

# FOR THE EARTHBOUND

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The endless searching days and nights are just begun,  
We grab a tranquilizer for the queezy stomach full of nerves.

Is this the progress to infinity;  
To know the desert pattern of tiny shuffling feet,  
To find tobacco stains in chalky, neon-darkened halls.  
Always the tile patterns, endless squares and pastel  
colored doors,  
The posed facade.

But to feel,  
To feel free again.  
To ride bumpy-high  
In a blue borne sky.  
Nothing creeping slowly under you,  
Relief-joy surging  
To the top of your head;  
Raise the world with a top tilting turn.

Ants and windmills,  
You silly asses.