

## Transported

I am transported, like  
Cap'n. Kirk, when he says  
Beam me up Scottie,  
To a higher level  
As far beyond mire of my life  
As Matterhorn over valley below  
Where no longer  
Must I muddle through muck.  
Soaring on gossamer wings, released,  
Rejoicing like a newborn fawn  
Capering across meadows, unaware  
Of wolf pack lurking in shadows.  
I reach across eons of time  
And space to pull others into my  
Alternate reality; yet ever alone,  
Visionary, hawk-eyed, seeing  
Others still groping blindly  
Mired in antiquity.

Harlan Richards