

Pete Droge

"So They Say"

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They say the stars are grave markers

And the movement of the sun is a flare in slow motion

They say the heart is a spider in a web of blood

And the brain is a coral reef

They say shadows of strangers never lie next to each other

And always dissolve in the morning

They say the moon will break into pieces

And fall into the ocean

They say not to believe the wind carries our thoughts around

Yet for the boy, earth is the blue stone in his hand

He can fly through pink thunder and dance in blueberry barrens

He says rivers are gliding mirrors carrying him up and down stream

To places where the passing world is not what they say,

But what he dreams

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