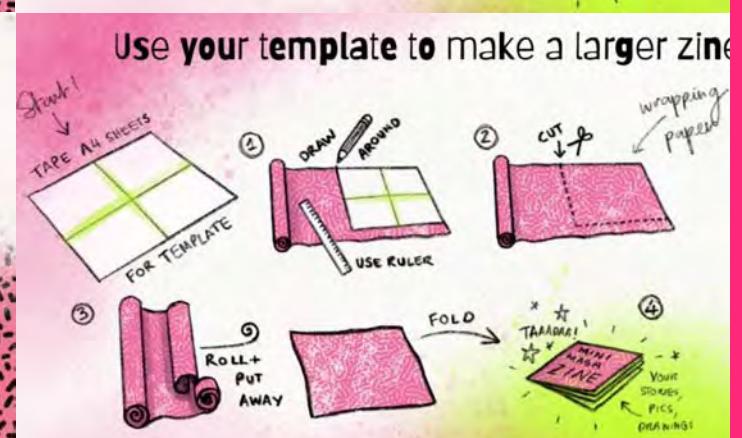
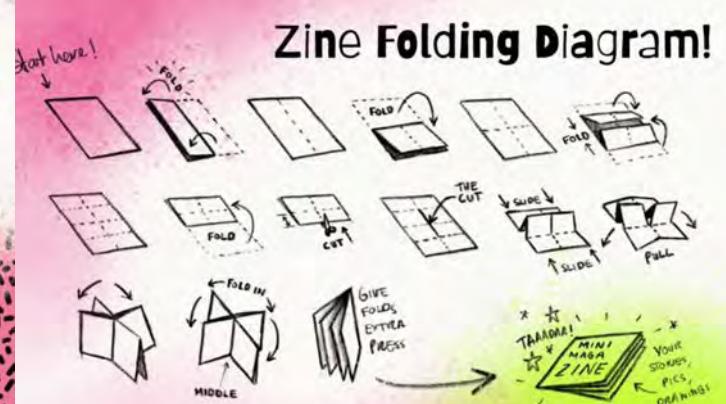
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Photo by Michelle Dominique Bell





## Titans

The Clyde laps gently on a landscaped shore.

I sip my coffee, think what went before when my ancestors trod this self-same ground and the Clyde's bank shuddered to the hammers' sound.

Lent...OHR.

Workers' Mass at six a.m.

Back home for breakfast.

Walking, wind or rain in black of winter morn or summer's early light, pieces in pocket.

Then to scale the heights or probe the deepest depths of cavernous dark warmed and lit by only braziers' spark, among those men who made cold iron float.

Chains would rattle, cheers would rend the air – cat-calls, whistles aimed at Crown and heir as ships rolled down and out to meet their time in space and Queens sailed forth to claim their rightful place.

Or, greyed and serious, faced a world at war...

“When I nod my head, you hit it!”

Aye.

Riveters, welders, squaddies, hauders-on – my people made their mark and then passed on.

And solitary, stark against the sky, that crane –

the lonely witness of those men gone by.

I strain in vain to hear the hammers' song.

Still silently the river rolls along, its music now a surging student throng.

By Marie-Therese Kielty

## Valerie

The long walk home from a  
night on the tiles.

Who would have thought it was just seven miles.  
It felt like a trek right across the country.  
By the time we got home we were freezing and  
hungry.

We squabbled and argued and laughed in the rain.  
And come next weekend we did it again.

By Conrad Gross

## We Snuggled up Among the Dunes

Lights turned off, curled up in bed  
Duvet clad and warm pyjamas  
And then came dad, and whisp'ring said  
“Let's not sleep but start some drama!

Now's not the time to dream or snooze  
The stars are out and within our reach”  
We jumped in jackets, hats and shoes  
And drove in dark to sandy beach

We snuggled up among the dunes  
And he told us stories from his mind  
Pirate battles with ghouls and goons  
And treasure found in chests confined

And epic moments rose and bloomed  
As fabled journeys soon unfurled  
Joyous giggles and laughter boomed  
As the salty breezes around us swirled

And as we gazed at coastal land  
And listened to his tales filled with glee  
We laid our heads upon the sand  
And listened to lullabies sung by the sea

His stories framed by twinkling skies  
And grains between our finger-tips  
Sleep it took us, hooded eyes  
And sailed away on dreamland's ships.

By Oli Higham

## You Will Always Be Beautiful

She's unforgiving, relentless and cold.  
I try to bring some warmth to her, but it never takes hold.

She calls to me in the middle of the night,  
waking me from my sleep.

When I try to soothe her screams, it always ends in my defeat.

At last she thaws, we're in a happier place.  
She reinvents herself, we move at a different pace.  
Our thoughts full of children and new beginnings.  
Her beauty astounds me, every day with her I'm winning.

