



CLYDESIDER
OUR COMMUNITY'S POPULAR PRESS

Photos

*Creative
Activities*

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
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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'.
Slipping on seaweed
Exploring rock pools.
Treasure hunting.
Buckets full of shells.
Racing over rippled sand
To jump the waves.
Paddling.
Happy squeals
When water reaches their
knees

Jamming
Round glowing golden embers.
The clink of cans,
A well earned beer.
Music,
Laughter,
Dancing on the sand.
Quiet campfire conversations
As a silver moon
Rises High,
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 push You 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

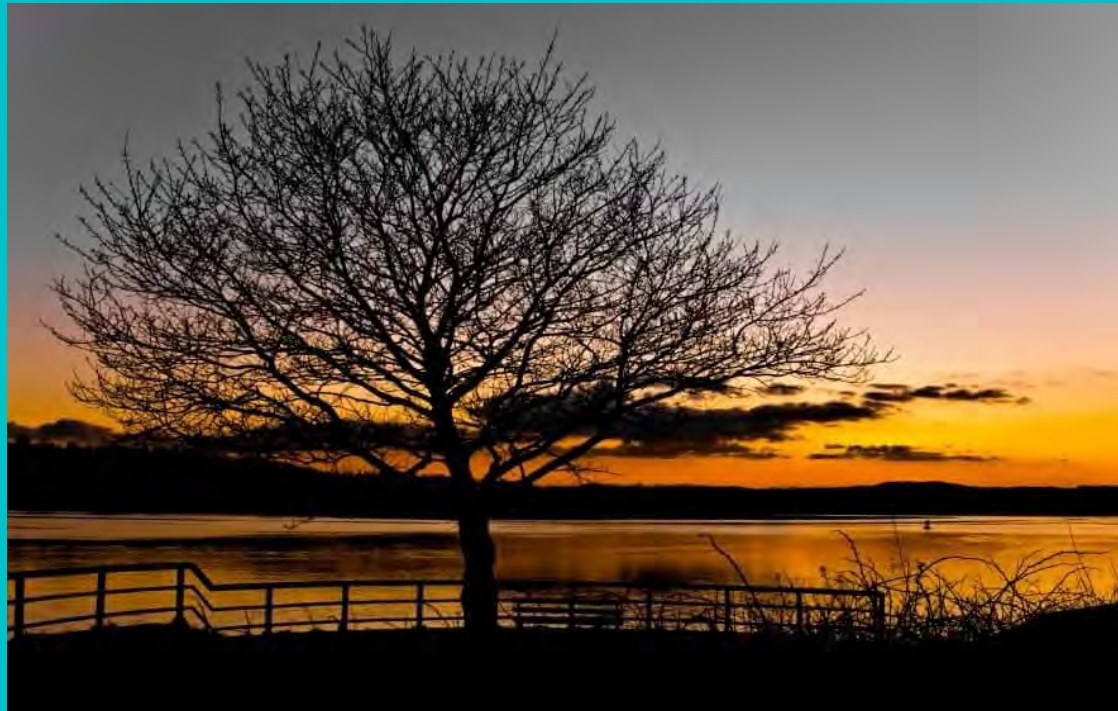


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How to Make Salt Dough Ornaments

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.





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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
About 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



