

A PORTABLE PARADISE

And IF I Speak OF PARADISE then IM
Speaking OF MY Grandmother WHO TOLD
ME TO CARRY IT always ON MY PERSON
CONCEALED, so

NO ONE ELSE WOULD KNOW BUT ME
that way they can't steal it she'd say
AND IF LIFE PUTS YOU UNDER PRESSURE, TRACE ITS
Ridges in your Pocket,

SMELL ITS PINEY SCENT ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF, HUM ITS
anthem UNDER YOUR breath

AND IF YOUR STRESSES are SUSTAINED AND DAILY, GET
yourself to an empty room - BE IT HOTEL, HOSTEL OR
HOVEL - FIND A LAMP

and empty your PARADISE onto a desk:
YOUR white sands, GREEN hills AND FRESH fish
Shine THE lamp ON IT like THE fresh HOPE OF morning
And KEEP staring AT IT till YOU sleep

by Roger Robinson

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And if I speak of Paradise,
then I'm speaking of my grandmother
who told me to carry it always
on my person, concealed, so
no one else would know but me.
That way they can't steal it, she'd say.
And if life puts you under pressure,
trace its ridges in your pocket,
smell its piney scent on your handkerchief,
hum its anthem under your breath.
And if your stresses are sustained and daily,
get yourself to an empty room - be it hotel,
hostel or hotel - find a lamp
and empty your paradise onto a desk:
your white sands, green hills and fresh fish.
Shine the lamp on it like the fresh hope
of morning, and keep staring at it till you sleep.

Tilly
The Cornwall Independent School
Year 10 - 13

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