

NOREEN LACE

SINCE I CAN'T HAVE YOU,
I HALVE THE WORLD

I have the world on my rose petaled plate,
pink flowered alabaster under an emerald land, an azure ocean.

I slice an end piece, a portion of China soaked in the buttery
Atlantic, just a taste. At first, small fragments.

Then I carve out the ripe Australian outback, mine now,
leave a hole clear to the bottom of the Rochester porcelain.

I halve Africa, push the rosy seas like peas on my plate,
serve a share of the Russian tundra to the Southern hemisphere.

I line the fork through Iceland, Canada, The Yukon, train
tracks through the snow, then ladle in the ebony marine.

I crack the Rockies and wedge the Nile, cut up
the Amazon, puncture New Dehli.

I'm not a cool mistress; I'm not playing with my earth.
I'm looking for you.