

A Wildflower Anthology

Bindweed

Black Knapweed

Bluebell

Creeping Buttercup

Crested Dog's tail

Dandelion

Lesser Trefoil

Meadow Vetchling

Oxeye Daisy

Poppy

Rough Hawkbit

Selfheal

Speedwell

Viper's Bugloss

Wild Mignonette

Yarrow



To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

William Blake, 1757-1827

This anthology (from the Greek: flower-gathering) celebrates wildflowers that have grown in the City of London and welcomes them back with a poem and a piece of music for each. *Where the Wild Flowers Are* is created for the three churches of St Mary-at-Hill, St Olave Hart St and St Stephen Walbrook and the flowers in their churchyards.

Sixteen composers and poets have been specially invited to contribute. Each solo miniature is for a single instrument and musician, and each poem is presented by a different performer. We are gathering together a meadow of wildflowers while also appreciating each flower's beauty and individuality, a metaphor for biodiversity.

This event was commissioned by the City of London Festival but has its roots in an on-going wildflower project I started as Artist in Residence at Bunces Barn, East Sussex. For each of thirty endangered wildflowers – harvested there for the Seed Bank at Wakehurst and Kew – I have been asking a different poet, visual artist and composer to create a poem, an image and a piece of music, which will be brought together in a special book. Ian Ritchie, director of the Festival, visited the Barn, was intrigued by my ideas and this poetry and music celebration of the wildflowers in the City is the result.

Photographer Natasha Bidgood has been capturing images of all the wildflowers and has spent a year visiting Bunces Barn finding and recording them. Wild Mignonette has yet to be found.

Wildflowers are emblems of love, beauty, fertility, joy, resurrection and ephemerality. This is part of my treasuring them.

Clare Whistler,
June 2012

Gather ye rosebuds – while ye may
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same Flower that smiles today
To-morrow will be dying.

Robert Herrick, 1591-1674

Bindweed

On a bank, by the railway;
Have you forgotten the night you found me?
The night you stumbled, quite unexpected, upon me.
Found me alive, and all else dull,
My green arrows set in your direction.

Here I am, still waiting.
Clambering, persistent,
A twining body in this forgotten wasteland.
That night you noticed
I was fragrant

Undivided, untamed, alternate.
Each time I opened and opened.
Perhaps it is too common, my affection.
A rampant habit courts rejection.

Poet
Jane Buckler
Composer
Jonathan Dove
Piano

Bindweed





Black Knapweed

I first saw you on the chalky South Downs and I waited and waited whilst the bees shimmied amongst your purple fronds, noting how you grew like urchins, wild and bony. Later, I found you in the grassy field, flanking the buttercups, careless and in my hand, reluctant. I put you in a slender vase, watched your head whiten. In East Riding I placed a stem inside the book I'm reading (a painful memoir) – your scaly bracts pressed to fur or brush, your reckless flower-ray crushed to neatness.

Then I learned your leaves are elongated lobes, your flowers pseudanthium inflorescences, that you're plentiful in the mesotrophic grasslands of England, that you belong, in the National Vegetation Classification system, with the calcicolous and calcifugous and also the montane communities. I try to focus on the roughness of your green-grey stem, the confidence with which your fronds rise from your knapped basket – but my eyes fall on *Sanguisorba officinalis* grassland and I'm just not interested in you any more, only in the words, and I don't even care what they mean.

Poet
Kay Syrad
Composer
Jonathan Gill
Viola

Black Knapweed





Seasons of Love

Spring – Grasmere Island

Blue scent of flowers on the wind,
bend low to breathe this tang of Spring.
A girl lies hidden in the wood alone –
dreaming of church bells, wedding bells.

Unfurling, dappled green in the sunshine,
pale legs outstretched, downy and
delicate as new born shoots, floating
among bluebells on poets' island –
Love rises.

Summer – Tartan Knot

Today I put on a blue cotton scarf
that reminds me of you.
How can this tartan knot of threads
draw me beyond my blueness?

I do not know – but within its
warp and weft of northern shades lie
aqua marine peaks in arctic light,
the Summer Isles at dawn
– and You, standing smiling
in a blue fleece and shorts
on a coral beach – there is freedom
and joy in this eternity of blue.

Autumn – Pilgrim to Love

When you are not with me – I am not alone.
I find you beside me in midnight's woods,
watching grey dancers quicksilver in the river,
still in the quiet coolness before storm clouds
over a slate green sea.

I am not alone – and nor are you.
I travel beside you through times
Light and Dark, finding red Love
in the hedgerow at every turn.

