

Sovay Berriman

Sovay Berriman is an artist living and working in Cornwall. She is interested in the landscape and the human relationship with it. More details are on her website:

www.sovayberriman.co.uk

Tamar

You're a Brutalist homage
To the hopes of an age.
Betrayed by not-so-sharp suits
And their slack building regs.

There's no shiny façade
Put there to deceive;
It's with pride you wear
Your suit of grey concrete.

Bearing complaints about lifts,
Bricked-up windows
And rotting walls
You yet carry on;

A tower of possibility,
A spire of dreams,
A testament to endurance;
A structure with heart.

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Pass

They juddered along through the pass, wooden wheels jolting on loose rocks and scree. He surveyed the upper-reaches with his finger on the trigger, whilst she gasped with awe; the white glistening tips almost invisible in the bright fresh Spring light.

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I got to turn a key a key
And I was only going for a wee.
It was a big key
A shiny key
A bold key

I got to turn a key a key:
I really loved that key.

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