**YOU ARE HERE**

You have arrived.

We followed the map all right,

it says we’re here, but

there’s nothing recognisable in sight.

We’re looking for – this point, this garden,

this historical landmark, this maze,

this turning in the road, this centre of attention.

Can you tell us, stranger, where it is?

Inform and educate us.

You’re in it. You are here.

It’s more a state of mind than anything else.

Maybe there’s something we can’t see,

a place we can only feel

with our eyes closed. Maybe, a feeling

we can only smell, a perfume

that is discernible only

when the wind changes

and it’s time to fly away. Midnight,

the glass slipper falls,

smashes into a thousand

deadly, purple shards.

Maybe we are not able to think

about new beginnings

or alternative endings.