Poet
Deborah Harrison
Composer
James Redwood
Piano

Bluebell





Creeping Buttercup

April, and it studs disturbed ground
in a spectral version of ruins.
Its roots are an uncombed dream;
the underworld prone to its thirsty wig.

Clay harbours its unlit hair
to a depth of six inches.
That's how it anchors and lives in herds.
Its light life is different to its dark:

a working, green mobile of aerial parts
with mottled stain;
its turned-down bristles catching rain
like scalding light.

Each stations its offspring
at outposts, before they are due;
keeping them taut on the cords of a travelogue
all of them knot to.

It dreams of wings through communal pollen;
that's how it flies:
a great stirring up, a kind of trance
riddling swarms in months to come.

Only in this, it accords to a presence
beyond its means; raising a yellow
to collaborate in music mostly female,
harvesting sugars; merging their story.

Humans can go to the drinking well it fringes,
but they have to walk.

In this plant's lexicon, sex is a mending
of overturned places.
Anyone can pull it
rid of the burrow, to lose the common;

in ten hours it will fail and desiccate
in a dry human house.
It will grow wide with particular damp;
netting miles under its future.

Poet

Sean Borodale

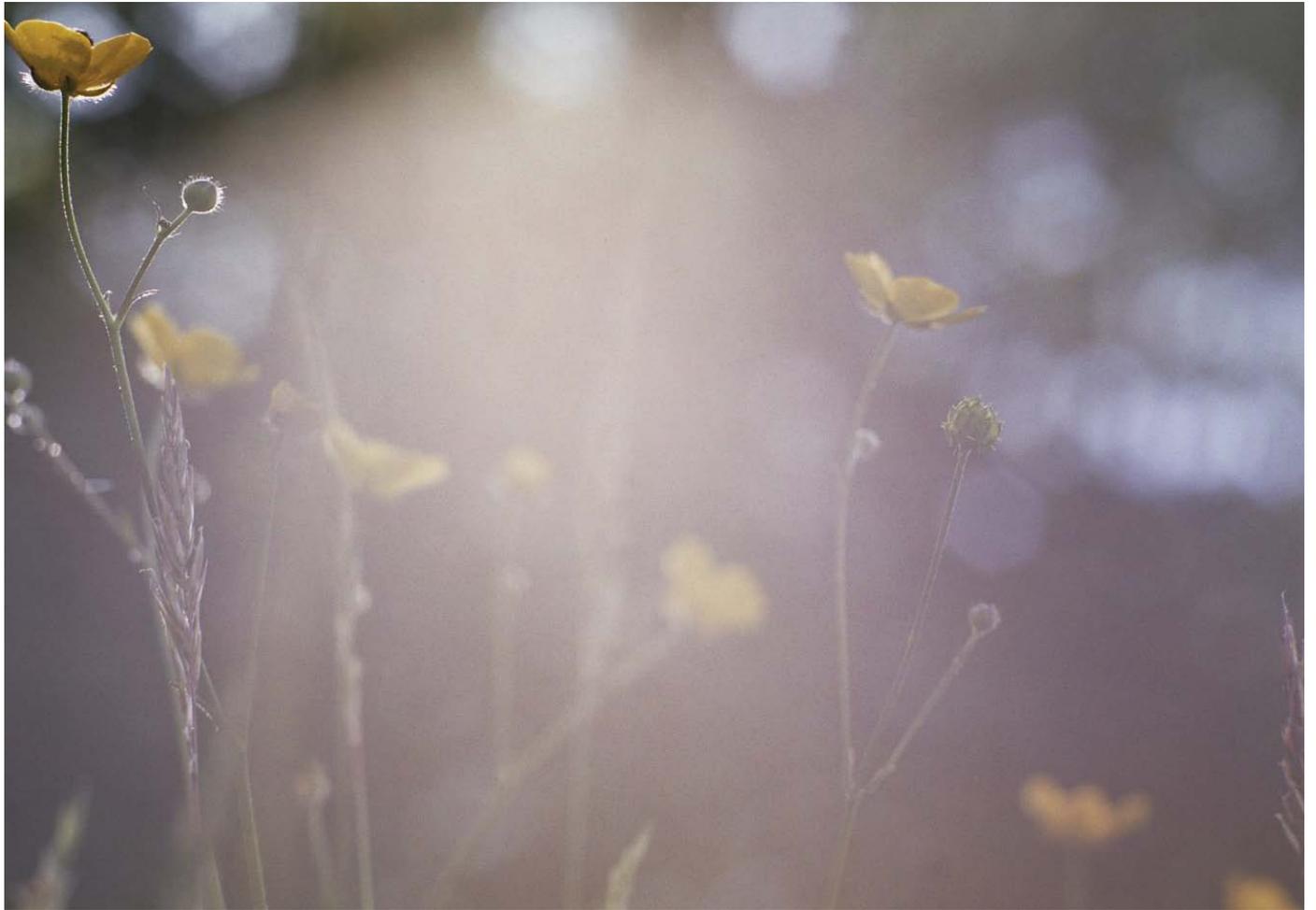
Composer

Ellen Southern

Percussion (pitched wine glasses)

