

# OUR BRIDGES

written by the members of Meet Me on the Phone -  
Summer 2025

facilitated by Amber Obasi



# I Am A Bird

by Gloria, Jeanine, Pauline, Zenith and  
Elizabeth

Look at the birds flying so high  
How beautiful they are.

Be as free as a bird, free as a bird on a tree  
No worries, just flight and merriness

Yes I can flitter from tree to tree  
I will join you in the sky  
I could float away

I would never have to pay air fares again,  
How lovely but would I be able to fly so far away?

My travelling would be fun  
My flight would not be alone

Together we'd enjoy - we'd laugh



Squawk, sing  
Together  
Together  
Together

# Brown Nest

by Zenith

I'm a round brown nest built by a Blue Tit  
bird who frequently visits me.

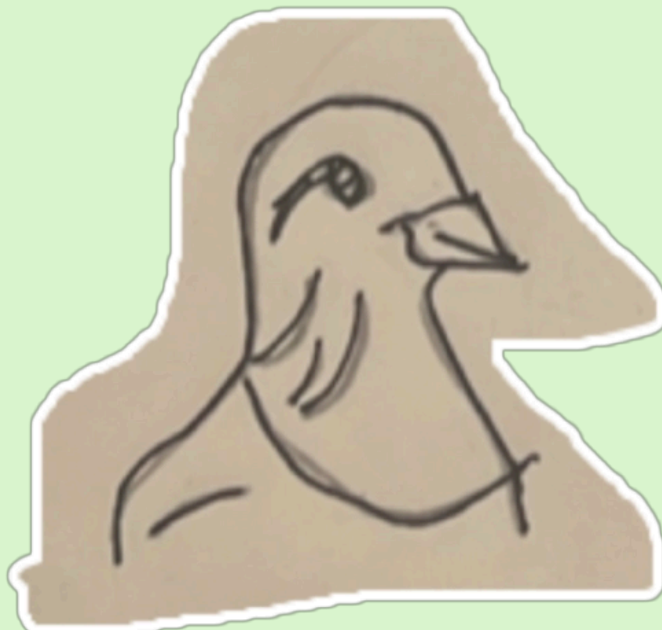
I'm built in an old Elm Tree standing proud and majestic.

I'm built with twigs, straw and crisp dry leaves.

I'm proud and seen from afar but predators stay far.

I protect her chicks entrusted to me  
in this old and gnarled Elm Tree.

As spring arrive, they flee with glee and thank me  
for setting them free  
to roam the sky and trees.



# The Elusiveness of Light

by Philip, Alison, Gloria and Zenith

The light moving around the room  
It changes and becomes dark. Unexpectedly  
Through a glass, it hits a mirror, like a disco ball,  
Late evening it's very bright,  
It keeps you happy and relaxed

The light began moving too quickly for me to take  
The photograph. The clouds began  
Obscuring the light.  
In the end I gave up.

The elusiveness of light.

Weeds, nettles, are all that's left.  
The light has parched everything.



