



ISSUE FOUR  
FANTASTIC  
EKPHRASTIC

# Polaris

THE EDINBURGH PARK  
LITERARY ZINE

# POETRY FROM ART AT EDINBURGH PARK

## Contents

- P4 **Janette Ayachi**  
Fantastic Ekphrastic
- P7 **Class Renga P4 Class**  
Gylemuir Primary
- P9 **Lockie Milne, Kiara**
- P10 **Austin, Seiin**
- P13 **Georgie**
- P18 **Sophie**
- P19 **Aditya Ranjit**
- P21 **Art Tour Renga P4 Class**  
Gylemuir Primary
- P22 **Art Tour Renga**  
As Concrete Poem

# Polaris

## EDITORIAL

### Issue Four

Fantastic Ekphrastic

### Poetry Contributors

Amber, Lewis, Abigail,  
Olivia, Jessica, Kiara,  
Seiin, Praneel, Connor,  
Kayla, Elisabella, Anik,  
Logan, Leyland, Jessica,  
Nolan, Joey, Liliana,  
Hannah, Jayastu, Aditya  
Ranjit, Locke Milne,  
Georgia, Sophie, Austin  
and Kiara.

### Editor

Janette Ayachi

### Arts Curator

Matthew Jarratt

### Published by

Parabola

### Design

founded.design

Scan to view  
sculpture and poetry  
at Edinburgh Park



This summer, as poet-in-residence at Edinburgh Park, I launched 'Fantastic Ekphrastic' – a series of Poetry from Art sessions for the P.4 pupils at Gylemuir Primary School. My aim was simple: spark imagination, nurture creativity and let art speak in exciting ways. The project deepened their appreciation for visual art and encouraged them to explore their unique voices through poetry. I was invited into their classroom to share slides of famous artists, fragments of their lives and paintings that carried stories. We spoke of brush strokes and colour, of how a single image can open a thousand doors in the mind. I performed some of my poems to show how words can frame a painting, or slip inside it, until picture and poem share a single breath.

The pupils then packed up these thoughts and techniques for a school trip, a delightful day on-site, where they stood, played, interacted and wrote poems under the sculptures. They witnessed a beauty that was not locked inside four white walls in limited spaces, instead, it was a somatic, moving experience. I hope you enjoy this very special edition and are able to slow down and look closely too, just like the children, notice things that others might miss and have fun with the symbiotic relationship between visual art and poetry. Open the pages and portals to new worlds, new voices and new ways of seeing.

*Janette Ayachi, Editorial*

*Poet-in-Residence at Edinburgh Park*

# FANTASTIC EKPHRASTIC

## Edinburgh Park & Gylemuir Primary School

Poetry is a way of saying big things with small words; it's like painting with your voice. Especially for children. Sometimes poetry is just the right words, in the right order, that make you feel something. Like how the sky feels before it rains. Or how your stomach flips when you swing too high on the swings. Or how your heart jumps when someone understands you.

During our sessions, I reminded them that no rhyme was required, that there were no rules – only the courage to look, feel and imagine was necessary. They took that freedom and skipped with it: some into the dream-logic of Surrealism, others into the sharp light of Modernism and others preferred prose that threaded a narrative. But all of them found secret messages inside the art, and returned with luminous sentences in their hands.

During our Art Tour at Edinburgh Park, Lindsay and I led them around the world-class collection we have here, sculptures by William Tucker; Louise Plant, Thomas Heatherwick, Andrew Burton and Eduardo Paolozzi. Standing before these works, they embodied the landscape, questioned ideas and began to spin new stories. Imagine the sculpture is alive. What does it want? Where is it going? Describe it as a character. Is it brave? Wild? Soft inside? Use powerful words that feel strong, twisty, or blooming. Use your senses: What colour is its voice? What does its shadow look like?

Each sculpture gave them lines to carry back; I chose the best ones and wove them into a collective renga – not bound by haiku form, but linked by shared images, feelings and meaning. Whether read as separate snapshots of the art we witnessed, or one flowing piece, their words reveal the way art sharpens sight, awakens wonder and sparks the mind's theatre.

Some pupils, already dreaming of being writers, created astonishing, full-bodied poems that drew all the artworks into one conversation. Their lines echoed and surprised each other, like voices in a room lit by shifting colours. I changed nothing but the layout before placing them in order for this issue of *Polaris*.

Art changes how we think. It deepens our perception, improves our brain functions and thinking patterns, lifts our mood and boosts our entire physical well-being, opening the mind's windows wide. 'Fantastic Ekphrastic' gave these pupils more than two creative afternoons exploring the intersection of visual art and poetry. It gave them proof that their words matter, and they can have a lasting impact; that they can shape beauty from what they see.

