



Conversation Pieces

Omnibus After School Art Club
April 2016





Conversation Pieces

This book has been compiled by Sonnia M. Montes at workshops run by Brian McClure and Richard Annely of the Omnibus Visual Arts department in Spring term 2016. Omnibus Visual Arts has been running a free after school art club, at the request of the participants, since the beginning of 2014, just after the centre opened.

This term we invited students from Oak Lodge School for children with impaired hearing to take part.

Omnibus is a multi-arts centre in Clapham, London. It is housed in a former library building which was saved as a community resource by voluntary effort when a new library was opened. The title 'Conversation Pieces' was chosen to express the idea of a collective work in images and text, to which all the participants made individual contributions.

The contributors are:

from Omnibus After School Club

Poetry by Fatima

Define
Inline, intertwined
With society.
Emerging from the earth,
The vines hold me in place.
The bullets of preconceptions
Coming for my face,
The covering of my hair
The non-revealing clothes I wear
Are still unable to cover me.

Cover me, from a label
I cannot shed.
Because instead
I am reminded of something I am not.
The Knot, with the rope tied so tight,
That even when it rips it will not shed light
On its true meaning.
The thing-I-believe-in

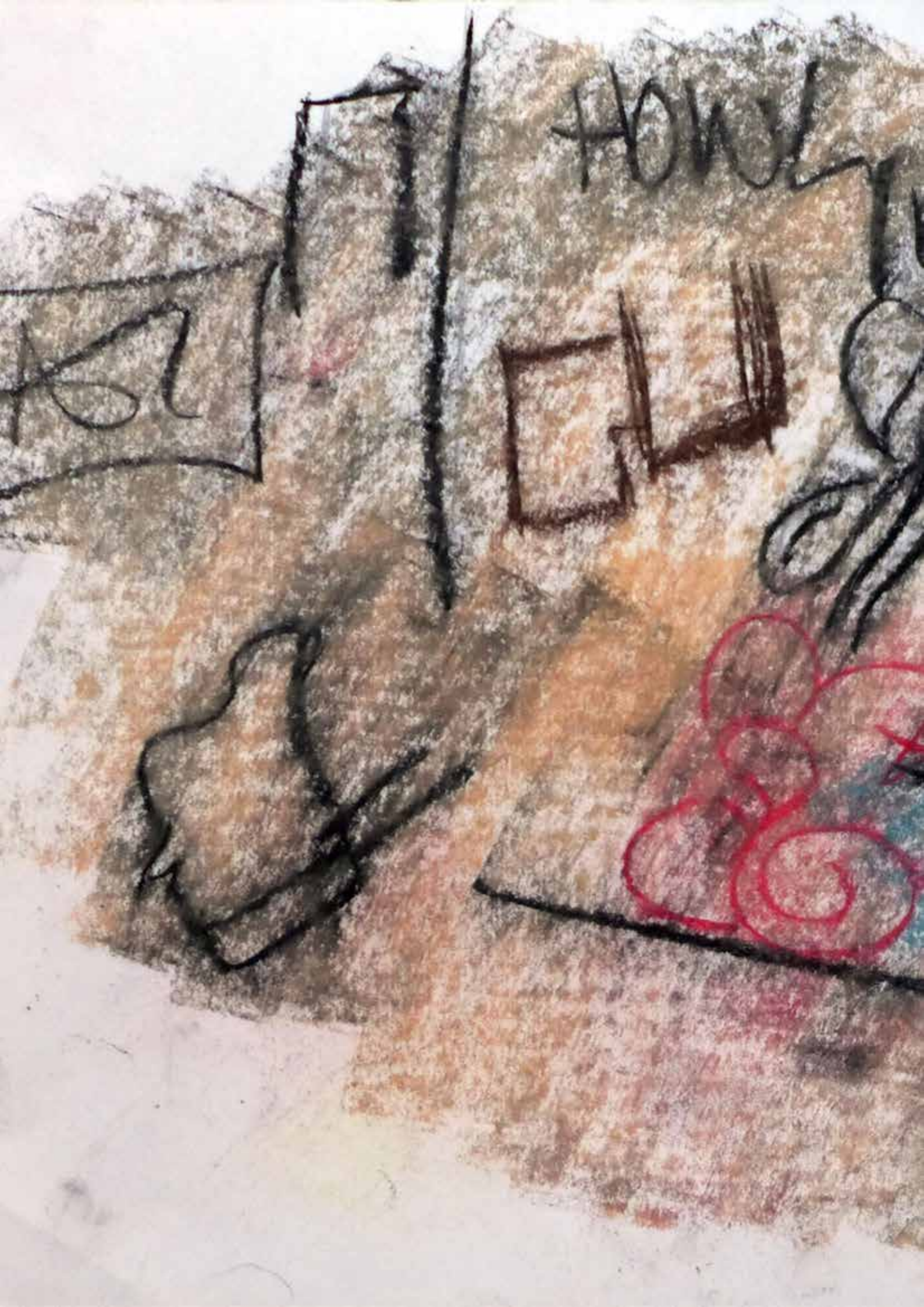
A definition
Does not always define the meaning
As there is always room for
The unrepresented opinion
Because I am me
I did not sprout from the same tree,
As those bad apples (into the Big Apple).
Dropping into explosions
But I have not been
Indoctrinated by their motions.

