

Let me in

what holiness are through those doors?
what stained glass colors seep onto the floors?

what chorus choirs echo in the walls?
what cries pile up to the ceiling with a call?

what words are etched in the dusty scrolls?
what light lingers high above with the balcony souls?

the gates are guarded with sunken statues,
with nowhere to turn for refuge.
no one inside,
to pray to the divine.

but there, a dove flies by,
as the door creaks open.
a rich and ancient wave washes over.

for a glance inside,
she'll die.

Unknown

From distant lands, where mystery sings,
a dulcet song, like honey, it brings.
The lightless limerence,
glows forever since.

What have I been doing of late?
Staring into the wind as if I know what's at stake.

Trying to align life's tales,
trialing different fates.

Like a wish-filled breeze,
we have yet to see me.

And yet, it all arrives.
Like a late bus, perfectly timed.
Like a penny on heads, jauntily primed.

It all derives, as a pleasant surprise.
Dear penny, the world works just fine.

And maybe the wind is nothing miraculous.
How wonderful!
to let nothing be nothing.

And maybe the wind is heaven-sent.
How wonderful!
to let something be
a gift unbent.