

THE BOAT

As I sail off this oblate Earth;
I *feel* something come around.

There is music.
Light,
Dim and bright.
And sequences of sound.

Through the holes in my boat
Enters the patrons of wet, sodden books.
Through these holes are Chordata.
Dragging with them iron hooks.
Singing Apollo's Iaike hymns.
To the crackling of the burning bush.

In this boat is *that* flower!
Whose roots could grow in concrete.
And under this boat,
As we ebb and flow-
Lays the Gaea of *we*!

On this long journey, though it is difficult to see afar.
I know on *this* boat,
We will emerge once again to see the stars.