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General Public Permission Form

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Please scan this form (or take a photo of it) and e-mail it with your writing to info@undergroundwriting.org



The COVID-19 (Coronavirus) is changing the way we live. Underground Writing has been impacted as well—no in-person workshops for the time being. And you, reading this now, have very likely been affected in many different ways. Underground Writing aims to help in the ways we can. We're currently delivering e-mailed "workshops" to all of our sites. We're also making this workshop available to the general public. If you choose to write with us in this format, please consider submitting what you write for publication (we're featuring workshop writing via our podcast and social media outlets).

Use extra paper if needed. Once your writing is done, and you've signed the permission form, please send it back to us; info@undergroundwriting.org

Underground Writing Workshop | *Hope in These Times*

1. *The Decameron* is a series of stories told by a group of women and men who are quarantined in a large house outside of Florence, Italy to escape the Black Plague. The book was published nearly 700 years ago, far in advance of the Coronavirus. **Prompts:** 1) If you were to write a tale of these current times in 2020, what would it be, and why? . . . 2) What would you want people to know? . . . and 3) Write the tale.

2. Read "What Issa Heard" by David Budbill and follow the prompt suggestions.

3. Read "won't you celebrate with me" by Lucille Clifton and follow the prompt suggestions.

#2 – *Hope in These Times* workshop

What Issa Heard

Two hundred years ago Issa heard the morning birds
singing sutras to this suffering world.

I heard them too, this morning, which must mean,

since we will always have a suffering world,
we must also always have a song.

David Budbill

Prompt:

What does this poem say about pain? What does it say about joy (“song”)? How are these two items interwoven in your life in this current moment of crisis in our world? What is giving you hope these days?

*use extra paper if needed

won't you celebrate with me

won't you celebrate with me
what i have shaped into
a kind of life? i had no model.
born in babylon
both nonwhite and woman
what did i see to be except myself?
i made it up
here on this bridge between
starshine and clay,
my one hand holding tight
my other hand; come celebrate
with me that everyday
something has tried to kill me
and has failed.

Lucille Clifton

Prompt:

Whether you are a woman or a man, and no matter your racial or cultural background, there's plenty you can likely relate to in this poem. What would you say you've been shaped into? In our Coronavirus context, have you experienced any re-shaping? Clifton suggests that she's had to improvise at life . . . do you feel this way? If so, how have you needed to improvise? What do you make of the final four lines, and how do they speak to you?

Then: Write your own version of a "won't you celebrate with me" poem / piece of writing.

*use extra paper if needed