

OTHERWHERE

In a deep separate place,
we meet the avatars
of our past. Brittle stars
and basket stars cross
warps of coral cosmos
where everything is hungry,
where the crown of thorns
is carnivorous, and night
is autonomous.

Cometing travelers
with unknown names
create their own neon.
Hazardous fringes dangle
from pale half moons
pumping ubiquity.

Tasting the beginning
on our tongues,
some of us quest
in concentrated color
this space that sweetens
the planet's renowned hue.

Overweighted with ballast
and the empty holds
of our knowledge,
we retrograde
to our earliest horizons.