

The Final Journey

She plucks icicles from her fireplace
at midnight, watches the dustballs
drift like milkweed on an endless journey
She cannot hear the rain pounding;
her mind's record plays again and again
while marionettes dance on the hardwood.

She manipulates her visions, bones settle on hardwood.
Air circles in the glistening fireplace
as she tells her stories again and again.
Place names float by like dustballs.
They do not hear her heart pounding,
tracing her breath's journey.

She dreams of Paris, of one last journey,
of leaving forever the dust and the hardwood.
She listens to the music pounding,
stares glass-eyed at the window frame. The fireplace
is silent. Into its apron it gathers the dustballs.
She drifts through Paris again and again.

The gardens, she whispers, are in bloom again.
She'll take each path as a separate journey,
while sculls on the Seine, like dustballs,
glide across water toward arbors of hardwood.
She drops her flower clay into the mouth of the fireplace;
it lands with a noise like a fist pounding.

She follows the sound of the crowd, feet pounding,
through the Place de la Concorde again,
hears the cries of this blackened fire place
where all must come at the end of their journey.
In the Tuileries she strolls between the hardwood
and watches roses burst like crimson dustballs.

But here she sits among the dustballs.
She cannot hear her neighbor's pounding
as the music vibrates through the hardwood.
She knits her finger bones again and again.
so absorbed in her final journey,
while icicles glitter in the eye of the fireplace.

She no longer sees tears in the fireplace,
nor hears pain in the hardwood pounding. This journey
is endless: the dustballs flower again and again.