

Ruminations During the Morning Hour

Blissful Repose in Darkness

I went right
At midnight,
And I wondered if he
Would be there
To show and bare
With honesty
Himself like glass
And Alas!
Beautiful beast:
He arrived as a boar
And though he bore
Me not, yet I
Longed for him to,
Like he had to the two:
Man fell from boredom
And into exile you go!—
I was sore but no,
I kept walking; I
Endured and bore
Fear in my heart nor
Did I think to go back:
For I knew he would speak
Forbidden things, nothing meek
To me and they
Would surely tear
Me apart and scare
Me from illusions
I long held onto.

“What do you want?”
I looked at him and his
Face shone as the sun:
And he was most beautiful
Than any could imagine
Him to be, though they
Would not imagine him
To be as sweet as he
Appeared to me:

For they feared him, but
He was love to me—
A lover—to me.
And I embraced him
And the warmth of his
Mane was to sell
One's soul for.
And I looked at him
With admiration and no deceit,
And he looked also,
But in him was not and was.
“I am here to give
To receive in return
The mysteries of lands
Only you have seen, my friend.—
My lover,
How I have longed to meet you
In this place of obscurity:
For here does Truth dwell—
With you, my friend; in darkness:
Far away from the eyes
Of noblemen.”
And he giggled
Like a toddler viewing a fall,
And his mind began to wander
All across my face
And in his eyes, I could see,
That I had seduced him,
And in soon time should he
Reveal what I longed for
In my dark heart.

You seem fine,
Not one to dine
With the Devil,
He said,
And you look fed
With good marrow
And your bones
Look strongly as stones,
And, I could see in his eyes,

Though he stopped speaking,
But I could hear his mind leaking:
I want to eat you up
Like a cantaloupe,
Then you won't
Need to leave my side,
But with me will you dwell
And here in the well
Of my soul
So beautiful.

“What do you want to know?”
I could not believe him;
That he should speak so plainly
To me, a dusty man in his sight,
So impure and dirty and
He so gracious and jeweled,
And I began to wander upon
His face, and I could see in his
Eyes that I had won over
His affection: and he looked at me
As I looked at him, and in his eyes
I could see the licking of lips
As he stared intimately at my soul
So wretched of all, but loved by him
Nevertheless, and I
Wondered on this
Mystery of old: how the devil should
Want such a soul
As mine and as the others who were
More corrupted—no, I lie:
Mine was most damned—
But that he should want
My soul, I could not comprehend:
But my lover was pure
Though he was despised by men.

“Boy,” he said
And I, dead
With anticipation,
Looked at him

And became grim—
Because I knew
What I wanted
And I sought it
In hiddenness,
Not wishing to show
It with any kind of glow
That should distract him
Away from my soul.

“What do you want to know?”
And he was furious,
But grace still occupied his eyes:
And so I ceased to think,
“Show me all things—
Show me the god in heaven
If there is such.”

And he laughed
As though he were graft
Into a mocking tree
And into despair
Too, with no real air
To breathe in
Any relief
To cease his grief:
Laughing and laughing because
He himself did not know.

“Give it over and we will speak.”
And I did; and I began to praise
Him as the only divine
And I swore that all I was
Was his and his to dine
Upon, to eat up as he well pleased,
To masturbate to, to lust upon,
To indulge with, to indulge in,
To gain momentary satisfaction
And distraction
From fiery pits
And eternal shame.

I gave it to him
And he laughed on
As before.

Stupid, boy, he said
And then I knew I was dead
To him, that he would not give
What was real
Though I gave and could feel
My soul leave this wretched house.
And he laughed more
And so too tore
From me any dignity
Left in me: for—
The more
He laughed and laughed, the
More I shrunk away.

What the hell?
“What of hell!
You must tell
Me all about it
When you go and visit!”

“But it’s not,”
I began,
“It’s not fair;
I wanted to see;
I wanted to see
With total luminance;
I wanted to behold
What man before
Could never comprehend:
I wanted to behold
It and understand it;
It’s not fair;
I wanted to see
The back of God’s hand:
I wanted to see
What man before
Had never caught;

I wanted to know;
I wanted to know all:
For the sake of my peace,
I wanted to know all,
And you betrayed me
Though I loved you.”

“And you thought that
I should have kept
My word—for you?
Have you known me so,
So honest, boy?
But here,” and, he reached in;
He threw thirty silver
At my feet; “go;
Enjoy:
What more should I do for you?”

The Poet as Cruel Jester

And the curtains close
And a silence ensues,
Invited by the crowds
Desperate confusion
Awaiting an answer:
But the host stands
To the front of it all:
He cannot explain
The clown’s vibrant
Personal, public
Self-Execution.
And his last words
Were, “Madre,
Siempre estoy ciego:
No puedo ver los campos.”
And it was not his
Body’s sudden
Collapsing; it was
Not his mind’s
Material falling
On their tongues
Like snowflakes beloved;

It was not the violence,
The abrupt shift, the—
What they would call—
Sudden departure:
He recited his poesy
Of the world and its
Holy hills: could it
Be that he never
Witnessed its beauty?
But he wrote of it, but,
“Mother, I am always
Blind”, such has it been
And so shall it be?, “the
Fields I cannot see.”

Beautiful Light

I want to wake up
With the sunrise in our face,
Turning to say, “good morning,
Beautiful,” and smile at you:
And that is all.
That would suffice.
The world would be pleasant
And all would be fixed:
All would be well.
And I would be
Writing poetry
Beside you,
Enjoying your presence
Next to my own:
And words fall out
And I try to catch them all
But O! forget it if it
Meant to look at your
Radiant spirit one more time!
To be alone with you
And without poetry—
I would love it!
And to love even more—
I would love even more
To be in writing and beside you too.

But I'll leave poetry
Forever if it meant
We could dance together
In the rising times of the sun
And even before it came:
And what I want most
Is to dance with you
And to embrace you;
Not someone else: you.
To call you beautiful
Because you are
And are nothing else and
No one else but you.

Another Day Dies Away

Another day dies away,
Another season with it,
Another dream gone, far,
Another hope told no,
Another loss of what was gained,
Another whispers fade—
We speak so quietly
And never loud enough—
My voice goes away too,
Even my whisperings fade:
And another day dies away
With me in it
wondering,
puzzled
by my heavy-laden youthfulness
by my weariness-laced feet:
When will the day rise from me?
When will I scream out a new world
For myself and for my beloved?
But another day dies away
And still, I am quiet and composed.
But when will I burst forth?
Old wine in new skin, and yet,
When will I erupt chaotically?
When will the day rise from me?
When will I stop thinking

And asking away?
When will I stop attempting
And simply do?
And yet, another day dies away.