



**Poems created here at the  
Museum of Enfield on our poetry  
workshop event on Saturday 24<sup>th</sup>  
November 2018 led by Katherine  
Gallagher and Palmers Green  
Poetry Group**

To find out more about Katherine Gallagher click here:  
<http://www.katherine-gallagher.com/>

To find out more about the Museum of Enfield click  
here:  
<https://www.dugdalecentre.co.uk/page/museum/>

# Owl of Minerva

Silent sentinel of our wildwoods.  
Skilled deceiver, approaching –  
inaudible, unheard.  
You gather forces to bring  
chaos to our homeland.

You remind us that vigilance  
is not always enough  
to keep us safe.

Pauline McDonagh

## Strange News of Middlesex

In the doorway, on a red metal chair,  
a dishevelled man slumps,  
head and eyes covered  
by the hood of his grey jacket –  
is he looking at old memories,  
making new ones

or hiding from the Troublesome Spirits  
of the twenty-one Witches of Southgate  
captured and drowned here, their Spirits  
contained by the raising of trees?

If now those trees are gone, the Witches  
Have resumed Tumult and Trouble,  
Conjurations and Spells,  
Murthers and Grievous Injury  
his hood will offer small protection.

Better perhaps, to look at Minerva –  
she might leave her ceiling mural  
and use her wisdom, her knowledge  
of medicine and handicrafts ,  
her instinct for war and, especially,  
most effectively, her poetry  
to protect him.

Dream on, man, under your grey hood.

Kaye Lee

## Broomfield Park

Is it linear? The experience  
first and then the memory fixed

Grandad played bowls here  
so maybe, did [...]  
years later, when he  
was that age

When I met him he  
looked like Grandad  
he seemed to embody  
those values and yet  
he was younger  
had been in a  
different war (and peace)

similarly the museum  
when I first walked  
in it as a dreaming  
child, seemed to hold  
the promise (for some)  
of 19<sup>th</sup> C comfort and  
space yet at the same  
time lead a baby  
clinic upstairs.

Is the park a composite  
of all these experiences?  
the diving of boys  
in the deep lake in  
the 1900s, the salsa  
band reinvigorating  
the band stand in  
the 1990s?

Yes,  
And what of the fire?  
The house was old and  
complicated by the time

of the second fire, crippled  
you might say, and then  
someone thought they'd  
burn her down  
because they could  
because they didn't have  
anything better to do?

They weren't interested  
in what she had been  
and meant to people, (and  
this was before misogyny  
swept the internet0  
an old lady (a house  
doesn't have to be female  
but is often described as such)  
was attacked because she  
wasn't seen, she was invisible

Amazingly a lot of older  
people do recover from  
attacks, let's hope that  
happens here

Joanna Cameron

i care about the fox but he's dead

why not bin the tears  
the bric-a-brac too

burn it all  
trash the lot

molehills of the mind  
migraining down

through the limp gooseneck  
caught

amid the clamped jaws  
of the stuffed fox before me

in the glass cabinet  
in some museum or other

thousands of them  
you know  
those museums those memories  
i'm supposed to care  
but I don't anymore  
bluebells

Angus Strachan

## Ruins and Broomfield House

I would like to describe ruins and how they impose themselves by the gaps they leave behind – gaps that cannot be filled. Even if we had the possibility, could we bring the ruins back to life? Enough to satisfy us, our wonder? The reality wants to claim us, we want to be claimed, to grab this past reality, to internalise it and not just to live it again. Here we have Broomfield House, the vestiges, a fox in its gilded case, pathways to bees, and tapestries that are as real as the originals in the restoration that has already started.

The pictures from the past, the postcards, the replicas, the butterflies, the early documents from the Spencer family gather into a spectacle and all around us the park lifts itself as it has done for centuries. The trees bear witness to a diminishing house. No one knows who may take a final look at it, and then huff, puff and blow it all down.

Katherine Gallagher