

Outside Marylebone Station I can hear birdsong for the very first time.

I gaze up Boston Place and can see four young boys in sharp suits running. One trips and another is taken out by his fall. Back in stride again, they are being pursued by screaming girls. A train awaits in the station. They should have known better!

I wander down Baker Street. There is a bearded man strumming a guitar and a lone saxophone player riffs into the air. No more crazy days are dreaming away as the rat race has come to a halt.

In Regent Street, behind me I hear a ghostly voice resonating. The voice says,

‘BBC Radio Four. And now...’

The Jam are looking sharp in Carnaby Street. Ziggy still plays his guitar in Heddon Street. The red phone box remains but the original messages to Starman have gone now.

Comforting to know Eros will only have me as his target today.  
But, I will not allow Eros to weaken my mind and onward like a soldier I go  
For in Trafalgar Square, England expects every man will do his duty!

King George IV on horseback fails to usurp Nelson’s rightful place. Oh, the stories to be told inside the National Gallery - renaissance to the edge of modernity and all in between. Canvas and canvas, speaks to me, tells me, shows me.

Facing south west, Whitehall reaches Government, but not before we witness a King being put to death on the scaffold. There is a divine right for Banqueting House to exist, spared by the flames that engulfed Whitehall Palace.

The condemned King mutters, ‘I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown.’

The Cenotaph is a hundred years old now. ‘The Glorious Dead.’

On the wind, I ask an aging Edwardian what is he scribbling. He replies with one word, Nimrod. It whispers through me, poetic and forbearing. The wreaths, flower and stone, a reminder of the thin line dividing peace and conflict. I wipe my eyes and move on.

The birdsong beautifully punctures the silence in Parliament Square, And then Big Ben reverberates as never before.

There he is again, that BBC announcer,

‘This is the BBC World Service...’

I can hear the strains of *Liliburlero*. A stocky elder statesman asks if I am aware of the history of the English speaking people?

St James’s is a nest of intrigue, hearts and minds. Queen Anne's Gate is the headquarters of those who set out to bring down tyranny from within. There's a party going on - these boys know how to party!

The shenanigans are halted as Queen Victoria bears down on all those who approach the Palace. It’s difficult to comprehend the significance of the unveiling ceremony on 16 May 1911. His Majesty, King George V was joined by his cousin Wilhelm II of Germany. Both sovereigns were grandsons of Queen Victoria.

Just three years later, they would be divided by conflict.

They never met again.