

# DEVONPORT: *Stories of Stuff*

## Three Towers by Jon Nash

This is a town turned city suburb sat in the shadow of three towers. Lyhner, Tavy and Tamar. Green and Blue and Red. Reaching up into the sky like the Devonport Column, Mount Wise platform and the Markethall clock tower.

Unmistakable shocks of the new amongst the old navy bricks. Lego housing unclad of cladding that was unsafe, unspinnable but these tricolour colours don't run. They're still here, lighting up the skyline. Looking over to the sea, to the river to the city to the moor, even as far as Cornwall.

There's so much more that you can see from up here, just looking out the window on any windswept Tuesday. See:

The punk with red hair reclining outside Mystic Pizza puffing on an old school cigarette.

Bertie riding his scooter, full pelt on the pavement overtaking the number 21 bus.

Spy young loves clinging together at the bus stop, lit by the light of a disposable vape, green and red like it's guiding a ship to shore.

Amir carefully folding a cardboard box into the recycling bin on Duke Street solemn as a funeral rite, then slamming the lid shut.

Luke, Reece and Saint pressing hands into wet concrete at Mutton Cove, where the boats bob and jostle to stay afloat under the watch of chip gobblers, wave bobbers and liminal loners.

Paddy and Matt standing where the flip flapping of boat canvas meets the glob-crash of waves and roar of unlovable engines aching in the air.

Shirley sitting crossed legged across from a secret shrine to her nan hidden in some corner of the park, petrol station flowers pretty and impermanent on the grass.

Sarah, teaching cooking to some kids, baking a bacon pie (with egg and sausage) and one girl aged nine, turning to her mum saying, 'yum, this will be my last meal on death row.'

There's Ben with his Babcock bandana and Spongebob socks in his crocs, walking home, the afternoon light glinting off his septum piercing.

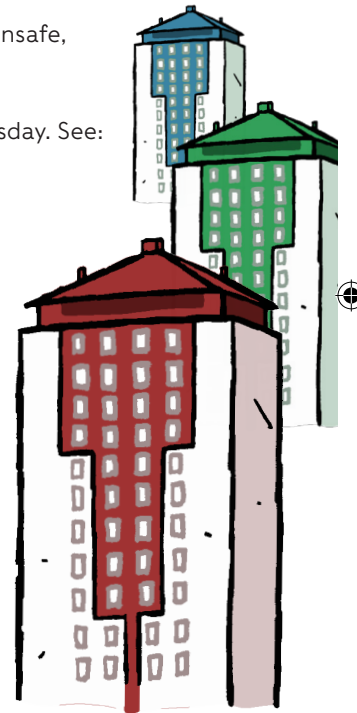
So many invisible humans too, forgotten, overlooked and getting by, going on, not quite giving in.

So much movement. Like the river running past. Like the boats going in and out. Like the seagulls swinging over air currents.

So much coming and going.

And so much staying too.

So much tearing down of walls and building back.



*Inspired by walks around Devonport over four days in February 2024*



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This story was written as part of a *Writers' Room* in Devonport, Plymouth led by Anna Maria Murphy and The Writers' Block Cornwall. For more information and stories please visit [www.thewritersblock.org.uk/the-library/](http://www.thewritersblock.org.uk/the-library/)

