

Astral Planes

Some say that when we sleep
We slip our bodies' bonds
And freed, we find a taste of heaven.
So, shrugging off the weights of earth
Unfurl our souls, and cruise the astral planes.

If this be true, my love
Do we have nightly trysts
When veils are pulled aside and souls unite?
Do I, released from this sad corpus meum,
Flit lightly to your beckoning.

If so, let us not tread on old familiar paths
Remembering.
But point us to the furthest star
And revel in the great new yonder
That, maybe now, you know a little
And wish to share with me.

Lucy Clough