When our day ended, everyone was left in great spirits, and one child told me it was 'the best day ever.' I think it was one of those for me, too.



# A CLASS RENGA FROM VINCENT VAN GOGH'S STARRY NIGHT

The vines are as squiggly as noodles.

I like the midnight colours because nobody can see me.

The stars are bright. They make me feel right?

I would fly in the dark sky, very dark. I might hear the dogs bark..

Yellow squares like pineapples, wavy like spaghetti, midnight calm.

Really loud hidden figures. You can already feel the sun rising.

It is as squiggly as pins and needles.

I like the midnight. I wish the sky were that colour.

The stars in the sky beam down to the city.

The city looks up at the sky and sees Doodles.

You can hear the shooting stars.

The sky swirled. The city turned as dark as the Moon.

The trees turned lighter.

The stars were whispering the bushes twitched.

The city is as dreamy as a blossom.

Oh, Starry Night, stars overwhelming the village or castle filled with butterflies of joy?

Having a good night's sleep as we all go and fly on the stars.

The skies swirl. The coolers take over.

The Bear City night people are screaming.

The music gets louder and louder.

*Liana, Amber, Lewis, Abigail, Olivia, Jessica, Kiara, Seiin.*

# INDIVIDUAL POEMS FROM THE EDINBURGH PARK ART TOUR



## Lockie Milne

The rock sounds like the sea.  
Flowers are made of pollen,  
but metal makes a nice clashing noise.  
Both make me feel happy.  
The pot has hell souls in it, never forgetful.  
The Devil made this for a reason.  
A giant made of stone;  
he's holding a hammer in a hammer  
wearing lots of iron armour.

## Kiara

Stiff and sturdy green and grey giant legs split  
together, old and new, believe it or not, burning  
legs altogether moving circles and finishing a step,  
moving to the next repeatedly.

Click, touch the floor, go out. Made out of starch  
strings, red and circled, makes me feel like a  
spinning mushroom, red metal colour flower.

Nasty like fungus when hot, raining hard, cone  
not moving in the flow, flamy as the sun, a billion  
red spiders. Red as blood, tiny dots looking like  
eyeballs, green and red make you burn.

I imagined it would talk to me, a dot as red as blood,  
flaming as a new god or old sleep, it red-hearted,  
sleeping for a hundred years.

## Austin

The iron looks  
like dead coral  
hollow cups  
on such a sunny day.  
This is a wonderful sight  
to see today.  
This is a fantastic suit  
to see today.  
Beautiful flowers,  
rusty like the Eiffel Tower  
rusting up again  
mysterious ring of trees  
and lots of parrots.  
But one of the pots is wise  
about parrot mysteries.  
The man made of metal,  
hammer smashing  
the volcano, BOOM!!!  
The water splashes,  
and the fish swim about.

## Seiin

Big and old  
Wobbly as a worm  
Bumpy like a road  
Believe it or not  
It's a ballerina  
Hard as a rock.



feeling scared  
going all over stage  
clazy.

hands blowing as peoples hair swish  
ocean waves swishing forward  
sway and making missteps as

look  
she s

look in  
stated  
wiry as the  
Beautiful night. People  
getis a  
ing as water



## Georgie

It looks like a rock, with an odd shape that reaches to the sky. It's as bumpy as a road and as spiny as a tornado. It's as hard as a rock; it looks like a bronze medal. The flowers are all different; there might be a dead body in them. There might be a teleporter to hell. It might copy what you say. There might be fairies inside because it has fairy steps. It looks like a giant falling apart. It looks like a machine. His legs are broken. He looks like a giant, a powerful, mighty giant. It's as peaceful as a forest here. There's fish in the pond.

1) Made from iron.

2) Looks like the infinity goblet

3) Looks like a wizard monster who

1) made from steel.

2) I think there is a ghost inside the pot and it  
come inside as well.



3) I feel happy.

1) I think that he is a villain and he is going to take over the world.

is about to eat you.

2) He looks scary

is telling

3) I feel terrified.

4) This felt more as gigantic as a dinosaur.



The dragon fly's buzzing and the mouse thinks  
about eating worms that are as yellow as  
the sun just like burning hot lava Fada Kaho  
as calm as the wind the air smells as calm as  
a leaf.

the crowds cheer as loud as a lion its as bright  
as a light as amazing as trumpets going  
fore your dreams the noise inside your  
head the crowd screaming because they  
love it.

you can smell the salty sea the waves are  
as calm as a book roses as red as blood  
the land is flat as a carpet under

existed that it's a wave as a carper you to  
waves move the waves make people smile

she looks in the mirror and sees wavy patterns  
that look like her in a different way patterns  
appearing everywhere.

the stars in the sky beam down to the city  
the city look up at the sky and see doodles  
you can hear the shooting stars

you can hear the water splashing they  
splash you is you go to dose it fall day and  
night it makes me never forget as the water  
shimmers when you look up

## Sophie

Big and rocky, odd shape like a climbing frame  
shaped after ballet, not a bullet and very bumpy.

