

Maps

If we drew new
maps

for schools.

If we rediscovered
lakeside forests that could

spread like gorse
overseas.

If we sketched the
world green, taking
one country at a time.

If we renamed
Continents: of New Zealand.

If we imposed
sweet as bro as
an official greeting.

If we remembered
the world

as we see it now:

countries growing down
and upside down

from us, the centre
of the page

islands growing, stretching
from the first sun.

Here I Am

Here I am
in Milan.
(If I had a better accent
I could make accidental rhymes)

Under trees,
bones freeze in
bronzed dogs.

The river runs
around my mouth.

Here I start.
The sun darts
a shadow-

He paces past me,
but later, at Giardini,
he stands
upright, hat tipped,
waiting.

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