Photo by Scott Morrison

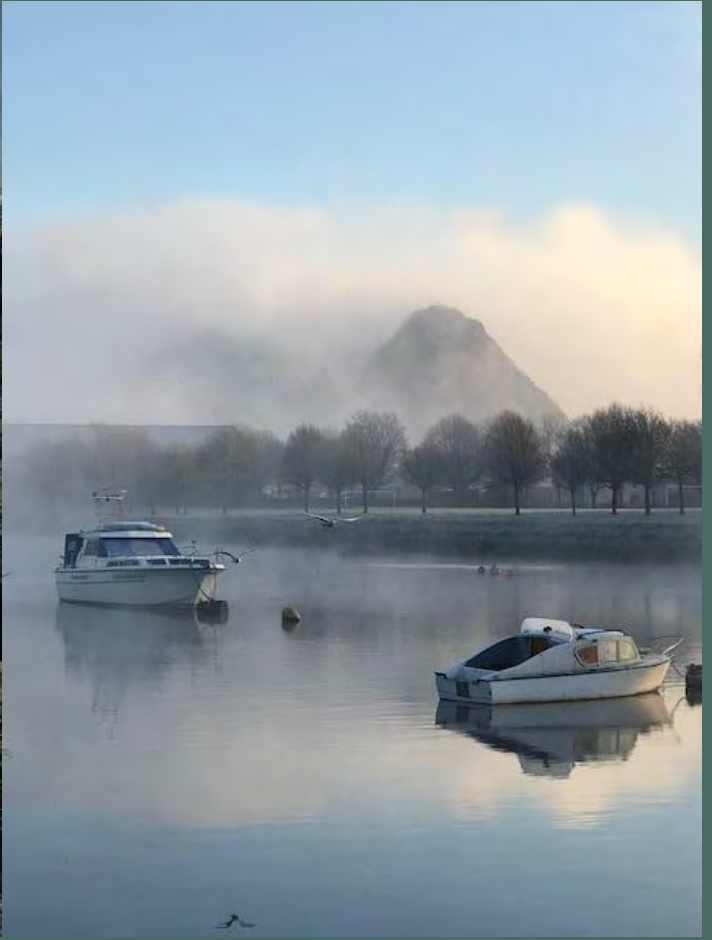
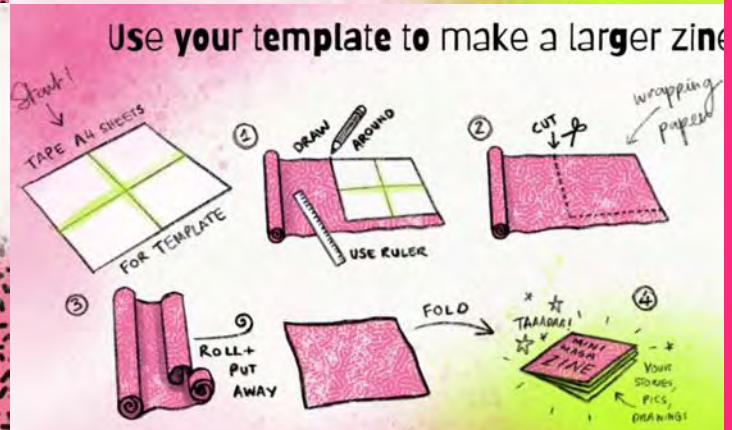
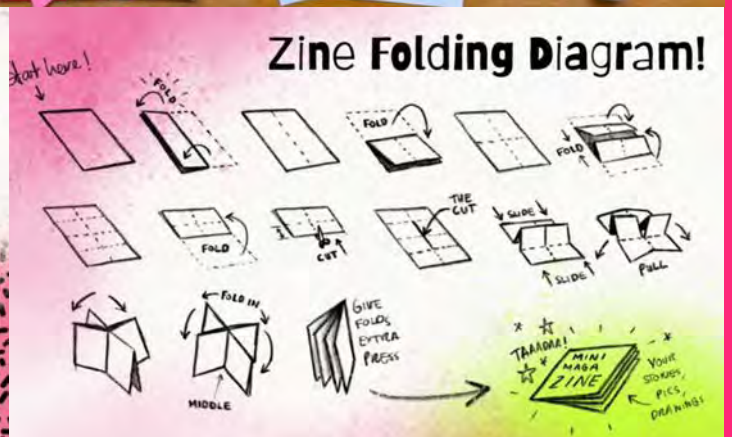


Photo by David Johnstone



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

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Carolyn
Hutchison



Photo by Gail Russell



Photo by Andrew Graham



Photo by Johnny Dale

Photo by Frances Courtney



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

