

The Objective

High I perch on the ledge
between In and Out.
Below me's a shiny ribbon
leading along the round,

Fantastic Voyage in nautilus
brain chamber. No doors
but frame and corridor down
which fears flutter me

toward the bright and single
clarity pain makes. Sure,
I prefer it so, grounding
unknown perfections clean

to surface tension. To
surface. Attend to all
capillary action. No need
to deny the flame dispells.

“Enjoy, enjoy,” my lover
cries. I to him reply.

PENNY KEMP