



As a writer, I am inspired by wide and open landscapes – not easy when you live in a busy city – so I was pleased when my friend Naomi, who lives in Trinidad, sent me a unique art gallery of amazing images of icebergs. Here’s a poem I wrote inspired by one of those images:

Ocean Blues

At the bottom of the planet Earth
is Antarctica
the driest continent
with intensely cold air,
no rain, no sunshine,
except an art gallery of icebergs
with a tip for us to visualise
floating, supported by the deep ocean
beautiful and yet
full of isolation
as she hides
her majority ice mass

The moon is her one and only friend.