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JACK'S JOURNEY

By

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Scaling Stalk,
heights of insurmountable odds.
Tunic of brown,
rising to the heavens.

Crystal moon illuminating the
vertical trail,
closing the gap between
pursuer and goal.

A harp. Golden as
The North Sea lit by
Winter Solstice.

Orbs of metallic ore
Shimmering on the table.
The plateau.
The shrine hovering
miles above the landscape.

The glorious animal
living an existence of slavery.
Condemned to producing
trinkets of vast wealth
that without greed would
leave its owner penniless.

Creeping through crevice,
avoiding harsh whisks of straw
thrown past by gods from above

Dodging wooden pillars and
giant vessels of glass,
I silently approach my prize.

For eternity, the marathon continues.
Past doors and sleeping entities.
Past dozing eyes that beyond their
shields trace each miniscule footstep.

Shimmering bronze light caresses
the crystal pitcher and
reflects prisms
onto blueberry walls.

Dancing among the figures,
beyond the centerpiece of
wilting flowers,
my destination lies.

Beyond the blanket of yarn
once used to knit rainbows;
now lying there, useless.
Dusty.

Beyond the pitcher once
used to soak the Earth.
Liquid gone. Evaporated
into the airs of time past.

Beyond the rug once
stained the color of fields
of wild strawberries
now withered and ignored.

My attention returns to the reward.
The gift. I eye it with awe.
Inspired by its beauty, quickly,
I dart across the room.

A mouse risking its life
for a sample of brie.
Scaling the plateau,
grasping the golden object,
the golden sunset, then
running away at lightning speed.

Avoiding bronze reflection,
parallel to barriers.
Quickly I pass through hallways.
Back out through the door.
Through the gate.
Through the yard.
Back down to reality.
Back down to home.

Parental applause
coupled with humility.
Resurrection from poverty.
Living life on a level
to date not yet known.

Expand the horizons.
Find a way to make the...
“You know, there’s just not enough
hours in the day...
Someone should figure out how to
hold back the sun;
make the day longer...”
Hold back that copper orb.

Back up the trellis.
Back past the sun;
that flaming ball of fire.
Back through the yard,
through the gate,
through the door.

Out of breath.
Searching.
Indigo night covering the home
with her blanket.

Finding the slave.
Spotted.
Quickly grabbing it
without notice to the prisoner.

A scream of annoyance.
Of anger. Of humility.
Of promised vengeance.

The god awakens from his
century – long slumber,
spots the intruder.
That miniscule mouse.
That thief;
Me.

Dump the parcel.
Running as fast as I can.

Onto the ground the slave
of greed falls and flees
and falls and flees.

Forfeiting my goals does not
appease the god.
Pursuing his goal still, the being
does not give up.

I, quickly spotting the future outcome,
plan my escape route.
Darting to the right,
dodging to the left.

Once again taking the more common
path;
the path I've seen many times before.

Quickly now; no time to stall.
Back past the rainbow yarn.
back over the frayed rug.
Through the door.
Through the gate.
Through the yard.
Back, once again, down the trellis.

Into the yard.
Into the shelter.
Safety.
Safety.

Then

Sound begins to trickle
from the heavens with increasing
volume
like the steady drip...
drip...
drip of a leaky faucet.
Sound increasing from a quiet hum
to a thunderous moan.

The god is coming back to achieve
revenge.
...afraid of the consequences,

I plan my next move.

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But this sequence is much different.
I have never been so rushed before.
Taking for granted time in the past
moments spent soaking up beauty,
never have I been so threatened...
So angry. Afraid.
What will happen now that I flee?