Creeping Buttercup





southwark towers

i thought shard meant room for
my fist if the edges don't mind
 grazing a bit
 used by spenser for ?
 if we could dive off where
 would we divide

what is a remnant of
they told me not to use the word
is it what the creatives left behind?

is it a lack of space to let me through?
the black plastic base of london.
the docklands the basin
a mess the other side
my hands slip the sharp
hole handle tides me up & over.

when there's only one security guard on
the town is our feet. suffolk won pylon
of the month in july 2011 for giants
jump just out of the periphery

we hear but do not feel the thud

further from the power lines is where the grass
furls up the strangest.

 i saw purple flies for flowers.
 heads flapped under the skin.
 my head on the ground
 is not imagined from the top
 but we spring soft on the grass
the wind is dog's breath
 & when they spill chemicals here
ipswich burns all winter smells like shit

who knows which london will jolt us

the ISS shows us something green
 space music does not break the blue.
 my screen clouds / grass ears / dogs' tails
& at night when all of this stops projecting outwards
a soft canopy draws under the sky
absorbs the cat eyes & crickets

i forgot which bridge i hated climbing over
at the foot of each of them i thought
i hope it's not this one & felt a sway
but i meant at night when only the blasts get through

i see the light at the top of the mast.

Poet
Charlotte Geater
Composer
Jack Ross
Guitar

Crested Dog's Tail



The VICIOUS and COWARDLY Dandelion Attack

I try to keep a garden, a wooly one at that.
Only one trespasser I do not abide.
The Devil's Moustache. Witch Tassel. Snakepillow.
Do not fault me for invigilance: victory was never an option.
For each fallen, a hundred grin sinister. Damnable Darwinflower.

One fresh stalk, seeds already departed, mocks like a rude finger
Until I uproot it with any soil it may have touched.
I turned my back only briefly, I am certain. Time enough for
Another defeat, to the enemy patient and unassuming.
My boredom, distraction, optimism its jujitsu weapons.

So I strike pre-emptive, though its spilled blood grows anew.
Each severed limb hunts new soil. Easier to turn off the wind,
Or stop the night creatures from lumbering, or keep children distant
From something they can dissolve with a breath (this impulse I know).
Globe of Fairies. Wishmaker. Fecundity's Magic Wand.

In the lazy arrogance of youth, I tore and yanked part-time.
Under my electric weeder the battlefield of flowers thrived.
So I splashed lye and lime, unleashed the goats and
Salted my earth, baked the soil under microwave plastic,
Until all was dead but the toothy-leafed demon.

I cemented the ground in its grave, yet with every rain
The vampire shoot cracked through, sniffing out the sun,
Pale taproot laughing behind defenses of my construction.
Retreated now to new soils, I kneel in the dirt and fight
To redeem my history of failure, my childhood.

Each seed stands guilty of the excesses of forefathers and
Descendants. Bystanders may be uprooted, but murder
Seems sinless around so much resurrection. Choose your foe,
And you choose the palette of your life (and your bedtime reading).
Craven Tooth. Atomic Model. Monoculture of Crowds.

My heart will marshal only for unsustainable victories.
All else is a fight over spoils of boredom. Measure my glory
By the strength of my opponent; may I be almost its equal.
Easier to root out death itself
Than to kill the thing cravingest to live.

Poet
Alex MacInnis
Composer
Ian McCrae
Flute

Dandelion





Lesser Trefoil: A Gift

*And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.*

Christopher Marlowe

I found you in a grassy place.
Wet fingerfuls of greenery uncovered nibs
shining as almost-daffodils on open ground.

It saddens me to think about the rose
you kept, and pressed, and lost
after I gave it you. So I will go on finding
these new-germinated scraps of luck
in mossy patches, squeezing nectar
out of the cut edge,

knowing that you'll always keep them.
Wildflowers gather round us,
foaming life over good fortune.
I hold up, in the sunset,
three thumbprints of gold leaf,
the gold-lit windows in our flat tonight.

