

the spirit is a traveler
who does not know
if it will leave the body
the same way
as consciousness does.
is it the spark that breathes
in light and falls into its own ashes.
is it always moving on
in a wandering tide.
or is it the seeker of thrones
storming the gates
painted with the faces of evil.
does it have a secret
hiding place to shelter
in the eternal.
could it be the broken part
of the spoke left behind
by a stone tablet in carelessness.
does it care if it can look back.
does it care to look back.
does it manage the stage
foot lamps to take a bow.
will it speak as an explorer
of the unknowable.
will it go into a simple
sleep on the trail.

who knows.

if you do show me
the one you captured.
if you do show me
the one in your cage.
tell me about the raw smells
of the confined.
i want to know about
the disembodied escape
from the sealed existence
swept away with dreams
and the dreams
of other dreams
in the arms of a caretaker
who does not notice the full moon.

the spirit is a traveler.
wf.h.
2026