

## Foresight

I was four years old when I gave my glasses  
to the postman, or at least,  
to the postbox.

In the slot, falling  
a whisper-thud in the dark.

The postman brought them back the next day.

My family laughs when they tell this story.  
*She was only four. She decided she didn't want them  
so she posted them away!*

I wanted scratched lenses,  
a missing nosepiece, a grain of sand  
creaking in the hinge.  
I wanted them returned to sender  
after journeying around a world much bigger than my own