



## New Beginnings

A girl once told me that full stops  
are new beginnings.

Some said she was dotty when she claimed  
full stops were spots from story-book leopards,  
entrances to fairy wells  
or the unhatched eggs of miniscule birds.

She called full stops her thought tunnels,  
the shape an elf mouth makes in wonder,  
said they were not endings  
but the droppings of dwarf dragons.

She loved the patterns they made,  
their wavy lines across the page  
the shape of uncharted seas,  
not a sentence end  
but stepping stones for her imagination.

And ellipses? They are galaxies,  
or lines on mythic maps, she said,  
a tear in the universe; tiny pixie pathways.

*Emma Phillips*