Poet

Charlotte Runcie

Composer

Ella Jarman-Pinto

Flute

Lesser Trefoil





Meadow Vetchling

I follow your path through
the Cumbrian hills, my first
sight of your former homeland.
Orienteering through your once-familiar,
we scramble up damp mounds,
or slide into tangles of grass.

Fields like magic carpets
outstretch into tors and dips,
whisk us past the weather-creased
faces of fellow travellers
with whom we trade 'good morning's.

Now and then, your memory slips,
leaves us standing stock-still
with the wind in our ears
trying to remember the way, while
the shadowy tarns refuse assistance.
Much can fade with the years.

I remember once you opened your hand;
a picked meadow pea rested inside.
Its one large petal a sail of gold,
the others folded into a hull
hiding some precious cargo –
like a dim sum parcel or Russian doll,
slow to bring itself to light.

Poet
Lavinia Singer
Composer
Julian Grant
Cor Anglais

Meadow Vetchling





Adult

Effeuille la marguerite. Strip off the florets
like sessile hairs swelling bulbous roots
under the scalp and coming out in handfuls.

The strong yellow sphere is breathing for you
through millions of hidden nostrils.

Let me unfold you.
Like tearing down a pest from the garden wall,
one spreading like too many Catholic children.
From every direction, they tell bees what to do,
effeuille-moi, love me or love me not.

I remember they used to grow in our garden,
the dog, the moon, ox-eye, that soft velvet-nose centre –
junky and mixed as new words in a child's mouth.

My parents imagined a French connection,
turning great-grandmother Daisy into me, Marguerite,
the ox-eye daisy, the cow snorting dust.

The flower grows so vulgar,
its names shift through the past remembered
as peeled-off petals, a waited burst of pollen.

Poet
Colette Sensier
Composer
John Barber
Oboe

Oxeye Daisy





Poppy Seeds

My hand, a tight hot secret, is wrapped around
a pair of scissors. The red hall curtain
has a rough square missing. We children stand in a row,
the culprit scissors clutched high behind my back,
all my tiny pencilled devils dancing from the walls
around me. A flower, cut from a curtain, red
scratchy carpet underfoot, the half-way-up-
the-stairs hall window, a lace net (I think imagined).
A block of light, tree outside, the pull to leap.

Under my nails, coal, soot, snot. My brothers,
in a row like soldiers, Father, pacing, full
of anger, and then, my spilling-over moment as he
makes his way along the line towards me. That
moment, just before the die is cast, when black-eyed
seeds get spilt and scattered, scarlet petals flatten.
A small heart beats between my fingers.
I raise my eyes, hold out my fist, unfold it.
My mother's nail scissors sprout wings and fly.

Poet
Charlotte Gann
Composer
Joshua Kaye
Violoncello

Poppy





Rough Hawkbit

Ragged ganglion,
hirsute above lime soil, thin
stem raising up a sun in splendour

on a basilar
rosette; gold mote in
the eye of the meat-seeker

& what else can be higher
up than the sun's basilica
stooping to pluck this eye sharp

from kempt churchyard,
from weed-scurf
from overpass?

Yes, the need for glitz,
the need to feel mawkish;
also to wrench the deep

tap root out. Measure its makeup
& what's more than this
the care with which you can take

as you would with the whole wide world, to own it.
Seeker-after-glory, here's glory, here
stationed underneath your worst idea.

Poet
James Brookes
Composer
Alec Roth
Oboe

Rough Hawkbit





Selfheal

We sat on the lawn drinking in the sun as much as our tea. It no longer looked like a lawn though as I'd long given up mowing it so that I could see the wildflowers grow. The lady's smock in spring, later the buttercups and dandelions, the tiny veronica running below, the pink spires of sheep sorrel and now the selfheal in flower – a carpet of purple to sit upon.

You showed me your thumb, grated flesh from some gardening accident. Just in the crease so that every time you bent it, the cut would crack again and weep with pain.

I took the bitter hairy leaves and a few of the purple flower of the selfheal and pounded them till they released their dark juices. I created a poultice for your thumb and wrapped it up like you were a small boy.

I saw you marvel for a second that I might know such things. That I could tell you more than just the Latin name of plants or where they'd like to live that I might know their secrets too.

The next day you picked those little hairy leaves, pounded and applied. The day after that there was no need, your thumb had stitched itself a new skin and now you too knew the plant's hidden secrets, that when you hurt, you could heal yourself.

Poet
Alys Fowler
Composer
Jim Redwood
Voice

Selfheal





Speedwell

Nurse Dandelion
is very busy
and the same goes
for Nurse Daisy

But all is not lost.
Nurse Speedwell,
the young trainee,
will tend to your woes.

