

# Woodland activity idea

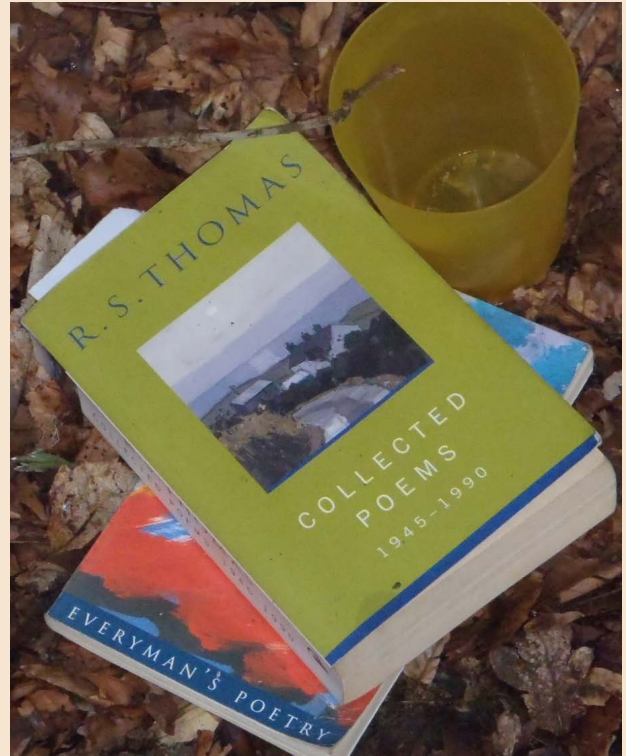
Simple ideas to inspire groups to engage with woods in a safe and fun way

## 9) Woodland Poetry

Description of the activity / overview	To involve the group in trying to write a simple poem using an easy format. This is something that anyone can try to create their own poem. It works best on a woodland walk but can be applied to any situation.
Permissions needed	None needed. All of the sessions can be carried out using footpaths or other public rights of way.
Timescale	Activity can take as little as 30 minutes or as long as the walk takes with poetry creation at the end of the walk. Can be carried out at any time of year.
Equipment	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Printed copies of the blank poetry cards</li><li>• pencils.</li></ul>
Who's enjoyed it in the past?	Alzheimers Society, Macmillan Cancer Support group – both in Wrexham.
Leader skills and knowledge needed to do the activity (minimum and desired)	No real skills although helpful to have made the session plan clear and ensuring that the resources are available.

Methodology	<p>Print off the poem structure for the session. The poem is based on the senses and is really easy to use. Then go for the chosen walk, fill in the blanks in the poem template and then create personal poems with or without the poem prompts.</p> <p>The poem prompts are:</p> <p>I see the .....</p> <p>I smell the .....</p> <p>I hear the .....</p> <p>I feel the .....</p> <p>I taste the .....</p> <p>I think that.....</p> <p>Good to get group together, either over a cup of tea or at a suitable point in the walk and get individuals to read out their poems (only if individuals are comfortable doing this). This works well with big groups and also with individuals. Can also read out single lines each. Be creative.</p>
Key Elements	Creativity, individualism, capture feelings
Special tips!	Enjoy and don't prompt the group too much. It is best to be natural and organic in this approach.

With thanks to Geraint Hughes and the Actif Woods Wrexham groups



Buffeted  
 Finished flower & huge fat buds  
 Deep earth  
 Winds talking through the trees  
 Saw like ridged leaves  
 The roses still in bloom  
 Smelling like the perfume of heaven

Tan y Bwlch Exterior  
 Swollen river filling up the fields  
 Freshness  
 Rushed traffic  
 Breeze in my hair  
 Raindrops on my tongue  
 Elemental valley descending into dust

Tan y Bwlch Interior  
 Beautiful wood panelled room  
 The scent of my own demise?  
 Old floorboards beneath the carpet creak  
 Weight of history  
 Dry warm air  
 Haunted by the Tudor men



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