

The World Instead

by Ish Doney

It is slower now.
The rain comes less often
and the news more.

If I had the paper
and the recklessness
I would label the world
borrowing matron's
'How to' post-it-notes
'How to' tree
or grass.

I forget about the world
there are fewer names.
But still it is there,
crowding my window boxes
with insect calls
and empty chip packets.

I've never been afraid
of time before.
The slow unbuttoning of spaces,
more
or less
of the world.

For you it is more.
New countries appear to you daily.
I turn my maps
into boats
and bring you bottles
of salt water.

You send me winds
wrapped up in your strange
new places.



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