

Welcome to Harmony Hub Radio a place to listen, share, reminisce and get inspired.

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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](mailto:kaye@awakeningarts.co.uk)

This week on Harmony Hub Radio, we'll be delving into the idea of letting go as demonstrated by the Autumn leaves falling from the trees. These are the poems I'll be reading on the show and I'd love it if you'd read along with me.

Here's a quote by Argentinean poet, Jorge Louis Borges on the art and importance of reading poetry out loud:

*"Truly fine poetry must be read aloud. A good poem does not allow itself to be read in a low voice or silently. If we can read it silently, it is not a valid poem: a poem demands pronunciation. Poetry always remembers that it was an oral art before it was a written art. It remembers that it was first song."*

## Gravity's Law by Rainer Maria Rilke

How surely gravity's law,  
strong as an ocean current,  
takes hold of the smallest thing  
and pulls it toward the heart of the world.  
Each thing—  
each stone, blossom, child —  
is held in place.  
Only we, in our arrogance,  
push out beyond what we each belong to  
for some empty freedom.  
If we surrendered  
to earth's intelligence  
we could rise up rooted, like trees.  
Instead we entangle ourselves  
in knots of our own making  
and struggle, lonely and confused.  
So like children, we begin again  
to learn from the things,  
because they are in God's heart;  
they have never left him.  
This is what the things can teach us:  
to fall,  
patiently to trust our heaviness.  
Even a bird has to do that  
before she can fly.

## **In Blackwater Woods by Mary Oliver**

Look, the trees  
are turning  
their own bodies  
into pillars  
of light,  
are giving off the rich  
fragrance of cinnamon  
and fulfillment,  
the long tapers  
of cattails  
are bursting and floating away over  
the blue shoulders  
of the ponds,  
and every pond,  
no matter what its  
name is, is  
nameless now.  
Every year  
everything  
I have ever learned  
in my lifetime  
leads back to this: the fires  
and the black river of loss  
whose other side  
is salvation,  
whose meaning  
none of us will ever know.  
To live in this world  
you must be able  
to do three things:  
to love what is mortal;  
to hold it  
against your bones knowing  
your own life depends on it;  
and, when the time comes to let it go,  
to let it go.

## **Dreams BY LANGSTON HUGHES**

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

## **Sonnet 73 ('That time of year thou mayst in me behold') by William Shakespeare**

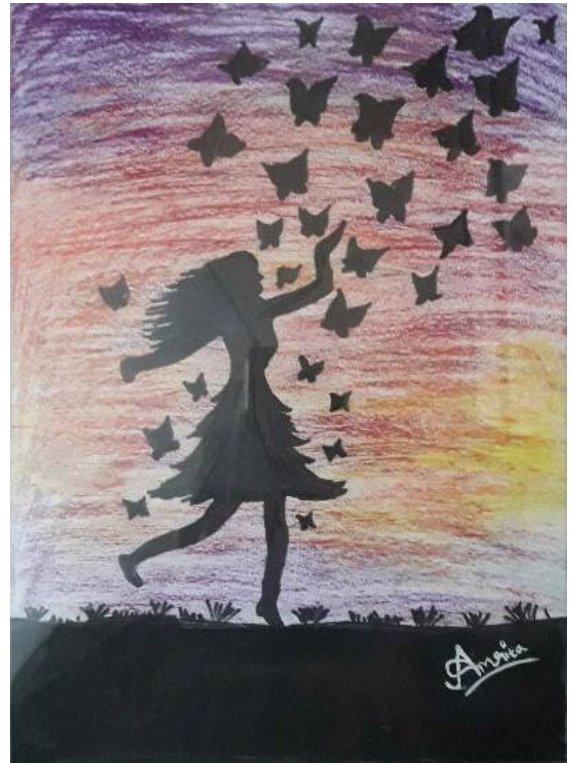
That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consum'd by that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## **Art Activity**

This week our theme is letting go, we can think about whether we want to be literal or metaphorical. 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.

Here's a drawing by Amrita Kaur which suggests the playful capacity of children to let go. Is there a time in your life where you felt the freedom of being able to easily let go? Maybe you could paint or draw something from your memory?



Is there place where you feel most at ease, most able to relax and just let go? Perhaps you could draw or paint an image that created the feeling you have there. The artist of this

painting, Alisha Jeffers, also wrote some words on her painting to further express how she feels in this place.



Here's a painting in which letting go looks a little less fun. How do you feel when you think about letting go? Does it feel positive or negative? Is there a time you had to let go and didn't want to? How

would you feel about painting that time. If you didn't want to paint it, you could write about it. Just simply describe what happened or try to turn it into a poem.



This beautiful, delicate but simple painting captures the fall of the leaf. Could you paint a scene of Autumn and the letting go of the leaves that you can see in your garden or through your window.

Sometimes the simple things are the most beautiful.