

Walkways

All homes sit at the edge of eternity

the bones of occupants past present and future
form walkways extending into time

visitors cross over
I do not see or hear them
I sense that someone has arrived
maybe more than one
who's to know for sure
in imagination's play

with my self-imposed limits
life feels so full and endless
so rich, uncanny
absorbing whatever I can
over almost as soon as it began
maybe it was over before it began

instead of the full and endless, you are a finite point
a single star in an immense field of light

the life of biological materials goes on, not even a pause,
they say, molecules continue their exchanges,
whatever happens to the organism
they have joined to allow it a brief glimpse
of how full and satisfying existence is
the building blocks of physical life
circulate and keep nourishing each other
in a dance that exists outside of psychological time
extending in walkways pointing in every direction

it is spirit that seems to end, imagination
makes its debut, always fresh, eager, full of sparks,
ready to explore, followed by five acts

imagination faces the big noise and steps back afraid

so many thoughts angels hear
the ancestors in the green walls
thoughts circulating, nourishing each other
dream dances exist outside biological time

you must come visit us, spirit whispers, the walkways are easy

and when my bones are no longer distinct from the earth?
does the dream multiply along with the cell cultures
that replace the current me? am I reincarnated
dropped in another time when my pathways vanish?

where the soil steams, where life is thick, wild, ruthless
a gardener could trim and tame
give a shape of imagination to a corner
where wandering spirits could relax for as long as they wanted
in the warmth of a welcoming way station.