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.