Whose common now?
Poem by Mark Gwynne-Jones (based on his experiences of Portavilion and commissioned by The Art of Common Space, Gunpowder Park)

Common space, common ground
a place to let defences down
kick a ball or even shout
will you stop kicking that ball about!?

Whose common now?

Common space, common ground
something's landed upside down,
in a heap or at least that's how it looks.
It's hard to tell
if it fell the right way up,
the wrong way round
or crashed and spilt its insides out across the common ground.
It's hard to tell if it fell from outer space
or off some corporate dinner plate.
Was it built by another race?
Now look, like I said it's very hard to tell
but a plaque here says it's public art
so it could be that, as well.
Doesn't it make you wonder….eh?

Whose……

Common space, common ground
One man's waving his arms around
But v-e-r-y, v-e-r-y slowly
like a holy person from Tibet
wrestling with a dragon but
in treacle
fighting for the people
fighting for the place
where we can all be equal.
Listen to the silent howl

Whose common……

space, common ground
Turn that bloody stereo down!
This is not an outdoor rave or party in the sticks
This is not the place to play Elton's Greatest Hits
Please go and sit in a portaloo or
wear some earphones.
Be detached. Don't interact, remember you're alone
aloof, one of the silent ipod crowd

Whose common now?