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VOLUME TWO : ISSUE ONE

BLACK NATURE IN RESIDENCE 2:0



identity on tyne

Special release in conjunction with
the Black Nature in Residence Programme 2:0.

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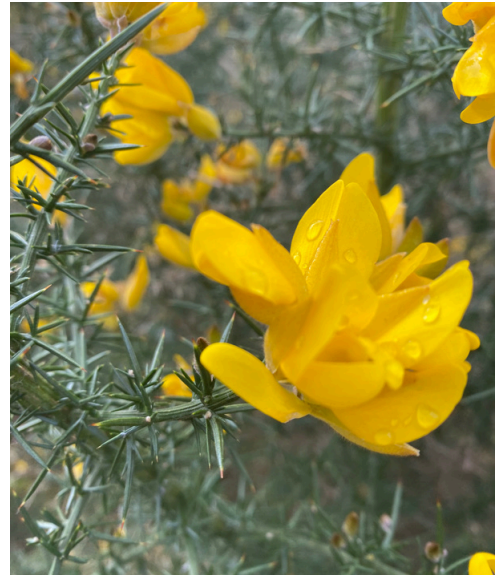
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**BLACK NATURE
IN RESIDENCE
ZINE**

VOLUME TWO: ISSUE ONE

CONTENTS

- 03** The Black Nature In Residence Programme 2:0 -2023/24
- 05** Niveen Kassem
- 07** Yvonne Witter
- 08** Natalie Anastasia Davies
- 11** Adrian Bent
- 12** Beverley Thomas
- 14** Dal Kular
- 16** Sheree Mack
- 19** Susan Hunter Downer



- 23** Mwelwa Chilekwa
- 25** Helen Bent
- 26** Sheena Hussain
- 28** Jie Zhang
- 31** Rebecca Buckley
- 34** Emily Alice Mitchell
- 36** Sheree Mack
- 38** Maya Chowdhry
- 40** Jola Olafimihan
- 42** Creatives Biographies

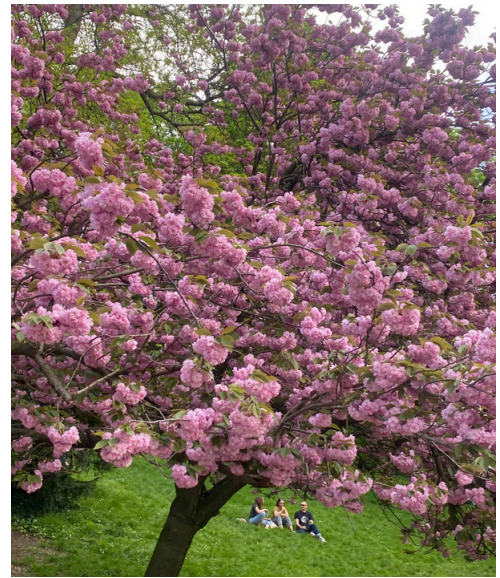
BLACK NATURE IN RESIDENCE ZINE

VOLUME TWO: ISSUE ONE

THE BLACK NATURE IN RESIDENCE PROGRAMME

identity on tyne and the five Northern National Parks are in collaboration with the next phase of *The Black Nature in Residence Programme 2:0*, which consists of five creative residencies in each of the parks; Northumberland, North York Moors, Yorkshire Dales, Peak District and the Lake District National Parks.

With the support from **Arts Council England**, this Black-led programme is an exciting opportunity for creatives of the Global Majority within the Northern regions to be in residence within nature for one year.



Through the application process for the creative residencies, identity on tyne was impressed with the talent and creativity that is out there around Black nature, belonging and connection. And we wanted to provide more opportunities to share these creations and reflections. What better way to do this if not through our zine series.

Taking a seasonal approach this year, identity on tyne sent out the call for submissions, of words, images, audio, films, collage, photos all and any of their creations which explore their connection with nature. This zine is the result. Enjoy.



A miniature symphony of words, etched onto nature's own parchment - leaves selected for their perfection, petals soft as silk. Should a leaf or petal, laden with my heartfelt words, find its way to you, consider it a secret message from my heart to yours, murmuring, "You are loved, you are treasured." The ritual of inscribing on leaves kindles a joy within me; the ecstasy of ocean waves caressed by shimmering moonlight. As my pen dances across the leaf's surface, my heart and soul sway in harmony with the rhythm of nature. This little love ballad is my pledge to you.

Niveen Kaseem



Colour of the Sun – Daffodils

The earth fill with yesterday's story
Soaked with fermented roots
Waiting in the wings to be release
Soon there is an opening
A new life takes its first peep at daylight
Like a statue mounted the green stalks remain calm
Days of preparation waiting for the festival to start
Slowly, a vibrant addition like a creature
Raise its head as it greets the environment
With the colour of the sun
A picture of hope and spring
Framed on the ground for the beauty of the earth

Yvonne Witter



Gifts

Rain spears into concrete
joyful explosions, minute and whole.
Once one, becomes separate.

Each full drop, a weighted prayer
spilling out into questions...

Does it savour the taste
of moistened earth?

Does it remember the call
of maternal cloud?

Does it know...
it is the answer?

If only we, were all
prayers and questions.

If only we, held
purpose like the liquid case
of a raindrop, bursting out into springs.

We replicate. Over and over – soon
summer skies will hold back their waters.
And there may be no rebirth.

