

HART HOUSE REVIEW



2017

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Gondola

The Earth expands while I remain
small. Moving yet unmoving, backwards
and upwards: ascent of the mountain.

Waterfalls in threes. Trees in thousands.
I am struck with the idea of your
shoulders. Convex, concave arches.

A bird would think: millions inside millions.

Suspended meters up, I assume closeness
to unreality. Paragliders with red chutes duck
in reclamation. You are on the ground

asking if I'm coming home. Doors divide
at the summit. The last thing I said was, see you
soon. Wind forces them apart, when they break

a vacuum draws the open air.