Egotistical and unaccepting
To the very reflection
Of our culture
Even though we are the future.
If we continue to judge with our eyes;
Brown, blue or green.
Use scissors to cut our thighs;
Fat slim or thin
Then the word diversity
Is not the 21st reality.

My belief cannot give me relief
If when I walk out the door
The floor, just drops from beneath me.
As if I was being showered of my purity
But in reality
There is no need to imagine what it can be.
I am, already,
Living it.

Sometimes you just want to shout
At the top of your lungs
In order be hung for all your issues
But this time there is no need for tissues
As they cannot wipe away those tattooed tears
As we constantly live in fear - of fitting in.

This is not 1984
As we have achieved so much more.
We are responsible for our actions
When means that our stereotypical views are
fractions Of what life is a whole.
And if we dive deep we will strike the core
BUT NOW
The whole will continue to grow more.







their eyes
what are they
pieces of me.

Their sharp glances
which I view myself

and went sharp and
The jagged glass bowl
what do they think?

... but what do I see
my right? Was I wrong?

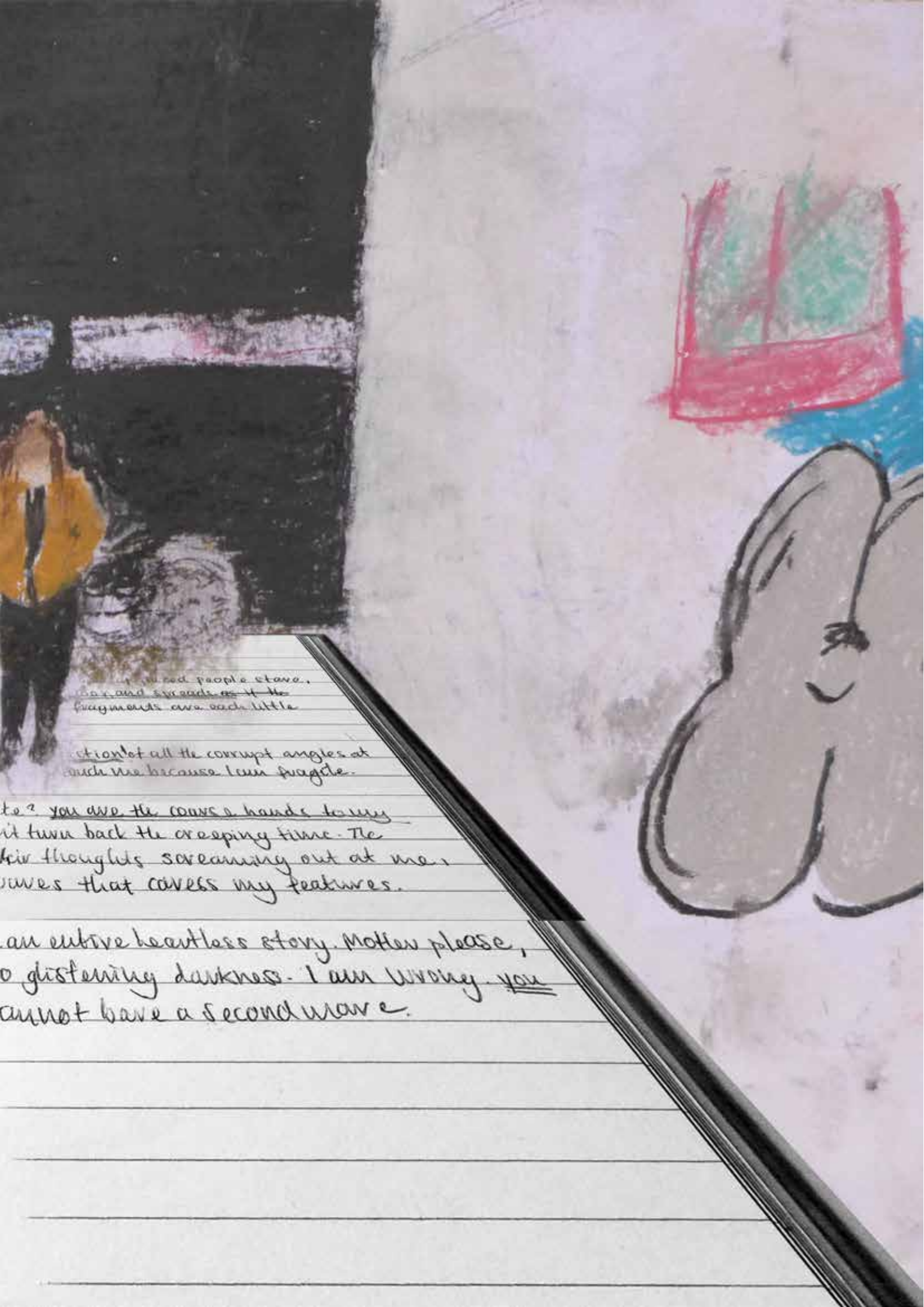
How do I change what I have done when it is already too late?
cracked china. Don't touch me you overbear. I can
wet sand that built me from smooth beaches. I
their expressions dragging me down. The rippling water

