

Following Lighthouses

The world melts into me/i lap it up. It laps me up.

Journey or no journey—how possible is a journey? Would i simply be retracing

everyone else's footsteps? Is the journey a voyage through a minefield? Does the tiger welcome visitors?

I am the sum & contortion of everything i have heard. I swallowed those words like

water. Integrated, they swim

in my head. They are the salt of the surrounding sea, in

which i try to swim. Am i floating or drowning? Do we all believe

in the same dragons? I follow too many lighthouses. There are no sharks in the sea; that is part of the problem. There are a few rocks, but no islands.

I see mainly acres of salt & water, salt & water. (I pretend the tiger is at the bottom. He moves the waves with flicks of his tail.)

Sometimes i sit on the bright orange fence that grows out of the sea & marks the end of the world.

I can see not only both sides, but also the sun & stars, & deep down the twitching tiger.

I am not.

Helen Kosacky