Globes

Mags Webster
Globes by Mags Webster

They made them to last, 
those old models of Earth, 
angled to show how 
the world meets the sun, 
coded to show how we dealt 
out the spoils, cleaving land 
into patchworks of pink

one sits in my home like 
a final reminder: these are 
the currents in which 
we can’t swim, these 
are the bearings we know 
we are losing, the copyright 
due to expire

with one lazy thrust we made 
this sphere turn, we surfed 
across oceans without feeling 
water, trod on an island 
without breaking sweat. 
This is the way that we’ve 
always been travelling,

using the curve 
of the world to protect us, 
eating up miles and sucking 
the air, chewing the rinds 
off the dwindling coastlines, 
skimming what’s left 
until there is nothing

it’s not long before Earth 
starts turning on us, breaks free 
of her gimbaled tilt and dares us 
to cobble a future without her. 
Then we’ll patch a cambered space 
with rescue schemes and treaties, 
leave it to spin in an empty room.
Mags Webster is based in Western Australia. She currently works as a freelance writer and editor, and is preparing to return to university. Some of her poems and short stories have met with success in competitions in Australia and the UK.