

# Running Full-Pelt Down a Hill with a Bellyful of Handpicked Blackberries<sup>1</sup>

Lee Nelson

*I want to change the atmosphere*<sup>2</sup>  
to ride this sphere a different way  
ride out the fear I feel today  
look on green and breathe and say  
come one  
come all  
short stay  
long stay  
park the car  
and get away

Climb high above  
the grim array  
of grey-brick slicks  
and wreckage left  
when life's not housed  
but just contained  
contained  
constrained  
strained  
and stained  
with sewage grey  
with wasteland grey  
with deadline grey  
with grey today  
and break away

See green-cell-grey  
the greened-cell grey  
of thought  
of time  
of time to think  
of time to walk

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<sup>1</sup> On the Barton Hills walk, one of the people that came along was so excited by the whole outdoors and space of it that he ran, top speed, down a 35 degree slope, having tasted every fruit he could from the hedgerow, with a smile a mile wide splitting his face. He was an asylum seeker, a farmer who had been in Luton, indoors, for months. It was the most beautiful sight of an often unbeautiful summer.

<sup>2</sup> This first line comes directly from an email another asylum seeker sent me saying why they wanted to come on the walk.

of time to pray to  
whoever feels like what you need to  
if you pray  
or call it prayer  
just talk as equals anyway