

Dream of the Insomniac – Orlando Gough

Cinderella sisterella slipperella charming smarming deeply calming can't sleep
count prince it's early count you're counting sheep
count prince it's early count you're counting sheep count prince count sheep
sleeping beauty weeping beauty fleeting beauty needle pricking licked her finger can't sleep
count prince it's early count you're counting sheep count prince it's early count you're counting
sheep count prince count sheep one two one two three one two three sheep king and queen
and duck and down and goosefeather single shot the double trouble can't sleep count prince
it's early count you're counting sheep count prince it's early count you're counting sheep count
prince count sheep
all night all night long one two one two three one two three sheep < shi < shi < sheep

Illa Lucem Extendebat (her light extends)

Music - Helen Chadwick

Spell of Creation –

Words – Kathleen Raine;

Music – Helen Chadwick

Within the flower there lies a seed,
Within the seed there springs a tree,
Within the tree there spreads a wood.

In the wood there burns a fire,
And in the fire there melts a stone,
Within the stone a ring of iron.

Within the ring there lies an O,
Within the O there looks an eye,
In the eye there swims a sea,

And in the sea reflected sky,
And in the sky there shines the sun,
Within the sun a bird of gold.

Within the bird there beats a heart,
And from the heart there flows a song,
And in the song there sings a word.

In the word there speaks a world,
A world of joy, a world of grief,
From joy and grief there springs my
love.

Oh love, my love, there springs a world,
And on the world there shines a sun,
And in the sun there burns a fire,

Within the fire consumes my heart,
And in my heart there beats a bird,
And in the bird there wakes an eye,

Within the eye, earth, sea and sky,
Earth, sky and sea within an O
Lie like the seed within the flower.

What if You Slept?

Words: Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Music: Jonathan Baker

What if you slept
And what if
In your sleep
You dreamed
And what if
In your dream
You went to heaven
And there plucked a strange and
beautiful flower
And what if
When you awoke
You had that flower in your hand
Ah, what then?

Has My Heart Gone to Sleep?

Words: Antonio Machado

Music Jonathan Baker

Has my heart gone to sleep?
Have the beehives of my dreams
stopped working, the waterwheel
of the mind run dry,
scoops turning empty,
only shadow inside?

No, my heart is not asleep.
It is awake, wide awake.
Not asleep, not dreaming—
its eyes are opened wide
watching distant signals, listening
on the rim of vast silence.