May 28 2026
Granton Crescent Park

I sauntered to Granton Crescent Park beside the railings which describe an arc around the eastern and southern sides, admiring the sculptural allium flowers along the way. Once inside the park, I spiralled around, between the playpark and the edge of the copse, skirting the woods. The Komoot app recorded the route.
The footpaths within the copse follow curves and lines, interlinking and forming patterns. It was a bright Spring day. The canopy was in full, neon-green leaf and the birds which lived there sang in full voice.
Kristina and I had agreed to write, rather than to record or film, and so I made notes on paper as I walked and wandered. Sadly, the first thing I saw was that one of the great trees had been cut down – its multiple trunks truncated, revealing orange cross-sections. A stark contrast to the greenery, I was shocked. I had watched birds nesting and singing in its branches many times, admiring its ability to house so much life. It stood at what I think of as the opening to the woods, a sentinel at the entrance.
As I wound my way through the coolness - noticing new seasonal arrivals and recent human offerings, as well as old friends like the knotted tree - I was calmed and soothed.
I picked up rubbish as I walked and carried most of it home.
While dividing it between the recycling and landfill bins, part of a sweet wrapper fell on the ground. It read SP. This serendipity gave me an idea for the work I might make. I looked at the walking writing and singled out the words beginning with ‘S’ or ‘Sp’ and there were so many that I listed them in a spiralling walk on a drawing and sent it to Kristina by post.
When I received Kristina’s response to her walk, a story, I was delighted by what she had written. Fiction is outside my comfort zone, but I wanted to try, so I started by freewriting, using her themes and noting her style, letting my pen run across the page. Then I edited and re-wrote until I had spilled a story of my own to send.
It was lovely to see Kristina’s collaged reaction to my ‘S-map’ She had cut out some of the phrases and words, arranged them around a woman (‘she’) with a spiralling dress, and stood her in a flowering garden or copse. The figure added an air of grandeur and Kristina’s signature playfulness. It also acknowledged the physical space between us as we walked, suggesting, succinctly, a sense of energy between.





