

Geoff Page

## TONIGHT YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN FLY

Although you've never been athletic  
tonight you know that you can fly,  
a matter of the arms extended <

as Nietzsche said, "O The Will to Heights."  
The distances are finite though,  
a few close paddocks only

at just a thousand feet,  
nothing feathered, nothing fancy,  
no sense of wind across the skin,

just a humming levitation.  
Others in the scene look on,  
unskilled in aeronautics

but lazily convinced.  
It's just a mundane, local Lourdes  
exciting little comment,

a different way, they'd say if pressed,  
to handle gravity.  
The paddocks wear their droughty brown,

stranger in that high dimension.  
Your arms are cruciform and tired.  
You feel it in the shoulders

and see, while still inside the dream,  
it's more or less symbolic <  
but just of what you'll never know.

The distances, the altitude,  
the scattered crowds that do not care,  
the fences marking off the paddocks,

the cattle down below  
The meaning's in your tendons still,  
reaching for a biro.