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Sake of Motion

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Sake of Motion

You dreamt last night that you walked,
Whistling as love letters fell from the holes in your pockets.
The fingers that tend to get lost in the sidewalk,
Shot out to catch them,
Their pointy plum nails tracing the ink lines.

You dreamt that you pushed a wheelbarrow
Over the edge of the falls.
You climbed in, bobbing to the Pacific.
Onlookers shot flaming arrows as if you were a fallen Viking.

You dreamt that you flew a red plane into the mountain's liquid side,
Sinking down to Hades in all your good intentions.
Before you sank through to the other side of the world,
You rolled up your damp sleeves,
Dante and Virgil tipped their hats.
You bought a nesting doll on the other side of the world.

You dreamt last night that you drove off the cliff,
At the bottom, you got caught up in the Battle of Hastings,
A Toyota passenger side door your only protection from William.
They doomed you to speak their French.

You dreamt you ran back down the sidewalk,
Kicking the love letters up with your heels,
Breaking a nail or two.
I raced next to you, neither one quicker
Or slower, just caught alongside.