

*Moonset*

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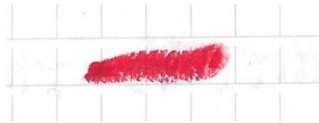
*Prelude to Moonset*

I am allowing for the following procession of lines to intertwine ink and thought. Less I let every thought breathe, let it be – these see some light.  
Begin

Muse meant play o red. Finger black onyx red haired woman. You said that before. Does no one remember? You gave them out silk. Nicely. How strung Romania kitten with eyes – on a line (white). Written pictures film the puddle – The walk behind vehicle bus moving cow around corners o purple. The table – the wooden one. Where all the artists died of a filling, an inducing to the head, the dead. O hand too familiar. In a bar ground espresso drunk two thoughts. Rocks in petty thought. Oceanic nomenclature

. I've just turned the page so the period is there – indented now or something. You know – you're listening yeah? Okay make it a new page. After the e in nomenclature and before I've just turned the page.

Awake listen to the boleros. The warbling on space and time. Walter, the falter of thought. O creative talk. I undress in pastel. Put Naples yellow in my back left pocket. Corduroy coat (I don't know if it, the coat, is really corduroy, or a coat for that matter. I always say 'corduroy coat' and no one denies it. So now it is.) I have been writing. Divining. Not being human because now I have the shakes. The dance. The bathroom. Pause.



Insert ( ) color red.

Allow for a break.

Yes keep it. Ongoing.

Yes.

Resume. I've had an idea. I'm writing it now. This is it. It's unbridled thought. Built upon ink. Letting slip all the sound the color the dialogue there it is the sound of spirit deep. Listen talking to me. Listen.

Slow.

What you prayed for

To drown.

Waves of grace

## Mercy

See a pure (~~white~~) room

Cross out white – just pure – simply pure there was color itself. You are dreaming. No, I am thinking. Rationally. Thinking. Reading sound as I write. Moving so trail today. Wherever is the mind working on the every? Hold for holy

Drink water

Dead plants don't need water.

Oh Yes!

I want to write a book. Had it fall like a star upon me. Looking out at the moon. Peeing. Pulled up my pants by the belt. Buckled. Dogs didn't bark. Lanterns were lit. Floating.

Black coffee and wet lips I've licked. Dry hands balance with clammy ones. The fingers slender – oriental smelling. I've loved them. How they hold on earth – on the firm cement. No, I like the firmament. Though I'm not certain if it's the ground (flat earth what) (what does it matter when we keep breathing. I like this line. Anyway) or the sky. I like the word. That's why it's there. It feels Holy. Simply the sound. How it curls the lower lip pink beneath (Ha I wrote, I started writing between) the teeth. White. So when yellow – I'm getting there. Oh then how vast the 'ah'. Nice sound. Reference poetic. Ment – fresh. Good word – Firmament.

So this is how it happens. A book is written. On what? Well it started with now. A ring. Golden. Holy father grand held white baby blue jeans boy learning to smile. Fishing alone. Hours. Pass. Standing on a stump. What year is it? Feeling all the woodgrain has seen. Movement. Life. Step off.

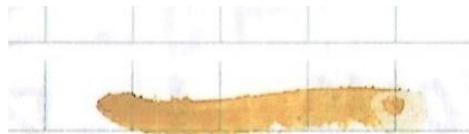
O daisies do drop between the toes peeling skin like petals. Ah to nowhere with the learned. Learn to love. You are beautiful. Awaken playful child. Sunflowers spend their whole lives chasing the sun, sleeping never, growing greener, budding, tall growing, becoming beauty, a second of bloom. Then wither and okay how sweet. Back to the place which bore you. You may wander, Spirited! Walk hopefully. Find a life to live. One where it's one thing. A single intention – that which gives rise to all of anything else. I'll tell you mine. It's honest (I've started doing that writing thing where I go further and further to the side with each new line.)

Yes it's honest my single intention – to love.

Love

Love to love.

See it's cyclical – spirals upward. How could it ever stop growing (no



wither). It's yellow. ( )

It's going to write itself you spirit induced – you know – you might need – no space no time – coffee for this next part.