Natalie Anastasia Davies

Lindley Wood Reservoir (Yorkshire) ~
Depleted 2022 & Replenished 2023

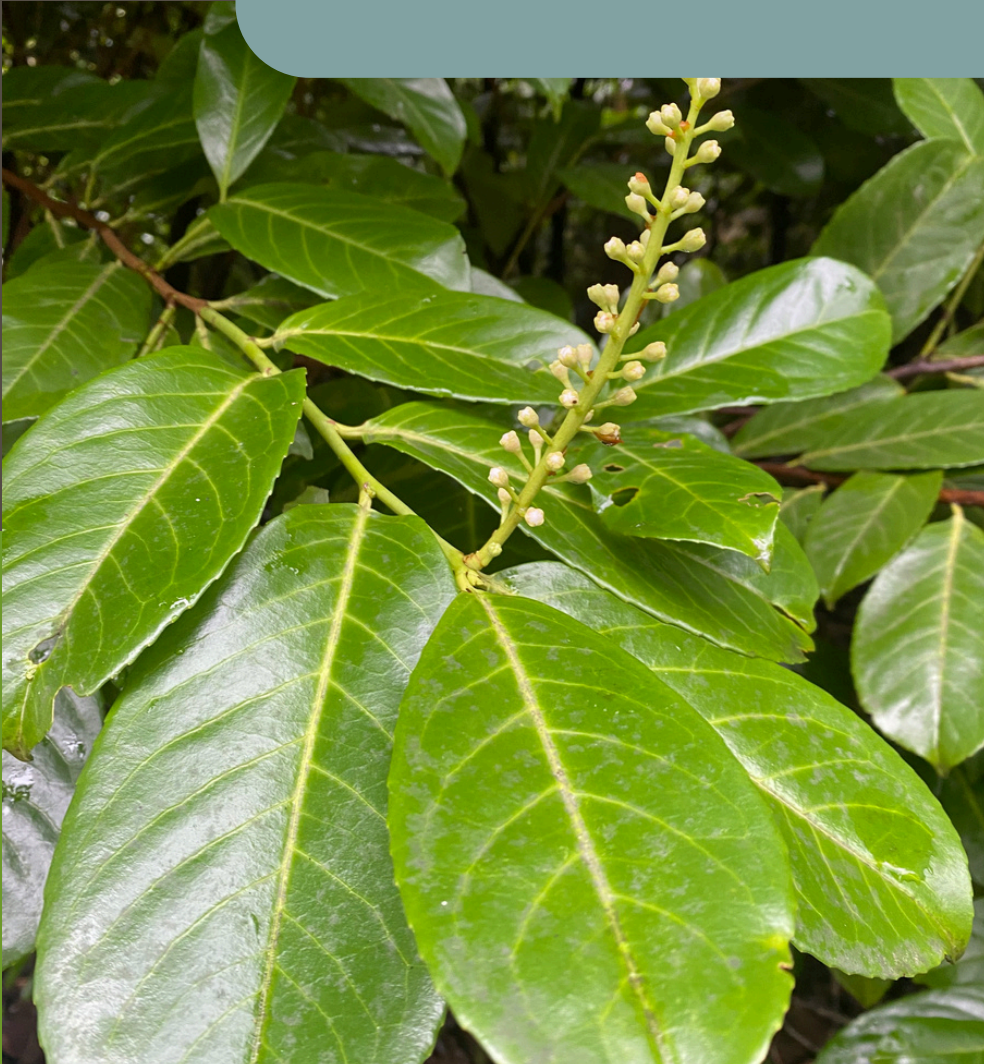


Wild Garlic in May ~
Old Harry Rocks (Dorset)



In the Peak District, as spring begins to bloom,
Nature's embrace lifts away any gloom.
With each step I take, the landscape unfolds,
A tapestry of colours, stories untold.

Amidst this beauty, I feel truly free,
Inclusion and diversity, for all to see.
Welcoming arms of the hills and the trees,
In the Peak District, we find unity.



Adrian Bent

EMBRACING RENEWAL: A CELEBRATION OF SPRING'S RESURGENCE - BEVERLEY THOMAS

As the world awakens from its wintry slumber, there's an unmistakable energy that courses through the air—a palpable sense of rebirth and renewal. For many of us from global majority backgrounds, the arrival of spring holds profound significance, weaving together threads of cultural heritage, resilience, and a deep-rooted connection to the natural world.



In every corner of the globe, the advent of spring heralds a time of transition and transformation—a moment when nature casts off the shackles of dormancy and bursts forth in a riot of colour and life. It's a season that speaks to the resilience of the human spirit, mirroring our own capacity for growth and renewal in the face of adversity. For me, spring has always been a time of celebration—a joyous affirmation of life's enduring cycle. Growing up in a bustling city, I found solace in the simple act of watching tender green shoots push their way through cracks in the pavement, a defiant symbol of nature's indomitable spirit. In those moments, I felt a profound connection to the earth beneath my feet, a reminder that despite the concrete jungle that surrounded me, the natural world still thrived, resilient and untamed.



But spring is more than just a season of renewal—it's also a time of reflection, inviting us to pause and contemplate the interconnectedness of all living things. In a world that often seeks to divide us along lines of race, culture, and nationality, the arrival of spring serves as a potent reminder of our shared humanity—a reminder that beneath our superficial differences, we are all part of the same intricate tapestry of life.

As we emerge from the darkness of winter into the light of spring, let us embrace this moment of renewal with open hearts and minds. Let us draw inspiration from the beauty and resilience of the natural world, and let us strive to build a future that honours and celebrates the diversity of our global community. May this spring be a time of growth, renewal, and transformation for us all.



MADE OF
RAW NATURE

Find peace in the wild

Life is about trying

to create and to flow.

What is true

EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN THEM

sensual experiences

TO OVERCOME SOMETHING

take a deep breath

glorious simplicity

"Travelling is a return to the essentials."

PILGRIMAGE

The sacred

What is essential is
invisible to the eye

essentials is invisible



Listen: I am a collector of last breaths.
I caught one in the palm of my left hand &
another I heard singing relieved love into the air.
I watched the last one fly through lace net curtains,
lingering a flicker for a look-back,
gone before I could pinch it between
my thumb and forefinger,
rubbing it's remembering
into the grooves of my
fingertips.

