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Episode 26 -Dreams

We'd love to hear your thoughts about the show and have you be part of the Harmony Hub Magic. We are really keen to hear about a memorable, favourite song and what it means to you or to hear a recording of you reading a favourite poem. If you have anything you'd like to share or need help to share something, please get in touch with me, Kaye, on 07591157841 or by email at kaye@awakeningarts.co.uk

This week on Harmony Hub Radio, we'll be reading homes and hearing songs and stories of paying attention to the little things and appreciating that which we usually take for granted. These are the poems I'll be reading on the show and I'd love it if you'd read along with me.

William Butler Yeats - He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Dreams by Mary Oliver

All night
the dark buds of dreams
open
richly.
In the center
of every petal
is a letter,
and you imagine
if you could only remember
and string them all together
they would spell the answer.
It is a long night,
and not an easy one —
you have so many branches,
and there are diversions —
birds that come and go,
the black fox that lies down
to sleep beneath you,
the moon staring
with her bone-white eye.
Finally you have spent
all the energy you can
and you drag from the ground
the muddy skirt of your roots
and leap awake
with two or three syllables
like water in your mouth
and a sense

of loss — a memory
not yet of a word,
certainly not yet the answer —
only how it feels
when deep in the tree
all the locks click open,
and the fire surges through the wood,
and the blossoms blossom.

No. 115 dreams By Jackie Kay

The living room remembers Gran dancing to Count Basie.
The kitchen can still hear my aunts fighting on Christmas day.
The hall is worried about the loose banister.
The small room is troubled by the missing hamster.
The toilet particularly dislikes my Grandfather.
The wallpaper covers up for the whole family.
And No. 115 dreams of lovely houses by the sea.
And No. 115 dreams of one night in the country.
The stairs are keeping schtum about the broken window.
The toilet's sick of the trapped pipes squealing so.
The walls aren't thick enough for all the screaming.
My parent's bedroom has a bed in a choppy sea.
My own bedroom loves the bones of me.
My brother's bedroom needs a different boy.
And No. 115 dreams of yellow light, an attic room.
And No. 115 dreams of a chimney, a new red roof.
And the red roof dreams of robin redbreasts
tap dancing on the red dance floor in the open air.

Art Activity

This week our theme is Dreams. Here are some ideas for how you could create an image on this theme. As ever, please feel free to interpret the theme in anyway that feels right for you, these are just some ideas or starting points.



While this is a really accomplished painting that you'd need a lot of skill to paint, I love the idea of this painting. Maybe you could try something similar, without trying to make it perfect. Just draw or paint yourself leaving your bed and heading towards where ever you dream of going.

If you don't feel like painting, maybe you could just close your eyes and dream.



Marc Chagall was an amazing painter of dreams and this is one of his dreamiest finest. Maybe in the morning you could try to remember your dream and then paint it or write about it. I love that Marc Chagall paints with a childlike quality which is more about what you paint rather than how you paint it.