THE

POETRY LOVER'S GARDEN

FIONA CADWALLADER DESIGNS





RHS CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW 2017

#RHSChelsea STAND AR566



INSPIRATION

The Poetry Lover's Garden presents a tranquil retreat in which to enjoy the pleasures of reading outside in the sunshine near the sound of water. It combines formal structure with relaxed planting using both modern and traditional materials.

Rooftop-pruned lime trees reference the garden's inspiration, Samuel Taylor Coleridge's Romantic poem *This Lime Tree Bower My Prison*. The garden alludes to a world beyond itself while creating a meditative space in which nature, the poem and the imagination come together.

The garden includes references found in the poem, such as ivy-clad dry stone walls, a waterfall represented by a stainless steel water feature, and beanflowers, while polished concrete represents ease, modernity and reflection. A gate into the wildflower-filled orchard to the rear of the garden offers a hint of escape into a less secluded world and the pleasures of human contact. All these elements conjure the uplifting spirituality of the poem's dramatic conclusion, leaving the viewer afloat on the power of the imagination.

This Lime Tree Bower My Prison

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(Addressed to Charles Lamb, of the India House, London)

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain, This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost Beauties and feelings, such as would have been Most sweet to my remembrance even when age Had dimm'd mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile, Friends, whom I never more may meet again, On springy heath, along the hill-top edge, Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance, To that still roaring dell, of which I told; The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep, And only speckled by the mid-day sun; Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchless ash, Unsunn'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still, Fann'd by the water-fall! and there my friends Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds, That all at once (a most fantastic sight!) Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again The many-steepled tract magnificent Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea. With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on In gladness all; but thou, methinks, most glad, My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast bined And hunger'd after Nature, many a year. In the great City pent, winning thy way With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun! Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb, Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds! Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves! And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my friend Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood, Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem Less gross than bodily; and of such hues As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad As I myself were there! Nor in this bower, This little lime-tree bower, have I not mark'd Much that has sooth'd me. Pale beneath the blaze Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd Some broad and sunny leaf, and lov'd to see The shadow of the leaf and stem above Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut-tree Was richly ting'd, and a deep radiance lay Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue Through the late twilight: and though now the bat Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters, Yet still the solitary humble-bee Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure; No plot so narrow, be but Nature there, No waste so vacant, but may well employ Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart Awake to Love and Beauty! and sometimes 'Tis well to be bereft of promis'd good, That we may lift the soul, and contemplate With lively joy the joys we cannot share. My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook Beat its straight path along the dusky air Homewards, I blest it! deeming its black wing (Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light) Had cross'd the mighty Orb's dilated glory, While thou stood'st gazing; or, when all was still, Flew creeking o'er thy head, and had a charm For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.



Bearded Iris 'Sable'

Geranium 'Mrs Kendall Clark'

Pulmonaria 'Majeste'



Astrantia major 'Star of Billion'



Galium odoratum



Pittosporum tenuifolium 'Irene Paterson'



Ajuga 'Black Scallop'



Bearded Iris 'Jurassic Park'

Geranium phaeum 'Lily Lovell'

Ranunculus acris



Alchemilla mollis





Selaginella kraussiana



Amsonia tabaernaemontana var. salicifolia



Curled parsley



Hosta 'Devon Green'



Silene fimbriata



Anchusa azurea 'Loddon Royalist'



Digitalis purpurea f. albiflora



Hosta undulata var. univittata

Tellima grandiflora



Tilia europaea 'Euchlora'

Anthriscus sylvestris

Euphorbia x pasteurii

Leucanthemum vulgare



Paeonia lactiflora 'Jan van Leeuwen'

Asarum europaeum



Fragaria vesca



Asplenium trichomanes

Philadelphus 'Belle Etoile'



Viola labradorica

OTHER **FEATURED PLANTS**

Alchemilla hoppeana Asplenium scolopendrium Briza media Broad beans Cymbalarium muralis Epimedium x youngianum 'Niveum' Foeniculum vulgare 'Purpureum' Hedera helix 'Sagittifolia' Iris sibirica 'Papillon' Kirengeshoma palmata Libertia grandiflora Melica altissima 'Alba' Myosotis arvensis Peony 'Shirley Temple' Phlox divaricatus 'Clouds of Perfume' Pulmonaria 'Opal' Pyrus 'Weinbirne' Silene vulgaris Thalictrum 'Black Stockings' Trollius x cultorum 'Lemon Oueen' Waldsteinia ternata

#CFSpoet

GET LYRICAL AT CHELSEA!

Gardens have inspired great poems throughout history, from Homer's Garden of Alcinous to Milton's Paradise Lost, through to Elizabeth Jenning's In a Garden.

It was a poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, This Lime Tree Bower My Prison, which provided the inspiration for Fiona Cadwallader's Artisan Garden at RHS Chelsea Flower Show 2017.

Why not create a short 'Micro-Poem' about The Poetry Lover's Garden, or any of the incredible floral delights here at RHS Chelsea Flower Show (CFS), or share a short verse from a gardeninspired poem that you love.

Please post these on Twitter, Facebook or Instagram using the hashtag #CFSpoet so we can bring all your poems together.

Your 'Micro-Poems' can also be submitted via a pen and paper, here on The Poetry Lover's Garden in our special Poem Pot at the side of the garden. Each day Fiona will select her #CFSpoet of the Day from all the entries and will post her favourite on her Facebook or Twitter pages @FMCadwallader

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PHOTO CREDITS Tilia europaea

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