



SELFADVERTISEMMENT FOR BLIND GRANNY

I sing for a living.
Like everyone, I can do other things

like licking my eye with my tongue
for my grog, or just for a laugh

but for my living
I sing.

*Patsy Futatsugi, The Purple Poets; first draft: 16.04.2011
print title: Blind Granny (c17-18 century)*



MY SISTER MAGDALENA

Me? I can do what she can do
I can do everything, oh yes.
I can do almost everything like her
I am extraordinary as well.

Look. Don't be afraid.
Everything is possible.



BLIND DATE

Oh it's my day today!
I am meeting my dream man
Lazarus, so handsome and charming

He loves the child
Hanging onto him
Not hanging, attached!

His twin brother, dreaming.
I am shattered. How can I love
A man who already shares his heart.

Ferdous Rahman, The Purple Poets; first draft: 26.05.2011

print title: ISRAEL, The Twin Brothers

Lazarus and Johannes Baptista Colloreda (b 1617)



MY NAME IS LAZARUS

My name is Lazarus
and Johannes, my pale reflection,
my constant companion, the reason
why they pay to see me, to see us,
though he is so much less

helpless, yet defining me,
my livelihood,
my twin

*Paul Nandi; guest participant of the Purple Poets' Workshop;
first draft: 16.04.2011 print: ISRAEL The Twin Brothers;
Lazarus and Johannes Baptista Colloreda (b 1617)*



PAINBUSTER

(A Self-Advertisement for
Dr. Edward Harrison)

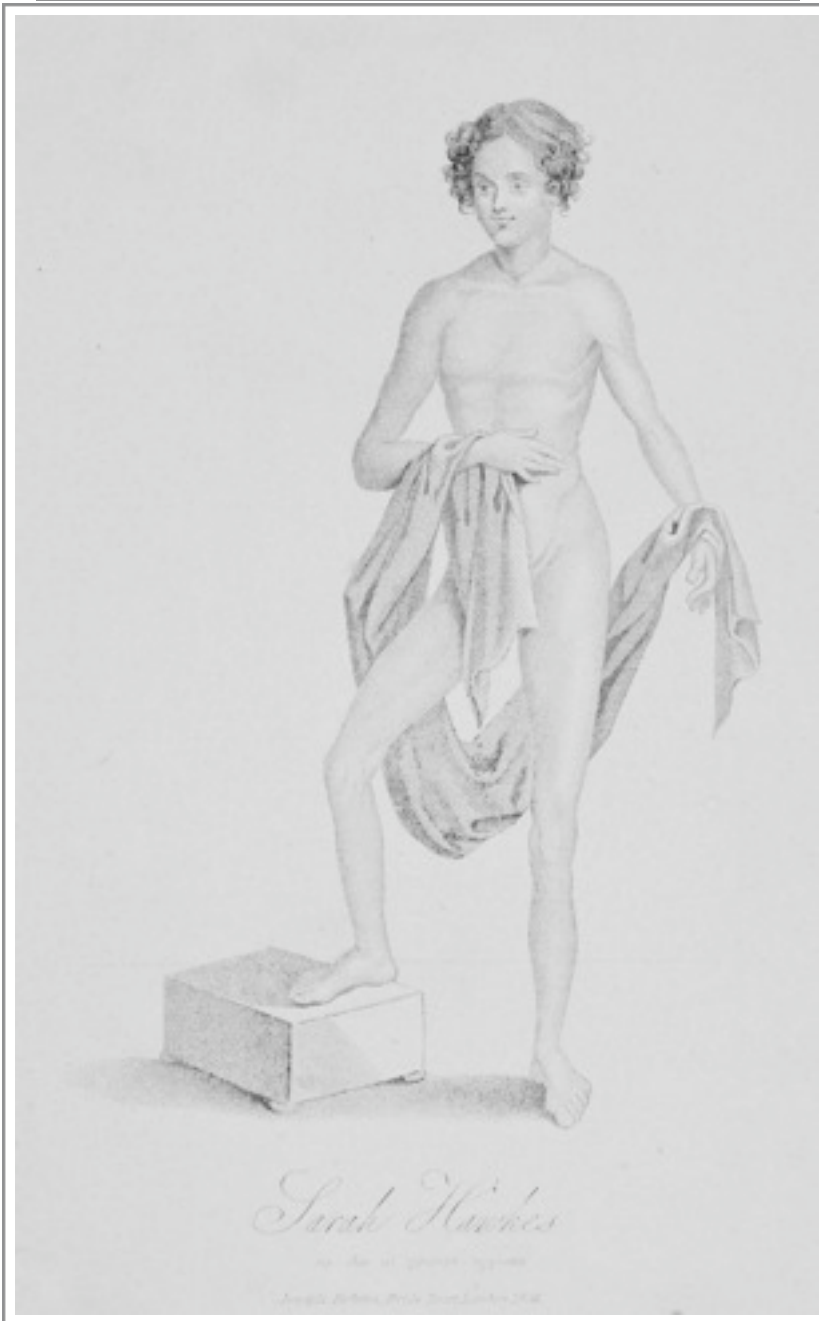
Come all to me
and tell me where it hurts.

