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Occasional Poem

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PETER COOLEY

Occasional Poem

After Dickinson

I heard the sound of time stop when I died.
And time beginning, I was in a space
I'd visited occasionally before.
It's where hunger sated is still hungry,
Thirst slaked still thirsty
And the room's threshold
Cannot be distinguished from the ceiling.
Both one blue ocean singing without end.

I guess that's what they mean by singing time?
But these aren't angels as history has it
Or birds or any sound I'd ever heard.
Where I am now is indescribable.
It is like being a child but I'm wise.
My favorite part? That I am bodiless.
My favorite moment? Throwing that body off.