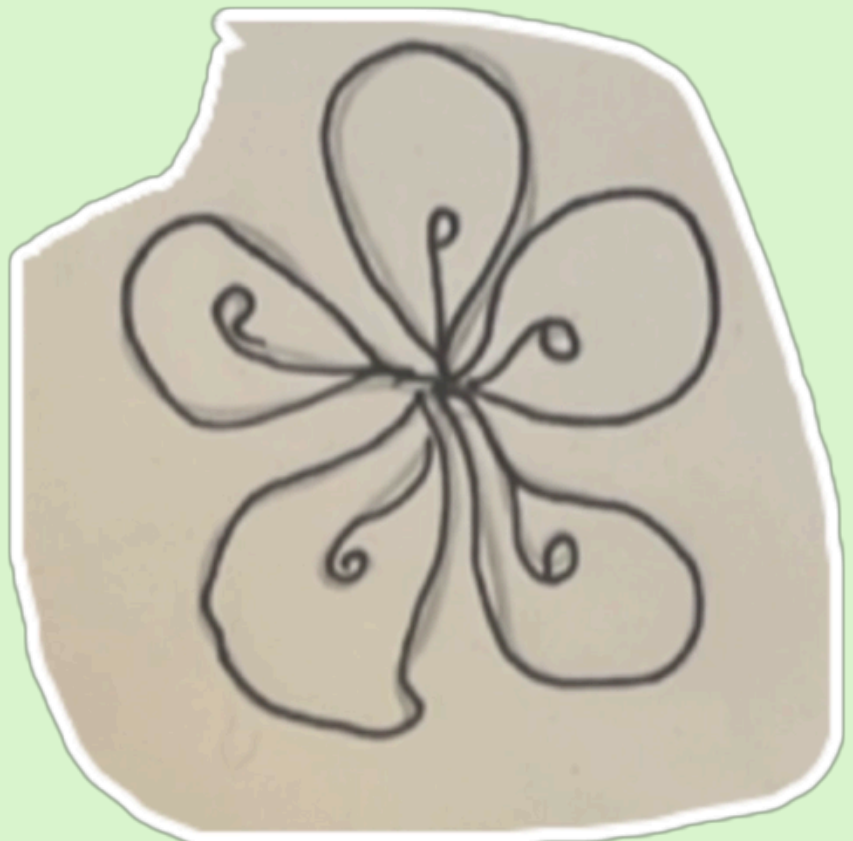
# Contrasting Section

by Alison

The music of the wind soothes  
As it gently caresses the foliage of all that it passes  
Blown in eddies and scurries, back and forth

The dappled light rapidly changes  
Highlighting the contours  
Bringing form and life to all that it touches  
The sound of the silence is peaceful

It soothes my anxious soul  
I'm held in it like a child  
In this peaceful corner of the world



# The Journey

by Alison, Jeanie, Elizabeth and Zenith

Today the carousel is spinning slowly,  
I'm hoping for the best,  
I hope to get some rest  
Without any regrets.  
I don't need to place any bets  
Because I've had my rest and  
my rest

Tomorrow it might rain or it might be sunny  
But I'm hopeful that the day remains sunny,  
We need the sunshine  
We need the rain  
We need both  
But I prefer the sun and wind.



# Seth

## [A Person Looking for This World]

by Zenith

This world is not fake or hostile  
It opens its eyes to the damaged  
faces taut with fear and marginal life

This world embraces the tortured souls  
Recaptures their sanity from a regime cruel and hostile  
My world is sunny, blue skies, blue sea  
Palm trees swaying in the wind

You'll not have the riches of wealth but your yearning for peace,  
Sanctuary is all to gain from my peaceful and tranquil world.

I can offer you fruits and vegetables to quench your thirst.  
In return you will save my precious corals and mountain forests  
in your quest to conserve my world, to heal your tortured soul  
from the ravages of your previous hostile world.

You will ask:  
How will I survive in this peaceful and tranquil world?

You may till the land fish, the sea all in the pursuit to  
Recapture your sanity.

Welcome, welcome Seth to my world.



# Living Life

by Stella



Atumpan, Atumpan  
Be my friend  
Let me be yours too  
Watch my back  
Let me watch yours makes two.  
Good friends don't envy  
Great pals don't jealous  
Mine is yours and yours is mine.  
Atumpan, Atumpan  
Atumpan, Atumpan.

Love is a good thing  
And has to be kept pure  
When you say you love  
Let it show  
Don't mock a great emotion  
That holds the world together.  
Atumpan, Atumpan

Your parents are yours  
to keep  
Your children are yours to have  
Your family, your dignity.  
Make sure it works for you all the time.

Atumpan, Atumpan  
Atumpan, Atumpan



# The Mother's Instinct

by Stella, Gloria, Jeanie and Zenith

Speak up, let me hear you,  
Are you alright?

I'm here with you, I'm your mum, I'm here for you  
I can hear your anguished voice -  
There's no one like mother,  
I'm always here

I can advise but I can't do for you  
I can advise but I can't dictate

You're welcome home if you want to,  
God bless you,  
Welcome, welcome home,  
My prodigal son

I will always love you,  
Hope for the very best  
God is good all the time  
We all miss you

It's me, I'm your sweet mother,  
I'll never forget you.



# To Our Guys, With Love

by Stella

Man, if you love your woman enough, you may be taken for a fool

Man, no-one will understand except you,  
and people never understand these things in our culture

Man, be you, without fear of your people or parents

If you cook for her, you may be stupid for doing so  
And they may say she's put a love potion in your food

Man, if you wash her stuff you are otooledge

Probably cook on one voodoo or another  
and and steaming fish with any and everything any and  
everything that controls weak men like you

Man, keep washing if it's okay with you  
If she hurts you badly you cannot cry over her  
No matter how it feels  
Because a man cannot, and should not, cry  
Because it shows how weak he is.

