



# Harmony Hub Radio

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

[www.awakeningarts.co.uk](http://www.awakeningarts.co.uk)

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 exploring the weather, what could be a better subject for us English. 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 Argentine poet, Jorge Louis Borges on the arts and need to read 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."*

## **Whether The Weather Be Fine by an anonymous English poet**

Whether the weather be fine  
Or whether the weather be not,  
Whether the weather be cold  
Or whether the weather be hot,  
We'll weather the weather  
Whatever the weather,  
Whether we like it or not.

## **Last Night the Rain Spoke to Me by Mary Oliver**

Last night  
the rain  
spoke to me  
slowly, saying,  
what joy  
to come falling  
out of the brisk cloud,  
to be happy again  
in a new way  
on the earth!  
That's what it said  
as it dropped,  
smelling of iron,  
and vanished  
like a dream of the ocean  
into the branches  
and the grass below.  
Then it was over.  
The sky cleared.  
I was standing  
under a tree.  
The tree was a tree  
with happy leaves,  
and I was myself,  
and there were stars in the sky  
that were also themselves  
at the moment  
at which moment  
my right hand  
was holding my left hand  
which was holding the tree  
which was filled with stars  
and the soft rain –  
imagine! imagine!  
the long and wondrous journeys  
still to be ours.

## **RAIN - Simon Armitage**

Be glad of these freshwater tears,  
Each pearled droplet some salty old sea-bullet  
Air-lifted out of the waves, then laundered and sieved, recast as a soft bead  
and returned.  
And no matter how much it strafes or sheets, it is no mean feat to catch one  
raindrop clean in the mouth,  
To take one drop on the tongue, tasting cloud pollen, grain of the heavens,  
raw sky.  
Let it teem, up here where the front of the mind distills the brunt of the world.

## **The Storm by Mary Oliver**

Through the white orchard my little dog  
romps, breaking the new snow  
with wild feet.  
Running here running there, excited,  
hardly able to stop, he leaps, he spins  
until the white snow is written upon  
in large, exuberant letters,  
a long sentence, expressing  
the pleasures of the body in this world.  
Oh, I could not have said it better

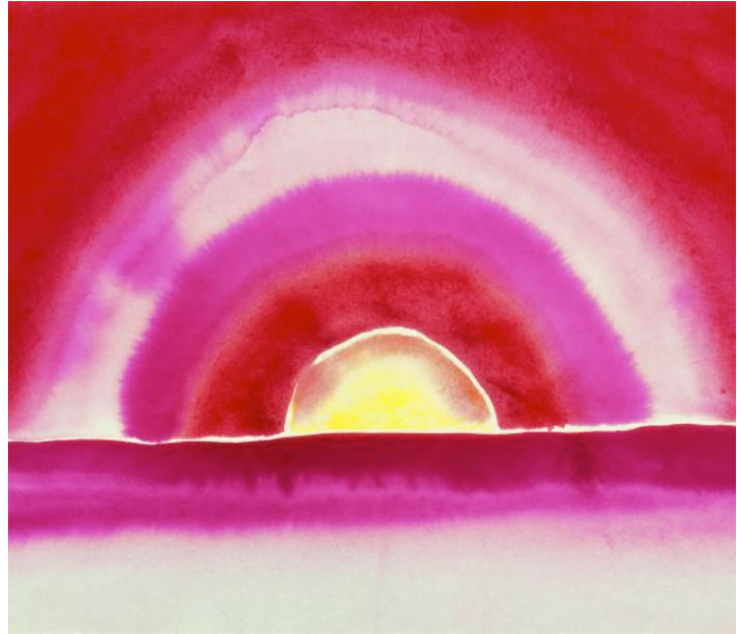
## **A Rainy Morning - ted looser**

A young woman in a wheelchair,  
wearing a black nylon poncho spattered with rain,  
is pushing herself through the morning.  
You have seen how pianists  
sometimes bend forward to strike the keys,  
then lift their hands, draw back to rest,  
then lead again to strike just as the chord fades.  
Such is the way this woman  
strikes at the wheels, then lifts her long white fingers,  
letting them float, then bends again to strike  
just as the chair slows, as if into a silence.  
So expertly she plays the chords  
of this difficult music she has mastered,  
her wet face beautiful in its concentration,  
while the wind turns the pages of rain.

## Art Activity

This week our theme is the weather. 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 Georgia O'Keefe seems to express a joy, is there a way you could paint the weather that would express an emotion? You don't need to paint anything complex or complicated, or get caught up in the details - just try to paint what you feel, or what the weather makes you feel.



What does this painting by Andrew Wyeth say to you? I get the feeling of being cosy at home while it's cold outside. Could you paint an image of your home from memory, imagination, a photo, or go outside and draw or paint it from the outside? You could try to express something of how your home is a refuge?





This is another painting of a home besieged by the weather. I like the simplicity of this one. What do you think? The house and the weather both almost feel like they have a personality in this painting.

This painting by Turner expresses the tumult of the weather, showing how the weather can reflect our own inner moods. Is there a way that you could paint the weather that could express a mood?