Ah it's cold, and the microwave – what a mechanically sick thought. The floor that's hard. It's lovely. The joys of pocketing living.

Okay the idea. Keep it all. Here it comes. Drummer star. I'm laughing.

It's a book. Wow. Listen. Each page just as it's written. No edit. Purely as it is written – straight from first impression – purely natural thought. Put it all out – all on top and color too. Synesthesia (I think that's the word. Look I did yoga as a usual this morning. Vinyasa. Flowing. That's funny. I really do wish to cut this part out. Genius is mistake yes, keep the necessary mistakes, discard the unnecessary. Let what is love linger longer.) I hear sounds as colors. So then the book has color too. Written now read for the moon.

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## *Moonset*

There's a point where living – life lives unbridled. ( pink ) The joining of the single intention with anything that can happen. Then it's written on the wall let it happen. Tame, you cannot tame the stars. They speak shine light incessantly. Lo, the dream speak in a grass field at night, poor food eaten up by ants. Too specific. Bet it was best at is a historical exposit. Look how culture? Created the isolated child. Locked yelling like trumpet pops of



This is learned patio nowhere except lighter everywhere. Ben no. Gold. Cross. Save. Wind washed – drowned the Outside bushes. The rocks. I had on no coat. Walked with a lady nextdoor in the rain to her car. Kissed her forehead goodbye. Swallowed the moon. She did a dance on the balcony. Rose then left for a smoke.



The pen is the parent. Write somewhat legible - ) The child is inner – in it.

Three moons warble on lake water. There sit in a single night a song a piano piece a flight unsound. Romance. A woo a woman older slender still a mother – slightly too bound to the days already drifted dead. The garage full of magic potions of water heaters and pink elephants on the wall. An image a vision, a comma, a breath. A painting on the woll (the wall) dripping profundity sat an Indian chess genius. Spoke of natural mechanisms and codes of thought. Flows flowers out insanic. Can it be a state of mind. That's what he asked – can the natural be a state of mind? Yes.



France and is it pretty, I suppose it takes some growth. The soil is set already – the garden bed. Permanent firmament. Sleep and dream up sprout. Ooh child Highway honeycomb street lights. Round the bend of

thought. Say that out loud and I've giggled then. My hand I've trained simply to not grow sore and that's all I need – that and archival ink.

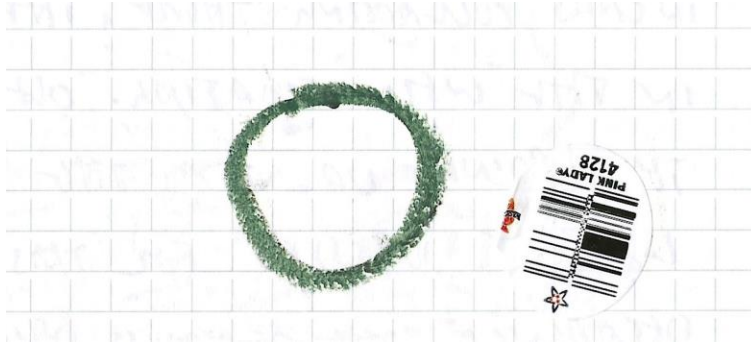
The lake in Ahwatukee. My father's seen not but by a map – that's of a story over coffee outside in winter weather. Nice setting. Nice chairs I've leaned back in and fell once at my grandmother's print home. There the clocks broke. Talked and we made a deal for a stand still. So still the lake water – still the moon danced like an impressionist upon the water. A mom a mother the earth. A watchful eye. If the moon is a woman. The moon is a woman and I am in love. Her midnight river hair (all waters lead to the greater one) in my hands. A kiss on them. The smooth silk current and homely hold of love. Yes that word of woe. Of wow.

So still I'd hold. Her is the sleep on me. Breathe in my ear warmth through the impasse of spirit scent still warm to the touch on clothes. The web of wonder of sense. Phenomenally all the bodies are as fires to warm corporeally bodies to heat souls. (In winter, in moonlight, fires to warm bodies, bodies to warm souls). Ah oh night. What graciousness in her silence. Romance played on the piano and she watched me sleep an incantation of incubation in image. Two hands, lovers, O the walk of life. Overgrown flowers, natural green paint spilling over the path. The willow. The only two emotion pure.

