

MAGIC

Ute Kaboolian

I believe in magic,
or I would not be here.
I make magic when I dream,
when I laugh or shed a tear.
Since pure energy pervades me,
floods each molecule and cell,
since its waves are all around me,
ringing like a muted bell,
flowing ever inward, outward, magically unseen,
I must focus on *one* wavelength.
Thus my senses, sharply keen,
do perceive my bedstead solid,
anchored in a present time,
yet in dreams of past and future
things *do* and *do not* rhyme.
Far away and distant lands
occupy that very place
where my body,
here quite solid,
Lies asleep
in innocent
grace.
Magic?
Yes.
I call it magic.
I'm a dream-art scientist
and as such know very well
that neither time
nor space
exist.
But
I
do.
I am magic.