I'm lost in her, in those long days spent.  
Lost in her warmth, not caring where the dark nights went.  
I no longer remember the chill of those nights,  
her glow is all that matters.  
If only those brighter times could last,  
without her light, my smile, it shatters.

It's the little signs that let me know she's again started to dim.  
I tell her that she's beautiful,  
it doesn't stop the life in her give in.  
Once again she's cold and at night, seems scared.  
She no longer remembers the warmth we shared.

I'm with her always, through thick and thin, together until the end.  
Admiring her,  
though at times, she brings chaos we cannot mend.  
I tell her again she's beautiful and this will always be true.  
My dearest Mother Nature, there would be no life without you.

By Jillian McDonald

Photo by  
David Coote



Photo by  
Carolyn  
Hutchison

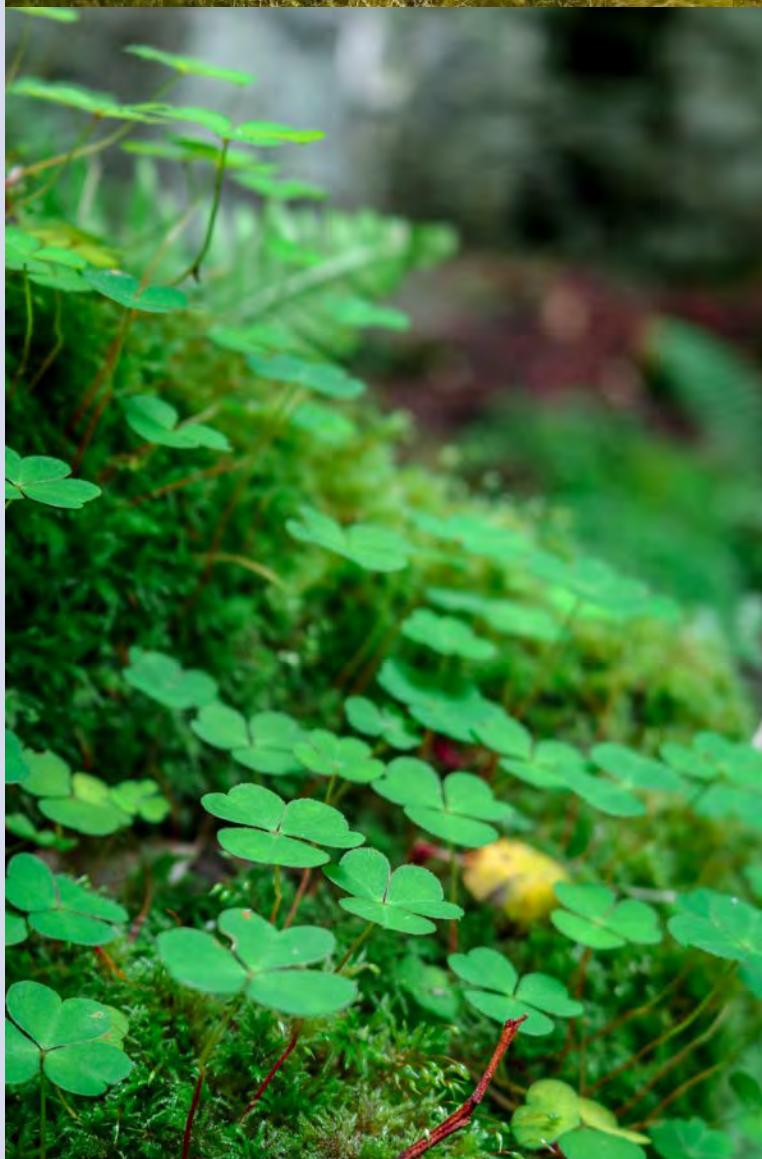


Photo by Gail Russell

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## Nature

The sun in the sky shining so bright.  
The stars in the sky that sparkle at night.  
The hills in the distance, oh what a sight.

A walk to the farm, some animals to see.  
The fishes in the river, the sharks in the sea.  
The animals in the farm, running around so free.

What will we see on our daily walk?  
The castle on top of Dumbarton Rock.  
The family of swans sitting upon the loch.

Nature is all around, everywhere we go.  
It may be up high, or even down low.  
It may even be hidden, we just do now know.

The sun in the sky shining so bright.  
The stars in the sky that sparkle at night.  
The hills in the distance, oh what a sight.

by Lisa Murray

## Rosebay

My name is Rosebay  
Miss Willowherb to you,  
You can see me any day  
In places old, not new.

I love a tall dark chimney  
Or a broken window pane,  
I'm part of the detritis  
Growing derelict the same.

I used to be a flower  
In Victoriana days,  
But I fell out of fashion  
I'm a problem now, they say.

I don't need special treatment  
I'm a very hardy girl,  
I'm swaying from some tenements  
Look up and see me twirl.

If you see me on some wasteland  
Please stop and say hello,  
And kindly compliment me  
For putting on a show.

By Maureen Spratt

