

CHAPTER

CYLCH SGWENNWYR WRITERS CIRCLE

Lucy Smith responding to
Beth Greenalgh and Tim Bromage: (Un)conscious Content
15 November 2025

Outlines of a dream **[after (Un)conscious Content]**

It's only art

In my dreams, I am often somewhere flat and sprawling - my old school corridors, long fields

that will eventually end in a cliff edge

Accustom yourself to the darkness

In the beginning, we are concerned with ourselves, how to move around the room

Look on the table after they leave; bits of cardboard, bits of breath mints

If you feel awkward or uncomfortable, let someone know and they will escort you out

A hand amongst stars

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[I wonder if I should try to wake them]

The sharp scent of an orange being peeled

Sparkling rock balanced on a foot, a slow moonwalk backwards

I'm thinking a lot about my bag I left in the other room, everyone else has their bag with them

Remove the sense that you have to be somewhere else

Try to crawl inside the cone

Shape your playdough face in the mirror

It's complicated

It's complicated

I'm reminded of dreaming once that my front door opened out to a river, the water

up to my knees

You are not yourself, and you are not someone else

Hands grasp at the stars

I'm still thinking about my bag and whether it's safe

The same feeling I always get in dreams; always something to do next, or something going wrong

Thank you for coming

Performing, aware of themselves, of their shapes and the way the light moves

Thanks for coming

The smell of coffee from somewhere

Silhouetted, a giant man and a tiny woman

Their faces are always in darkness

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It's like watching the hands that pull the strings
[I wonder if I should try to wake them]
They are always outlines of themselves
When we move, follow us