

artesian springs

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8/25/01

where I come from there's no such thing as bad chocolate,
not even the dark and bitter kind.

gas planets hover in a fluoride sky
while hot air balloons float by,

and sleek gazelles in alpine white leap by in flight

while glazed donuts of banana wheat
fall like rain into gutters at our outside doors.

where I come from there's no sorrow,
because right is right,
and smiles breed smiles breed joyful leaps and laughs and so much more.

where I come from there are rolling hills of green,
and climbable, complicated, age-old trees
that hang over clear waters with phosphorescent fish
and fireflies.

clever children wander unattended over arched wooden bridges,
through mysterious caves and playground palaces.

and they'll call your name if you pass by.
and they'll call out simplicities you never would have guessed —
ha!
with clarity, you see.

where I come from
coconuts crack open their crispy, creamy yogurt sweets,
and snapdragons fly in swarms
around the warmth of pulsing artichoke hearts.

with a sheepdog wrapped around her,
grinning beside the coolness of a waterfall,
she naps,
and with succulent cut kiwis glistening at her side,
she waits for me
to come hold her hand.