



## 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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