

Now listen to
Karl Nova
introducing
National Poetry
Day on the
theme of Vision
and performing
his poem 'see
through my
eyes'



Here's Caroline Bird with her poem: *The Ground*



You land on a ridge, six-feet down the cliff
and believe you have fallen from the dread
summit and survived, you think,
this is the ground.
until you notice the larks passing at eye level,
drop a cufflink and fall
fifty-feet into the open palm of another ridge,
deeper in, scratched, clothes torn,
you've lost a shoe but you think
this is the ground,
I can bake that lasagne now

And here's Theresa Lola's poem 'Despite the Noise'



She tells me her thoughts on London
while her eyes roll
like a coin shifting in a purse.
In this city, time is a circus acrobat
balancing
our never-ending demands.
Anything beyond a 1-minute wait
for the tube train tightens our blood
pressure.