Here comes Nurse Speedwell
in a fairy breeze.
See her tiny blue light
on the white of her sleeve.

Speed thee well, Miss Speedwell
Speed thee well, April belle.

Poet
John Agard
Composer
Katherine Gilham
Violin

Speedwell





Viper's Bugloss

White pigs and horses on wet grass lay dead
When sun-lips pink in vivid blue descends
On mathematicians and the red stained bee
A cancer bloods this poem: Washington.

Dusk bugs with flailing arms invade despair
Suck bitten tails that arch to meet a tongue
That senses nothing but the voice's shell
Which logic forms as flowers in a pun.

The arid roadsides of Ramallah watched
As we removed the poets from the shops
To plant black ovoid seeds in eyeless pots
For every optic nerve dissects from sight.

Long scales defect to pitch-bend through the weed
While pigs and horses cell death on night grass.

Poet
Steve Willey
Composer
Jason Anderson
Clarinet

Viper's Bugloss





Reseda Lutea* Returns to the City

Nature sows, earth grows
wind carries, seeds tarry
ground accepts, water wets
time roots, plants shoot
earth powers wild flowers
green stems, yellow hems
clump together, summer weather
bees alight, butterflies white
mignonette - dry steppes
meadow grass, stony paths
wasteland, clay, sand
train tracks, between cracks.

In the city, what a pity
law sours wild flowers
man weeds, roots cede,
stone stark, nature dark
flowerless, years pass
man sees man's needs
very pretty, in the city
man sows, nature owns
time roots, plants shoot
hand in land, land in hand.
Nature sows, earth grows

*Wild Mignonette

Poet
Jane Metcalfe
Composer
Benjamin Graves
Viola

Wild Mignonette



Wild Mignonette has not been found

An Achilles-Shaped Hole in *The Iliad*

Homer records a handsome dude, yellow haired with sea-green eyes, though is it me, but in a few of the friezes does he resemble Rolf Harris? Whatever. They say he knocked them dead, in various ways, as talented as loving as he was at fighting, and everyone trembled

when he showed them his sword. The fastest Greek on two feet, and smoother than silk with the lyre. Held a tune, or so the bard tells us, and sensitive enough towards beasts that he could speak *horse*. I know. Bless. They all swooned

before him. Achilles: named for tears and sorrow, who liked going inside women's clothes so much that, according to the lore, he eventually wore nothing else – became the first cross-dresser, as such,

and nearly convinced his posse that he was a girl before they saw through his ruse and won him back. Still, it's good to imagine a world where she wriggled free, safe from war and death in Troy, and went wiggling through the woods

on the only heels she ever won fame for, so that bards in those parts now sing the modest epic of the girl in the dress with a full beard, who played a didgeridoo when the sun was setting.

Not *The Iliad*, no. But in those tranquil verses, Achilles still searches the wasteland for yarrow, as he'd done long ago when he helped the nurses to gentle the wounds left by swords and arrows.

Except now she doesn't need the blood to flow before she finds an appetite to staunch it. Achilles: once the god of fighting and sorrow, now studying the hay-meadows on her haunches,

in search of the feathery leaves and cobweb hairs, the yarrow's daisies. What a miracle, she thinks: to be the balm that heals. As wise as a flower, she widens her eyes into the sunshine. Drinks.

Poet

Dave Swann

Composer

Peter Longworth

Viola

Yarrow





Biographies

Natasha Bidgood was born in London and studied Fine Art Sculpture at Wimbledon School of Art. She started using the school darkroom when she was 14 and has since worked in both commercial and fine art photography. Inspired by exhibiting in a specialist flower shop, Natasha initially worked as a florist in order to learn about – and gain access – to a range of flowers, wild and cultivated. She worked as a freelance florist for 10 years. Natasha lives and works as a photographer in Brighton and London.

Clare Whistler

Artist in Residence Bunces Barn 2009-12. For the past 30 years Clare has worked both nationally and internationally as a performer, choreographer, director, collaborator and curator in performance, dance, opera, large and small community projects, site specific work and visual art.
www.clarewhistler.co.uk

Poets

John Agard Playwright, poet, short-story and children's writer. John Agard was born in British Guiana (now Guyana) in 1949. He moved to the UK in 1977. He has published numerous books of poetry winning the Paul Hamlyn Award in 1997 and has traveled extensively throughout the world performing his poetry.

