

# Poetry for Tomorrow's World

---

## The Ripple

Somewhere in the back of our imagination is a pond  
Overgrown in places sure, but  
In between the tangled vines and overcast skies  
That might seem unassuming at times  
Somehow its existence is never forgot

Over it's edge a swan glides seamlessly  
Dragonflies flit from leaf to leaf as if sharing stories  
And then somewhere in the corner of your periphery  
There enters a child in a raincoat and mismatching wellies  
All ready to disturb the peace

Breathes and wet haired, feet leaving imprints in the mud  
Some bugs fly out of the way  
And a chaos is unleashed within a gang of ducks  
From a place of stagnation the ground is unsettled once more  
And the mud at the bottom of the pond is stirred up

Hands clutching lucky pebbles and wishes  
Your child in your imagination takes no moment to hesitate  
Instead, launches rock into pool  
Ripples creating tidal waves, hurricanes, the shifting of tectonic plates  
Somewhere across the world  
Wildfires are extinguished, sink holes restored, dry earth replenished  
And the pond is never what it was before

But imagine if you could, a different kind of story  
Adult you clutching lucky rock  
Shifting on your feet  
All of this feeling just a tiny bit silly  
Imagine how different things could have been  
And how many ripples there wouldn't have been  
If you'd had the fear to launch

Lyndsay Price

The Telephone

We are disjointed in places and imperfect  
If we pieced together all of our strengths,  
We'd be a mosaic  
At times we have to ask ourselves "why am I doing this?"  
See it's easy to get carried away  
With the numbers, ideas and grand gestures  
Yet it's the happenings that take place on the ground  
That remind us that change has the power to take us places  
I see myself holding one side of a home-made telephone  
Red string and a plastic cup with a hole through  
I can take to the rest of the world  
But ultimately it's useless unless  
Occasionally I put the cup up to my ear  
And tune in to all the other voices  
Our projects are there to help others  
They shouldn't exist to purely serve us  
Sometimes the way can feel foggy but  
Maybe that's because no-one else has trod the path before us  
But being a trailblazer means

Tuesday, 1 January 2019

You know a lot and also very little  
And for that, you always know to ask  
The path can be like a board game  
One day you might find you have wondered back to the start  
But progress doesn't have to be linear,  
It's more like a rotating star  
If you're planning your next move  
Or looking to the future ahead  
Don't forget to use your red plastic telephone,  
Don't forget to hold it up to your head

Lyndsay Price