Atlantic Tuna, Borough Market

Still is driven from the slab, one domed eye fixed to distance.

It shoots from the iced display right through the roof and into the blue bruises of space. This gunmetal is an uncolour, retina, sea-lens of one pure curve.

It steers by little knives too perfect to have died or lived. A nail for water. The essence of speed in the service of mouth.

Ian McEwen

A Statue of the Virgin in a Cuban-themed Restaurant

Some Creative had a vision of her here above the bar – seventeen varieties of tequila, a basket of fresh limes at her feet.

Was she reclaimed from a disused church? Or fashioned in a factory? Her little finger is lost at the knuckle.

On Lower Marsh the offices are turning out, the skies of Waterloo grow velvety, the evening alive with what might be.

Positioned on the window ledge, a plaster dancing girl flings up her hand, mid-rumba. Come in, she says, This is Havana!

The Virgin too extends her arms and contemplates the limes. Our Lady Queen of Sorrows, Queen of Hope.

Kathryn Simmonds