

**POETRY**

**INSPIRED BY**



**RELAX  
INTO 2050**

**TIDAL**



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Welcome to this digital version of our poetry publication produced for TIDAL inspired by the exhibition 'Relax into 2050: Adventures in an Optimistic Future' by Artfly. We hope you will read these poems and feel positive about the possibilities the future holds.

As a group we imagined Barrow in 2050. Inspired by the exhibition and the Solar Punk movement, we agreed thinking about a positive future seems more productive than believing the worst will happen. To make any lasting change first you need to imagine it, then find the words for it before you can put it into action.

There will be some extra poems in this publication that weren't in the printed version that we had produced for our celebration poetry sharing. This is because we had tight print deadlines and the group members were inspired to keep writing after print deadlines had passed.

I opened the sharing with my poem 'I love Barrow' which I wrote a few years ago and is now also a song performed by my band Baa Chords. It felt appropriate to share because it's about night's out in Barrow and it's about my genuine love for my hometown and the people of Barrow where I was born and raised.

Huge thanks to everyone involved in putting this digital publication together, to everyone at Signal Film and Media, Artfly, all the group members who shared their work, everyone who came to support the sharing and to you for reading this, maybe you will write something yourself, I hope you will.

**Ann Grant**

Tidal was a series of three writing workshops by Signal Film & Media creating poetry and writing inspired by the exhibition Relax into 2050: Adventures in an Optimistic Future by Artfly.

During the sessions we imagined a Barrow in the year 2050 in a world where we had met all our climate targets and humanity was working together. We were inspired by the Solar Punk Movement:

**Solar (powered by the sun)  
punk (anti-capitalist)**

Writing with optimism – living in harmony with nature, capitalism replaced with community cohesion, our main energy is solar power.

Writing sessions were led by Ann Grant and attended by:

Sue Kysh  
Iwona Suwala  
Edward William Rafter  
Derek Bradley  
Kirsten Taylor  
Michael John Hudson  
Therese Johnston

Many thanks to Liz Critchley, Jennifer McMillan, Artfly and all at Signal Film & Media.

# 1

## I LOVE BARROW

BY ANN GRANT

Move shuffle, crammed shuffle,  
reaching for the dancefloor  
with sailors and Barrovians, not sure what we're out for.  
Shiver, shuffle, jammed shuffle  
not in the club yet  
Brut, curses sweat,  
stilettoed students, high-pitched, regret.  
Tight top turners,  
flunked out fitters,  
teenage mums who got their babysitters.  
They said this is the cattle market  
They say this is the Gazza strip.  
They say these clubs are all dives.  
We want to get in quick.  
Step shuffle, faster shuffle  
a night in Barrow grim.  
Could've stayed at The Keys  
and drunk, Larry cheapest gin  
or found another karaoke hole  
or gone on the boat and danced round  
a dancing girl's pole.  
In the week you can check out  
the same girls at Debenhams check out  
if they don't check you out first.  
Push shuffle, shove shuffle.  
It's the weekend sway  
where there's no at the end of the day  
because we know at the end of the day  
it's dark and the glitz might be kitch  
but it's a spark in the stark.  
And the smokers outside lighting up  
and the alco pop kids are throwing up  
and I get a feeling in this town needs biggin' up.  
Let's live it up, it's Saturday it's late  
and if I want to fit in I need to relate.  
This town won't improve if we all stand and slate it.  
This town want improve if we slag off and fate it.

Turn in the crowd and talk to stranger.  
Turn in the crowd and talk to your mates.  
Talk to the person who's had their nose  
crammed in your back for half an hour.  
Don't be slack you've got the power  
If you're gonna be crammed

you might as well be tight.  
I love you Barrow.  
Happy weekend good night.

# 2

## BEYOND 2050

BY ANN GRANT

In the mornings when all airships are landed  
those who live underwater gather  
with those who live in the mountains.  
We harness our communal singing energy  
into harmony storage docks while the sun rises.

We shower powered by our people  
exercise crews pushing and cycling until  
our kinetic energy panels are re-charged.  
Most of our technology is powered by the sun  
At night we worship the moon and the sea.

Afternoons are for relaxing in nature  
The more we grow, the more we learn.  
Now we all have enough to feed ourselves  
and keep warm and healthy, the world  
Is full of colourful art, music and sculptures.

We remember a couple of decades ago  
there used to be such imbalance and rage.  
Before the Great Sharing, we cared less  
understood less, lived in dull social vacuums  
now we live beyond our wildest dreams.

