Gorse in Beauty, Contradiction and Stillness

I once came upon gorse in a vase placed ceremonially on a vestibule table at the head of a workshop room where I spent the session covered in black cloth embodying despair.

I wear a lot of black. I like black and the dark creativity I associate with it; the black that allows for neutrality and soft acceptance.

Black Despair

twists
and turns in on itself;

it's hope is pricked by
loss
hidden in a yellow gorse bush,
night and day in
one.

Gorse grows not only on heathland or in sand dunes. It is cultivated in urban spaces where commissioned landscape gardeners play on its apparent ugliness on behalf of the city planners, warning and beautification in one.

Gorse Place

has a ring around it
with family knots and ties:
the knot place with the percussive sounds of late night shouting
that chorus along with the augmented drone of late night traffic,
the odd police siren trumpeting a solo on the chase.

The sound of Gorse Place gnaws at your gut playing on fear.

I came across gorse again in the same vase on another workshop during an intermission between activities. Someone asked me to smell it and I felt the surprise of its unexpected coconut fragrance.

The Gorse and the Wild Rose
I have never sniffed at a gorse bush.
I associate it with weeds and crappy urban flowerbeds
alongside those crappy wild roses that produced “tomatoes” in the Autumn when I was at Junior School.

We wrongly named them crab apples and picked them to chuck at each other.

Finally
Then I came across Gorse in a dedicated workshop in celebration of its wonders, a workshop abundant with gorse that ended in a pagan like handkerchief dance with a nod to stripping the willow. Within the macro I found three little helpers: a couple of spiders and a ladybird. The gorse taught me stillness in micro movement something I love to do but that often evades me.
It was a no nonsense session that final workshop.