

## PORT OF CALL

The lower right was perfect earthlight, The upper left a snapshot Mercury capsule in flight.  
This painting hung on the bathroom door while I ran between museum displays.  
I was warned not to wish so loud.  
The angel on the setting sun might think me too proud and grant just whatever I say.

My voice broke. I moved the ruler. I reach for bikes and soon the planets feel no further away.  
Take Apollo to the corner sign. It's many light years to a place of mine.  
Mark the distance off in parallel tears.  
They stand on the front step nursing their ears, trying to integrate absolute time.

*Chorus:* I'm an orbit bound chariot ride.  
One tyrant looks just like another these days unless I leave a bare bedroom behind.  
There's no port of call like the ones I design.

Abraham took a stroll in space. They didn't know where to find him.  
But as he marveled at the stars he never looked behind him.

The moon's above the burning aspen. A sword floats free by the lantern.  
Sometimes it's by the photographs. Sometimes it's hiding under the quilts.  
So string some single numbers along and the earth will explode in a rocket dawn.  
Then a part of me won't have to stand still.

Take me as I'm sure to be, an edgy, roughened soul.  
But where the sweet part of me goes the rest will make me whole.

All boys know just what awaits them. They trace the line of broken glass away from what they call home.  
A small soul says he has to know. The Universe responds, "Let him go."  
There are no two way s the words can be construed.  
I love you all no matter what my altitude but some callings cannot be dethroned.

*Dedicated to my family, whom I love without condition.*

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