

Autumn's Gild Spins Upon the Breeze

Earth scent, rich, fecund,
draws velvet cheek to sodden ground,
drizzle mists on crimson lips,
black mulch stains rough fingertips,
Autumn's gild spins upon the breeze,
burnished leaf drops from sentinel trees.
The fertile land grows a minute older.
The memory of my head,
in the curve of your shoulder.

'Song of the River' is a love story of the heart and to the land which is set along the River Findhorn in Moray. As well as a series of paintings, poems and music, Andrea Turner has also produced a book which incorporates the images and text. 'Song of the River' is comprised of the series of connected oil paintings which have a collective narrative. Parts of the text from the poem accompany each of the paintings.

The poems in this handout were written by Andrea for some of the paintings you can see on exhibition.

An A4 soft backed book with full colour images and the entire text of Song of the River is available to buy for £12. Please email grampian.hospitalsarttrust@nhs.net or phone 01224 551776 to purchase a copy.

Song of the River

Poems by Andrea Turner

Dreaming Time Awakens

Sing of the silence to me
unspoken world.
Dark secrets flood the air,
although the sweet night swears
there are no secrets here.
The song of the mountain's breath
in your cupped hands.

In your cupped hands
the song of the mountains breath.
There are no secrets here,
although the sweet night swears
dark secrets flood the air.
Unspoken world
sing of the silence to me.

All The Land is Music

A child enters into this holy house,
dangles peach-soft feet in the youthful burn,
chants a rhyme of unknowing.
The piper at the gates of daybreak,
brings his flute to his mouth and plays.
Spellbound she listens
inhaling enchantment,
deeper and deeper descends the note,
deeper and deeper she moves,
beyond body, beyond breath.
All the land is music
as she rises to heed the call.

In Joyful Union We Lose Ourselves

In joyful union we lose ourselves
beside the river's artery,
as it scores a reflective line
into the emerald valley.
Love's tender mirror unlatches our
hearts,
we flow within each other.
Awash we rest on pebbled banks
beach our fears,
cover our eyes with bliss.

My Love Sleeps Soundly

My love sleeps soundly
on a shifting bed, heart flowing
towards the open sea.

Red casket spilt on the raw red earth.
Though I wander through the valley
There is naught but fear.

Your touch is fading from my fingertips,
My soul is hunting
For loves lost belief.

My Love sleeps soundly
On a shifting bed, heart flowing
To the open sea.

I Map Your Contours in My Mind

I map your contours in my mind,
Walk diligently in your footsteps,
placing my feet, askance.
Each step blurs your edges,
erases your distinction.

The soul's sacred path
is a pilgrimage to the self
The soul's sacred path
is a pilgrimage to oneself.
My soul's sacred path
is a pilgrimage to myself, listen,
I am of you, yet I am not you.

The Gentle Witness

Love summons me;
In the depths of night I hear the call,
my heart is yearning for you.
In the embrace of sleep,
your touch imagines me,
dreams passions flower.
The new day's scarlet dawning
bathes my reverent eyes,
I stand unclothed, before love
the empress without disguise.

The gentle witness watches from the shore,
starlight tumbling from his open hands.

A Deep Rich Pool Full of Dreams

A deep rich pool full of dreams.
A deep dark pool full of sorrow.
A deep still pool of contemplation,
blackened by depth,
blued by reflection,
bejewelled with rocks,
is held in the land's embrace.

The Chapel is Roofed with Birdsong

Time shifts, my feet bare
to touch the earth,
flowers blossom in my footprints.
Tall trees form serene arches,
temples on this ancient land.
This chapel is roofed with birdsong,
hemmed with springing moss.
A standing stone shadows the sun.
The dead are not here, but still
their leaving lingers.
The supple green land is thick clad
with an aurelian mass of wild daffodils.