

Hero's Guide to Travel

You never know when you will come home. Maybe
the sun will be rising over the blurry horizon.
Maybe you have been lost for ten years, sleeping
on needles, fiending for demons. Maybe you will be recognized.

Or maybe it will be raining and when you finally walk into your home
you find it flooded with rivals who do not even notice
your soaked clothes. Or you go to the airport in Rome,
and though you miss something like crazy, maybe your black dog,

you can think only of motives to miss your plane.
You haven't seen Bernini's Fountain, you haven't indulged in amaretto.
Really, you don't want to return, ever, you want to fly, find
hallucinatory worlds. Remember to take care:

or your wings may tear apart and you will plummet
back to the same maybes you tried so desperately to escape.