

That's where they were hiding!
The monumental
continents of our youth took refuge
in the sky,
whose smelt-gold glow
now
shows them up as
shadowed clouds.

They are wary of us, never allowing
us to get
too
close as surely as we
ourselves, looking, hesitate,
locking
words, descriptors
our own faint wisps,
behind our lips.

Two-footed, terrafirm, I am skeptical
of limits to the perpetually

inaccessible (despite
the most earnest
flailing
of
limbs) - but
I suppose love is
the same way, or desire,
a vaporous mountain
whose distance gives it
shape,
perspective,
significance. And I suppose lighting

has a lot to do with it: even in those young,
hungry jungle expeditions we were led on by
promises of riches, rubies
socketing the wet
sunset
leaves,
exotic birds
and
elaborate
ceremonial dances
twirling above us,

at least until it got dark when fear and biting
insects drove us back inside.
But I don't mean to dismiss sight,
see? Lighting is the way

things truly are when we beheld them,
they keep that beauty as long as we do,
become landmarks,
become the farflung
petals
of a sun-red
compass rose,
pointing back to an endless ladder.
Up and on we go,
silly pilgrims!
Searching for solid ground –

-Peter Dayton, Nashville, TN 9/2/13

You point to something out the window
which I cannot see.

Oh
it's so lovely.

-Peter Dayton, Strasbourg to Munich 7/30/13