



David Edwick made four sculptures. The Egyptian sunboat is a golden disc, riding on a cloud above wings shaped like ripples in the sea. The apple is caught in a fold of material, relating to the line: 'a cloth is polishing/its newness'. The egg is clutched in an enclosing shape – maybe a hand – a play on words from one of Bill's verses.

In the central courtyard, David combined the motifs into one sculptural feature related to a sphere. The perfection of the sphere, slightly dislocated and shifted, conveys a hidden unity that might be recovered.

Bridget Jones, a glass artist, produced work for a selection of the hospital windows. There is one close to each sculpture, engraved with lines from the poems. Bridget also made framed prints. These include blocks of Bill's words, alongside images of the apple, the sun, the egg and the star, while her windows in the Faith Centre have the textures and colours of waves.

Bill's verses are a sequence of three poems reflecting artworks in sets of three elsewhere

in West Park. The three sculptures, relating to the poems are displayed in different parts of the hospital.

While art was built into the design at the start, it didn't stop there. It is part of the ongoing life of the hospital. Art facilities at the old site were limited, and a large, well-equipped art room was an important part of the new hospital.

Patients make good use of this facility, and their work is gradually filling the corridor walls. There are many activities to choose from, ranging from painting and sculpture to computer graphics.

The benefits are many: a chance to experiment with new media; meeting other people; building confidence and self-expression.

Lisa House, Occupational Therapy Support Worker, who works with patients in the art room, says, 'I hope we're planting a seed here for people to go on with art – because they really enjoy it.'

## Sun

1  
voyaging  
in a sea of air  
resting  
on a raft of cloud

the sun will always take  
the whole tide of day

rowed  
by a crew of birds  
drawn  
by its yellow sail

to cross whichever sky  
we sit beneath to watch it

carrying  
its cargo of heat  
steering  
by its own star

stretch and relax the light  
exactly into sleep

2  
the sun will always take  
the whole tide of day

to cross whichever sky  
we sit beneath to watch it

stretch and relax the light  
exactly into sleep

3  
the sun will cross  
the whole tide of day

## Apple

1  
a breeze is testing it  
for fullness  
a hand is reaching for  
its ripeness

the apple travels  
towards the sun

an eye's reflected in  
its brightness  
lips return  
its redness

it fills its belly till  
it flies, not falls  
a cloth is polishing  
its newness  
a tongue delights  
in its goodness

back in the garden  
it brings us light

2  
the apple travels  
towards the sun

it fills its belly till  
it flies, not falls

back in the garden  
it brings us light

3  
the apple will fill its belly  
and bring us light

## Egg

1  
*what the chicken asked*      *what the egg answered*

how can the sun  
be held inside the ocean?

all life shall grow  
from my internal glow

how can the ocean  
be held within a shell?

I am shaped to roll  
with the tide of birth

how can a shell  
be rescued from the sea?

the nest shall clutch me  
in its tender hand

2  
all life shall grow  
from my internal glow

I am shaped to roll  
with the tide of birth

the nest shall clutch me  
in its tender hand

3  
from the egg's internal glow  
all life will grow