

Nature Shackled

Stalks reaching high to the beating hot sun
Deep roots in rich soil
Grown, burst, spread the soft gift of nature
A plant that starts a revolution
Nature shackled

Half a world away beating sun gives way to deathly darkness
Elmina, Sekondi, housing fort dungeons concealing stolen lives,
Broken families, torn apart
That beating sun now blinding eyes that emerge from darkness
Forced onto ships, built from more nature
But taking an unnatural journey

Enslaved people not part of nature now but forced apart,
From families, homelands, heritage
Shackled; to seasons, to irons, to this plant
Spinning cotton into coin

Hands toil and pick and strive
Beating sun turns into beaten backs
Whipped souls
This cotton feels less soft now

Another half a world away
New hands,
Less beating sun but beaten bales
Roaring water, nature shackled to power machines

Small nimble fingers know nothing of this natural plant
Its journey, this piece of nature
Finds itself in an unnatural space
Harnessed, shackled to weave wealth
But for who?

By Georgina Greaves

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