

Letter to Shakespeare · *Arthur Vogelsang*

We live longer, space and time are pale and relative  
And are often not hunky and not dory as in jet lag  
Or when the thought of death or parting makes love black  
With which you're familiar, listen

Imagine riding the airplane or a muscular gliding bird with big lungs.  
Below, a speed boat on limitless water (that must be the ocean)  
Digs deep into water, I'm in the boat, an electric horn (a wire hangs from it)  
On which must be my voice is shouting up to you

And you can't hear this because of your engines  
Around you, or the bird's athletic breathing at each stroke,  
The wind in his feathers, the wind in your ears, or your fear.  
Gradually as in classical music which always makes me sad

I continue forever in such water with such a boat and horn  
And sometimes a big strong bird or plane overhead.  
Help me, Shakespeare

to turn to the land mass

(Turn around) so close behind, see it?  
Which is such a monster hunk of land  
You can cross it only in what I've called an airplane  
Or via death when your loved one on its other side appears on your  
eyeballs.

For instance, I'm looking out an open window in L.A. while  
Countless little airplanes flutter around hills far away in the sunshine  
Making me sleepy and almost late for my cab (taxicab).

Now I know there is a great plane waiting for me:  
I can see its images, pale or black, rising and sinking in the sky.