

With Apologies

On a tightrope I might be very large
Throwing my own dice above the astonished
Audience & a circle of clowns busy with craps.

Those faces of dots mean a lot to me
Despite a certain resemblance here
Where I've a double shadow & near vertigo
Pins each feature, stills the space, fixes
This circus.

Yet I can imagine take-off so easily,
The tornado's vortex bringing the frozen lights high
With each of us juggled pearls from a snapped strand,
Each an afloat astronaut...

To be so in orbit, to rise beyond such paralysis
With every step precariously placed, & then
Just jump upward held up by the thinness
That is actually thick gauze...

Oh what sacrifice I would make to be 747 arms!