

Untitled (1)

by Connor Stratman

Here, in shiplessness, I am lighter
than all water in the ocean of Elsewhere.
Along with us for the journey, objects
with inner lives: figurines, books, screens,
and thousands of pictures to be deleted
or burned at the destination. You and I
left from opposite corners, like two boxers
approaching in affectionate aggression,
ready for the grand Hug and the tear-apart.

The climate there is vague; reports all say
something different and clamber over another
to have the final word between breeze and blizzard.
If I didn't know better, I'd say that no one knows
what they're talking about. You might reply
that all Perspective is true, which I couldn't deny.
Still, as we round corners and the vertices
of the dawn-lit treelines come into shining view,
Silence might become the only word worth saying.