

LAUGHTER

Too slowly upon the heels
Of rapture and delight,
Came those easy songs of eternity
And the soul never ending...
I tried to touch the black cloud,
Shouting to the devil
Of an ingenious plan of combat
That would find me
Closer to infinity than the breath
Of God could bring me...

Her delicate laughter
Filters down even now
Through this cold, cold darkness;
And to think of ambergris,
The scent of bluish water
Ever salty smelling, bitter
And disturbed,
Brings the dead warm ache
Of simply knowing that she is...

THE RAIN PEOPLE

Since I was happy standing
In a drear rain, the name mad
Became the emblem of my end;
And so, imprisoned in possession,
Naked souls pretend a clothing,
The dying scream for living,
The living pray for dying...
Or so I dreamt the rainy dream,
Or so she said shaking me...
It ended, and sorrow flew away.
Dangling a tear from a stick,
She plucked shadows from the trees.
A call, a stronger hand bidding,
Crept from the boughs,
The thickest fruit formed,
And she whirled stones,
Laughing madly amidst defeat;
She longs to hear the question put,
And dance upon the answer with her foot...
Our eyes looked into the well,
And she asked, like you will,
Of the nature of that tiny swirl...
Is the labyrinth safe for tourists?