

## ETHER

You teach me without words  
When you speak, there is reason

In your presence  
I am present  
I am at peace  
I am  
I am you  
You are me

We are one  
beyond the breath  
Beyond the body  
In truth  
Divine

Your touch  
Ignites a thousand fires  
Giving birth to a billion flames  
Of light  
The light of consciousness  
Self-realized  
Ever luminous  
Within me  
Felt from the inside out

Seen from the outside in  
A universe undivided  
A soul remembered  
The vital vibration of knowing  
Reverent bliss

PASSION

wet body prints  
smudged upon  
temperate cotton canvas  
stained red

hot wild reckless  
creative potential  
dew adorned fusion  
salted lips

respire  
merciful asphyxiation  
dramatize  
enigmatic contour

slithering skin  
hard pressed hips  
rouse vigorous,  
salient erection

ardent laps  
mark scented fever  
limited conviction  
strike pass

come deliberate prose!  
feast bound desire  
cross intrepid boundary  
bleed evocative paint

love's corners resurfaced  
savory antiquity pillowed  
undeclared justice  
sheltered in jest

## THE GUARDIAN OF MY FIRE

If I could spend my entire life  
worshiping you, I would  
choose to live forever.

Let us part ways,  
only to return at  
the point of value;  
each eye of the other  
blind in the blissful  
truth of who we are  
by touch of knowing.

There are no words  
to say goodbye.  
Yielding to the archaic pulse  
of reverent silence,  
wisdom rivers flow  
into the ocean's song  
of sinking bones beneath  
the tidal undulation  
of resonant desire.

Your head upon my lap,  
my breast upon your spine,  
allow me to encapsulate  
the seed of who you truly are.  
Nestle safely in the cavern  
of my forlorn pelvis.  
Rest your aching inclination  
to contest surrender.  
Suspend all hesitation,  
so that in the precise cadence,  
of each noble moment  
we may melt into enchanted trust.

Lift your tranquil gaze  
in slightly static motion;  
ear sweeping upon  
chin upon cheek.  
Our lips stumbling to unite  
in the romance of darkness  
as the tips of your fingers  
whisper wind sonnets  
upon the flute of my conduit;  
your touch guided by

the thickening momentum  
of subtle pause.

Seated ecstatically upon the earth,  
unfalterd by the impervious throne  
of your attentive post,  
the dance becomes us;  
our coveting souls colliding  
into melodic oneness  
as bija mantras lay  
pristine arrangement.

Brow to supple brow,  
the incandescent vision  
of the seer and the seen  
engage the ritual of  
transcendent kiss.  
Govinda, Gopala  
the force of our hearts  
sparks sensational blaze  
ignited by reservation;  
arms tangled in the  
mudra of forever and beyond.

Locked tightly in suspense,  
the void of paradise, secured,  
urges hence the action of release.  
True love is not a craft of desperation.  
Tell me the fabled story of revival.  
Listen, only to hear that  
there is no agenda.  
Listen deeply.

Lean into the distance of separation.  
Draw forth my perilous existence  
unto your unscathed body;  
grant healing, bequeath inspiration.  
The scent of mighty sage,  
a timeless vestige  
whereby I appoint you  
the guardian of my fire.