

Wanderlust

'wän-dər-, læst

strong longing for or impulse toward wandering

by Crow

crows-cabin.neocities.org

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Distances (Atelic Anthem)

Suppose you are on a walk
for no particular reason
A little loop around the neighborhood
Now, suppose instead of circling back to point "A"
you went on to "B"

Suppose you walked onwards on a vague quest
to find

1. Enchantment engineering
2. Liminal laneways of loitering liars
3. Wayfaring wizards, victorious vagabonds
4. Oceans, sirens, gods, knights, insomniacs, etc
5. The very edge of Everything

or some other point

You suppose that that famous "B" doesn't exist in the end
and you suppose that's okay
because you don't need a real destination anyways

You wonder as you wander
if your legs would give out
as soon as you passed some invisible line of thought

It is probably a good thing
that the world is so small and busy today
because the distances you want to cover

are utterly pointless

Insomnia study

I am alive, so full of

Possible things to do

- Dig around in the kitchen (Cook something that'll last me a while)
- Walk out the front door (See the stars and the dark in between them)
- Lay on the dew-covered lawn (And let the clover take me where it will)

Armed with the square of light in my palm

That echoes back my agitated plea

And the black marker from my nightstand

With which to draw over the rest of the world

But I think of how my father's footsteps fall

So gently on the tired carpet

I see his sad eyes see me in the hallway

With my foolish grass-stained heart

I am awake at night

And I'm not going anywhere

3 *Quick and Easy Ways to Clean Off, or, The Water Cycle*

1.

the rain pours
 so fast so hard loud
 good
 soaks me to the bone
 to the the soul
 good
 it is so cold
 I am getting goosebumps
 good
 the thunder gets so loud
 I can't think
 good
 if lighting wipes me from
 the face of the Earth
 good
 losing myself in this
 torrential downpour
 a good approximation of joy

2.

Go to the pool. To the lake.
 To the sea.
 There is salt in the sea and in
 your blood and in your tears.
 Don't you want to be
 reunited?
 There is not enough water on
 the whole goddamn planet for
 you. For your insatiable
 instinct to swim.
 No, not to swim.
 Not even to float.
 There is not enough water on
 the whole goddamn planet for
 you to sink into.
 It is not that you want *it* to be
 larger.
 You simply want to be
 smaller.
 A part of it.
 Go to the pool.

 You always win swimming
 races.

3.

We all sit in our shower
 sometimes, I think
 A warm, personal, lackluster
 imitation of harsh rain
 drip, drip, drop

 The entire universe consists
 of that shower
 Time trickles by strangely
 between breaths
 drip, drip, drop

 Aware of space and lack
 thereof, time and it's
 dilations, breath moving the
 way it always does
 drip, drip, drop

 We all sit in our shower
 sometimes, I hope
 Suspending reality until we
 feel cleaned off

Emotional lycanthropy

we're always pointing out the moon to each other
a pack of romantic werewolf poets
saying things like
 oh look how perfect the crescent is
and
 the moonlight's so freaking bright
 I can't see the stars
and
 the summer moon is a goddess of her own
 she fills my mouth with honey and
 my mind with gentle dreams of better days
and other such nighttime nonsense

I think we've always looked up at the moon with trust
I cannot believe in myself
today
there is nothing there to believe
I will believe in the moon instead
I will believe she believes in me

Growing god

I am drawing a church in dirt like an amateur prophet:
pews made of twisting trails full of twisted roots
and trampled grass paths in ferns and foxglove
with parishioners sitting next to frogs and birds and snakes and turtles

and I want to personally bless the water in
fast running rivers with rocky bottoms
and muddy ponds covered in lily pads and weeds

I will sit on flat rocks that slope into immaculate fresh water
and pray and praise the slices of greenery we carve
out of iron-bound lives

Welcome back

Well, knight-wanderer, where have you been?
Playing the hero, the adventurer, the fool
Alone and up to no good

The thyme you picked along the way
Is no victory laurel, is no crown of thorns
And its fragrance haunts your hands for days to come

Poor knight-wanderer, what have you done?
Running away from all that steel
Only got you lost in the wood

You wrestled with your compass rose
And it scratched you so badly
That you had rathered throw it away

Would you return to us, knight-wanderer?
We are asking so nicely after all of this time
The lost cause that you were found itself

And the stars that used to be in your eyes
You carry now in your pockets
So that you are bathed in their light

Knight-wanderer, who has made you so?
With a lonely mind walking so far away
There are dandelions pushing through the cracks in your chest

Because you stared at the quicksilver moon so long
You saw it change every night and wanted to change too
By sheer wanting and walking you were made anew

Dearest knight-wanderer, you won't go alone this time