

## Some Borders Should Not Be Crossed

*Donald Zirilli*

Lifting my head  
above a wall  
to peek at a Drive In Movie,  
I grab a wire,  
                    discovering  
pain in my fist.

As I crawl under a fence  
to visit cows, my  
                    consciousness  
is pushed down  
through the top of my head,  
the pasture forced  
into a dream.

From an ink brush,  
the Zen master draws  
the paper's  
                    electricity,  
but we only see  
his blank eyes  
as he pushes through.

We only hear the rip.