only a second, only a glimpse and they have told me
only a second and their eyes go from rich light to
don't want a broken home! // only a second and I can

// pause

loud

my parts



...and people stare,
and spreads as if the
fragments are each little

...of all the corrupt angles at
which we because I am fragile.

to? you are the course a hands to my
it turn back the creeping time. The
their thoughts screaming out at me,
waves that caress my features.

an entire heartless story. Mother please,
no glistening darkness. I am wrong. you
cannot have a second wave.

lost love . by claire wilby

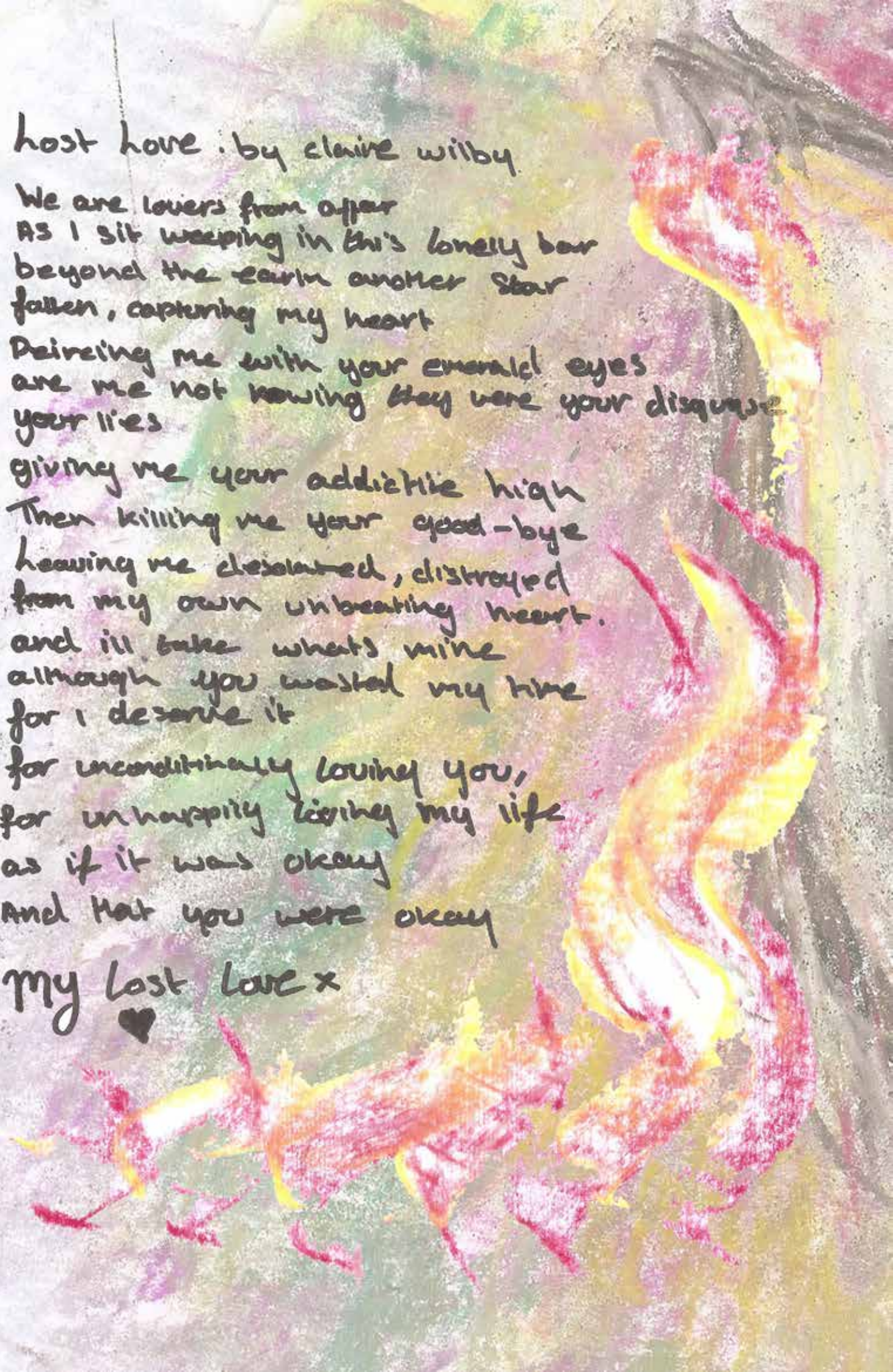
We are lovers from afar
As I sit weeping in this lonely bar
beyond the earth another star
fallen, capturing my heart

