

Gone

I dream that I may..
Walk out to Appear..
Elsewhere...
Maybe touch the World...
Without meaning.... to touch,
It...
In a different way...

Like traveling ...
Walking the Road...
But each step meaning something..
Else...
laden with a significance
Strangely felt..
But not in my creation meant..
Nor now in conception fully grasped...

Then somewhere!
Yet a murmuring...
quivering strength that didn't exist...
Conception ...
A will...
Owing me no attention..
Yet felt kin-ly resonant..

So yet may I be content
Again to walk on..
Untouching
Touching
Untouched
Touched
Gone.