

Lost in Translation

In the esoteric silence, tasting of the honey that usually pores from your lips
I am broken in the moment, lost in the flavor of your person
The mesmerizing dance of being, life and love and all the L's stored in language
The passing of breaths that meet on well-traveled roads
To expire into the whole of unconscious thought,
Your hands, like books that tell me tales not written,
Gestures learned to read me, as you would be read
Speaking a tongue, at once individual and universal
Intended words drifting in space like galaxies
Made into planets of being, that drip passion, dewdrops
They cling to my early morning only to melt away with the heat of mind.
Taken hostage, my intellect defining the notion of feeling, but
Defying the range of meaning in every metaphorical movement
Simplistic in creation and form, disguising worlds of ambiguity
That live on your lips, and play on my ears, restoring belief
With unabashed exuberance, refusing to make your true message clear.

Morbus Caducus

Send me no death,
Leave body, and mind
Clinging to weightless form
A cinema fade-out of vibrating being
Dragged away
Magnetic, as electric pins
Pulled up over, and around
Flying beyond real, in the fictitious
Fancies of startled synapses
Yes, the darkness will come

It is certain, and so, cannot waver
As coherence deserts, chain reaction
Fingers to thoughts, brain to bones,
The speed of electricity
Matches the speed of pain
Beat for beat, breath for not
Symphony played until ending
Break and slowly reform, beyond
As each switch is one wrung closer
To dark silent abyss

These steps are known
Places that have been forgotten
Will filter back in kaleidoscope mind-storm
Memory never strays to far
From tingling loss of motion
Not finding the beginnings, or endings
Of nerves and muscles once, possessed
Gone and belonging no longer
And the darkness will come

Sure as day, and night, and death
And the in between, lingering
In the space bisecting worlds
Where word and image combine
Remember self, or time, or song
Fragments gathered, then released
Butterflies in summer sunrise
Speeding towards early graves
Lost feelings, lost eyes, lost tongue,
Ears and fear remain
To hear my own plea
Bring the Darkness.

Star Gazing

Passion flows like water in the night
The stars that shine reflect in boundless skies
On earthen bed we make our own starlight
The path to heaven laid open in your eyes
My mind grown foggy with an ancient plight
In your hand I see the red moon rise
But kisses come to steal my wayward sight
Patience lost in many longing sighs
Tempting is the place that's lost in stars
Flare desires laid deep within my soul
I'll draw your name in lights that burn in heaven
With pieces of me, in many brilliant shards
And where I'm empty you will make me full
And I'll feel rich, as one God has forgiven

A Long way Home

The air thick with the mist of night's revelry
Paints narcotic abstraction in the sky
Moving slow and swift in one breath
Of the virgin sun's first kiss
As it begins so does it die

The heat of the car seat warmer
Coils like wanting in the small
Of my back, Head pressed hard
Against faux leather, smelling plastic
And old coffee, as dew kisses
Butterfly wings, dead and snared in
The windshield wipers, passing wind
Creating an eternal death shiver

Sleep is contemplated from all angles
And the CD changes in alarm
Mysteries of unanswered fairy tales
In light that only shines pastel
Remembering cows in fields of mint
Secrets from the planet below, and
The crystalline sea above

We are backwards in waking dream
The journey the passing of my
Thoughts to yours in silence
Flowing across the memory of plains
That greeted morning, and feared
The dark, with equal devotion
The last blight on fantasies skin
We remain steady on the path

Garden of the Gods

The red monoliths stand,
Earthen gates against unknown horizon,
Purpose shrouded in cragged skin,
Each surface carved, till God speaks,
Not striations but stains of gore and blood,
Earth mirroring Human nature,

Timeless moments of calm,
Sky splinters as oil on water,
Storm now comes in jagged white lashes,
God's whip kisses and sparks
Leading, pulsing, twirling,
Synchronize to Earth's core,

In shale surface smooth
Ancient chanting rings
Drums beat time-riddled songs
Each unique layered twist
Cradling bygone vibrations of life
The stories of people
Trapped between silty folds
And we fortunate, lost in ritual re-visitation

Diamonds cast holy hues,
Memories excavated by travelers discerning,
Only slipping from their heart's possession
As they too pass from this place
Leaving their echoes like dust in tombs,
To mingle and form something more,
Now God's finger, we sever our soul,
Sacrifice joining the Ancients slumber,
And we are eternal.