

12-9-2011

### Looking

Looking up, I see the sky  
Looking down, I see nothing.  
For what could be  
truly  
more resplendent than all laid out  
above, around, a surround  
Surrounding me  
and whoosh!

I am aloft.  
I am dancing as never before  
light of feet  
out of body  
the only tangible in the midst  
of ephemerics  
They dance too. Brightly.  
They are my teachers of old  
they dance but mostly they look—  
skeptical, wise, pained, proud.

Now I am underwater.  
Going deep, dark down.  
DUST!  
This travel is quite wearisome.  
Flashing, to and fro,  
recalling every choice—every action.  
No time to sit and think,  
time only to see.

In those brief flashes in between  
movement I am allowed to absorb.  
Good thing it is only a moment.  
Absorb too much and you can no longer retain your shape  
That would be a great joke  
would it not?  
If I were to be all sloshy and  
over-damp.

No, I flit past pasts  
and am now confronted by future  
Odious future  
Here comes warmth  
Honey, cinnamon, chrysanthemum  
heat, crispy, hot, crunchy

Not creeping but crushing  
overwhelming  
too many, too much—eternity  
Nothing.

Looking up, I see the sky.  
There are clouds  
like an ice cream cone on a unicycle,  
Looking down I see my feet  
I need a pedicure.