

What Was Once Intangible

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One day I awoke wrapped in stars' shimmering skins
and slipped on shoes made of evening's darkness.
I sipped a celestial cup of liquid galaxies
as cumulus clouds played a song composed of thunderclaps,
and earthworms danced complex ballets with starlings' beaks.

Dogs and cats were playfully playing down their rivalry,
as elephants with walruses sold their severed ivory.
The Earth with Ocean wed beneath the bluest sky
and mermaids waltzed at midnight with chelonians
while lovers wore a blazing robe of auroras borealis.

Paralytics cast their plastic limbs into the sea,
and the deaf engineered a soundless symphony.
The sun left its heated spot in an old man's heart
as a thousand sparrows settled on a lamppost,
and a million streets were paved with separate sorrows,
and a hundred towns reverted to their ashes.

I stared out my window and watched a million windows.
I saw bakers made of bread and carpenters composed of wood;
I watched bankers disintegrate into a storm of bills
and politicians voted into endless oblivion,
and lawyers were lying with the laws that fed them.

What was once young became unborn, then unconceived:
Stars' skins settled back into the evening's turquoise sky,
earth's breaths collected in a breeze at the sea's foamed edge,
and babies awoke embracing a maze of moonbeams.