

Hopening

picture it and hold it
for it folds in on itself
in multiplicities
so intricate
beyond the hands
of workerbees
or artisans or alchemist
but this is more than gold
for here we stand
with awe-struck
open mouths,
facing formless worlds,
for this new world is
not a globe because a globe
is but a sphere
and here we're bound
in shapes of slaves
forever bound to recreate
and dance old rituals
to young graves
but NOW
we're colours
heaped on colours
and the patterns
always change
you'll never own it
but be thankful
that in feeling it
in some small way
you've saved.

Graeme Smith