

# JOHN RUSKIN

# 2



Photo credit: Tim Walker

photographs

Selected poems &



John Ruskin (1819-1900) was an artist, art critic, philanthropist, social theorist, and one of the most progressive influencers on British culture and society. The beautiful Ruskin Park, close to where he lived on Denmark Hill, was created in 1907 to perpetuate his memory and values. Today, hundreds of people enjoy the park every day – but perhaps know little about its remarkable namesake.

In 2019, Friends of Ruskin Park – a charity led by local people – organised a programme of free events and activities to celebrate John Ruskin. Some of the material generated by local people is now collected here: poems written during workshops held in partnership with the South London and Maudsley NHS Trust (SLaM) and Francesca Beard, alongside some of the entrants to the 2019 Ruskin Park photography competition.

These poems were performed live at the Ruskin Park Summer Fete, June 2019, and the launch of the John Ruskin at 200 exhibition, July 2019. These photographs were exhibited at Carnegie Library in summer 2019.

## Snow

(First place)

by Stephen Lamb

# Dear Ruskin Park

By Rodney Bailey

Dear Ruskin Park

I was so pleased to see you yesterday. You are looking so well and you seem to grow more elegant and graceful as time passes.

You have been giving so much to so many people over the years. I am happy that you were the first park that I started sketching and drawing in. From inspiration to creation – by the way, all the pictures I had of you, I am happy to say, sold.

You are so easy to fall in love with. Through time, you have had some interesting visitors day and night time alike. I have witnessed some breathtaking sunsets with London to the West. On the same night, a moon rise that was magical in yellow orange. With you, I have met my first love and with you I lost my longest love.

You are home to some spectacular specimen trees from many parts of the world. All seems to thrive within your embrace. I get a sense, John Ruskin walks through time and space to visit. You inspire the creative spirit in those that have troubles or have lost purpose or direction. You reside on and above the chaos and turmoil of lower down the hill where confusion, fear and doubt settle and seep. You are the link between the haves and the have nots, who all can appreciate your intrinsic beauty.

You embody the mind of your namesake,  
John Ruskin.



## Sun Surrender

by Mandy Millward



## Like Tropical Weather

(3rd place) by Rachel Heng

## Untitled

By Errol McGlashan

It hasn't formed yet  
It's formless  
Funny how I need to use a word that it isn't  
to describe what it is  
Formless  
Yet I'm calm  
Calm is the balm when I can't let it be  
So I let it be  
For me it's a conscious act  
I let it be  
No manipulation from me  
I sit under this low branch hanging tree  
Me the paper and this tree  
The pen connect thing the three of we  
Together we breathe  
Thank you for shielding me from the rain but there's really no need  
I grow from this pain  
I've made friends with bad weather  
You'll often see us together

# Shepherds' delight?

(2nd place) By Mandy Millward



## Stumped

By Errol McGlashan

Stumped

No longer the oxygen pump

Twas once before

Standing here amongst the not so giant

No longer reliant on the environment

Sat on shat on spat on and cut

No longer booted and suited

But see, Still standing

Rooted

# The Path To Better Weather Ahead

By Rachel Heng

## Chinese Corkscrew Willow Tree

By Rodney Bailey

Twisted and contorted as your name suggests  
Taking up water and turning with the earth  
Like a spinning top with your invisible workers  
Pulling and curling at your trunk, bark and leaves  
Chinese corkscrew willow tree  
Placed in this park from a far eastern shore  
You well could be, a witches' wishing tree  
with roots as corkscrews, that could make anybody, thing or place  
turn in onto itself



# Butterfly

(First place, under 16's)

By Paige



# Freedom to be part of the whole

By Rodney Bailey

Allow it in .... Silence, connect to yourselves  
Give me the power of mindful connecting  
I hear the rustle of leaves, in the wind  
wing beats  
Cutting the air  
A siren calling to arms  
I am Rodney, and I am using my ears in  
mindful focused listening  
I am grateful for my ears, that listen to sounds  
That keep connecting with noise  
flowing through consciousness  
Transmission through sound vibrations  
We connected cells  
Lifted weightless by love and carried along  
with warmth and humanity  
The birds are chattering  
All different voices, some sweet, some rattle shrill  
I am happy, I am free, I am connected  
Smell the air  
It's damp with fresh new growth  
from leafy trees and rain sodden grass  
Cross legged, sitting in the centre of the bandstand  
The wind brings a fresh new scent of white blossoms  
that has a watery floral bitterness to them  
Opening up the lungs and giving a deep sense of well being.