# ELIMINATE GREED

## 3

### BARROW, SUMMER 2050

BY THE GROUP

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I'm wondering why it's not like I expected it to be when I was younger. I can see people flying alongside us on benches from the park. I can hear the thrum of insects and birds, laughter and music. I feel freed, inner-peace, the rise and fall of my breathing, the focus of my thoughts.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I am sitting in the music stand that is circling Barrow in the sky, in a tree I can see a bird. I can hear the crashing of the waves against the rocks, children playing in the sand. I feel so peaceful surrounded by nature.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and there's a holographic orchestra playing in the garden. I can see seagulls, plenty of them, plus crabs on the sand. The dog next door is barking. I can feel freedom and real happiness.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I'm working in the garden. I can see birds flying around. The silence is restfully welcoming. I feel happy and excited, I really want to dance.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and the choir in the street are collecting sound energy to power the street lights later. I can see people carriers flitting across the sky looking very busy. I can hear "Wahoo's" coming from the flying benches. I can feel peace and positive vibrations in my body.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I am lazing on the beach. The sun's powerful rays sending us into a dreamy state. There are bees and butterflies around the plants. I can hear the birds singing beautifully. Contentment permeates my body.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I'm in my kitchen waiting for the sun to set. I can see an airship about to take off. I can hear birdsong as all the vehicles are silent. I feel nauseous because it turns out I get flight sick.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I am sitting on Walney Beach enjoying the hot weather. If I look to my left I can look out to the trees. I can hear people on the street. It's safer to be out now in 2050. I feel warmth, gratitude and a sense of belonging.

It's Barrow, Summer 2050 and I'm having a lay-in, enjoying the birdsong from outside. I can see the sun setting over the new eco-friendly homes that replace the old terraces. I can hear the chattering of excited children. I feel at peace with what the world has become.

# 4

## WHAT IF... OUR SOLUTION

BY DEREK BRADLEY

Something had changed.  
No longer was it "What if the sky falls down"

Odd – the sky was definitely closer to the ground.  
People were gazing upwards, not speaking.

I thought it might be an optical illusion.  
Then, children crying; people talking, sounding worried.

It grew darker,  
we needed help!  
There must be an answer,  
the government always had an answer!

The politician spoke.  
Of course,  
we have answers to everything.

As you know.

We have consulted widely.  
Our solution is very complicated.  
Our solution is ... to cut the grass more!

# 5

## THIS IS ME IN 2050

BY DEREK BRADLEY

I'm on the beach at sunrise,  
its wet and windy, as it often is here  
My personal hover device awaits my boarding,  
floating silently near me  
It always seems to be slightly impatient,  
not wanting to be waiting around for me

My family has flown off on a day's spaceflight around the world  
– they don't like being outside  
So many people seem to be like that,  
avoiding the real world  
The waves crash on the beach  
– the rain and the sea spray are blown into my face  
I used to drive down here, being in control of my own destiny  
– but not now

I hope that more people come to appreciate these places,  
and we remember to look after our planet, before it's too late  
There are so many more opportunities for everyone now;  
we have so much more time, free from having to work  
Easy travel has brought people closer together  
– it's not us and them any more  
I love having the time and the ability to explore,  
to see what wonderful places there are

The coast here continues to change, almost imperceptibly,  
day by day  
Most people are much happier now;  
they're not working just to survive day  
I just hope that more people would use their time,  
to help look after our planet

6

**SAD ROBOT**

BY ANN GRANT

**A  
sad  
robot.  
A loner  
I project.  
We perceive  
contrastingly:  
you observe joy  
and draw pyramids  
but I only see triangles.**

**ELIVATE  
BLISS !!**

# 7

## LAUGHTER ENERGY

BY ANN GRANT

It's mid-afternoon and the sun is bright, I'm hovering on my gravitational chair playing crazy golf. The balls pop up out of the holes and guide themselves back to your hand with their built in sat nav.

My wife is using her laughter energy to charge her mobile phone, it's a retro i-phone 3000, everyone around us is having fun, smiling eyes, acknowledging each other with warmth and kindness.

The yucca trees around us are cared for and celebrated some children plan to marry them.

Back in 2023, we never would have imagined marrying plants or trees.

In the future I hope this fun and harmony continues. Now we have more time for leisure together and capitalism has almost gone.

The world seems more peaceful, we no longer struggle to pay the bills or put food on the table.

The smallest change is also the largest change, there is more laughter. There is also more reverence and care for nature.

The way we say yes, stay positive and treat each other with kindness means we look to the future with a sense of wonder and bliss.

\*The idea of children marrying trees is from a poem Trees like us by Jennifer Copley.

