Vou 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

