

# BRIGHT PINK FLOWERS

Bright pink flowers  
Behind the fence, behind their bars  
shadowed behind bodies of broken cars  
They sing their story, stand up tall,  
They push against the crumbling wall

Bright pink flowers  
Soften the grey of the building site,  
which does nothing to block the light.  
It reflects off the electric blue Fanta can  
and the puddle of urban dirt  
It shines on some Bright pink flowers  
For hours and hours

**Chiara**

# THE GREEN OF MY MIND

My mind is quiet and dark,  
Empty and urban and industrial,  
Within the barren,  
tunnels and stray plants invade through cracks,

their colours can be seen almost instantly  
My mind should be greener,  
Spacious but not barren,  
an open and safe place,  
where a younger version of myself can play in the streets  
and feel happy and forget about the burden of living

Soon these streets will be filled,  
with laughter, but still remain peaceful.  
The ceaseless murmur of conversation, between different  
completely different people,  
drinking the same cheap coffee  
at their local caffe, within the newfound green of the streets  
No longer quiet and dark  
The green of my new mind

**Mikayla**

# A POEM ABOUT REGENERATION

A poem about regeneration

A space should encourage people to come together  
and give them access to Greenery and Community  
allotments and cafes  
and movement.

Traffic and costs should not be a barrier to travel.

Everyone should be able to move.

Everyone means all  
all should have equal access to movement  
spaces should not be hostile  
we must not construct from one perspective.

The multitude of voices of the people of the area should be  
heard and placed at the front of our minds.

A pause from the busy-ness

A shelter from the chaos  
places should feel safe.

Not constantly worrying about traffic or walking home alone.

Lights should gently light the paths we move through.

Not so bright that it becomes hostile,  
but carefully considered so that we can find our way to a  
place to live in  
A home.

**Isabella**

# NO THANK YOU

I walk down Camley Street with defeat in my eye.  
I smell the smell of the sweet nectar smell of oil.  
My blood begins to boil with the rage.  
However it is swiftly changed with the taste of pollen  
in the air.  
I do not dare to move.  
I take long deep breaths of it and out in and out  
Suddenly. It's all just so mundane and grey  
like a depressed work office on a Monday  
For I see a festival made up of blank sheets, blank slates  
mates from London told me it was bad here  
but I didn't think it was this bad.  
No thank you  
never again

**Ben**

# HEY CAMLEY!

Through the peaceful Greenery,  
I walked into the chaotic graffiti  
as loud as the tracks  
unclean, colourful and the connecting roads  
Where is the school?  
Where is the station?  
No signs? Screeches the car  
Trink trink cycle bells  
And ah! panic of pedestrians  
Here and there  
Bricks and blocks  
Brighter days and starry nights  
clearing and building necessities.  
A small rectangle of Hope  
Soon, accessible and affordable,  
giggles and cries of a hoping community  
Camley navigates tranquillity

**Aswathy**

# EXPANSION

The area is industrial and isolated  
Mostly neglected and grey,  
The streets are quiet and derelict,  
And most people don't have much to say.

But among the area is life,  
With vibrant graffiti and plants,  
Hightop views of the library,  
Symbolising opportunities and wants.

Although now quiet and run down,  
There are opportunities for something new,  
A space for communities to be heard,  
Together as part of a crew.

Safety and security can be vastly improved,  
Beginning with increased accessibility for all,  
Creating spaces for the people to engage,  
And rates of poor behaviours to fall.

**Natalia**

# CAMLEY STREET REBORN

A street so neglected a street so rundown  
a place where life wouldn't want to move a sound.  
We want a community so strong together so connected.  
A street where people in the area can feel protected.  
A street so glam but full of green full of flowers.  
A streetwear nearby it's like they're building towers.  
We want a street where the lighting illuminates the night.  
A street so well lit. Nothing can hide from your sight.  
It's time to reshape Camley Street  
a time where everyone's winning.  
Wouldn't it be nice if it had a new beginning

**Tawhid**



Camden

ballymore.

Lateral<sup>†</sup>

Camley Street Community Storytellers' Poetry