

Woman Worms. – *inspired by the women of Oxford's past and present who have yet to be recognised and recorded.*

Amongst dreaming spires, they call us liars, actors in a play that never touched the stage.

So does the play exist?...

Amongst rooftops of rich men I stood to think then about hidden lives, hidden smiles, hidden voices and crocodiles. Like them most of us is underwater or underground.

Layers waiting to be found.

Eyes peering out, searching for recognition. But these women have not been written about.

The two towers have basements after all where secrets are locked up, real rings gleam amongst fakes. Pristine grass holds the dirtiest dirt, brown mush full of worms waiting, wanting to cross thresholds they need to fight for.

But how do you speak with such little voice?