Discordant were the philosophic. Not harmonic. Out of key universally. In the great feast of frozen food birds did eat with backpacks full for the recycled thought was big and it was puked and it was keenly ingested.



I love the idea of a well. Of the reaching in and pulling out – not knowing what till it's perfectly presently there (there is an apple in my orange and blue backpack). The (I'm having trouble writing words on page.) The conversation in cars collapsing there. Them also in the well – floating. Oh the well. The spring up for the winter. Lavishly dressed for this desert decadence. The meadows you stand nude behind – breathing the penetrating gaze of all the eyes in that forest. Oh you speak serendipitous yes. Yes. Oh traveler there up on the mountain – the clearing of blue between the clouds. – There you will. There you will find what you are. That which you are looking for. Oh it is happening now, I've walked and talked with the trees. Slipped soil in my pockets and planted pine needles behind my ear for dreamscape. The pillow. The color wake in sound. Pink streaks beside bigger blue



The page beckons the beauty breather. Beckons all sense and experience mnemonic. Says lock eyes and listen for you will hear – concordance with the soul. The book birthed of the tree. Slept by lake and carried to the arms of sun and sky. They held a feast for all the times time is nonexistent (forever and now).

The smell of lavender – that I've never known. For a goddess of love grows it for me. Art naivety window low upper the lower lip. Let the wind in. Now rosemary, what a lovely scent. The only I know. On every path I've yet walked consistently there it's grown along and inside my hands and pockets – follow the thank you for picking – me, made willow the life of a body. Rosemary, the voice out the open window. Whisper close the door and pray by art, the Spirit to speak. To bless – to undress – underneath so human – so divinity.



Every morning – that is new life. The days the keep on coming and sleep – my sleep keeps lessening. The lesson here is sleep or wake it does not

matter – so long as there dream and work. They are a lively like. The kinds of kin in love. A brother. Many in one years to understand all the scenery you've taken in, in just one bathroom. But black and white tiles walked out and into hall venation. Blue deep drove fast in movement. Made this field a pasture for long shadows. There the trees are lush greed of life. Pine trees point to cold sky here comes it – the sunset.



The sunset set the child, me, my head lost like the fallen pine – the slumber. The November. Four hours of frailty, of forgotten (so far) dancings in desolate dreamscape. On the rise – the sun (

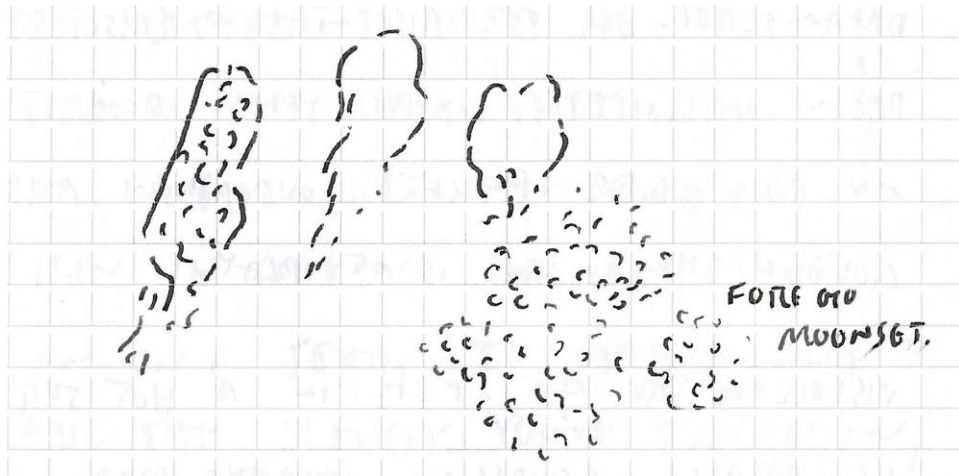
The first sight of sun sunk under the frail breath of a purple mountain. Pink for now, scarcely seen. The trees dance, they put on the show of the wind's direction. Welcome sun! Welcome! Between fluttering branches the bright eyes of the night turn

inward and blue. Their white soul sunk some time ago. Yes, some time ago his gaze pulled me round and lifted to his deep sky. The blue permeates everything now. The tints turn trees purple, leaves their blue-green, and all warmth reveals its fragility. For a moment all is still, vastly unsound and calm. Hasn't this always been? Perfection.

