

Sample of Work

Landscape: London (2021)

Weeds, herbs, vegetables, flowers and shrubs, field note texts.



A hundred meters from Kennington Station a beet, earth-scented, plump, ripens in the soil. At Peckham Rye, hawthorns brighten hedgerows with their berries. The streets at Rotherhithe are freighted with sloes. In Camberwell Grove, the chamomile have gone to seed.

Honour your city. Observe the bramble-wrapped pylons, the train tracks. Let thorns snag the pad of your thumb and scratch your wrist. Cup the soft-skinned blackberry, ripe and many-pocketed, in your palm. Rub its leaves, lick it, feel its sweetness stain your tongue. Believe in the miracle of a plant out of place. Do not dismiss the weed, but listen as it whispers of ancient Thebes and Babylon. Catch the echoes of a sacred past. Seek its virtues. Let it be, for a moment, numinous.

Still Life (2022)

Air dry clay, river clay, sandpit sand, beach sand, hot chocolate, food colouring, rescue remedy, sun cream, fennel seeds, chamomile, rose petals, blackberry, childrens clothing, craft paint, felt tips, vitamins, pva glue, milk, nappy rash cream, house paint, ground roof tiles, coffee, pastels, hundreds and thousands, thyroxin, plant hormone, marble, acorn cups, cup, vase, cockle shell, stones, bean seed, chalk, madder, rust on filled wooden boxes.



Woken again in the sodium dawn, flecks of grit grist my eye.

I am stuffed full, knocked sideways.

I stroke the shield of my fist against smooth, warm cotton,
as your cry falls on me like an open mouth.

This is where we are:

here, in the teeth.

You: building a staircase out from my throat

Me: gape-necked, split-lipped, annointed,
flattened by the force of my own unfolding.

I long to wrap my head in blank, white paper,
but inside this breaking body

flocks of imaginary birds drum their wing beats across my heart.

There is rich silt in this roofed house, inside these narrow-necked, cupped walls,
this tented ceiling of stretched skin.

Dream canvas.

The white sheet is all I desire.

I sit and vomit my diet of words like so much milk.

And find, in my hand, a round, grey pebble. Its smooth, hard edges are pure.

Also pure: my desire to lance it through the window.

Your voice unstitches bounded parts of me.

I feel my self sliding like sand downriver,

Unreachable. Languageless.

There is nothing to grab hold of here:

not privacy, not purity, not righteousness.

I could sew your every stitch with hand-spun yarn

Make soap from lanolin and clay

Teach you the names of seeds and how they grow

And still, in the end, be implicated.

There is no way to get this right

I think

As, in the kitchen, sugar electrifies my tongue like so many stars

And I wonder, as so often: when is it too much, the cost of pleasure?

I don't know where it leads, the staircase you're building from my stripped skin.

I do know once it's built I can climb out too.

All I need is my own permission.

When I enter the dream canvas

eyes watch us from the beech tree branches

My skin comes alive

and music pours like rain down my spine.

Inside the reshaped bowl of my body,

on the bowed edge-line of my life

If I will it,

there is space both for error and for fruiting.

Cluster (2022)

Dimensions variable,

House paint, pastels, hot chocolate, lavender, st john's wort, food colouring, elderberry, probiotics, plant hormone, clays, mushroom compost, one use plastics, scraps from a wild flower guide, ceramic vase, sunflower seeds, carrstone, shell, chalk, glue, lace doily, candle, milk bottle, cellotape, chamomile, calendula, food colouring, pencil, rust, nettles, children's clothes, wood, nails, cider vinegar, sea buckthorn, washing powder, sunflower seeds etc.



What is happening to time?
is surely a question that belongs elsewhere
in a place brim-full
of confidence in meaning.
By which I mean rational meaning,
void of trash and frayed edges.
But time holds fast
to detritus: the sloping shoulders
of a polished milk bottle,
the jars and vases
jumble-stacked on garage shelves,

Grandma's lace doily
with the fussy scallops
shaping time no more or less precisely
than the ferrous edges
of a lump of carr.

Last year we planted
sunflowers in our garden
near the baby oak.
You were two,
your mouth hinged open
like a jug and
joy poured out
each time your tiny fingers
turfed the pliant soil.
Mummy, you said—
a smear of dirt tracked above your lip—
What grows when we plant a stone?