

Sonnet Scroll

Wander Lust

By James B. Nicola

If flesh, the physical, is mostly water,
what chains are there? No, the mortal prison
is like the sea in its bed, which has risen
since time began, as dreams and hope and thought

rise into vapor, to return as rains
and cleanse the air, restore a turbid sea.
Not that seas need replenishing. But we
do, lest our seas evaporate to plains

millennia from now. Imagination,
the desire to combine and realize,
cannot be shackled, but will bubble, rise,
and go as breath and words escape from skin—

as you're escaping, even as you share
this poem, think these thoughts, inspire this air.