On Earth As It Is

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You're Asleep

Stephen Mead

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You're Asleep
Stephen Mead

I think
On automatic pilot
In a commuter plane,
Flying at night is the most peaceful thing.
These lights are our own Tivoli,
A cathedral of sky. Going so deep
While floating as if through glass
As it forms, is to apprehend
How significant smallness can be,
Meaning us in this vast cavern,
Meaning those spires,
Those good window faces—Look—down there in the dark.

That dark is as good as chocolate
& maybe we are almonds
For some god to swallow,
Unless perhaps it's already happened
& here we are in the thick
Of god's roomy bowels…. 

When I say God I mean you, so
Move over, you air-bound Dutchman,
Dozing at the controls,
Your headphones on Wagner.
Someone's paging us from his booth
On another jet I cannot see.

Listen, it must be long distance
& I think you better wake up.
I think maybe we are like prayers
That voice now needs.
A resident of NY, Stephen Mead is a published artist, writer and maker of short collage-films (See HERE). His latest project, a collaboration with composer Kevin MacLeod, is entitled "Whispers of Arias", a two volume CD set of narrative poems sung to music. In addition to books being available through Amazon, samples of this musical project can be heard at Soundcloud and CDs are available at THIS SITE.