Deceiving me with your emerald eyes
are me not knowing they were your disguise
your lies

giving me your addictive high
Then killing me your good-bye
leaving me desolated, destroyed
from my own unbreathing heart.
and ill take what's mine
although you wasted my time
for i deserve it

for unconditionally loving you,
for unhappily living my life
as if it was okay
And that you were okay

my lost love x
♥



Late nights. by claire wilby

Sitting on the beige leather sofa,
In a room of people I don't know,
The TV casts a shadow of melancholy,
a shadow I know all too well.

The room is spinning wildly
rushing to and throw

On the night I want to go home.
I want to be in my oak frame bed
so warm and comforting.
but instead I feel so faint.



Moham



The old LUKY is no longer
Inated of tea makursta
weird!



It was an amazing experience to work in this special project.

Thanks to Marie McCarthy who gave me the opportunity to take part of Omnibus Art club, thanks to Brian and Richard for their support and welcoming in their club. Most of all thanks to the children (The Chestnut Grove, Virgo Fidelis Preparatory School and the Oak Lodge) for their enthusiasm and

great inspiration!!!

Sonia Mar Montes



We are cattle

The Best they were destined for greater.

But this is a fantasy because actually in reality
we are slaughtered to feed the hunger of society
we bow down to the allmighty
creatures

We create in our heads

These ladders These rules these standards we call
expectations

they are the building blocks to us

whether we break them or not

I will always be out of line because I am

not acting how they dress me

Out of ~~order~~ order is what they will

call me

because in their eyes we are not we are not
functioning properly

But Although they are ~~the~~ building blocks
we are the Detail

The singularity the technicality the speciality

We are the imperfect defect

the blemish the bug

we are purity at its finest

We are the flawless sin

Esme



Illustration by a child from the Chestnut Grove Academy

MERGE of poetry (me and Esme.)

Bleeding Darkness alone and weak. Shattered. Then Shadows of glazed people stare,
their eyes fixed onto me. The jagged glass bowl hits the floor and spreads as if the
what are they looking at what do they think? As if the fragments are each little
pieces of me.

Their sharp glares strike me, but what do I see? A reflection of all the corrupt angles at
which I view myself. Are they right? Was I wrong? Don't touch me because I am fragile.

How do I change what I have done when it is already too late? you are the coarse hands to my
cracked china. Don't touch me you are liar. I can't turn back the creeping time. The
wet sand that built me from smooth beaches, their thoughts screaming out at me,
their expressions dragging me down. The rippling waves that caress my features.

only a second, only a glimpse and they have told me an entire heartless story. Mother please,
only a second and their eyes go from rich light to glistening darkness. I am wrong. you
don't want a broken home! // only a second and I cannot have a second wave.

// pause

~~~~~ loud

my parts