



IT NEVER RAINED //

a poem by **Hugh Sullivan** (Sussex)

It never rained that summer we first met,
Or if it did I've chosen to forget.
Each day the sun rose early, burned, and set.
The fireflies wove their dance each sultry night.

You danced with me amongst them once – a chase
Of teasing barefoot steps, a flash-lit face,

A glade between the maple trees the place
I caught you for an instant in your flight..

We came that way again, long years gone by,
A summer morning, this time dull white sky:
You found the glade and one lone butterfly
That sped dark-winged across and out of sight.

No earthly Eden stays to be regained.
I looked up. There were grey clouds now. It rained.



www.guernseyliteraryfestival.com

1575 mm

356 mm

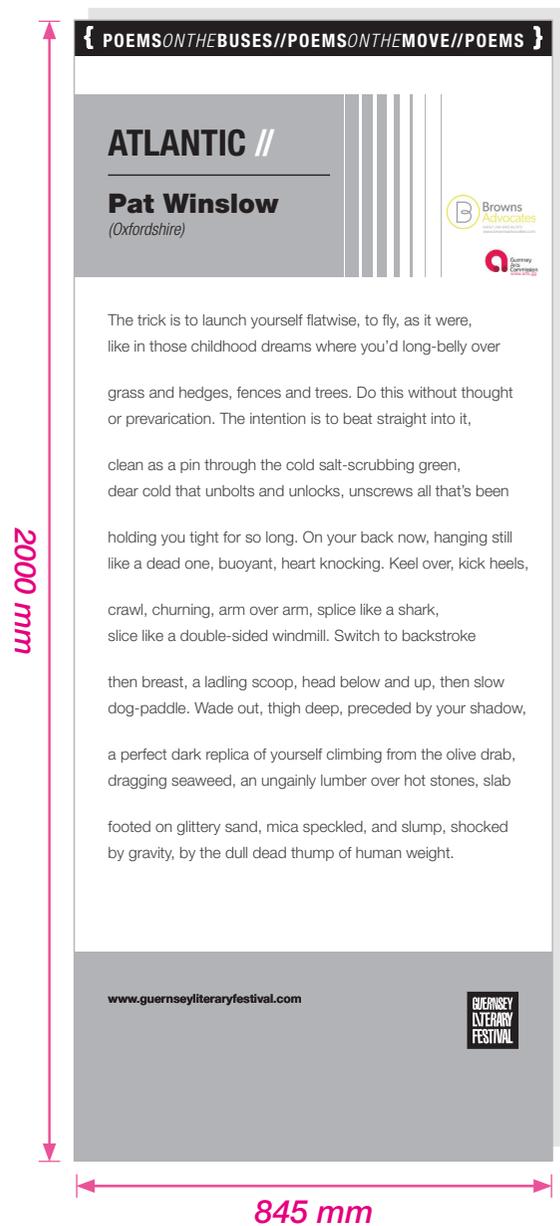
POEMS ON THE BUSES

This is a sample of the print work for interior panels used for the Poems on the Buses exhibition. The printed size is 1575mm wide x 356mm high. The exhibition lasts a minimum of six months. With close to 1 million passengers expected to be riding the buses over the summer months, this promises a huge readership.

Poems
on the
move

POEMS ON THE MOVE

This is a sample of the print work for pop-up posters used for the Poems on the Move exhibition. The printed size is 845mm wide x 2000mm high. For the first month of the exhibition, the poems will be displayed at the Guernsey Airport, which is a prime site for advertisements; it has an average footfall of over 70,000 people a month.



Poems
on the
move