If you are lucky enough to catch a last breath, unfold it and lay it flat it will look like an old scuffed map, unlike any other you have seen before. Blow fragrant dust from the creases and you will find contours, ridges, crevices and cracks – that last breath maps it all. You will need to feel over the layering like a jadoo-woman reading a palm. Follow a path and see where it leads you. You need to fold your eyes dark and look through your soulwidevision. You will then come to know that all stories began in the stars and like a last breath, all stories live forever.

collage is from 2020 visual journal,
poem is extract from memoir
both by Dal Kular

***Beauty is a quality that lives in the world,
says the Purple Beech Tree***

I feel the beauty of things.
I feel it all.

The colony of white veins
in riotous communion
with my roots;
looking for water,
looking for food.
I feel their energy
and welcome
the pain of colour.
Deep purple.



But wait. Watch.
Watch as the wind washes over my head,
flickering my silky brown fringe,
see my coppery-red backside.
Oh yes. Scandalous, aren't I?

But
oh
so beautiful.

I can call myself beautiful now,
even though some still view me as
an outsider,
a mutant,
a freak.

Smooth, thin bark, moist grey mostly.
Catkins, twigs, flowers and nut cups.
Woody — heady — nutty cups.

Cater cater cater caterpillars love
to get their sweet opposable teeth
into my deep

deep purple.

Swim in me,
be me.

I liken the lichen.

Feathery, crisp, lettuce
lichen with such a graceful voice
upon my skin.

She can come up and see me anytime.

And you.

You with your swollen ankles
and swollen hands, swollen throat.
I could help you out with all of them.
If only you could/ would only open.

Come.

Come closer and listen.

Here.

Hear.

Here.





Warmer Stories

There is a story –
maybe a rumour, maybe a slur, maybe a lie - that trees sometimes
feel alone, forgetting that they are an underground railroad for
species so diverse that it is called an ecosystem.

But I've never seen an ancient wood put its survival at the end of a
to-do list and run out of time to breathe, fated to witness to its own
stunted demise as winter turns to spring.

Trees don't know how to put off 'til tomorrow what they should do
today, tomorrow, and every day. What universe ever did?

*

It's said -
by geniuses, dreamers, fools or a patented admixture of all three -
that some thrive in densely populated compounds where afros,
beehives, mohicans, and elaborate bantu knots pay homage to the
earth in exotic dreamcoats and fragrant floral carpets.

Please note: this is not what humans call ground rent.

But I've never seen a tree volunteer to spend its days locked in a
tower of bricks and mortar, being aggressively regressively taxed to
forget its own nature. Trees do not know how to demand more of
themselves than they can possibly give.



If you should find such a tree, lost to itself, beat your ancestral drum until it stretches its divine branches towards the first sun of spring and remembers how it danced naked with the wind in the rain long before the earth turned warm and remembers that there is magic in every forest and remembers that we all belong where we stand and remembers that every tree on this earth is born to be wild

Today, I tread old paths with perfect strangers. It feels like being reunited with lost kin - chains unbroken, links restored.

And I remember that deforestation is a cornucopia of suicide and genocide, but forget whether there is a hard or soft border between the parasitic and the symbiotic.

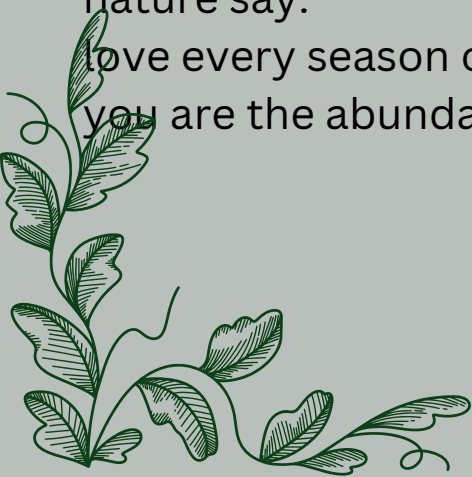
The tree lifted me beside other uncaged birds to sing a dirge to the bone-hard fruit that rotted before it ripened.

Let me tell you a secret. In my spare time, I am a goddess. I wrap seven pairs of arms around a body that whispers eternal vows in a dark, damp mycorrhizal marriage. The self-same tree gave sanctuary 200 years ago when we ran untethered to a place where the fallen showed us how to sprout new life from open wounds.

*

It snowed, then it stopped. Someone blew a conch. We gathered to see an old branch transporting the wisdom of its roots to brand new buds. Trees know that wealth is nothing to do with Elizabeth's privateers, trickle-down economics, or blood money for centuries of violent crime. And we thirsty humans need only breathe to hear nature say:

love every season of your life
you are the abundance you seek



Once upon a time, a dying Ash tree spoke to me and said, 'I'm telling you this as someone who loves you, so please don't be offended, but if you feel a kind of existential chafing it's because your man-made identities are way too small.' Trees have never been known for their subtlety, but they're always right.

Face turned to my mother's crown, I finally understand that no-one can pay me as much as the land, and that there is no need to wait for the earth to turn: our miraculous world is always in season.

