

Nerissa

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Down the interstate / never alone,
Five miles over / headed for home –
Fog lines / lane changes / heavy loads,
Wheat fields / prairielands / summer road.

Thinking it through more than twice,
How things might look were this paradise –
Mythic conversations / remembered stories,
Joyous improv / river glories.

Bookstores / libraries / fairytale towers,
At the Orsay losing track of hours –
Ideas tumbling down from the shelf,
Disarming canons the subject self.

To make it real pulls at your heart,
Getting things started the pivotal part –
Morning wakes a sliver of moon,
Tomorrow couldn't come too soon.

