

COSMIC WINE

Bruce Boston

You don't pour it from a bottle or drink it from a glass.
You inhale its potent essence from an Erlenmeyer flask.

It's vintaged by the minute, there's nothing left to waste,
the lands where it will take you are from another space.

Down avenues of pulsing light with visions so intense,
the patterns of the universe at last make perfect sense.

Back in your own apartment, you've lived here everyday,
yet you have never looked before or seen it in this way.

That cannot be your face that glances from the mirror,
more complex incandescent than a solar hemisphere.

Your thoughts keep racing on, faster than your mind.
All you ever claimed to know must now be redefined.

Reality is a rainbow fish that wriggles in your brain.
When its motion ceases...it's time to breathe again.

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