Face smeared with ash, I sit under an immortal Black Walnut tree,
with friends old
and new
and remember
we are seeds of new life
and remember
we are a forest

In these cruel climes, we need warmer stories to wrap ourselves in

Susan Hunter Downer





CHNAGE

EYES FLICKER OPEN, ADJUSTING TO THE MORNING LIGHT

OR LACK THEREOF

TIME FLOWS LIKE THE TYNE BUT THIS TICKING

MOVES AGAINST THE CURRENT

THERE'S A CHILL IN THE AIR, GOOSE BUMPS RISE,

MOOD FALLS

FOOTSTEPS SHUFFLE AS IF WALKING THROUGH TREACLE

WINTER, A SADIST

BACK INTO THE WARM COMFORTS OF MULTIPLE BLANKETS

STILL THEY STRIDE TOWARD THEIR DESTINATION

EYES DOWNCAST

SURROUNDED BY THE EVERLASTING BLACK

SUDDENLY,

PUPILS SPY A SHINE OF COLOUR IN THE DISTANCE

YELLOW

A SMALL BUD SPROUTING FROM BENEATH

DAFFODIL

SHE SPRINGS UP TO SAY HELLO AND NOW

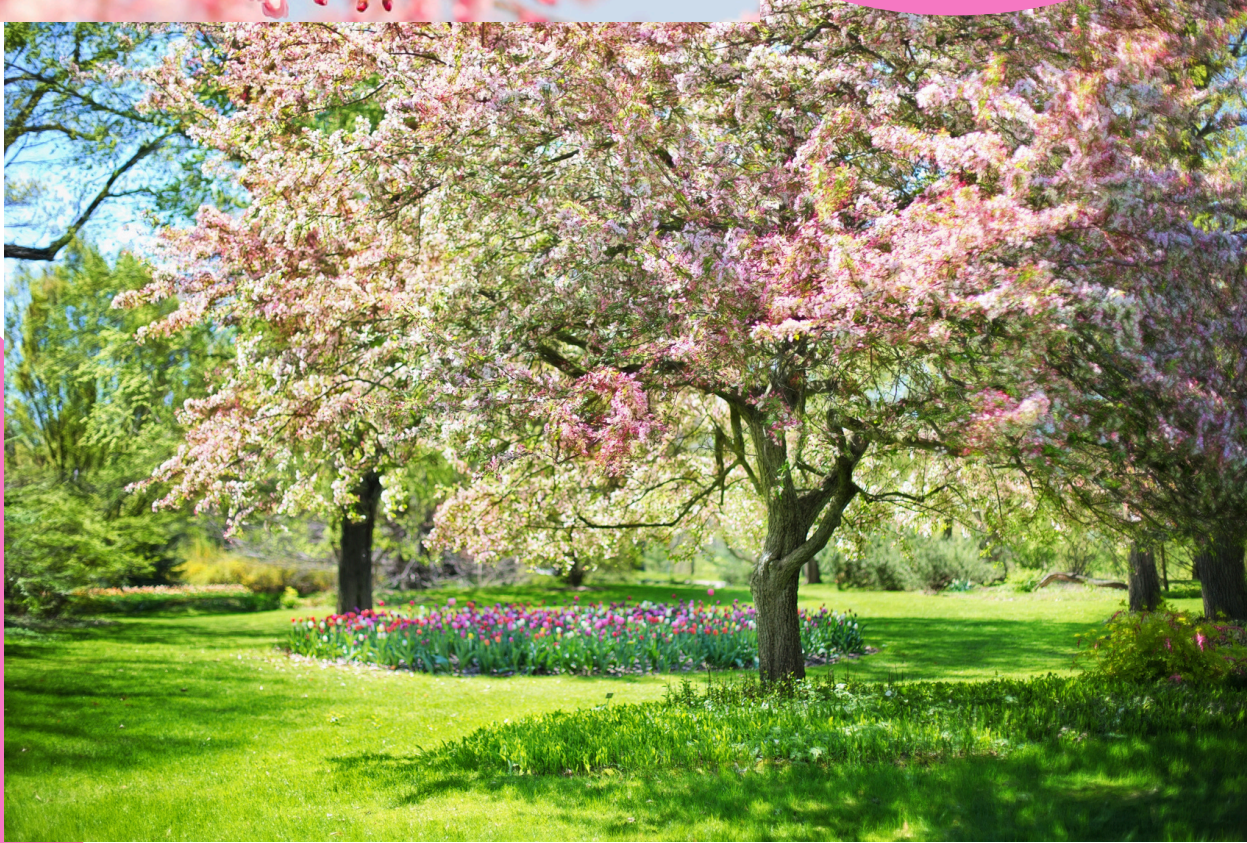
THE WORLD IS BRIGHTER.



MWELWA CHILEKWA



“When we love the earth, we are able to love ourselves more fully. I believe this.” bell hooks.



Helen Bent



Battered by the storm
It still holds it's ground
Roots anchored deep
Resilience profound
Though scarred and BENT
It whispers a tale
Of endurance
Of strength
That will never fail
Seasons pass and leaves may fall
But it's spirit persists
Answering nature's call
A broken tree, yet still it stands
A testament to life's enduring demand.

Forest Bathing

(Shinrin-yoku)

It's not ritualistic that I must be in the woodlands,
fasting is.

I'm empty of toxins and heavy metals.

As I petal the body into the basin of bath,
peeled-eye self observes obstruction. I am unsettled

at the way things lay on the verdant path,

it was unspoiled the

Monday I visited a masterpiece in fact, deftly strokes

like Van Gogh's,

I single-out a palm-sized ball tissue untouched like a
snowball two feet away from hot pink Chelsea boots.

I'm tempted to kick it— but where to?.

To my surprise,

a can of double acrylic pacific green spray paint, well nothing
needed painting here, you can't match the evergreens,

oaks ivy cedar.

Corrugated black coffee cup with a white collar,
sits with its neck showing signs of asphyxiation. In the near

distance a chimney wisps smoke a log burner,

it will catch the lungs eventually. And because of the

poison, perhaps this year, a tree with one less leaf and the

woods

missing one bluebell.

Above me a V-formation soars like the queen's fly-past. a

blessing for reposing ears

In the treacle mulch I lose my footing, today

I will take a mud bath instead.

