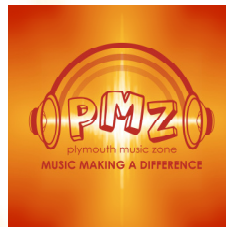


# Project Crossovers

## PMZ Apprentice's Poetry



Quality not Quantity. A poem by PMZ Apprentice Michael Fullerton

a hanging lull, not a rising dawn...

the morning sleeps,

before clattered storm...

on the horizon's cold frontier

when winds of change

sweep through broken dusk

an embryo of banter, meaning of rhythm

coursing song

hovers over the studio husk...

and rhyme and reason

voices rise on melodic floods

a gentle sirocco to exhausted heat

limped from stains of terror

song sheet in the scale of turmoil

sudden exodi, to a rainy season

washing exhausted sand and soil

evacuated

and exiled to anglo, blown to and fro

yet the beated tubes of heart

from a holding cell, far away, in ruin, hung

from what is home

once again... Strung

to hope's last arrival lounge of hope

visitors to a funded palace

might as well flown in from outer cosmoses

indignant hostels for immigrants,

transient grace

i don't know much of their strains?

if trauma echoes through minds

with survivalism

like insomniacal night trains

but gazed from the iron gates

of militia hoards and border guards

to ebony and ivory

and gazetted tour, from the microphone stand

to prove song was stronger than swords

a war-torn childhood

ripped apart from kin

mirrored trajectory sinking asylum

and seeking siblings?

to a stray bleached bounty

and beached on blighty

and a strangest land

But then with guitar strings

voices plucked and coax

and gentle music from nought

arrows of notes... flown

a chorus wrought

and underwater torrent for a moment, drowned

and drifts on higher tides and sweetest swells

the group's vented fraction of a tiny spleen

ice's spell, shattered from a pedestal

perhaps, more than music is born

perhaps soaked in an epitaph: outcast

of an 'african queen'

like a quaver began

in the one-hour-a-week, refugee's musical morn

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