

Two poems by Rebecca Waines

Thinking about how we can no longer travel due to Covid-19, and the many places there are to go.

Neo wise

Starry night you astound me
with your comet
like an icy torch
like a Norse rune calling me into
the inhospitable, the beautiful, and the big

Your endless bounds make me crave the vortex of discovery
the beg me away from safety and friends -
from earth itself

Indeed, the vast night makes sweet promises
to my mind which never wants to slumber
or to gaze upon the earth in an unwitting slumber

And the twinkling eyes of the stars
seem suddenly no longer a beckon to sleep
but a cry to explore
and to keep exploring until my eyes
can twinkle with their secrets too

and with the knowledge that earth
is not my cage
but my home

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