

SARAH JANE'S LAMENT

Is someone calling my name?

Wait, I think I hear....

No. It's just my imagination.

It happens, now and again, after I've locked the desk,
turned off the lamp...

In the silence, I hear a familiar voice, calling my name, and for a moment...
Just a moment....

If in the corner of this darkened room, a peculiar blue box would appear,
And a familiar face --

(A new face, perhaps? Would I know him?)"

Yes. I would. I know I would.)

-- a familiar smile; a welcome voice, calling my name,
beckoning, perhaps with a wistful pout...

Would I go?

Would I go?

Forsake my life, my home, my friends,
my weekly visit to the Chinese take-away?

This structured existence would be as lethal to him as the plague.

Not for him a regular schedule, slave to an unsympathetic clock,

Or in the inexorable rotations of a planet -- any planet --

Around a sun.

If he came for me, would I go?

Go with complete abandon, giving myself over
To the pure joy of discovery?

Would I go?

Pink sands and orange skies and river water sticky sweet like nectar,

Strange kitten-cubs glowing redly in the dark,

Multi-hued birds chirping songs of welcome

In the soft pastel light of twin blue moons....

Sarah Jane Smith, you're dreaming again.

Who would care for your philodendron, pick up your laundry,

Settle your accounts?

Twin blue moons, indeed.

Put your mind on the future.

Put your memories away

like linens in a cedar chest.

There was never any room for boredom in his life.

I wonder where he is now?

Is someone calling my name?

Wait, I think I hear....

by M.D. Bloemker