

## CARDBOARD WORLD

A globe puts the world in a cardboard sphere,  
Everything contained and together.  
But it has no beyond.  
A million people walk the world, a million footsteps are our stories.  
A globe can't show our footsteps, our journeys.  
The world is a soft warm hug,  
Sand between your toes,  
A light when you're in darkness  
And the song of a child's tinkle-bell laugh as it lingers  
Floating in crisp crystal air.  
The world is the bitter tears of a friend  
And a broken heart slow-mending  
As sour words leave a sour taste in your mouth.  
The world is all the people who live in hunger-ravaged countries,  
The feeling of hot dry dust on dry skin;  
Clinging.  
And the things that you cannot forget or ignore.  
The world is the cry of desperation inside hurting souls  
That we turn our backs on.  
The icy, stiff, thick air between everyone and ignorance.  
The world is knowing that something good is ending;  
It's the sharp stab of fear and sickness  
When your world is being shaken with every step you take.  
The world is thinking forever that you can't go on;  
That it's over;  
And the world is taking a deep breath, slow and steady,  
When you realise the planet's still turning and the sun will come out,  
And you receive its light on your pale skin  
And it warms you and begins to thaw you from the inside.  
The world is everything we have and everything we are.  
Try putting that on a cardboard sphere.

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