An Ode to Dawn

**Bare feet I stand tall,
embracing a cinched dressing gown,
a still moment before you elect
a turn.**

**I worshipped to witness your coming
an hour before. Hand upon sash window,
do I welcome the smell of
fresh bread in?**

**Seated by a green crease, a skylark
is settled in support of your arrival.
I am taken by her lilting,
it pours the size of wine then drops
as your dark ebb works its magic.**

**There behind shadowed moors
stretched like a lover's hand,
appears first sign of God,
a birth of a silver lining.**

**The sharp of grass cradling a prayer
elevated by the gaiety wind, and
the magnified arboretum reveres
your splendour.
Your benignant light washes
over my feet..**

Sheena Hussain



Untitled, mixed media on paper 70x50cm 2023

JIE ZHANG

JIE ZHANG



Waji Untitled, mixed media on paper 84x59cm 2023



Untitled, mixed media on paper 84x59cm 2023

JIE ZHANG

Walking through Landscape

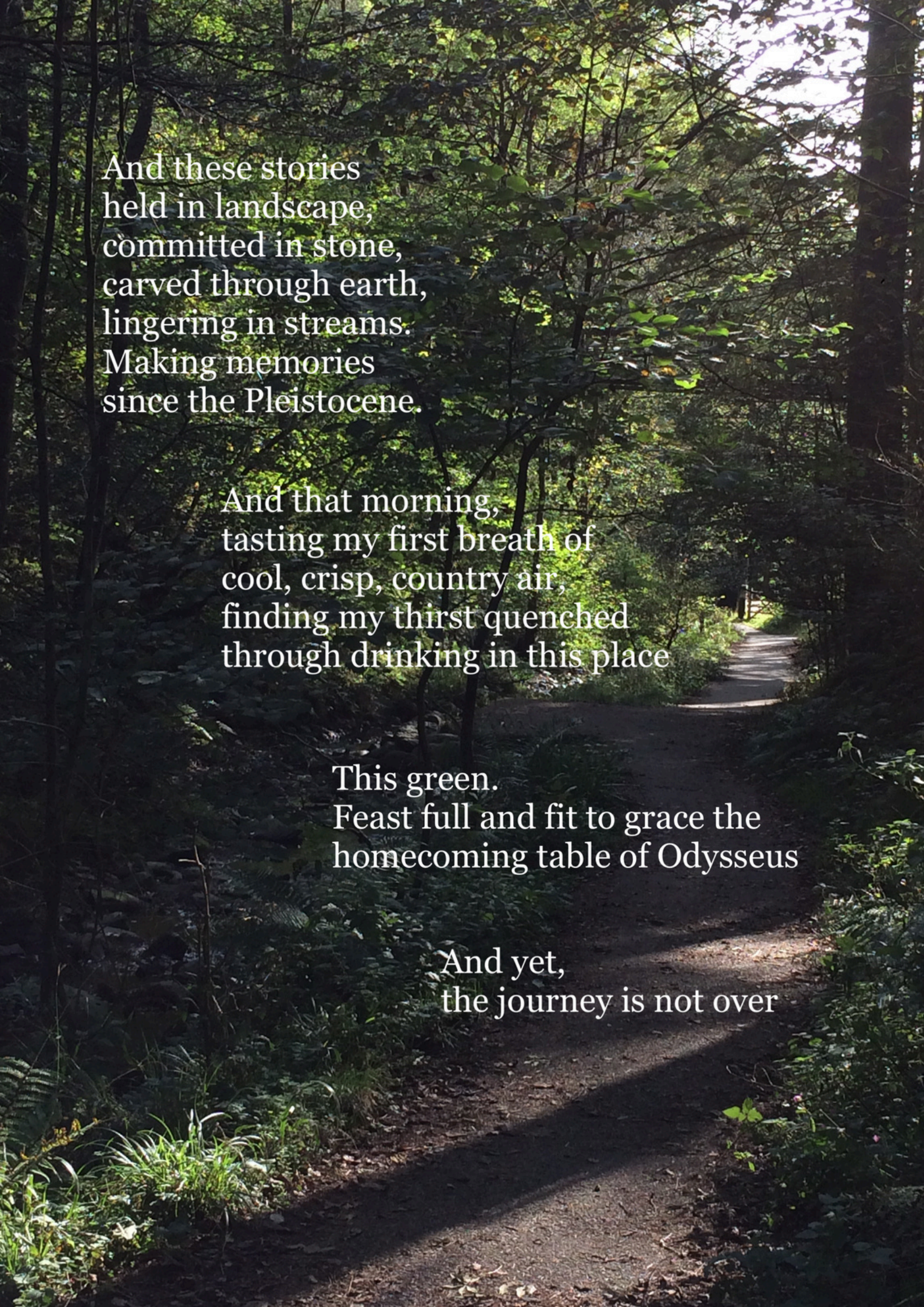
Walking through Landscape

A sea of green and brown,
here and there
gashed into
machine made furrows
of red ochre-wet clay,
exposed, ready for
excavation

And the sound of what I thought was silence,
but in that quiet,
insects,
animals
and birds
wait to be heard

And the wind like a breath
carrying tales from long ago

Rebecca Buckley

A photograph of a dirt path winding through a dense forest. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating dappled light on the path and foliage. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

And these stories
held in landscape,
committed in stone,
carved through earth,
lingering in streams.
Making memories
since the Pleistocene.

And that morning,
tasting my first breath of
cool, crisp, country air,
finding my thirst quenched
through drinking in this place

This green.
Feast full and fit to grace the
homecoming table of Odysseus

And yet,
the journey is not over

A photograph of a forest stream with text overlaid. The stream flows through a dense forest with tall trees and lush green foliage. Sunlight filters through the leaves, creating a dappled light effect on the water and surrounding vegetation. The stream is surrounded by ferns and other green plants. The text is overlaid in white, serif font, arranged in several paragraphs.