# ERADICATE HUNGER

8

## THE MORNING SQUIRREL

BY THERESE JOHNSTON

I hear him first on the solar panel,  
then on the water butt.  
He flies through trees  
he runs up trunks and  
across the row of huts.

He prefers elevation to run through  
lower depths, he has no guts.  
Sometimes I see him emerging  
to run across fields  
through the muddy ruts.

He loves the time of harvest  
When I hear his high call  
Tut Tuts  
For he is the morning squirrel  
and he gathers in his nuts.

9

## THE AIRSHIP

BY EDWARD WILLIAM RAFTER

From the depths  
of the fluffy clouds  
emerging like a submarine  
breaking surface,  
the airships drifts above  
even the tallest trees  
sucking solar power  
into its own skin  
on its way to greet  
the satellites in orbit.

A journey of a thousand miles  
begins with a tentative step.

**WHAT IF  
TRANSPORT WAS  
ELEVATED?**

**OUR  
SOLUTION IS  
TELEPORTATION,  
START THE  
RESEARCH!**



# 10

## WHAT IF MINT CURES CANCER

BY SUE KYSH

What if mint cures cancer?

Our solution is grown more vegetables.

We need to have things like vegetables to put the mint into. Not all meat would taste nice with mint.

Only lamb is enhanced by mint.

You can add it to beef stew with other herbs but then you have to think of the vegetarians and vegans.

It's tricky knowing what alternative foods would accept the strong flavour of mint.

Tofu is bland so mint would overpower it.

Linda McCartney's Mint and Tofu sausages?

Tofu and mint lasagne?

It would take Jamie Oliver to come up with something that kids would eat containing mint.

What about protesters?

There are plenty of anti-vaxers out there refusing covid and flu jabs.

What if there were anti-minters?

Protests outside number 10? What then?

# 11

## THE SOLAR CHILDREN

BY ANN GRANT

Solar children understand clouds  
know screens are meant  
as a means of access  
to the beyond.

Satellites are emerging  
as the new social solutions  
We are elevated  
by our harmony with trees.

Our personal wellbeing devices read  
What you know heals you.

# 12

## RENGA 1

GROUP TRANSCRIPT

**1. Derek 2. Therese 3. Edward 4. Michael 5. Sue 6. Derek 7. Therese 8. Edward 9. Derek  
10. Iwona 11. Edward 12. Derek**

- 1.** In summer daylight  
butterflies lay eggs again.  
Hope for a future.
- 2.** Sunny days, simple.  
Too bright for moles and badgers,  
retreat underground.
- 3.** The bright sun hangs low,  
drivers can see nothing else.  
Take care crossing roads.
- 4.** Such change has been seen.  
Happiness and hope endured,  
harmonious days.
- 5.** Bright morning's hope light.  
The future promise to all  
who hold the vision's torch.
- 6.** It's always wet here.  
I hate winter in Barrow  
I moved back here.
- 7.** Flies skim the surface  
Fish, their predators, eat them,  
Very tasty treat.
- 8.** The park lake freezes,  
all the fodder lies underneath.  
Hungry geese and swans.
- 9.** Cold and wet and dark  
raining when it's not snowing.  
Windy on the coast.
- 10.** Snow, rain, sun and mist  
One by one come in on time  
Season unity

11. Families gather,  
People eat, drink, fight and love.  
They call it Christmas.
12. Sunset glowing red,  
the view preserving our hope.  
The long day ending.

## 13

### DANCE TO MY DREAMS

by Derek Bradley

We dance on this earth, for such a short time.  
Yet still we find time, to dream and to hope.

I dream of a different and better world.  
Where we live, together, in peace.

I dream of a people, who are tolerant and understanding,  
who are kind to each other.

I dream of good health for all,  
for a sense of mindfulness and wellbeing.

I dream of opportunities, for all to learn;  
and can share their learning with others.

I dream of a planet we all look after,  
where we care for an environment, that in turn cares for us.

I dream as I dance, in my short time on this earth.  
I hope others, in the future, will dance to my dreams.

## 14

### HAIKUS

BY DEREK BRADLEY

In summer daylight  
butterflies lay eggs again.  
Hope for the future.

Waters by the shore.  
The seagrass flowers briefly  
sowing seeds of life.

Sunset glowing red,  
the view preserving our hope.  
The long day ending.

Seems a good idea,  
wellbeing and mindfulness,  
requires lots of work.

It's always wet here  
I hate winter in Barrow  
I moved back here!

Cold and wet and dark,  
raining when it's not snowing  
windy on the coast.

# 15

## HAIKUS

BY IWONA SUWALA

The view is so clear.  
Whales are singing freedom song.  
Water becomes calm.

