



The question is not if you will (go)
but rather.....*when?*

Where and what condition
will provoke you into engaging in this
act?

The unknown presents a mysterious gift
wrapped in silk and fine linen,
swirling filigree traces the outline
of a form that isn't

wholly
unfamiliar.

Practice slow deliberate blinking
absent
minded
lost
in the shadowy ethers
of contemplation

What is this place?
What is the role of the occupant?
Space and time reconfigure
conflating into a new present

The elevated pulse of possibility
will you find
what it is that you have been looking for?
is this the "here?"
or another passage

The proposition
lingers

neither
wholly unfamiliar

nor identifiable.

Electrified, the moment lingers
Remember Neddy Merrill?
He too, felt this magnificence

in Cheever's most famous story
The Swimmer in *The Swimmer*

"The day was lovely,
and that he lived in a world so generously supplied with water
seemed like a clemency,
a beneficence."

Poor Sweet Neddy is no more immune than you or I
seduced
by this momentous occasion

With what finality does anything really exist?
Is there any possibility for a result?
something new? different?

Oh Neddy.....
so oblivious, slipping into the fool's errand
submerging and reemerging
in his journey of evolving waterscapes
"looking overhead he saw that the stars had come out,
but why should he seem to
see

Andromeda, Cepheus and Cassiopeia?
What had become of the constellations of midsummer?
He began to cry."

But for you and I
what illuminations might these presents
lying on our doorsteps
none wholly unfamiliar
but never identifiable
offer as we explore their delicate constructions?