On Inhabiting an Orange

By Josephine Miles

All our roads go nowhere.
  Maps are curled
  To keep the pavement definitely
  On the world.

All our footsteps, set to make
  Metric advance,
  Lapse into arcs in deference
  To circumstance.

All our journeys nearing Space
  Skirt it with care,
  Shying at the distances
  Present in air.

Blithely travel-stained and worn,
  Erect and sure,
  All our travels go forth,
  Making down the roads of Earth
  Endless detour.


Source: Collected Poems 1930-83 (1983)