Snow, rain, sun and mist -  
one by one coming on time.  
Season unity.

Pockets are empty.  
I'm free like never before.  
Fly me to the moon.

# 16

## PEOPLE WITH WINGS

BY IWONA SUWALA

I'm at Roan Head beach,  
watching the sky.  
I can see people with wings.  
They are not like Icarus.  
Their wings are strong and sun friendly.

My daughter and her children  
playing on the dunes.  
They laugh so freely.

Seems like nothing changed.  
Seems like all changed.

The future shines bright.  
Good people shaped it  
with love.

# 17

## WELCOME TO THE BRIGHT FUTURE

BY IWONA SUWALA

A little girl walks through the park, among the friendly trees no one is waiting for her life.  
The boy goes to school without fear,  
no one will laugh at him because  
he can't play rugby.  
Children return to their homes, there is the smell of good dinner and peace sits at the family table.  
Welcome to the bright future.

No one cries alone within the four walls of the house anymore, because every cry is heard. A helping hand overcomes the thickest walls and cold glass panes.  
Welcome to the bright future.

No one invades countries anymore, no one takes homes or destroys the security of others.  
The world is big enough for everyone to have their place in it. Destroying lives and souls is the greatest shame and no one wants to play such a role.  
Welcome to the bright future.

Violence has lost its attractiveness.  
Welcome to the bright future.

Power means serving others.  
Welcome to the bright future.

Wealth is a person's inner beauty  
and the good he is able to give.

Welcome to the bright future.

# 18

## HAIKUS

BY MICHAEL JOHN HUDSON

Such change has been seen,  
happiness and hope endured.  
Harmonious days.

Freedom to travel,  
new horizons to explore.  
True optimism.

Tolerance of all,  
from the sea to land and sky.  
A new bright future.

# 19

## THIS IS BARROW IN 2050

BY MICHAEL JOHN HUDSON

It's 2050 and I never imagined Barrow would be like this, innovation is champion, freedom's available anathema to our forefathers- we work compassionately and constructively. No fretfulness over matters such as rising sea levels and coastal erosion, we have this under control. Our beautiful town by the sea is totally free from the major worries; a beacon of understanding- respect is key among civilians, no preconceived, anti-social thoughts or inner bile, we are all respectful of each other. Major illness does not signal a long painful debilitating decline, an equal and fair distribution of wealth underpins and supports good health while advanced medicine sees the grim reaper stalled for longer. Liberated to think, produce, monitor and cure efficiently and cleanly, this is Barrow in a bright new age out of the oppressive darkness and into a luminescent hopeful present.

# 20

## BARROW-IN-FURNESS: 2050 – A POEM

BY MICHAEL JOHN HUDSON

A beautiful butterfly beats its wings,  
While an airship flies overhead,  
Children chatter, the air filled with laughter,  
The streets no longer echo to the furious blatter  
Of the fossil-fuelled engine,  
We live in a time that's slower-  
A time for leisure, a time for pleasure,  
A time of acceptance, a time of tolerance,  
A time that's blissful, a time that's harmonious,  
Barrow is booming,  
We are super conscious of our environmental impact,  
We are cleaner, we are more efficient, we are kinder,  
Working well with the other inhabitants of the Earth,  
Over in the Irish sea, the seagrass is thriving, the whale population is expanding,  
Hopefulness existing, not on flimsy foundations but by a fulsome future to be had by all,  
We are witnessed to change that is sustainable, not regrettable,  
We don't live to be downcast,  
Living with a prideful knowing that the legacy we have created will be a welcoming world,  
Be it in the way we generate our energy,  
Which isn't fearful or irrefragable,  
We give back not take from-  
Wind, and solar all kinder and brighter means of power,  
Tolerance is uniform now, the nexus of peace,  
We have learnt to accept, not reject, each other,  
Standing united instead of separated,  
In this time of new horizons,  
Breaking the ceiling of the impossible,  
We have commercialised space-travel,  
Extending our arm out toward and across the heavens,  
Where we can smile and look back down on our prospering blue earth,  
To Barrow and beyond,  
We have progressed now,  
Semper sursum!  
Forevermore.

