

## On the Museum Reserve

We think we are so stagnant here,  
Draped on couches of stone with no  
Immense honours weighted on our shoulders.  
We flounder through our days making  
Flat whites for flat, white strangers  
Or growing-up other people's children,  
Watching as others skid towards tempting heights.

There's a place like us,  
Across the road there is an oasis and when we walk through it  
we make less noise, we float a little and cushion our  
Stomping on decaying beauty, leaves and branches.  
It's cold and the air bites our skin as the sun smoothes it,  
Breathing new days onto our minds.  
It's still  
It serves no purpose  
Unlike the banks and stone rooms that surround it.

When you are with your love or  
She is flying off somewhere or  
He has more important things to do,  
I go there and do nothing  
I achieve nothing  
Defiantly, I waste time and go nowhere towards my bright future.  
The word potential is forbidden.  
My neck arches and releases my body to look upwards and  
Accept that I am not bound to height.

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Sarah Paterson graduated Dux of Columba College in Dunedin last year and is currently studying English, Politics and French in her first year at Otago University. While at school she was twice awarded the Anne Crawford and Cilla McQueen awards for creative writing and poetry. This year she has had several poems published in *Critic*.