

## La Mesilla

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On an empty bus at midnight at the border between two worlds,  
Neither of which knows my name.  
Mosquitos and the driver's snores weave a lullaby around my wrists,  
That feels like handcuffs.  
After hours of motion, watching the world spin by  
Through a one and a half foot by one and a half foot portal,  
I am in complete stillness.  
And I feel that I am suffering from lack-of-motion sickness.

I close my eyes and the world spins by,  
Taking me to the edge of my mind.  
I open my eyes and the sky unfolds.  
There's no more mystery about eternity.