

La Mesilla

Jason Webley

On an empty bus at midnight at the border between two worlds,
Neither of which knows my name.
Mosquitos and the driver's snores weave a lullaby around my wrists,
That feels like handcuffs.
After hours of motion, watching the world spin by
Through a one and a half foot by one and a half foot portal,
I am in complete stillness.
And I feel that I am suffering from lack-of-motion sickness.

I close my eyes and the world spins by,
Taking me to the edge of my mind.
I open my eyes and the sky unfolds.
There's no more mystery about eternity.