

Trampoline

Our multi-faceted world is changing shape again
Sharp angles are replacing once rounded certainties
and there is a closing in
with the expanding space of loss

After a rushed birthday meal for a six-year-old,
fish and chips and ice-cream cake
for who has time to cook

come the solemn words
floating over the discarded balloons
paper hats, fairy bread, spent candles

come the sobering thoughts
that allow no room for misinterpretation

terminal, accident, cancer, stroke, heart
school mates, work colleagues,
gym buddies, bloke next door

A whirlpool of memories rising then
of remember when, what might have been, if only
who is left? who is next?

while outside
joyful children jump higher and higher
on the birthday trampoline,
screaming the vitality of new life

