

*A locked in flow moves through memories, land and time.*



*A world connects with a space inside my head, where thoughts wander freely.*



*Stumbling upon experiences real and imagined.*

*Layers of histories and hopes, some owned and some borrowed.*



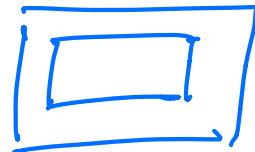
*Two hundred years of time are trampled*

*and worn into the paths along this watery route.*



*The heritage of a grand project and as a dead poet from God's own country said, 'a gloomy memorial of*

*place. The fouled nest of the Industrial Revolution that had flown'.*



*It is a hotchpotch of a space.*

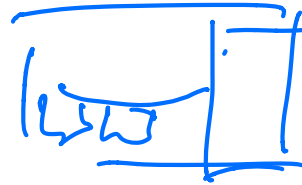
*There are shipshape gardens and drowned shopping trolleys.*



*Lovers' graffiti and the anger of the disillusioned.*

*Those living the grey dream, afloat 50 footers.*

*Those subsisting on the margins.*



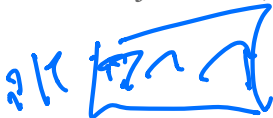
*There are no celebrities on barges, and no café culture along these banks.*

*But there are 'stories and songs that hang in that space between memory and water.'*

*There are doors that once were, land cut with shovels, relics of industry and bird song.*



*There are makeshift shelters, and childhood memories encrusted in rusty bicycles.*



*Whoever shouts the loudest claims a space. The water calmly reflects.*

*It's from Leeds to Liverpool where my mind wanders.*

*Through worlds within a world. Between presence and memory.*

