

Description: A poem about imaginations.

Sometimes worlds live inside your mind that you return to between breaths and sink into. Sometimes they're blissful. Sometimes they're sad. Most times it's a strange combination of both, not unlike the tangle of ascent and descent that characterizes our daily lives. Sometimes imaginations aren't that different from reality, except sometimes they feel more real.

Escape

I crave the snowflake brush of wind across my cheek
as I walk down a foggy street alone, store lights casting hugs dimly
into the air. I crave the tinkering warmth of tea
with cream and sugar in the silence

of carpet and armchairs in a room lined
with floral wallpaper and aging photographs. I crave these
places because it's there that I feel real.

The fairytales only ever talk of being real as a blissful dream come true. Yet as a tattered toy rabbit will tell you, there's no one else like him, and soon, the wonder of being real threads into a linting mound of fabric loneliness, too worn to love, too soft to not wrap around something else, and too thin to not tear.

I crave the footsteps of unspoken words and the
fetal vulnerability of curling up
under a blanket in an
armchair.
What feels most real eventually becomes clear to me --
in a place where I have no land, my breath bestows
my land.