Continuing to walk,
a body feasting on landscape

A fractured heart
sensing this land as balm
And a mind in grief responds

Over time the walks become method,
Moving further into the landscape,
words once frozen in the
tundra spill over a chest
unbound from grief

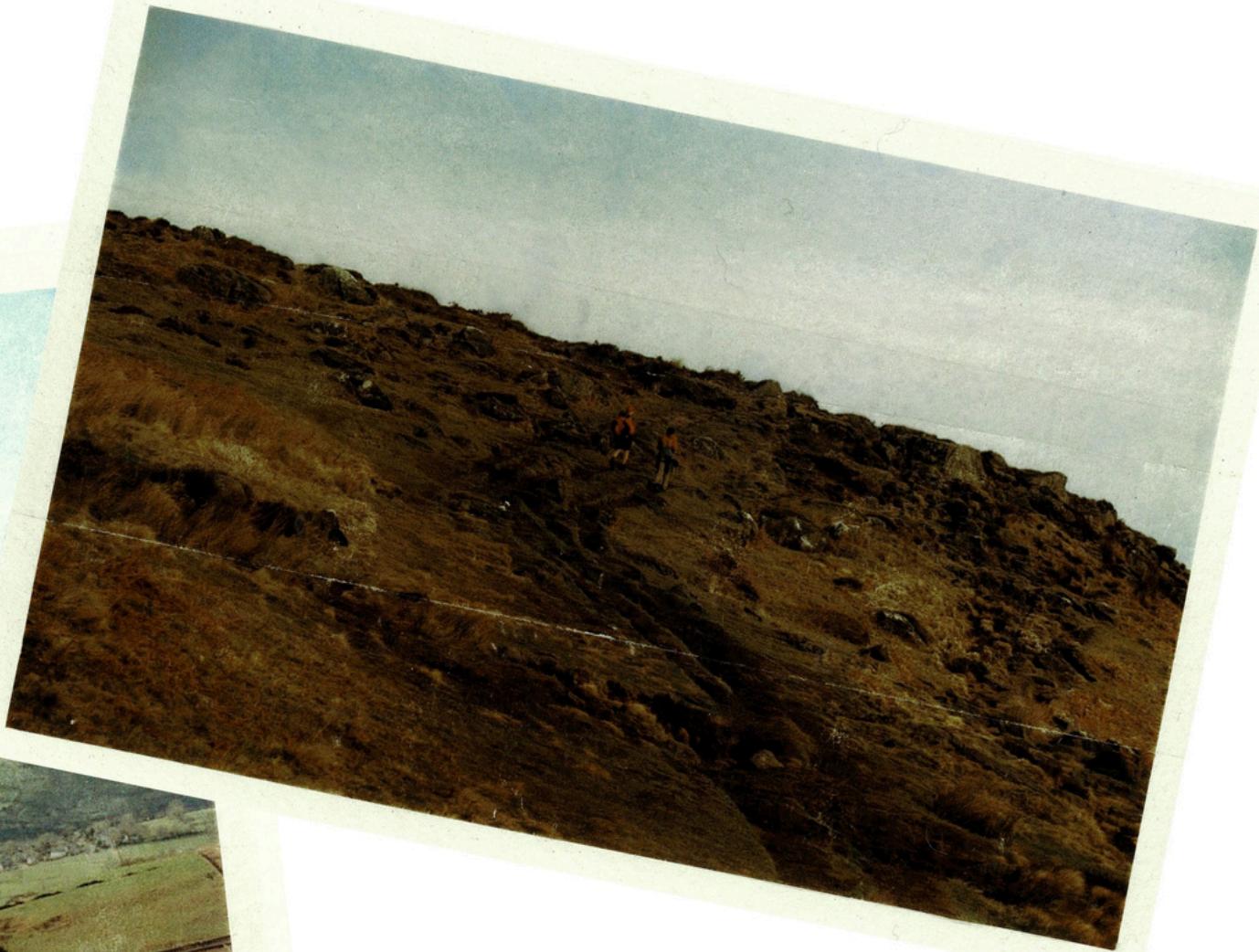
Blood red, heart red, pooling,
clotting, breaking,
a gushing river
reaching the outer bank

Where a
single
yellow
flower
blooms

Traces.

Emily Alice Mitchell *EAM*





We used to retreat each week to the quiet.

Rolls of undeveloped film die in his hands.

Part of him lives in every photograph I take. Surely his presence lingers in the corners, in the light leaks at every beginning of each new roll.

It has been a cold winter; I have been living in my mother's skin. When the sun returns with the spring, I will slowly slip back into yours.



healings

sea salt wound
I smell you
a darkness coming for me

to stop & be & breathe & be
in the indigo light by the sea

in their soothing caress
waves whisper
the secrets
they hold to me
about me

shimmer light shiver light silk light
water and me

[mother calls me]

