

Wanderlust

The nights blue bottle walls
Are just the right kind of stillness.
I can feel quasars, see quarks.
You appear with that sort of subtlety.
How odd, as usual, that nothing is
Quite familiar, your panther presence
Suddenly a bear hug
Receding quietly
In trails of inky smoke...

The blinds, horizontally,
Are aligned with that vapor
Scudding against Luna
But leaving her still whole.
So am I whole
Even while strewing my reaches
Through orchids & tides.

Odes are this natural,
Though not especially to us:
Evasion your pulse panting after my own