Sean Borodale has been Fellow of the Wordsworth Trust, Guest Artist at the Rijkskademie in Amsterdam, and writer-in-residence at the Miro Foundation in Majorca. His work includes *Notes for an Atlas*, written whilst walking around London, *Mighty Beast*, a documentary poem about cattle markets, and *Bee Journal*, a poem-journal of beekeeping, out this year with Jonathan Cape.

James Brookes (b. 1986) grew up a short walk away from Shelley's boyhood home in rural Sussex. In 2009, he won a major Eric Gregory Award and Pighog Press published his pamphlet *The English Sweets*. His full-

length debut *Sins of the Leopard* is forthcoming from Salt Publishing in October 2012.

Jane Buckler has worked as a librettist for the Education departments of the Royal Opera House, Opera North, English National Opera, Glyndebourne Opera and Welsh National Opera. Plays include work for Oxford Stage Co., OTC and BBC Radio4. Creative Partnerships published two short stories for schools (2008). Jane is working on a children's novel.

Alys Fowler started gardening in her early teens and after leaving school she trained with the Royal Horticultural Society, The New Botanical Gardens and the Royal Botanic Gardens Kew. She is a writer and tv presenter. She has a column in *The Guardian* and has presented on *Gardeners' World*, *The Edible Garden* and *Our Food*. Mostly though she like growing things.

Charlotte Gann grew up in Lewes, Sussex. After studying English at UCL, she worked for years as an editor in London. She has an MA in Creative Writing and

Personal Development from the University of Sussex, and her poetry pamphlet, *The Long Woman*, was published by Pighog Press in 2011.

Charlotte Geater is 22 and lives in London. She's studying part-time at the University of Kent for an MA in Creative Writing. She has been published in *Stop Sharpening Your Knives*, *The Rialto*, and *The Salt Book of Younger Poets*.

Deborah Harrison is an environmental poet and storyteller who paints 'word pictures' about wild places. As a mountaineer and sea kayaker she has made creative journeys into wilderness, rivers and woodland. Active as a 'poet reader' for Resurgence Trust she has explored how we are shaped by inner landscapes and faith. She contributes to eco-arts trails and festivals.

Alex MacInnis writes poems and tales of modest length. He has also written for radio and is a film maker and editor. He has worked as a limousine driver, tree trimer, printer's assistant and zombie make-up artist as well as a photographer.

Jane Metcalfe comes from a performance background, singing mainly, and experimental performance. She teaches singing and leads voice workshops on the Music Therapy course at the GSMD. She has written for numerous creative reminiscence projects, teaches creative writing to the over 50s and writes for her own pleasure. A particular passion is enabling older people to access and express their authentic creativity.

Charlotte Runcie is a former Foyle Young Poet of the Year and winner of the Christopher Tower Poetry Prize. A pamphlet of her poems, *seventeen horse skeletons*, is published by tallighthouse, and she has been featured in anthologies *The Salt Book of Younger Poets* and *Best Scottish Poems 2011*. She lives in Edinburgh.

Jo Shapcott teaches on the MA in Creative Writing at Royal Holloway, University of London. Her collection *Of Mutability* was published by Faber and Faber in 2010 and won the Costa Book Award. In 2011 Jo was

awarded the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry.

Lavinia Singer is currently studying for a Poetry Masters at Royal Holloway. Having won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford, she spent the year post-university working at the Serpentine Gallery, tutoring and interning at Poetry Review. She is co-editor of Oxford Poetry magazine.

Colette Sensier is a 23 year old living and writing in London. Her poetry has won several young people's poetry prizes including the Tower and Foyle's, and been included in anthologies published by Salt Press and Oxfam. Her first pamphlet, entitled *How Many Camels is Too Many?* was published by Holdfire Press.

David Swann's collection *The Privilege of Rain* (Waterloo Press) was shortlisted for the 2011 Ted Hughes Award. It was based on his experiences as a writer-in-residence in a high security jail. A former local newspaper reporter, he now teaches at the University of Chichester. His stories and poems have been widely published, and

achieved five successes at the Bridport Prize.

Kay Syrad's publications include a poetry collection, *Double Edge* (2012), a novel, *The Milliner* and the *Phrenologist* (2009) and two artists' monographs. She teaches writing, and reviews poetry for Artemis. Kay belongs to the artists' collective, Art in Touch, and is currently working with the innovative ReAuthoring Project (South East).

Steve Willey (b. 1984) lives in Whitechapel and co-runs Openned (openned.com). His poetry is anthologized in *Better Than Language* (Ganzfeld, 2011) and *City State* (*Penned in the Margins*, 2009), and also appears in *Y1 Communication*, *Past Simple*, and *Onedit* magazines. He is undertaking a collaborative PhD at Queen Mary, University of London: *Bob Cobbing's Performances*.

