

Mistake

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In jeans and t-shirt I stand
On the equator
Perpendicularizing myself, I see
Through past and future.
Just like a doll with a spring, I can
See all around myself,
Although my vision stops
Where the seven seas end.
The Thames becomes my target, the
Tower Bridge that also
Sleeps the Statue of Liberty
When I have to go
And take the mirror to reflect
The infiltrating glow.
I wait with my cell phone, with
Plugs in my ears
I stand out of the map
That engulfs my yard,
Then the maps grow up
And covers the whole world.

Now, boundaries ebb away
And beyondness is the hope
My t-shirt becomes a map
My jeans . . . another globe.
When I chat and net
A lighthouse I become,
That looks towards the west
But stands as if mum.