You Are Here

In the car park is a map of your town.
Everyone presses their finger
on the red dot that says,
You are here.

And here you are!
Inside your shoes, inside your skin
and beneath your hair,
on freshly cut grass, a double-decker bus,
or in bed, slipping into a dream.



In a map of your day
you are here, bookmarking
this page, passing ginger biscuits,
dodging umbrellas
as you dash through the rain.

You are blowing on a hot chip
and laughing with a friend.
Breathe in the smell of vinegar
and place your finger on this moment.

You are here! You are here!

Mandy Coe