Composers

Jason Anderson is a British Filipino composer. He is currently completing a post-graduate fellow in composition, having recently graduated with an MMus at Guildhall Hall School of Music of Drama. Recent composition highlights include a performance and Radio 3 broadcast of a chamber ensemble piece for members of the BBC Symphony Orchestra and students of Guildhall school. He is currently working on a collaborative project for chamber ensemble, African percussionists, and dancers.

Jonathan Dove Winner of the 2008 Ivor Novello Award for classical music, Jonathan Dove has written twentyfive operas of different shapes and sizes, including works for television, operas for a family audience and large-scale community operas. In 2008 he joined the Cape Farewell voyage to the Arctic, and has subsequently been developing opera projects relating to climate change.

John Barber is a composer and workshop leader from Bristol with a passion for drama, collaboration and vocal music. He studied with Sir Harrison Birtwistle (Kings College London) and has gone on to compose for some of the country's leading arts institutions including Royal Opera House, Wigmore Hall, Spitalfields Festival and Glyndebourne. Recent operas include *We are Shadows* – a new community opera for Spitalfields Festival, performed to critical acclaim in June 2011 and *Consider the Lilies*, a major cantata for La Folia orchestra which was performed at St Martin in the Fields in November 2010. *Consider the Lilies* was the winner of a British Composer Award in 2011. His first full-length opera, *Eleanor Vale*, will be performed in July 2012.

Jonathan Gill studied composition with William Mathias and John Pickard and conducting with James Lockhart at the University of Wales and the Royal College of Music. Recent credits include: *Carousel*, *Of Thee I Sing* and *Let 'Em Eat Cake* (Opera North),

The Sound Of Music (UK tour), *The Wizard Of Oz* (Royal Festival Hall), Richard Taylors new Opera *Confucius Says* (Hackney Empire, RPS Award 2009). Jonathan arranged and conducted *School4Lovers*, a hip hop version of *Cosi fan Tutte* (Glyndebourne, Finnish National Opera and Estonian National Opera), and was musical arranger for adaptations of *Le Nozze Di Figaro*, *Carmen* and *Die Fledermaus* (New Vic, Stoke).

Katherine Gillham (b.1986) is a composer and vocalist based in London. In 2009 she received the Douglas and Hilda Simmons award to study at the Royal College of Music, where she graduated with MMus Composition for Screen in 2011. Katherine has since scored critically acclaimed documentaries and short films, recently including a series of documentaries for the Global Survivors Network (GSN).

Julian Grant has lived in London, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Beijing and is currently in Princeton. He is best known for his operas – *Hot House* premieres in July at the Royal Opera House. His collected

songs and piano works are published by Andromache Books. www.juliangrant.net

Benjamin Graves

started his musical life as a clarinetist, undertaking undergraduate studies in orchestral performance at the Birmingham Conservatoire. Ben then turned his attentions to new music, both performing and composing and pursued a composition Masters at the Guildhall School under James Weeks, with funding from The Worshipful Company of Tobacco Pipe Makers, The Worshipful Company of Tylers and Bricklayers and the Countess of Munster Musical Trust, achieving a distinction in his first year. His compositions have been performed widely, either by himself or others in venues and festivals across the UK including the Adrian Boult Hall and Birmingham Chamber Music Society showcase in Birmingham; Barbican, City of London Festival, a dance work at The Place, a dance work for children at the Popup Festival of Stories, BBC's Maida Vale Studios and the Wigmore Hall in London.

Ella Jarman-Pinto studied composition at Guildhall School of Music and Drama with Julian Philips, receiving distinctions in her principle study. Ella is currently on the Adopt-A-Composer scheme and recently had her one-second piece performed by London Sinfonietta at the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Ella is also Development Officer at CoMA (Contemporary Music for All). www.ellajarman-pinto.co.uk

Josh Kaye is a London based composer and lyricist who studied at Guildhall School of Music and Drama. He has written extensively for both the theatre and the concert hall. Some of his previous work includes *Tales From Ovid* (GSMD), *London Cuckolds* (GSMD), *The Birthday Party* (Maddenmarket Theatre, Norwich) and *The Leopardi Project* (Tricolour Theatre company). In addition to this he has worked with the BBC Singers, Shakespeare's Globe and has had work performed at Wigmore Hall.

