

KARI: A lone seed stuck planted unable to blow within the wind
its weeds grow sporadically unable to find a place within
but with the wind came spring and with spring came the sun.
It grew and it flourished. This city became our town.

JOY WHITE: My family are from Jamaica. My parents came in the 1950s
and started off in West London, Notting Hill Gate, Ladbroke Grove, Brixton,
The usual places where Jamaican migrant communities went in those days.
And then somehow, by some quirk of fate, here's where we are.

ALEX: Torn between mirrors and fiberglass
a voice whispers what is your name?

JOY WHITE: Out of sight, out of mind, and just rendered out of time and out of place.

ALEX: In ancient language a wise man speaks through masquerade
the only thing faster than light is darkness for it was there before
the light asked the darkness, what is your name?

JOY WHITE: Well, multicultural in that forest Gate is part of the London borough of
Newham.

Like many London boroughs, it has a very diverse population.
People that came, like my parents did in the 1950s and afterwards,
in search of work, in search of a better life.

LALAH: You see, you
You'd forget your head if it wasn't screwed on
Catching keys thrown from the balcony by your mum
Because life is lifeing"
Phone didn't charge because the lekki got shut off in the night.
But at least the ice is still frozen. Am I right?
Like life's. lifeing.
You shut the fridge and open it again and that's life,
lifeing.

NANCY: A world buzzing outside
of a window three stories high
Sharing walls with families
below and beside

as worldly aromas rise and drift
From the many mothers' kitchens
As their young ones rift
in the streets
with aggressive graffiti stitchings

Patterns of the 70s unfurl at the corners
Every household item informed by foreigners
The child inside holds peace in his heart
For all the passers by from worlds apart

JOY WHITE: The costs of living are rising, but wages stay the same.

So all of these things that are national problems and international problems of the west, to some extent,

the gap between the haves and the have nots kind of come together in this place.

Newham is a place where there's more than 100 languages that are spoken.

You have this really interesting confluence of people from the Caribbean,
from various African countries as well. You can trace Britain's colonial adventures, if
you like, around the world

in a place like this, where it all comes together. So it is very multicultural.

And then more recently, people coming from Eastern Europe as well.

And all of that kind of comes together in this place.

KARI: A foundation laid strong and thick.

The shallow notes we played on this town's piano created the beginnings of our first
song

With the first, became the second. This town we were destined to belong.

THE REPEAT BEAT POET: all of what we hope to be

for humanity we build the dream

Inch by inch we invite in

each of us to build the dream

KARI: the big smoke looks on with envy as it tears apart what's new

it takes and it takes till it's broken damaged and used

the wrecking ball of London tears down old to make the new.

But little did the city know its we towns were its only glue.

NANCY: Barking Road is truly barking,

As hooligans command the streets on match day

A bicycle chain ticks

a curious young mind tinkers

“Practicing kindness is child’s play”

He says from a home where one must grow up swiftly
Be careful not to overlook
The unsung heroes in this city

ALEX: Everybody’s wrong, everybody’s right have they no name?

KARI: The work, the days, the bricks, A foundation laid strong and thick.
The shallow notes we played on this town's piano created the beginnings of our first
song.

THE REPEAT BEAT POET: singing from the same hymn book
take a look as we build the dream

JOY: In a place where grime was the sonic backdrop, how does that still happen
when the youth centers are gone?
The places where young people used to gather are no longer accessible in the same
way.
This idea of creative clusters where people can gather, bounce off each other, share
ideas, innovate, compete,
that’s pretty much a lot of what, especially the emerging grime scene in those early
days was about.

THE REPEAT BEAT POET: Growing from shared roots to build the dream
you’re on my team, I’m in your group
love, work, play and live
all of this to build the dream

JOY WHITE: 20 years ago, when grime was emerging from around here, those
young people found a way to create something
that not just not just changed the way that they lived in the area they were in, but
changed a sonic landscape.
Grime shook up the world. Could that happen again here?...

NANCY: Figures of light emerge
From their own dark corners
Offering a hand, an upsurge
in kindness and places for reformation
Opening the doors
To new creations

KARI: The clock that keeps on turning not knowing what to expect

we know the sun will always rise as each day becomes the next

LALAH: Life is trying to burst out like a curled new leaf.

Life is trying to move from survival to thriving.

Eventually dying

Cells renew each day

NANCY: As the city grows taller

Our voices become louder

And our community continues
to weave between the crevices and corners
of each new division

As the city expands

So do our heart's provisions

As we step up

Forever we build,
reconstruct and develop.

JOY: it'll be interesting to see creatively what the people who make music,
what they do with this moment and with this time.

And I hope that they are able to flourish, because it's more than survival.

It's about flourishing.

NANCY: From his third story bedroom

Overlooking Barking Road

The child declares

This is my skyscraper

This is my origin, my heart.

ALEX: Final relief and free again tenderly have you no name?

Find all together across a new leaf

And find yourself again.

KARI: This town we were destined to belong