Sheree Mack



HAMSTERLEY FOREST

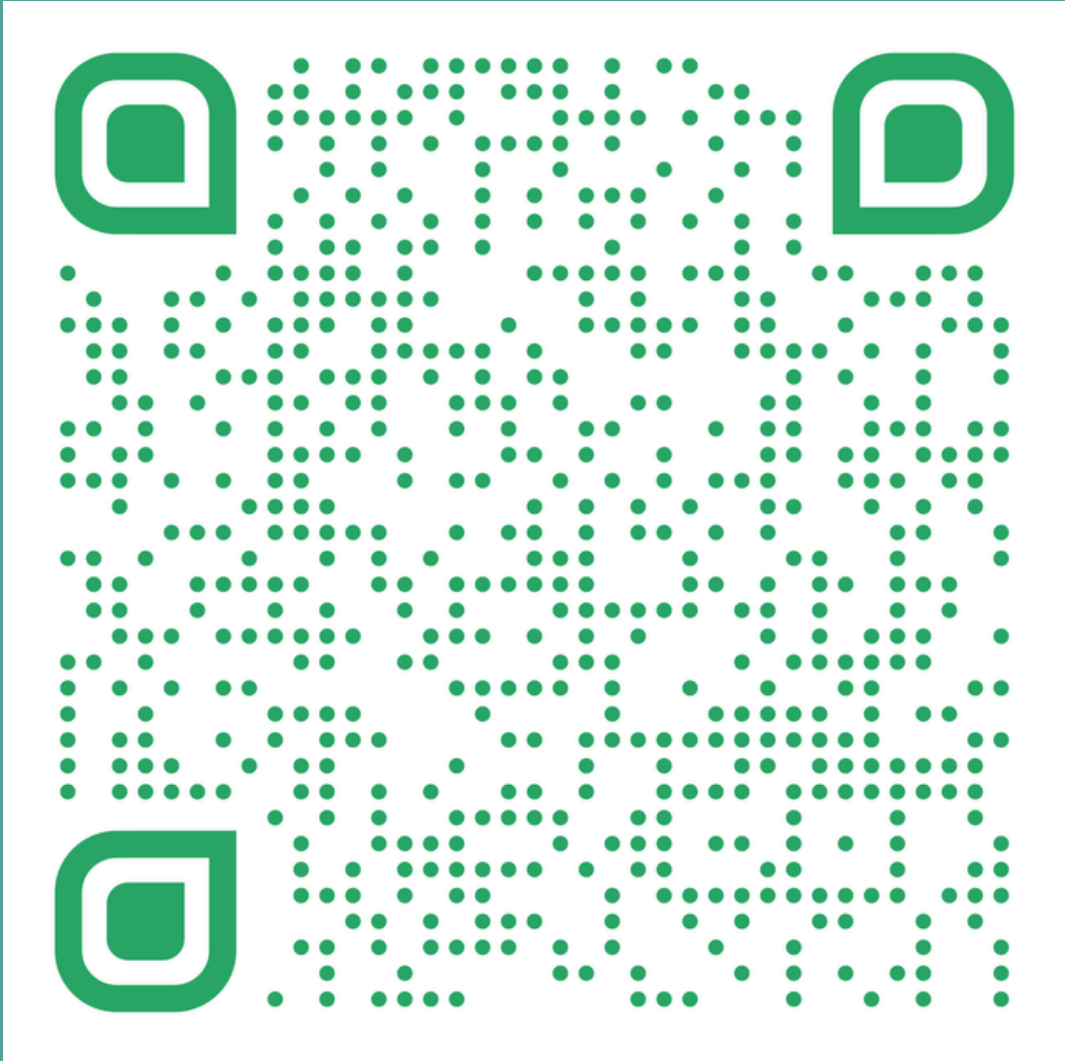
'WATER OF LEITH SOUNDSCAPE'



MAYA CHOWDHRY

The location of the field-recording, and the inspiration for the soundscape.

'WATER OF LEITH SOUNDSCAPE'



