

Paper Boats

Not everyone who ventures beyond
The Newtonian shores
Returns with data pertinent to our salvation.
Why then, this banishment?
Why this white rock?
From my tower I look out --
Whiteness in every direction.
I hope this is not the whiteness of God.
The ocean is white.
Where did they find such an ocean?
Even the fish have abandoned it.
Although my data is encoded in the
Language of frogs and birds,
There is no obstacle.
In the moonlight we are all fluent
In forgotten tongues.
I have launched a fleet of paper boats
 -- white on white.
Printed letters clutter every vessel
 -- black and clear,
 -- like the foot prints of tiny ravens,
 -- inescapable as arrows.
Only the upper third of the boats
Is still visible above the horizon.
Do not despair sweet Chrysippus.
Though they hold you captive against your will,
My message bobs toward Thebes.
Origami cranes already hover
In the white sky.