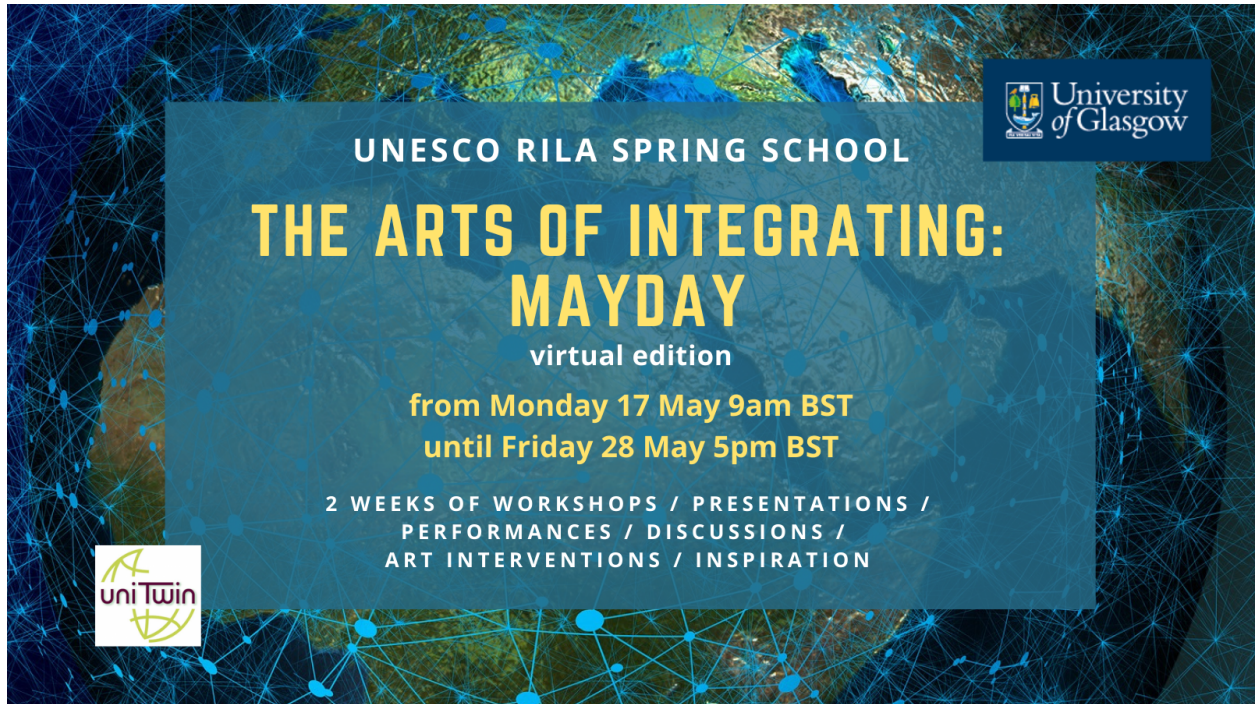


17 May - 28 May 2021

UNESCO RILA Spring School: The Arts of Integrating COLLABORATIVE KEYNOTE LISTENER POEM



Inspired by Catrin Evan's [keynote listener report 2019](#)

Welcome to the collaborative keynote listener poem. Feel free to add your line about what you've heard/learned/felt/seen at the Spring School in any language you like. Some ground rules for collaborating:

- Please don't delete anything anyone else has written
- Keep it polite
- Please start your sentences with "I hear", "I feel" or "I see"
- You can write as many lines as you like!

At the Spring School: The Arts of Integrating 2021.

I hear the sound of a kettle boiling in the background.

I hear...

I feel.. For the years of Latin and Greek ;-)

I hear random people blaspheming

I see sisters, sisters, sisters

I hear destruction of time and space

I feel a thousand years old

Doing time, a linear cage; letting time be, freedom to feel

I see mountain man doing time

I hear the mask of a train arriving

I see lumiere brothers and sisters

I hear da-da da-da da-da da-da

I see ghosts of the boy who is now a man

I see a circle of mischief makers

I see the building of a subversive dance

I see the pool, the deep the beginning

I feel free, I feel the air greet the hat

I dropped my purse the coins rolled out and were unmined

I heard a ghost and turned and there were strangers filming

I am a movie star in my mask

I see a river flowing uphill

...Like bubbles in a glass of lemonade

The stillness of a big space waiting to be filled

I lost loved ones.

I hear Africa will change the world

I hear energy and hope

Interlude with Effie, Plato & Love.

Mocking Bird.

I used to sing.

To kill a Mocking Bird.

Justice. Equality. Freedom.

Stretch it.

Cost benefit analysis.

Humans as chattels and property.

Child soldiers.

Manipulation of children.

Sweet words. Awful things.

All the pretty little horses.

Slaves singing to their masters' babies.

I can't hear the lullaby.

I can only hear the killing.

The cost benefit analysis.

International Holocaust Memorial Definition.

Gaza. Gaza.

Love.

The eternal energy.

Love

I hear hope.

Joya with Jen Wilson

I hear that it is acceptable to take care of yourself at work. I feel it - it is a wonderful thing.

I feel a stretch. I feel a crunch. I feel revived.

I see your clothes speaking for you

I see your dignity woven on your loom

I hear be the change

I hear practise what you preach

I hear honour yourself

I hear make a move and others will support you

I hear the sound of people weaving paper

I hear covid vaccine appointments under caterpillars

I see the blue covid test under the home office reference letter

in a kete.

I see a woman in red.

I hear children bring a story by shouting "Revolutione"

Words are not needed: to acknowledge humanity is action, not verbiage

I hear skirmishes with languages

I see a language gun, with a finger on the trigger

I see Hausa butterflies

I see a mother tongue in a tree

I hear the whole world

I hear you and me are the same

I read that the closer we get to truth the more the falsity becomes extreme

I hear that the revolution is our resolution

I see the smiles that come after being broken

I see pans of food ready to cook

I hear Elizabeth's story

I see Elizabeth's smile

I see the old Elizabeth

I make her stew, Scottish style.

I hear that in Nigeria, the blender business is biiiiiig business.

I hear you dare not serve the visitors stale stew.

I hear you cook it fresh. you.cook.it.fresh.

I hear to tread cautiously when using The Scotch Bonnet. It will set your mouth on fire.

I hear this is a husband keeper.

I hear we evoke and invoke culture

I hear migrant voices

I hear beholding the beauty of the world

Can be uplifting to our spirits

I hear to experience beauty is to have your heart enlarged

I see beauty in the Spring School

I see a seagull that is secretly a dove

I hear umbrellas can be wings, when will they open again for flight?

I hear words from refugees, translated into German, translated into English

I hear we are bending but we are not broken

I hear the well of wealth

Is filled with health

I hear our brothers and sisters clothe us

I hear imagination is a form of care

I see that hope is always feminine

I hear we are like a tortoise:

We have a lot to carry but we are built for it

I hear that something new is always under the surface

I hear it is amazing what you can do when institutions step aside

I hear that the role of artists is to hold up a mirror to the world with meaningful challenging reflections

I hear we have mothers and "extra mothers"

And that sometimes we need to smuggle porridge

I hear that hatred is a weakness

I hear open hearts