

Augmented

Look at you.

Talented designer, engineer,
marketer, entrepreneur.

I see you there.

Marching separately towards me

Down my lane searching for oil

You have done good by your trade.

There is good in you no doubt.

One could be intimidated

With your machines snug underarm

But not a geographer of here.

We have seen this all before

All entering new territory you are.

Time to get the feet dirty and

Breathe the good cold air.

Technology is allowing you to

Enter my realm of geography and memory.

You need a guide.

That way it will be better for us all.

For I too am one of you rebels,

Digging at the boundaries that

Others cannot see.

Fuel

Born 1985.

A stone's throw away from Holy Cross School.

1998, the microcosm that is North Belfast

Such an oddity to hear of peace agreements
Our greatest of endeavours
Yet experience more walls built.
One right through my Alexandra Park.
Only divided park in Western Europe.
And there was always the invisible geographies.
Geography your fancy sat-nav could never show
Or understand.
That's where they are
Ye best have a guild
If you know what good for ye wee lad.
Plenty of psychic fossil fuel
As Heaney would say
Under the surface.
Spawned a curiosity in me I guess.
Clearly important this thing is, place, memory, land,
Our place in it.
Never satisfied with text books, the
Geo-political answer always felt wrong.
Few could understand,
Handful could articulate,
Curious to find out,
Maybe possible you could change it then.

***Chris Mc Alorum** is a Chartered Geographer, Designer, and Surveyor, who enjoys working at the intersection of art, geography, and design. This is reflected in his poetry which aims to be appeal simultaneously to the universal and the locale often returning to his hometown of Belfast, Northern Ireland.*

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