

## dreaming earthbound

i would like to comprehend the mythical, the magical,  
to speak the language of giants and fairies (for these words are just plain english)  
and feel the heat of flames burning in water— oh, the wonder of a creation that does not destroy.  
i would like to lift my arms up and fly,  
to leave this treacherous ground and touch a star with my trembling finger (did you know that we see the  
light of stars already dead?),  
to run until i find the end of the rainbow instead of the end of my time.  
i want to discover the color of joy and the sound of a memory (a finding far better than the remnants of  
war)  
and tell the children of the world that their dreams taste like hope— is it in the rejection of dreams or the  
desire for an unreachable that the children of this world have found ropes and pills and knives?  
i want to see the formation of an octopus city (coral and cephalopods instead of concrete and us);  
and hear an elf laugh— for can you remember the sound of unfettered glee?  
in sum, i would like to fall into the world of celestial and luminescent, to understand magic and myth,  
to leave this plane of existence for a layered one on top, like seeing stained glass instead of mere  
windows, even as  
this divinity, i have learned, is impossible; such perfection is beyond the comprehension of our turbulent  
kind.  
so perhaps i reach instead for the improbable, for the small and not the great,  
for happiness over blind ecstasy and walking over flying,  
and perhaps, in this world, my only hope is that love will prove to be magic enough.