Please cry if you must  
Guys, be yourself  
It's strong men who cry when they must  
and wash when they can  
and cook when they should  
and love  
without hindrance.



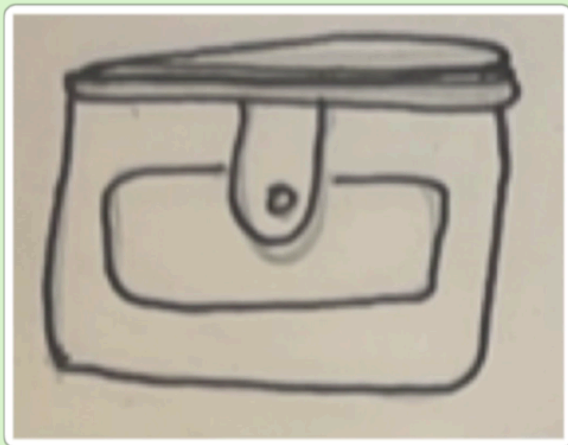
# **Bridges to Cross, Mountains to Climb**

by Alison

So tired, much to do  
Wind with its fierce wars and turbulence exhausts  
Energy weak and I need repose

I'll stay here  
No need to cross, nothing matters anymore  
I'll lie in this pocket of calm and allow  
the sound of the wind and the water  
to soothe and lift me into sleep

I'll wake on the other side, wherever that may be



# **The Shape of our Bodies Refusing to be Down**

**by Gloria, Alison, Elizabeth, Zenith,  
Jeanie and Stella**

When I'm sad and feeling lonely, I enjoy meeting my group  
Of people at the leisure centre to chat and laugh

I'm happy with the way I look and I love doing my exercise,  
Singing, dancing, all sorts

I change my colours as the seasons go forward,  
But my fragrance remains the same

My shoulders go forwards, they can go backwards,  
they can go sideways,  
Sometimes they creek but I know that they are there

I'm happy, I'm happy with the way that I am

I thank God for his mercies.  
Move. grow. Socialise



# Peace

by Zenith



As I sit in my plump chair,  
Oh! How I longed for peace

My heart fluttering like a bird  
Oh! How I longed for peace

A peace that quiets my mind from the ravages of grief  
A voice whispered in my ears

You make seek the comfort of a partner,  
You may seek the empathy of friends.

No! I seek the solace of the garden on this bright Autumn  
Morning with hazy sun peeping through the trees  
Soon to shed their leaves

The last flush of the rose flowers,  
The changed colours of the leaves on the trees

These let me know of the changing seasons and so my peace  
Will come as I sit in my old plump chair

# Colours of the Rainbow

by Zenith, Pauline, Stella, Elizabeth,  
Jeanie and Gloria

The rainbow is a great promise, the promise of God,  
The world will not be destroyed.

The colours of the rainbow so beautiful and bright,  
red and yellow and pink and blue,  
children enjoying,  
orange and purple and green,  
rainbows bring out the child in me,  
with them I am playful and free,

I can see the rainbow, see the rainbow, see the rainbow too.

Its beautiful colours,  
And then the sun,  
The colours when it sets, descending but still bright,  
Orange against blue looking over the horizon,  
I'm amazed by the colour combination -  
What a wonderful world

Like newborn babies, growing hidden for months,  
Like seeds that suddenly sprout,  
That's how the rainbow appears.



# The Bridge that connects me and you

by Amber

Is made of phone particles and pulses and fibre optic cables,  
Is made of Sophie, of Jasmine, of Meet Me and The Albany,  
Is made of Deptford, Lewisham, South London.  
Is made of chairs and sofas and beds and windows,

And mugs, and keys, and wallets, and fruits,  
Bunnies, cuddly toys, and birds, birds, birds  
Flying, squawking, singing, sitting on a train

Of voices, loud, muffled, delayed,  
Occasionally disconnected but always present

Of ear drums posed,  
Ready to receive the words

Of dreams, and prayers and songs and memories

Of us, together, showing up and speaking out

Week on week the links have formed, the paving laid,  
And now our bridge is complete.

While we might not walk it together as often,  
It's still there shining bright and clear as day -  
The legacy of time well spent together

**here is some space for you to  
write your own new poem:**



**here is some space for you to  
write your own new poem:**

# Thank you for joining!

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