

SOMETIMES

Sometimes,
I don't know how,
I hover over
The Tropic of Capricorn,
Riding on a cirrus
Wispy, white and torn,
Looking at the azure sea
Below.

Sometimes,
I don't know why,
I am suddenly
At the arno in Florence,
Listening to Dante's
Sweet verse at the fence,
While Beatrice is flitting, pure
And shy.

And sometimes, I don't know what
For, but I would like
To assist Peter Schlemil
Finding his lost shadow,
Hammer the envil
Without iron or purpose
On a yacht.

And Sometimes,
I don't know when,
My heart desires
To become a remote fjord,
Aurora borealis
Playing harpsicord,
Or, in the frozen tundra,
cyclamen.