

A Traveller Through Spacetime Wishes Tomorrow

A lone, not quite front-on figure, unconscious of any wings of support, of any wands of privilege, or any moving water that turns the wheel, makes rings around the monotony of travel of standing-still-thoughts.

Imagine one hand opposing coups, discords and doubts, tossing them into the curvature of earth, departing on the boot of mars while life loops back to licked lips laden with new, to fair, and to glimpses of sweet minds. I wish, oh I wish. Come early please, and flood with the rhythm of tomorrow's promise. Fling it atop day's fire; physical, recurring and restlessly absurd, or left alone, one might fall before you arrive.

Donna Best