No need for snake-oil,
needles, pills.

A simple
laying on of hands
will take away all pain.

*Dr. Paul Nandi,
National Hospital for
Neurology and Neurosurgery;
guest participant,
The Purple Poets' Workshop
first draft: 16.04.2011*

*print titles:
Sarah Hawkes in her state of
deformity/Sarah Hawkes as
she at present appears.*





MY SON THOMAS, THE ARTIST

I waited so long to have him.
Such a handsome baby!
He came out head first
No feet, no arms.

My doctor says
I must have had a fright
And It is my fault
And This fright made him
What he is.

What he is
Is my son.

I love him.

Ferdous Rahman, The Purple Poets; first draft: 28.04.2010
print title: THOMAS INGLEDFIELD at the Age of 20,
from an original drawing. Born without Arms or Legs Dec. 18. 1769

THE WONDERFUL JOHN BOBY:
MOTHER TO BLAME



It's not me

but my brother always
blames Mother.

Her wrong decision

to marry my nephew to that girl has
brought disaster to the family.

There is no income

but always expenditure
my brother becoming penniless.

He is getting frustrated

probably he will be mad
in future.

All my mother's fault

and she is dead now
and not coming to save us.

It's only me, now.

For the sake of my family
I must be wonderful.

*Bithi Das, The Purple Poets; first draft: 28.04.2011
print title: The wonderful spotted Indian, John Boby (1803)*



THE CHRISTENINGS

Lazarus is my son. God has chosen
To give him back to me.
So wonderful!

And Johannes, his twin,
I named Johannes Baptista,
John the Baptist.

To give Light
To every Christian
To have faith in God!



BEING JOSEPH CLARK

What a Lark *being Joseph Clark*

Faking shapes **from dawn to dark**

But I need love for my art.

HOW CAN I EVER FIND SOMEONE *to love me*

AND ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I AM?

I'm a shark.



RICHARD GIBSON:
A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Inside this tiny frame
There beats a loving, kindly heart.
The joys of family hearth and home
This gentle soul imparts.

*Babushka, The Purple Poets; first draft: 26.05.2011
print title: Richard Gibson (1615-1690) a dwarf*

MRS CHANG

me vellee happy meet giant,
me 4 foot him 7 foot 9 inches,
vellee good man, he can see
the future coming before me!

MR CHANG

I have met soulmate, she sings
like a bird and there will be no
hate, only good love,
vellee happy giant me!

ATTENDANT DWARF, SMILING,
IN *THE WONDERFUL MAGAZINE*

The joke is my friends speak five languages, and
The *Wonderful Magazine* writer speaks almost one.

But look. Listen. Listen again.
Do you hear love?

Or are the only things you can see vellee tall, vellee short,
vellee funny.

