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listen, share, reminisce and get inspired.
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Episode 27 - Love

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.

First Love - Carol Ann Duffy

Waking, with a dream of first love forming real words,
as close to my lips as lipstick, I speak your name,
after a silence of years, into the pillow, and the power
of your name brings me here to the window, naked,
to say it again to a garden shaking with light.
This was a child's love, and yet I clench my eyes
till the pictures return, unfocused at first, then
almost clear, an old film played at a slow speed.
All day I will glimpse it, in windows of changing sky,
in mirrors, my lover's eyes, wherever you are.

And later a star, long dead, here, seems precisely
the size of a tear. Tonight, a love-letter out of a dream
stammers itself in my heart. Such faithfulness.
You smile in my head on the last evening. Unseen
flowers suddenly pierce and sweeten the air.

The Lesson Of The Falling Leaves by Lucille Clifton

the leaves believe
such letting go is love
such love is faith
such faith is grace
such grace is god
i agree with the leaves

From Captain Corelli's Mandolin by Louis de Bernieres

Love is a temporary madness, it erupts like volcanoes and then subsides. And when it subsides you have to make a decision. You have to work out whether your root was so entwined together that it is inconceivable that you should ever part. Because this is what love is. Love is not breathlessness, it is not excitement, it is not the promulgation of promises of eternal passion. That is just being in love, which any fool can do. Love itself is what is left over when being in love has burned away, and this is both an art and a fortunate accident.

Those that truly love have roots that grow towards each other underground, and when all the pretty blossoms have fallen from their branches, they find that they are one tree and not two.

Again and Again - Rainer Maria rilke...

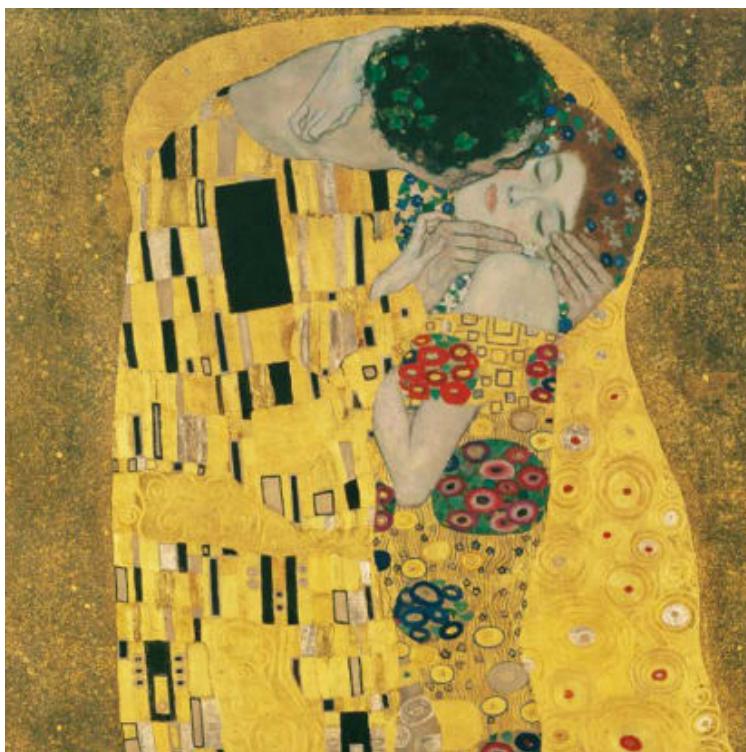
Again and again, however we know the landscape of love
and the little churchyard there, with its sorrowing names,
and the frighteningly silent abyss into which the others
fall: again and again the two of us walk out together
under the ancient trees, lie down again and again
among the flowers, face to face with the sky.

TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL BY MAYA ANGELOU

We, unaccustomed to courage
exiles from delight
live coiled in shells of loneliness
until love leaves its high holy temple
and comes into our sight
to liberate us into life.
Love arrives
and in its train come ecstasies
old memories of pleasure
ancient histories of pain.
Yet if we are bold,
love strikes away the chains of fear
from our souls.
We are weaned from our timidity
In the flush of love's light
we dare be brave
And suddenly we see
that love costs all we are
and will ever be.
Yet it is only love
which sets us free.

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.



This painting by Gustav Klimt depicts two lovers in an embrace. While this painting is very striking, it's quite simple. You could try something similar by doing a pencil drawing and then making these lovely design details.



This dreamy painting by Marc Chagall shows two lovers again, perhaps more of a dream lover than an actual lover. Did you ever have a dream lover, someone you loved in an unreciprocated way, or loved from afar, of just someone who it didn't work out with. Maybe you could re-create that in a drawing or painting.