



Image from Dreamtime

Richard deFuria

## A Metaphysical Stroll

There is another world, but it is in this one.

—Paul Eluard

Tall as the sun, I face moonset to the West.  
Walk lanes of blinds, and  
balusters, sexy hip to hip  
marble dancers kicking up high fence . . . Behind,  
still, invisibilities.

Where fields, harrowed, reach City's rim  
and turn back. What madness of deliveries!  
—people do go on, taking home. No peril,  
burrow-stuffing?  
(Blue of a morning window, absented things  
my joy)

Out of "thin air" children take quick shapes;  
into "thin air" vanishing back, as youth. As if  
no time but one—no world but one—exists.  
Still, I like getting on, I'll scroll the latest up:  
**EARTH'S BEST GET SET TO GO**  
A trainee, in her own words, how longing  
on some monstrous mobile planet's moon  
to stand.

Forward, if not hand in hand,  
in knowings. Her eyes there to hold our minds  
within—like Leibniz's monads, reflectors, each  
in all. Experience having no  
. . . magnitude?

In your bag your poem books, Bishop, Valéry,  
Adrienne Rich, Sharon Olds. All about, their germ;

ours, a husbandry of worlds.                      Incipience  
of melodies.                      Groves in office view.  
    Why sadness under the approach  
                    of saffron evening?

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Richard deFuria has published work in *Western Humanities Review*, *Scholla Satyrica*, *Last Green Valley*, *Modern Language Notes*, and elsewhere.