# 21

## RENGA 2

### GROUP TRANSCRIPT

**1. Ann, 2. Edward, 3. Michael, 4. Sue, 5. Ann, 6. Derek, 7. Therese, 8. Ann, 9 Michael, 10. Sue, 11. Derek, 12. Ann, 13. Edward, 14., Ann, 15. Therese, 16. Iwona.**

**13.** Promises fulfilled,  
universal space travel.  
Moon holidaying.

**14.** A white ship sails space.  
Exploration continues  
for earth-like planets.

**15.** Freedom to travel,  
new horizons to explore.  
True optimism.

**16.** The brightest star shines.  
Universal space travel  
gives freedom for all.

**17.** Seagrass brings diversity,  
absorbs carbon fast.  
Sealife flourishes.

**18.** Waters by the shore,  
the seagrass flowers briefly.  
Sowing seeds of life.

**19.** The moon shines brightly  
on a moth, on a seagrass.  
Freedom wee beastly.

**20.** There's more tolerance now  
we live in harmony.  
The air is cleaner.

**21.** Tolerance of all  
from the sea to land and sky.  
A new bright future.

**22.** Mindfulness and peace  
simplicity, contentment  
kindness, acceptance.  
A bright future for all those  
who follow visionaries.

**23.** Seems a good idea  
wellbeing and mindfulness.  
Require lots of work.

**24.** Everyone feels more content  
even in Merthyr Tydfil.

**25.** I look on grey streets,  
busy people pass me by  
I live at my speed.

**26.** There are more whales now,  
humans are so much kinder  
accepting and free.

**27.** Water in the sea,  
a whale bobs to the surface  
waves and ripples meet.

**28.** The view is so clear.  
Whales singing song of freedom.  
Water became calm.

# 22

## THE PICKINGS ARE SLIM

BY SUE KYSH

The pickings are slim, the streets are clean  
No-one throws a bone to an old dog like me.  
I survived the dog catchers, there's no flies  
on an old dog like me.  
I know all the places where I can hide  
from the tyranny of comfort no fire-side.  
I like the mean streets,  
I've learned to survive.  
I'm an old dog me.  
Down by the docks, empty of ships,  
The wild cats are thriving on the multitude of rats.  
No one comes here, not anymore  
and no-one notices an old dog like me  
but I can remember  
the best pickings in town  
when the drunks were hungry  
and kebabs were left down  
in the gutters all around town.  
Rich pickings they were then for an old dog like me.  
So much has gone, the streets are much cleaner  
but the pickings are leaner for an old dog like me.

# 23

## I LEAVE MY MARK

BY EDWARD WILLIAM RAFTER

His scooter rolls along, I trot beside,  
sometimes he stops, I stop too, I take up squat.  
The street cleans up after me all by itself, you wouldn't know I'd been there,  
I leave my mark.  
My patch is all for me,  
I can smell you,  
I know you were here and when,  
I know your name.  
Humans make these lovely streets  
I feed them waste.  
Nature is a step ahead  
my nose is strong.

# 24

## A CAT CALLED REX

BY THERESE JOHNSTON

A stray cat called Rex sits on the fence,  
watching the people of Barrow  
walk past heads down  
or on their phone.

If only Rex could ask  
for some food or milk in a glass.

A stray cat called Rex sits in the park  
watching boaters paddle,  
and ducks and swans waddle,  
ice cream buyers, sore knee criers.

If only they saw him skinny and lean.

A stray cat called Rex sits by the boats  
watching seagulls caw as if asking for more,  
eating scraps chucked by men  
should he copy them?

A stray cat called Rex sits in Hollywood car park  
Watching drivers skid outside parking grids  
Drivers doing donuts  
Rex would do anything for a donut.

# 25

## THIS IS PROGRESS

BY ANN GRANT

This is progress, living with the land and sea  
Not in rooms in houses staring at screens  
interfering with brain waves  
not looking at the sky for days  
Following the latest craze  
treating going to look at the sea as a treat or a phase, instead let's spend all our days  
feeling amazed, this is progress.

This is progress, we're no longer ill,  
mindful lives with cures and pills available to all  
not for the profits of fat cat pharmaceutical companies,  
no postcode lottery on care  
suffering caused by poverty, no children will starve here  
We're free of intolerance and fear  
This is progress.

This is progress,  
it's planting and growing,  
it's being curious and not ashamed of not knowing  
because we all work together  
we go to great lengths to raise up each other  
and celebrate strengths  
This is progress  
This is progress it's great elevation  
It's no more division  
we're all from one nation.  
It's travel by airship  
underwater schools.  
It's trips to the moon,  
it's keeping the planet cool.  
This is progress  
promises fulfilled.  
This is progress  
hope and good will  
This is progress.  
in the sky and the sea  
This is progress 2050.

## **MANY THANKS TO:**

Sue Kysh

Iwona Suwala

Edward William Rafter

Derek Bradley

Kirsten Taylor

Michael John Hudson

Therese Johnston

Ann Grant

Artfly



**SIGNAL**  
FILM & MEDIA