

RIVER OF TIME

I've seen the underworld—
November through early May
in Minnesota.

But before my soul
perished there,
I emerged
into perfect pleasure.

Lying there, half-naked
in the city park,
the sun shone down
on trees whose
ripe fruits
did not fall,
tongue tasting
their sweet nectar
in a sudden spritz.

My body rose up,
abducted into
the beaming light,
suspended several feet
above the cool ground,
hanging there
by the tendrils of
smiling angels
in baseball caps,
hovering over
the park's
spiraling paths.

Not a single thought
in mind—
except a
shining memory
of the one
I love most,
seeing her
that August afternoon
through the doorway,
as if entering
from another world.

Getting dizzy,
I came back down—
as we all do—
and not without
a few blisters and blemishes,
which, though painful,
allowed me to remember—
traces of
that dumb joy,
remaining until
the body's final decay.

Returning home,
a dog sniffed me
up and down,
but through
his furrowed brow,
he decided
it was OK
that I returned.