

Dear Mistress,

Sometimes as I sit here at my desk I wonder about the ways of the world. There are so many unanswered questions floating about all around us. We are but babes reaching up to touch a mobile of dangling queries. At my feet I can see the cord to the computer coiled like a snake waiting to strike at my toes. I pull my feet in just a bit closer. I feel as though I am dangling over a precipice with steel crocodiles waiting below. Every once in a while a drop of my sweat rolls off my forehead and drops down into the pit, driving the beasts into a frenzy as they yearn for my blood. These are not your average crocodiles, oh no, these are made of stainless steel with overlapping dragon like scales. Their red eyes are the only points of vulnerability. Their blood lust can only be satisfied with the dreams of a dreamer, one whose thoughts have no boundaries, thoughts that travel the universe and back, carrying memories of the past and alternate futures to be engraved on paper or stone. These memories bring both laughter and tears and are the building blocks for the castle in my head. It is in this castle where my greatest creation will be conceived. From a small window in the tallest tower I shall wave to my adversaries as I unleash my words like flaming arrows. It is these words borne from my pain that will release the world from the dark cage in which it now resides.

Who are you? Where did you get this letter? Did you find it in a bottle floating near the shore? Are you in fact my beloved mistress? Perhaps you have found the ramblings of a tired old sailor whose tenure is almost up and wants to leave a part of himself behind as he transcends to another plane. He spins tales of death and despair that he may or may not have endured. I was on a boat once, nay, a ship it was. I remember the way the deck swayed gently and the clouds seem to circle overhead like birds watching their prey. Out in the ocean we were but a speck atop the vast blue expanse. The days and night blended together creating the one long strobe like memory that haunts me when I dream. On this island where I now reside I have only me to sing me to sleep, how I miss your voice. I remember that film we once went and saw in the plaza. Never have I seen a movie so dry, even the score droned on and on leaving me feverish and thirsty for a cool glass of humor or simply air. Air in which I could fly away and be free from the constraints that society has placed on me and on you. That was something that you never understood, the sky is certainly not the limit.

Back to the snake coiled at my feet, I believe that it has a venom with which all of mankind will one day be infected. The antidote lies in the knowledge that if it were all to end tomorrow, life would go on. As I stare into this soul less window before me, I can't help but wonder at what such a device would be like if instead of connecting you to other rooms such as this one throughout the world, it opened a portal to the realm of background, the world that exists just beyond the sight and hearing of the average person. A dark world that is filled with colorful moving tapestries in every corridor and a melodious humming whose scope is always just out of reach. Here you can truly surf the world upon waves that never crash. Here I sit upon a stool and paint my masterpiece with words I have found. Words that I have collected over the years in a leather knapsack that I keep at my side. But alas my mistress, time grows short and I must end this systematic poem with which I woo thee. Another time and place and maybe we could have been.

Sincerely yours,

Sir Axis Courteney