

ORGANISER'S NOTE: 'COME MY FRIEND' WAS WRITTEN BY
THOMAS CONHEENEY AND WAS THE WINNER OF THE 15-18
POETRY CATEGORY OF THE WRITING COMPETITION.

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Come my friend

Come my friend,
Come with me,
And let us journey to beyond this world,
To beyond even the stars themselves.

What is that my friend?
What do you mean we that can't get there?
What do you mean that there is not enough time?
Did the poet not say that a world,
Could be seen in a grain of sand?
And that eternity could take but an hour?

He did say,
And so let us take the universe by the neck,
And bend it to our minds.
The mind sees the world through grains of sand,
Borne of our memories,
Borne of our imaginations.

He did say,
And so let us seize the moment,
The moment that can contain millennia,
For time only passes at the rate that we perceive it at,
And our perceptions are borne of little more than our minds,
And our minds may be changed.

So let us go my friend,
For we are not bound by fuel or by time,
For we are bound only by what we see,
And what we see is bound only by what we can imagine.