Peter Longworth (b.1990) was awarded a scholarship

to study composition at the Guildhall in 2008, where he studies with Matthew King. His music has been performed in the UK, Canada, Germany, Poland and Malta. Recent highlights have included the premieres of his chamber opera in the Silk Street Theatre, and of 'blueprint', by NYOS Futures conducted by Will Conway.

Ian McCrae

After completing his studies at university and Music College with Francis Shaw and John McCabe, he worked as a freelance composer, orchestrator and conductor before training as a teacher. He has written two symphonies, three operas and a vast folio of other commissioned music and orchestrations that are widely performed with bodies such as Classic FM, the Philharmonia orchestra and Glyndebourne

James Redwood is a composer and workshop leader whose practice thrives on collaboration and partnership. Since his first chamber opera for Glyndebourne Education in 2005, he has written pieces with and for groups

of professional and non-professional performers across the country. He has twice been shortlisted for the British Composer Awards.

Jim Redwood is a self-taught musician. He has written music occasionally over the years, mostly for productions for parents and children for his children's schools many years ago.

Jack Ross graduated from Birmingham Conservatoire in 2001 and has since been based in London. He works as a composer, session musician, workshop leader and performer. As a composer Jack has written music for Channel 4, Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, ENO Bayliss, City of London Sinfonia, and was shortlisted for a BASCA national composer award in 2010 for a sinfonia ViVA commission. As a guitarist Jack has performed alongside Marianne Faithful, John Surman, Cerys Matthews, Herbie Flowers, and many others.

Alec Roth is probably best known for his settings of texts by the Indian writer Vikram

Seth, including a cycle of four major co-commissions for the Salisbury, Chelsea and Lichfield Festivals, 2006-9. The second, *Shared Ground* was recently released on CD to coincide with the publication of Vikram's book about their collaboration, *The Rivered Earth*.

Ellen Southern is a London-based composer, singer and artist. Born in London in 1977, she grew up in rural Carmarthenshire. After studying Fine Art in Bristol (UWE), she collaborated in creative projects across Europe. Southern studied music at Morley College, and is currently doing an MA in Performance and Visual Practices at The University of Brighton. mail@ellensouthern.co.uk

Performance, 30 June 2012

Bindweed
Composer Jonathan Dove
Poet Jane Buckler
Musician Justin Snyder
Performer Florence Grover

Creeping Buttercup
Composer Ellen Southern
Poet Sean Borodale
Musician Emma King
Performer Jo Piddock

Meadow Vetchling
Composer Julian Grant
Poet Lavinia Singer
Musician Fiona Mynall
Performer Alba Allan Torriset

Speedwell
Composer Katherine Gilham
Poet John Agard
Musician Jenna Sherry
Performer Martha Stutchbury

Dandelion
Composer Ian McCrae
Poet Alex MacInnis
Musician Martha Lloyd
Performer Freya Wynn-Jones

Bluebell
Composer James Redwood
Poet Deborah Harrison
Musician Marta López
Fernández
Performer Olivia Bishop

Oxeye Daisy
Composer John Barber
Poet Colette Sensier
Musician Fiona Mynall
Performer Sophie Pemberton

Crested Dog's Tail
Composer Jack Ross
Poet Charlotte Geater
Musician Thomas Abela
Performer Katie Richardson

Black Knapweed
Composer Jonathan Gill
Poet Kay Syrad
Musician Anaïs Lalange
Performer Philippa Urquhart

Selfheal
Composer Jim Redwood
Poet Alys Fowler
Musician Bea Hankey
Performer Scarlet Sheriff

Rough Hawkbit
Composer Alec Roth
Poet James Brooks
Musician Rebecca Millward
Performer Sue Reardon Smith

Viper's Bugloss
Composer Jason Anderson
Poet Steve Willey
Musician Emily Heathcote
Performer Alice Roots

Lesser Trefoil
Composer Ella Jarman-Pinto
Poet Charlotte Runcie
Musician Hannah Watts
Performer Laura Gwynne

Poppy
Composer Joshua Kaye
Poet Charlotte Gann
Musician Andrew Power
Performer Louis Brady

Wild Mignonette
Composer Ben Graves
Poet Jane Metcalfe
Musician Stephen Upshaw
Performer Laurence Target

Yarrow
Composer Peter Longworth
Poet Dave Swann
Musician Emily Hester
Performer Will Moore

Bees
Poet Jo Shapcott
Performers Sophia Carr-
Gomm, Rosa Friend, Sophia
Campeau-Ferman

Wildflower Anthology

Photographer Natasha Bidgood
Curator Clare Whistler

With thanks to the generosity of all the poets and composers, musicians and performers, who have gifted their work to celebrate wildflowers.

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