Wiggly and wobbly, real fun to play on.

Different decorations made of steel are quite flat and very pretty.

Devil's dust word and red, what can be inside?

Red, blue, green or black speaking back tall like a pirate.

Very strong, very tall, stands like a soldier.

The Vulcan watches gold fish, flowers, and a beautiful waterfall.

## Aditya Ranjit

When I was walking outside, I saw something bigger than a tide.

A giant rock which looked like a chair,

I imagined a honey-eating animal like a bear,

whose roar caused the rock to topple over.

But if (the rock) crashed on me, which I wanted it to do.

Flowers made out of corten. Hollow, hollow, hollow, like a burrow,

which made me so overexcited; I kept knocking the flower all day long.

A green parrot is standing on a rock. Red, yellow are also mixed with it.

I imagined it talking to me; it *really* did. It said, "I'm going to bite you!"

Square x2 all over his body is bigger than Hulk.

I saw a sculpture. His feet are bigger than all of my friends.

He was shaking his fist in the air, which made me run away.

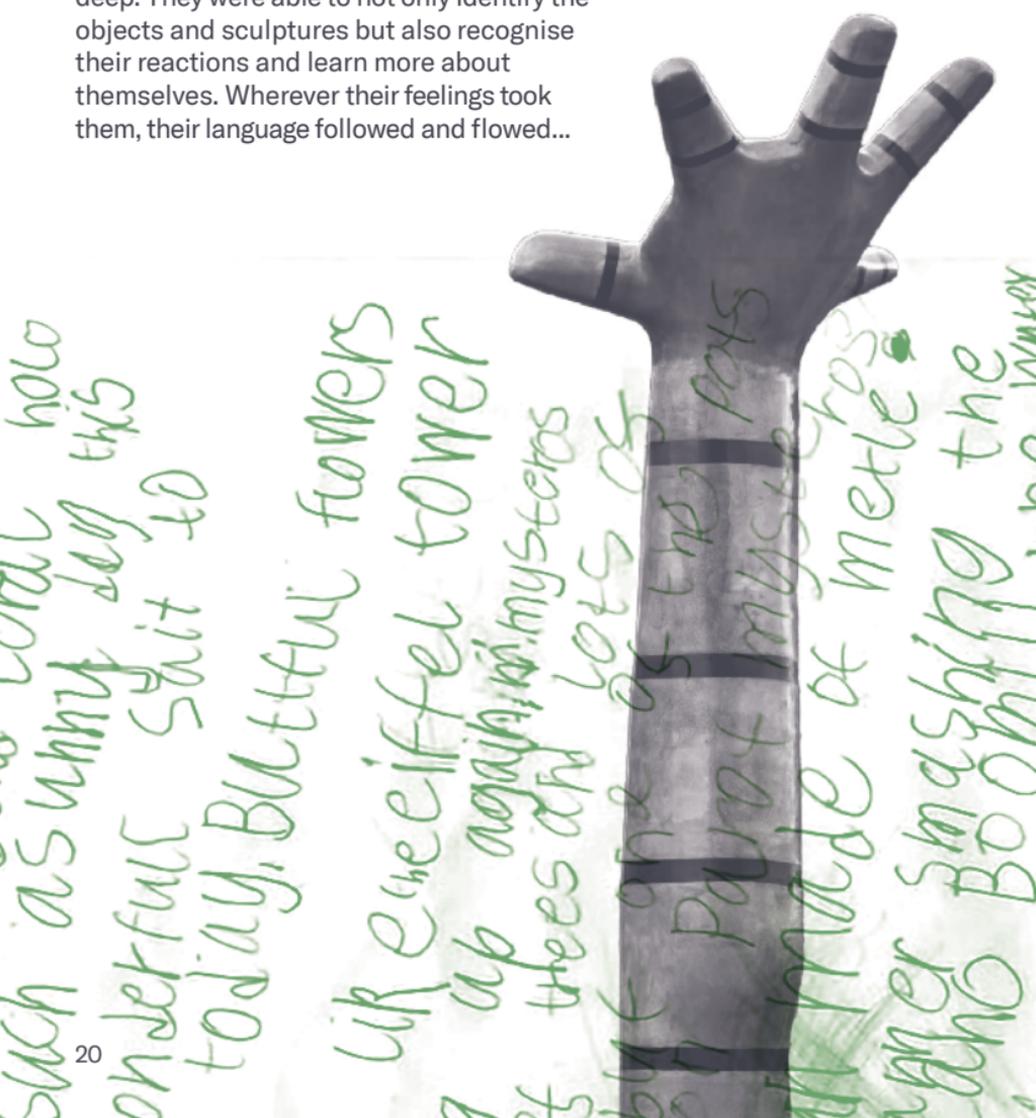
Then, he jumped into a waterfall, splashing water,

and I realised he was just playing.