Click on QR code for audio

MAYA CHOWDHRY

Awaiting shadow

Cold rain showers and dark clouds

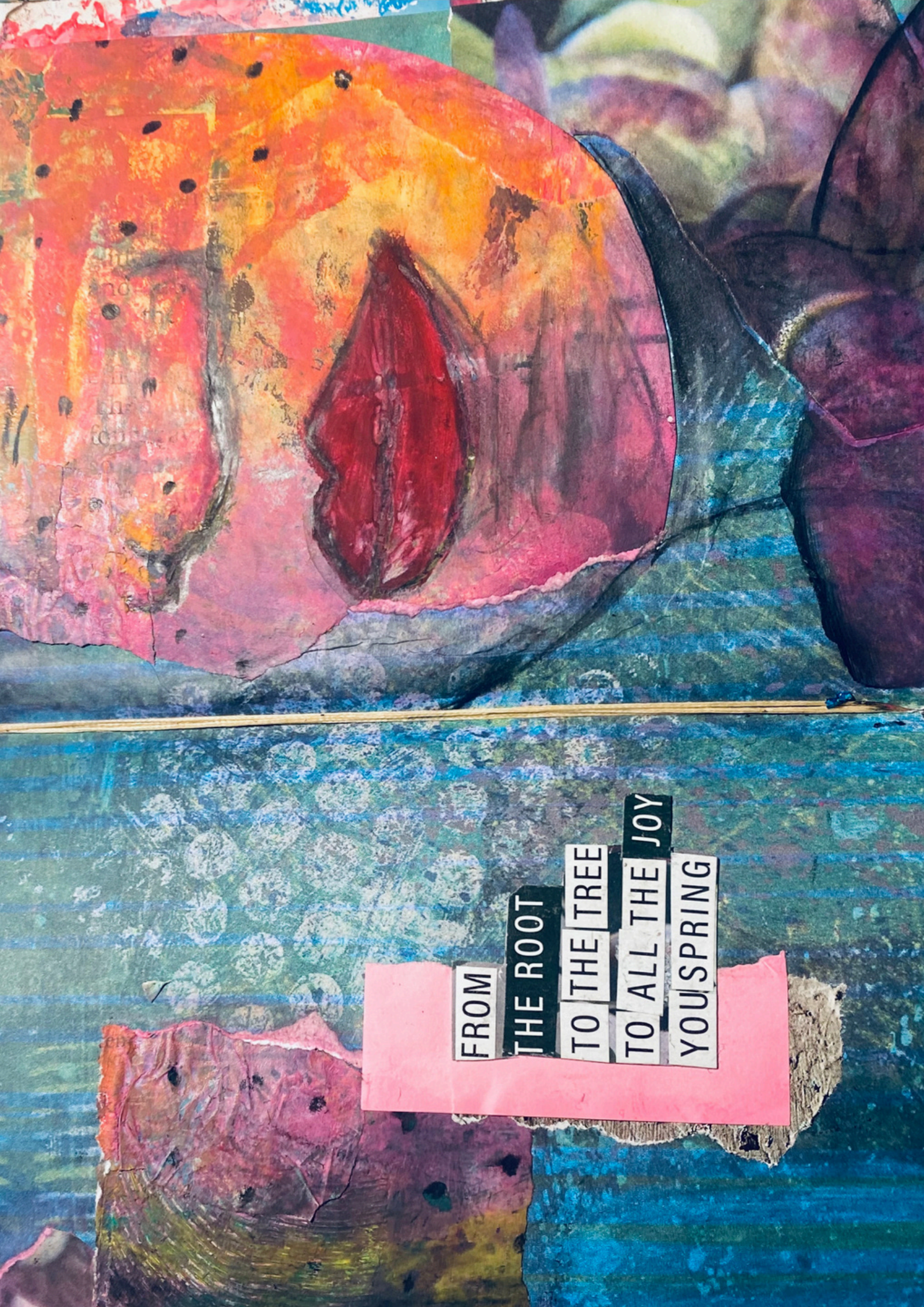
An image of me



Traversing springtime
An understanding of growth
Smiling at my path

Jola Olafimihan

FROM
THE ROOT
TO THE TREE
TO ALL THE JOY
YOU SPRING



Creatives Biographies

Niveen Kaseem is a PhD holder; tutorial assistant; trained mentor; editor; innovative, competent and successful interpreter/translator; currently Assistant Professor in Arabic Cultural Studies. Languages, Cultures, Art History and Music, University of Birmingham Dubai.

Yvonne Witter loves the outdoors, nature and the feeling she gets when she takes a walk in the woods to explore and destress herself.

Yvonne is surrounded with the beauty of what helps her to stay close to nature and love nature - revitalise, reenergise, and revive.

Natalie Anastasia Davies is a Yorkshire-born poet of Grenadian descent. Her work explores themes of connection, cultural identity and climate crisis. Natalie appreciates art which penetrates the heart of listener and the matter; it is her vision to draw parallels between the personal and global experience, to provoke environmental change.

Adrian Bent is a married family man with six children, proud of his Black British heritage and Jamaican roots. Adrian cherishes family time and embracing his cultural background. With a commitment to love, unity, and heritage, Adrian navigates life with joy and purpose.

Dal Kular is creative in residence for Peak District National Park. Silver-streaked Sheffield born & based artist of Punjabi heritage. Her practice spans the making of creative non-fiction writing, poetry, multi-media arts, zine-making, sound recordings, personal archiving, memoir, nature-allied writing, workshop space-making and holding. Rooted in anti-colonial, Black/global feminisms, ecotherapy, ancestral work and autoethnography.

Sheree Mack is Project Coordinator of the Black Nature in Residence Programme and Creative Director of Earth Sea Love CIC. Sheree is Creatrix with a practice which manifests through poetry, storytelling, image and the unfolding histories of black people. Sheree engages audiences around Black women's voices and bodies, Black feminism, ecology and memory, nature and grief, trauma and healing.

Susan Downer Hunter is a trained journalist, award-winning short story writer, and has studied scriptwriting and novel writing. In 2023, Susan's poems were included in an anthology (Tunes of Enchantment, Sheffield Flourish); She contributed to the Our National Health Stories project as poet-in-residence for Sheffield Teaching Hospitals.

Mwelwa Chilekwa is a Zambian British writer and performer who has made Newcastle her home. She is a regular at Newcastle's spoken word scenes, including hosting and producing poetry events. Mwelwa balances heavy topics with a sprinkle of levity, passionate about using her voice to raise awareness of important issues

Helen Bent is a wife and mother of six children. Helen has a passion for health and fitness. Helen enjoys quality time with her family.

Sheena Hussain is a poet, writer, and essayist. No Thanks, a creative non-fiction was shortlisted for the inaugural Curae Prize 2023. Watching a Green Fly was longlisted for the Leeds Poetry Festival Competition 2022. She is a member of Inscribe-Peepal Tree Press's writer's development programme.

Jie Zhang (b.1989 China), London based painter and writer, whose practiceroots in her growing experience with touching nature and migrant life, and spans across drawing, painting, sculpture, poem writing. Her art works have exhibited around in China and the UK, writings have been published on some Chinese magazines.

Rebecca Buckley as a neurodivergent writer and multidisciplinary artist, her work responds to people and place. Rebecca creates her most rewarding work within the landscape, finding inspiration walking through nature. Her responses to the natural world often result in text/soundscapes inspiring ephemeral sculptural work using found natural materials from the landscape.

Emily Alice Mitchell is a multidisciplinary artist, filmmaker and photographer born and based in London. She is currently studying MA in Contemporary Art Practice at the Royal College of Art, after graduating with a BA in Fine Art from LICA @ Lancaster University in 2023. She has exhibited across the country and is in receipt of the Sir Frank Bowling scholarship at the Royal College of Art.

Maya Chowdhry is a poet and interdisciplinary artist. Her multimodal poetry includes Soil voicemails and other trans-species calls commissioned by the Science Museum. Maya's poetry pamphlet is Fossil (Peepal Tree Press, 2016). She is currently working on You Sound Thirsty, a sonic commingling of the human and more-than-human.

Jola Olafimihan is the creative in residence for Northumberland National Park. Jola writes as a way of understanding all that is around her. She writes as a form of mindful practise and a way to focus her mind. She's an industrious individual with a conscientious and positive attitude towards her work, creating, and exploration of new themes.

Beverley Thomas is a Black British writer, of Caribbean heritage. Winning the Sean Ferrin award for best produced film - Neffy. She has had work printed in the Dream Catchers Magazine and is a member of Sheffield's Lit Collective. Currently, doing a creative English Literature PhD.

The Black Nature In Residence Zine

The Black Nature In Residence Zine