



Risking the Boundaries
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for Chanon

There's somewhere I want to go,
and so I cruise the limits of the visible.
I feel the barrier, weird yet familiar
to my touch—is this a warning?

A car burns beside the road
where I meet the guardians of the way,
an old woman throwing bones in the dust,
a young man rolling stones on a board.

"Who are you?" he asks, "Elven queen,
white witch, she who has trouble
making up her mind?" If I pass, I know
I cannot return, but what more can I loose?

The wind carries me—I change.
I have no eyes. I have no sex.
I dance to the rhythm of the stars,
a dance that is older than love.