(He also said he was 9, so was I, but he was still bigger)

# GYLEMUIR PRIMARY SCHOOL PS4 EDINBURGH PARK ART TOUR RENGA

Each line of the renga was lifted from an avalanche of very enthusiastic scribbles! Poetry from Art allowed the children to engage and be truly inspired. Some lines were quirky, some surreal, some playful and some deep. They were able to not only identify the objects and sculptures but also recognise their reactions and learn more about themselves. Wherever their feelings took them, their language followed and flowed...



An odd shape, reaching to the sky, as bumpy as a road.  
I move with the wind. Look at the flowers.  
It is as stretchy as a string to America.  
Looks like a giraffe's head.

It is whole. It echoes. It is rust like a fungus.  
It is as fiery as the sun.  
Born at the same time as me —  
an electric flower.  
The flowers make me flow & fill with joy.  
They are firm & cannot be knocked down.

As I cross my legs, I go upside down.  
It's as scary as a tornado.  
It's as red as a red ant.  
Red as a strawberry & fun to play on!

He is a villain & he's going to take over the world —  
a man made of rocks, bricks & shaped metal!  
It walks & jumps on a waterfall, splashing it with joy!  
Part-man, part-Lego, part-machine —  
a monster calling out for something.  
It sounds like someone falling off a cliff.  
How I feel: I feel like it's rough, alive, or angry.

There is a ghost inside the pot & it's telling me to come inside.  
Bro slept for more than a hundred years.  
It is as deadly as ashes.  
I found a special flower beside the parrot cup.  
It makes me feel calm.

As the water turns blue, the daffodils bloom in the sky.  
I love everything.

*Pupils: Amber, Praneel, Connor, Kayla, Elisabella, Anik, Logan, Leyland, Jessica, Nolan, Joey, Olivia, Seiin, Liliana, Hannah, Jayastu (all aged 9)*

To bring their words closer to the art, each stanza has been shaped into a concrete poem — its layout echoing the lines, curves, or spirit of the artwork it describes. Just as the children looked at the sculptures from all angles, their words now take on a form you can see as well as read, turning poetry into a picture of thought.

An odd shape, reaching to the sky, as bumpy as a road.  
I move with the wind. Look at the flowers. It is as stretchy  
as a string to America. Looks like a giraffe's head.





It is whole. It echoes. It is rust like a fungus. It is as  
fiery as the sun. Born at the same time as me — an  
electric flower. The flowers make me flow & fill  
with joy. They are firm & cannot be knocked down.  
& cannot be knocked down.

It's as red as a red ant. Red as a strawberry & fun to play on! As I cross my legs, I go upside down. It's as scary as a tornado. It's as red as a red ant.



It sounds like someone falling off a cliff. How I feel: I feel like it's rough, alive, or angry. He is a villain & he's going to take over the world — a man made of rocks & bricks & shaped metal! It walks & jumps on a waterfall, splashing it with joy!

Part-man, part-Lego, part-machine — a monster calling out for something.

There is a ghost inside the pot & it's telling me to come inside.

Bro slept for more than a hundred years. It is as deadly as ashes.

I found a special flower beside the parrot cup. It makes me feel calm. As the water turns blue, the daffodils bloom in the sky. I love everything.



Scan to view more sculpture and poetry at Edinburgh Park



## EDINBURGH PARK ARTS

The arts create a colourful and vibrant environment at Edinburgh Park, bringing together a collection of art, sculpture and poetry from Sir Eduardo Paolozzi, Ann Christopher and William Tucker to supporting Emerging Artists.

# VISIT 1 NEW PARK SQUARE



**1  
New Park  
Square**

*Patina*

Edinburgh Park  
Multi Storey Car Park

P

Train to Glasgow



**Edinburgh  
Park**



col m.

feeling scream  
aying all over stage li  
g crazy.

inds blowing as peoples hair swis  
cean waves swishing forward  
wards clouds making imigeb as  
ng up in the sky.

ery mixing as she looks  
face as she s  
as the blue c