

## Appendix 16.0

There are words flowing  
Through the veins  
of the people here,  
Poetry flooding  
Our high streets  
You will not find cold  
Sterile perfunctory  
You will find beauty in abundance  
In our tapping feet  
and our fingers  
On the pulse  
Our city will find you,  
Consume you.  
You won't realise how you love it  
Until you leave us,  
Yet we are hidden  
We will wait 19 year to  
allow ourselves to spill ink. Erupt  
In a year of smatters  
Of paint and plays  
We know we are not yet perfect  
But we will be  
You will not tamed here  
Behave here,  
artists are made to pirouette  
through red tape.

Eden Ottoman

12/02/15