

Twelve River RIPPLES

Bagatelle



On Saturday, 5 September, poets from around Suffolk made their way to the Woodbridge Festival for Art and Music. There, at 4.15, at Elmhurst Park, we were given command of the second stage to perform our poetry. The gentle September sun shone on the stage and the audience.

The roster was admirably organised by Peter Bloore, the Associate Professor of Creativity at the University of East Anglia. Peter introduced the poets and compared between performances. The theme was 'Time and Tide', and there was a plethora of

poets that came to perform. I was lucky to get a five-minute slot, and this was the first time I have shared my poetry at a festival. I found the experience quite exhilarating, and I felt very privileged to be sharing the stage with so many well-established poets.

I found the spoken word very interesting with many styles of poetry being shared. I have included below the rota that we followed, to give you a taste of the diversity and high standard of poetry that was on offer. Please also see [Woodbridge Festival](#).

Simon Black

Time	Poet	Duration
4.15	Peter Lavergne Introduction	
4.20	Marianne Koby Johnson	(10 mins)
4.30	Claire Hamburger	(10 mins)
4.40	Diane Jackman	(10 mins)
4.50	Mai Black	(10 mins)
5.00	Simon Black	(5 mins)
5.05	Cro Page	(10 mins)
5.15	Peter Sandberg	(15 mins)
5.30	Julia Duke	(15 mins)
5.45	Gordon Hoyles	(10 mins)
5.55	Ian Griffiths	(5-10 mins)
6.05	Julie Anne Gilligan	(10 mins)
6.15	Florence Cox	(5 mins)
6.20	Julia Duke	(15 mins)
6.35	Dominic McLoughlin	(10 mins)
6.45	Alexandra Davis	(10 mins)
6.55	Peter Lavergne	

Stop Press!

Julia Duke has sent me a nonsense poem which, as always, is well worth a read. Better late than never!

Keep your contributions coming! *Simon Black* bagatelle@suffolkpoetrysociety.org

Please read on for Julia's poem...

Bagatelle cont.

Nonsense Summer

after Richard Wilbur, Praise in Summer

When purple loosestrife trails from wispy clouds
and frogs are floating high up in the trees,
when blackbirds in high summer sing aloud
and suddenly the sea's alive with bees,
when brightly coloured parakeets perform
their acrobatic feats upon the pond
and ducks fly upside down to greet the dawn
and none of this makes folk like me respond
I start to wonder if the natural world
is worthier by far to hold my gaze,
if just one soft green leaf that spring unfurls
is far more worth my everlasting praise.

Julia Duke