

## The Land Of If

In the land of If, where scented winds  
carry forward the speaking past,  
where frigates loosen sails into yawns  
and pitch gently in harbor sleep--

There, as life blisters and impales me,  
I set free my scarred, ocher soul  
to wander the wanton wilting wasn't's  
in the dock's faint, futile light.

I visit a stranger imagined as Destiny,  
stroke her moon-eternal cheek,  
where red and white commune apart,  
as if separation were attraction.

I interpret these details as pleases me,  
turn intrusive traces of truth  
into timeless tomb-foddering illusion  
and all the while smiling

as I inwardly groan that an If is a Not,  
that a land is an island if Not,  
and marooned is marooned if mistaken  
for what has been when hasn't.