

*Those Vine-leaves that Frame the Pictures  
in a Child's Book*

Somewhere among the immensities of stars  
our Fortunes, unbeknownst to us, are held in check  
by flaming doorways disguised as fanciful vignettes

Their fiery tongues furling into leaves  
pretending that the real story  
is a bluebell fairy caught by thorns.

A rugged castle rises from a rock  
as if it were a potent northern warning  
and yet is bordered by a larger world  
whose flaming doorway is disguised as a fanciful vignette.

Picture-book ships are running on the waves,  
sails billowing in the silvery weather,  
while dangerous gods do battle, knee-deep in clouds,  
that bound this ocean, close this boundless sky.

Suppose we, too, were held captive by our own stories  
distinguished only by our dreams — or are they visions?  
of dimly illumined pathways, or hidden  
upward climbs through noble afternoons  
hinting of adventure glimmering through the margins

Opening in new life, new worlds