Not yet written

It’s midnight. You’re washing dishes for the third time today; touching the sharp point of nothing. A pathetic breeze leaks through the window, crickets grate.

You’ve been watching TV all night. Documentaries—death Of the Koorong, the Exxon oil spill and men who have sex with blow-up dolls. Then when you switch off, you sit in the dark, head going into noughts and crosses. There is a world inside you. It is over-populated, and things are dire. Millions cry out in tongues you cannot understand. And so here you are, sweating into the sink, cleaning it all away. Later you will go outside, with the air hanging down on you like a wet towel. You will throw your food scraps on to the lawn. It will be gone by morning, to God knows.
And there you will stand.  
In the outside lights, your shadow  
will cast many angles.  

Do not be afraid. All we need  
is for you to give us the word.  
Because no matter what you claim,  
or disown, a poem will be written  
and it will be in your hand.  

Paul South