

# *Lines Written In Crescent Cove*

A prayer made to whom---might marvelous she be--  
Somewhere, I'll pray to you---pluviophilia by the sea.

Flawless reflectivity following walkways of watery gems, leading  
To a bloody toenail of a moon, or like a vessel dipping in  
To the sea...I'll pray to you then, my dipper.

A prayer made to you, and only can you hear---  
Reflecting greater sights, hypnotic & stellar delights,  
And fleeting all diurnal job.

Phoebe prays, Selene ballets, Artemis even ever wards,  
Pele watches from her steep--all hunters of her watery walkways  
O'er secluded lagoons, coupled with diamonds dancing,  
O'er scintillate wake against a tropical copse;  
O how these godly sights forsake----

In crepuscular teasing, Hina Puka lords over  
The Idol fishermen giving birth to the coral reef out there,  
Under a goddess who subsumes the sea her bloodied toenail.

Be my commissary, Nameless Spirit,  
Reflect an avid prayer to Greater Sights out there,  
Which cannot be envisaged; although you've met before---  
Passed rims of soiled earth, and I'll lie in my sandy berth  
Serenely pleased and with sleep.

And there I'll say it's noble--- to verily pray knowing  
Replies from greater sights shall not this night be expedited,  
Although tomorrow may be heard  
And junctions thus our Third.

# *For Victoria*

Listening for a muse, I listen for the muse.  
What Palaver is then parsed from an influence's sway?  
And what was kept in a chest laved grey  
She beats brassier than they had once done,  
And with a refrain she came closer to cease,  
Altogether humming on a baritone string.  
She came through the window of an Ottoman night  
Enthused by all of this on-and-on' delight.  
She condescends my slighted shoulder, there  
She whispers, wearing slippers---  
Had I only contrived that she wore white slippers?  
And had she burthened oblivions, thus,  
And had I only known the indigos she'd offer,  
That she'd come tip toeing in the doorframe bidding  
In an entwined sandal, there for my Animus----  
Well, in the dark doorframe, she'll light a candle.  
What is more murderous than her undertones?  
Yet, know it so well in her sylph-like whisper;  
Softly she says, 'not I, not me, no, I am not your muse,  
I came only to tempt in the blue shadows, heard,  
I came only on an eavesdrop through a blue-shadowed bird.'  
And there it is to be decried...  
Crouching in the corner is the corner of the man  
Shivering in Entheos, and unfulfilled hand  
Emptied of those endogenous blues and hallowed indigos  
That washed so long ago over archipelagoes----  
"And ah... both exhumed for my soul."  
And there it is to be so heard..  
A bottle in the corner quivers to be so heard,  
A hollow thud on a hardwood floor echoes,  
And a dripping sound sallies without a crescendo,  
And not one-single-thing in her hand surrendered.  
The window-sill creaks. And from-out-of-a-corner climbs,  
To see the womanly wisp on this moonlit lawn...  
She turns around slowly, as it is in this beauty---  
'If I am not your muse then disprove this to me.'

# *One Writes For Old Age*

If sweet love should come, it should come after rain,  
And maybe the sod will have dried---  
That her hand in my hand, we'll pick at the root  
To carve at the lagerstätten.

An outline decayed a buried down birth;  
A beautiful shale inscribed---  
A myth and its flood; we could not deny  
The weave of its forgone fate.

Though deepest remains, I could not then ply;  
Opened our sights were transfixed.  
I asked her what she thought might be inside--  
She says, a lacuna of waves.

# *The Yucca God*

Told in a sundry of iterations, I am not there--  
Then I'll chant with newborn fortitude  
That here I stand, the God of Yucca...  
Proffering desert blossoms to the sun  
And I shan't release them, not a one.  
My arms: magnificent in strata silhouetted;  
My body: a basilica heaving, latticed and breathing.  
And all is spinning about my sphere---  
Yes, celestial, my consciousness is clear.  
As being is the art of ritual, yet with a weight;  
Hereto my bulk hordes all this vital fate.  
Not merely granular, some troll in space,  
Not merely static, am I? nor the sunlight of Prana,  
No! I am the God of Yucca, so burn in me;  
For that I'm more than egoless, my will is free!  
I: an amalgam of Olympus, Giza, Chichen Itza  
Am the Star of Constantine, an Angel of Mons,  
Am self-deception made aware, yet I yearn for more meaning,  
More happy-meaning, more chary-depth.  
And I write with the pen of Anonymous Pole  
In wrathful indignation, the splendor of soul.  
As the bringer of feast I am the tempter of fate;  
To staff-wielding kin I bring quixotic clay.  
And I will host a feast of merit lost for them,  
And in my arms they'll burn, and with my arms they'll win  
A lonely sight: my ruins charred, and so I'm wasted  
In the desert staring, my stamens standing, there I'll hem:  
Here I am, The God in Yucca, with evergreen hair,  
And this is more than matter; I am there.

# *The Weak Flesh*

Why not let us slumber out the night? As  
Barbarously you talk of the cup being passed;

They say, you will be the loneliest man ever lived,  
Though you have never asked to see my hands.

I've witnessed in disjunction of this sleep  
A Levantine cove in which sleep assembles--  
And there, underneath great crags,  
Whereat the tides pools drowned, stands a liar,

A louse, long fallen shade who makes  
My dream his house. And he, I believe in

Though dare I do not meet, is that  
Loneliest fiend, ever lapsed, and ever weary.