Dorchester Poetry Collage, Youth Council, 16.03.23

A yacht, battered by the tides, with the crew clinging on to certificates and past achievements while hastily slapping on new paint.

Middle aged with safe job, safe home, safe life.

To come home to — feeling of where you want to be after travelling.

A ~~house~~ garden with a large lawn, with a handful of daisies, struggling yet thriving. It’s lined with concrete, and grass is growing untamed around the edges. The rest is uncannily neat, the gardener so generic you can remember what they look like.

Steak and kidney pie = every day. Old fashioned food that we think as comfort food.

Homes with garden trees everywhere and a perfect central park, fun for everyone.

A mildly mushy pasty made the traditional way with rock-hard pastry and a slightly soggy bottom. The taste isn’t too bad, though, not unlike a steak pie.

Pride would be a conflicted place, with complicated alleyways with lights and darks. Flowers and scents are found scattered over roads, some parts of it would be permanently misty.

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If Dorchester were a person, they would be an office worker because they do the same stuff over and over every day. If you met them, they would have a mug of coffee and a croissant because there’s so many cafes and bakeries and they would be in a midlife crisis.

A caring kind person — a teacher.

If Dorchester were a garden, it would have lots of trees and it would say it had lots of flowers but really there were only a few scattered around.

A garden full of wildflowers, colourful and welcoming for insects etc. The whole community would look after it. The colours would change with the seasons.

If Dorchester were a path, it would be a cobblestone path with old brick buildings on each side and a churcb at the end.

A grass path, ~~looking~~ see flowers and wildlife leading to sunshine.

If Dorchester were a food, it would be turkey without the gravv because it would be dry, plain and flavourless.

Lion — slowly walking until it met prey. It would eat what nature intends it to eat. If it were sleepy, I would watch it slowly waking; if awake, I would watch from on high.

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Wes Anderson vibe, really eccentric, probably a bit culty, you never escape at the end.

If Dorchester were a path, it would be made of brick ~~because~~

If Dorchester were an animal, I think it would be a sheep because there are lots of sheep in Dorchester.

A lot of gnomes: Capulet Garden in Gnomeo and Juliet. \*Plants on the walls, well kept, but appear not to be.

If Dorchester were a person, they would be an office worker because it’s repetitive and dull.

Old ex-military personnel, probably works at a museum, enjoys gardening.

If Dorchester were a food, I think it would be a hash brown because hash browns are very British. Hash browns are mushy but traditional.

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A depressed 9–5 accountant.

The old ship boat that’s brown that sinks (like in Frozen).

Depressed office worker, repeated life, grey + boring.

Doesn’t talk much, just shrugs. 9–5.

Old Titanic when it has already sunk.

A dark forest with spiky brushes + trees.

Plants with no leaves or flowers.

Old-fashioned movie with a film reel in black and white.

A grey garden with no flowers or bright colours.

Old person with lots of memories and stories to tell.

Premix mash (Smash!)

A grey squirrel → boring, mundane, compared to others (red squirrels)

A pigeon. It wouldn’t move because it would be dead.

Gravel with snails on it that you had to avoid stepping on.