

dangerous visions

poised overhead, nearly close enough to touch,
another planet replaces
the sky, like a ceiling:
the stubborn light remains.

gravities carefully balance;
i can leave one surface at will.
i have made a friend on the other.
these discoveries have no chronology.

*one threw aside the blur and yellow of maps;
at the helm of his tiny ship
he neared the edge of the sea:
the new world monstrously waited.*

*in the madhouse another set sail
down the white-tiled coast
for a window that wouldn't open,
with only the stars to guide him.*

but i awoke in your eyes
with no memory of travel;
a journey to breed its own miles,
the mere invention of space

and accounts, however fantastic.
now intricate beasts infest
a journal that grows like a cancer
—this accurate absence.

John Baglow