

INKBOUND - *Philippa Leathley*

Philippa Leathley, your book made me think
about how much our lives are bound up with ink...

It makes the stories and poems we love to read
exist on pages, and it's the blood we need

to help inner ideas manifest and grow
into clear word-forms for others to know.

And though we don't live in New Capital Cities,
ink still flows in our human communities

because stories we share and tales we tell
about children like Metty hold us in a spell

that can't be disenchanting by government rules —
We hold magic in our heads, our homes, our schools!

Just think of the things you and I can do,
we can travel by lightning, ride a wind bike too,

follow direction bells to avoid getting lost,
watch Winter Park become a paradise of frost.

Let's use a snack pocket - what an amazing invention!
It takes scoffing food to another dimension!

Yet - and that's a small word poor Metty fears,
cos she carries a destiny for future years...

Beware, Metty! The Black Moths have you in sight!
Your fate will help their violent fight!

Will Metty become Murderous Jones?
Who is The One she'll reduce to bones?

I wonder what fate I'd have got aged ten,
maybe flames for tantrums, or then again

a book for a dreadful know-it-all,
or a crown for being bossy since I was small...

What fate do you think you might have had?
Would you hide it in your tether? Is it good or bad?

If you're inked with a tattoo when you're older,
make sure it isn't a chip on your shoulder

for what may seem a curse could be a gift,
Remember: your life is yours for you to lift.