# Frost

By Stephen Lamb

# JOHN RUSKIN



John Ruskin at 200 was organised by the Friends of Ruskin Park.

It was generously supported by Arts Council, England, and by the Maas Gallery.

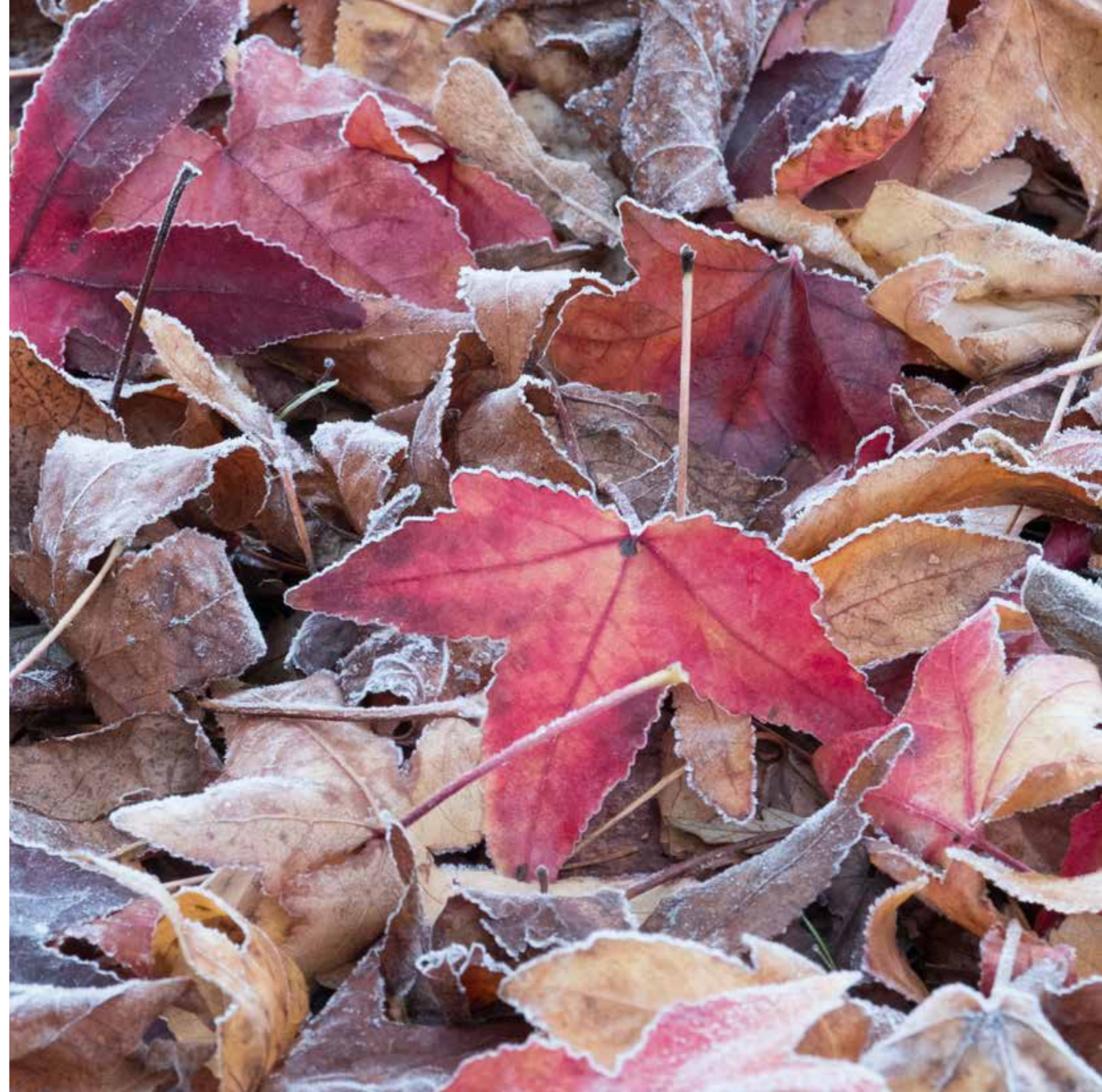


LOTTERY FUNDED



Supported using public funding by

**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**





[www.friendsofruskinpark.org.uk](http://www.friendsofruskinpark.org.uk)