Jean Watt, The Purple Poets; first draft: 26.05.2011
print title: *Chang Yu Sing (1847 -1893)*
**THE CHINESE GIANT, CHANG,
WITH HIS WIFE AND ATTENDANT DWARF.**





SELF ADVERTISEMENT
FOR MATHEW BUCHINGER

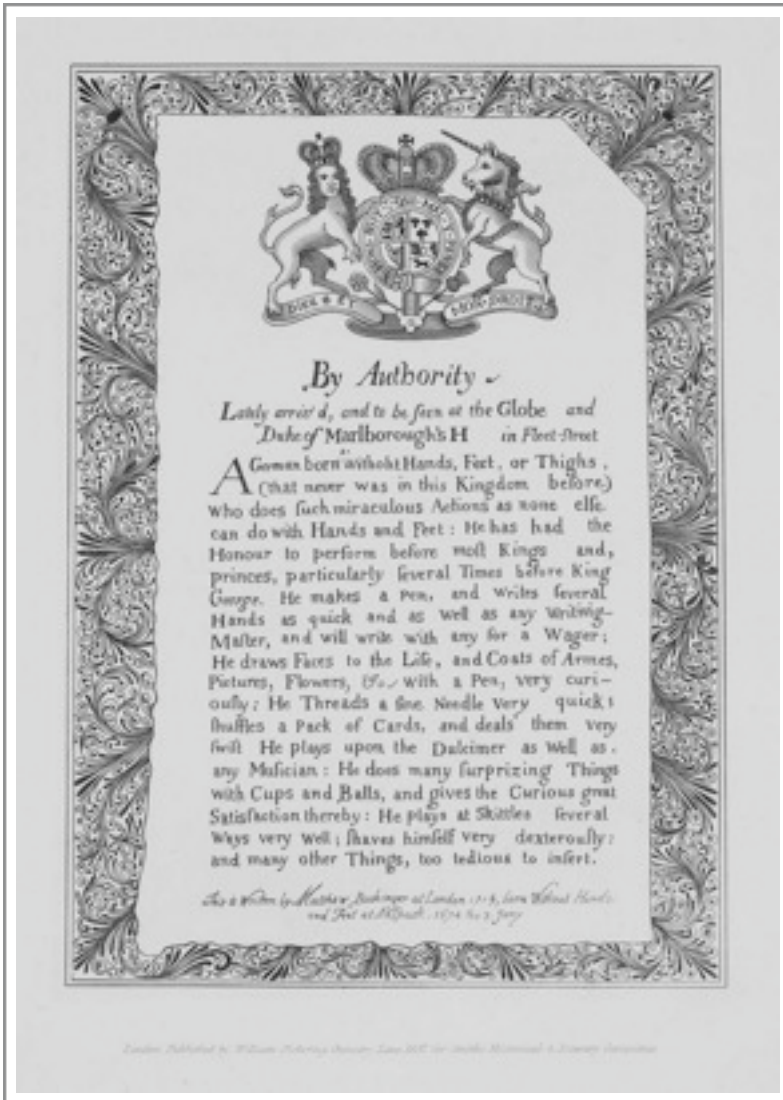
I am most fabulous AND amazing AND wonderful Little Man of but 29 inches high AND no hands feet or thighs but married four times AND I draw faces to life AND flowers AND do fine needlework before Kings and Queens AND write funeral poems so quickly AND make amazing pens very curiously AND play astonishing music upon the dulcimer AND the trumpet AND the bagpipes AND dance a hornpipe in Highland dress AND I fire pistols AND play skittles AND ninepins AND many other things too tedious to notice.

*Eppie Caredda, the Purple Poets; first draft 26.05.2011
print: Matthew Buchinger. LONDON. April the 29. 1724. This is the
Effigies of Mr Matthew Buchinger, being Drawn and Written by himself.
He is the Wonderful little Man of but 29 inches*

Re-framing Disability

poems by
The Purple Poets
Bloomsbury Time Bank

These poems-in-progress were created in a series of three poetry workshops led by Kim Morrissey, using prints and the catalogue from the Royal College of Physicians' 2011 *Re-framing Disability Exhibition* as source material.



POEMS-IN-PROGRESS

workshop leader: Kim Morrissey, poet

2011 workshop dates:

April 16th, April 28th, May 26th, June 7th.

workshop participants: Babushka, Bithi Das, Eppie Caredda,
Ferdous Rahman, Jean Watt, Patsy Futatsugi,
with Paul Nandi (guest)