

## TERRA NOVA

*Gareth Alun Roberts*

I see myself -  
as a speck on a blank canvas;  
a simple co-ordinate to trace my passing  
across a grim page  
that quickly fades.

I am a being  
of cell and atom; a splinter  
snapped to its barest part –  
the blur of self  
in the blizzard of self; a shard

chipped from more massive geometries.  
I know the storm, the white-noise  
and the blindness. From the Braille  
of wind and snow  
I read a canticle

and kneel before the majesty of ice.  
I wander its shifting cathedrals  
as if in a land that Heaven forgot –  
an unfinished piece; a work in progress.  
If I could gasp one breath  
I would wake this dormancy  
to see myself:

an ovum nursed at the Emperor's feet;  
from shell and yoke rising to greet  
the first rising sun on this last continent -  
again and again,  
Terra Nova.

© *Gareth Alun Roberts 2016*