

# Thoreau Away

"This world is but canvas to our imaginations."

Henry David Thoreau.

In the still of the night,  
The breath of the stars,  
I was counting the flights  
Of unicorn bards.

Raven and Jackal  
With maps of all sorts  
Where combing the seas  
For mermaid cohorts.

And I, with an angel  
In soft velvet boots,  
Snuggled against time  
In a blue pin-stripe suit.

With red butterfly kisses  
Surrounded with need  
I prayed while I slept  
And dreamed on my knees.