

Constance Merritt

Rites of Passage

As it is now it has always been

Sailing through the blue/green air
Sailing on the wine/warm sea

Outside as through the passageway
The medium is the same

Inside as through the passageway
The medium is the same

As it is now it has always been

Swimming as you have always swam
Flying as you have flown

As it is now it has always been
As it is now it has *never* been

The red door has disappeared
The blue/green window faded

Wild bird trapped in a human house
Child meshed in inhuman gears

Seeking the hands that would spell release
Fleeing in terror those self-same hands

As it is now it has always been
This frenzy for the door