

Bed-Sized Universe

by **Stephen Elliott-Buckley - Monday, January 12, 2015**

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In the liminal state
Between yesterday's deluge of logistics and over-stimulation
And tomorrow's hopefully more meditative study
Of deep river shore line,
I lie in bed
Between clay ground and vapour clouds.

I can't feel fully grounded
I keep floating up,
Like bed spins but more trippy.

Like the mortal coil extending
But not to the degree where I'd lose touch of the ground completely,
Which is critical for staying conscious of two states that rarely blur this much.

And the states of my being
Compete for supremacy,
But I resist and carry them both
In my liminality
In my knowing
In my wishing
In my seeking and sensing for truths or just facts or just moments.

Because my bed-sized universe
Is both infinite and conveniently knowable within my capacity,
And I secretly want to stay here
Like John and Yoko in their bed-in
But mine will be all mine
With people drifting in and out
As I zoom in on their mortal coils and drag them close
Closer than they usually are
Closer than I usually see them
Close enough
To know
And sense
And wish them here,
Out of time itself.