EDMUND DE WAAL

Kettle's Yard, Your work is a collection of words, each meaning something different. Cambridge, a small town on the outskirts of London, has a lot to offer art lovers. The Kettle's Yard, named after a nearby pub, is a former home of the artist Sir Alfred Munnings. The building has been transformed into a gallery and museum, featuring works by contemporary artists. The space is a perfect example of blending art and architecture, with its unique design and layout. The gallery is open for tours and exhibits, offering visitors a chance to explore the rich history and culture of Cambridge. Visitors can enjoy a cup of coffee at the cafe, take a break, and admire the works on display. The Kettle's Yard offers a unique experience for anyone interested in art and culture.
ART
KETTLE'S YARD

THE POETRY PHARMACY
CONDITION: LOSS OF ZEST FOR LIFE

It's the story of so many of our lives: we begin with a great enthusiasm, a great passion, but all too often we end up giving up on it – and the world – for one reason or another. Maybe we've been disappointed by those around us; maybe we've lost our self-belief.

No matter the reason, there's something deeply dispiriting about having to persevere without whatever it was that used to animate us. In Vicki Feaver's poem "Ironing," that passion isn't something grand and overpowering. Instead, it's a simple task that, like it or not, we have to perform at some point. It shows us that the things that bring us pleasure, that motivate us to get out of bed, don't have to be huge.

And often, when something goes wrong, it's these small acts of self-care we abandon first – even when they are the very things that have the power to fix us.

The speaker in the poem rediscovers her passion, and finds it as strong as ever. Through the ironing we see her life gaining purpose, becoming joyful again, where before it was crumpled and unexciting. She has reclaimed her life along with her ironing, and that passion has nested, its way into every corner until, by the end, we see her ironing her blouse into an airy shape with room for her own body, her own words; her life is moulded to fit her again, and there is room to breathe.

Whatever passion you have left behind you in life, whatever once gave you joy and meaning, pick it up again, and make your life one that fits you.

William Sieghart

IRONING
BY VICKI FEATHER

I used to iron everything: My iron flying over sheets and towels like a sledge chased by wolves over snows;

the flesh twisting and crinkling until the sheet is frayed, exposing wires like nerves. I stood like a horse

with a smoking hoof, treading anyone who dared to lie on my silver padded board, to be pressed to the thickness of dolls cut from paper.

I’d have commanded a crane

if I could, get the welders at Sarrow to heat me up from the side of a tug to flatten the house.

Then, for years I ironed nothing: I put the iron in a high cupboard, I converted to crumpliness.

And now I iron again: shaking dark spots of water onto wrinkled silk, nailing into sleeve, round buttons, breathing the sweet heated smell

hot metal drawn from newly-washed
cloth, until my blouse dries

to a shining, creaseless blue,
an airy shape with room to push my arms, breasts, lungs, heart into.

From The Poetry Pharmacy by William Sieghart (Particular), £12.99. Poem courtesy of Vicki Feaver and Jonathan Cape