

Walking Above Treetops

This happens mainly in my dreams,
with no catheters, no shrinks to replace
exactly what was paralyzed by war.
The leaves there are of helium's hues,
the shades of Arles August.
Branch tips reach on & on,
not as arms, but river reeds.
The clouds are Monet's pads
palm-wide with welcome.
Before the draft I studied art
& sometimes now in this chair
life's dream returns legs & loins
in the lines of brushstrokes,
in pigment parachutes.

Here's the elevation of love made
on parchment-abandon,
& here too, is a Rockettes show
above where landscapes are still
for my passing effortless.

Pinch this thigh; I won't be stirred.
Slap this other &, yonder yet,
I'll be breathing wild blue.