



TRAVEL:

A Promise Of New Worlds

By Wayne Visser

The journeys we plan
The trips we make
The holidays we remember
All are vivid fantasies
Conjured from desire
Unattainable utopias
Wished upon a dream
Sun-picked memories
Pocketed for a rainy day

Travel itself is a shoddy garment
Creased with frumpled fatigue
And stained by leaky plans

Travel is a soundtrack of static hiss
For a fleeting moment of silence
Or a passing parade of trumpets

Travel is an ill begotten escape
Which tunnels back on itself
To the familiar prison of our thoughts

And yet a jacket well worn
Gives a certain comfort
And tells a story of its own
The flash of blinding wellbeing
And the flood of sensual bliss
Make the dissonance worthwhile
And ultimately, travel delivers its promise
Taking us to new, undiscovered worlds
But never the ones we expected

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