So see the pink has turned orange, beige billows up behind, and the wind reminds the trees to keep dancing, keep reaching. The nested ones shake and awaken their tandem song. Slowly processions of sound slip out from the silence. One by one instruments are called upon and enter the song. Each new sound altering all which has built till now. Harmony floats all around.

) Overgrown and golden. The bolero is at play.

Visually the artist is in a hot tub as miracle erupts in color and sound all around. The warm bubbles bring relief to sleep deprivation, though four hours surely is enough to keep dreaming, even if waking is necessary. Now a green pillow, black strapped at the Saturday gone – those are the days. They keep coming – holy induced day is always a continuation – a common principle the little and big broken hands. Walking into stained glass. One white, one grey, one black and gray streak of color over the green soft earth I now rest my thoughts for.



Forego Moonset – so that's it. All the mystic talks in whispers in the night. Those little universal holes bleeding orange, white, electric blue over the heavier bed of blue backdropped purple. Oh bone white – you pleasing pupil. You are the ever – changing – ever welcome eye to catch when the dark feels like someone is watching. That is you. Oh Nature to connect with nature – how deep.

Every log of tree I've seen is a frozen sound. Music paused captured in a cyclical play over and over again – dress the ears in eye inward here. There – nature is beautiful always, always pure creation.

So simply soundly must you write – in harmonic – how you think. Out  
sings blood the hold the protrusion the song – welcome. What if this  
warm waters not conducive to creative thought? Is it not a bubbling city  
beneath, dipping elbows and eating of their rising heat – absorb the  
oxygen golden cigarette stick snapped child – you’re gonna change the  
world someday kid, keep your head on straight – thank you tommy shirt  
time stop white and black. O water.

We are but veins of leaves in an eternal wind. These days I love to think  
on the color pink. The wall hand curtain and pulled back. Behind purple  
the holy smoke. Little waves of comfort in the sounds of trains. Of  
thought I see green mist. Bereft is the boy dropping his lungs in the sun.  
Kempt clouds distil the light even – now direct is too warm, less the burn  
– the shade is cold. Acrylic dries too fast to flow. Oil slips serendipitous.  
The word o green – grown stick out soil fingers ride the breath inside and  
out. Again again. Put it on repeat. How are anyone to know left to  
themselves. Well isn’t it nice to not. Know I’ve crossed the line. Spun  
unsound with the orient. Talked to the oracle. O ball of eyes face shift  
nightly carry still through this rise.

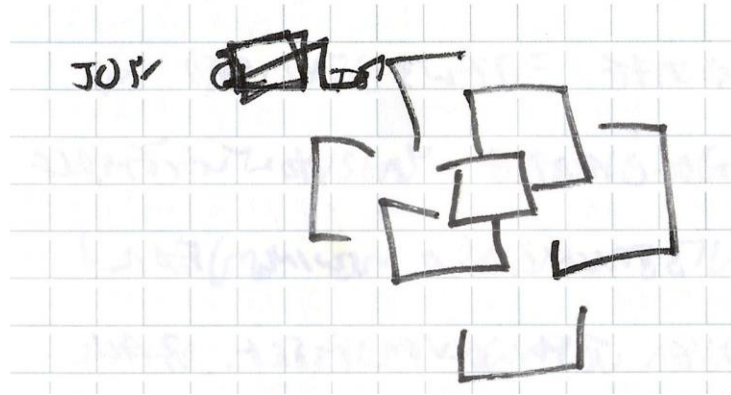
On a woodgrain table – the perfect height – will words write in lines  
movement loop up around, below and circle inside. The ancient death –  
that line of scribes. Fingernails hold the days truthfully. They’ve called to  
the red sun. Pinned it to now for it shall not escape except it has and why  
the endeavor?



The ear of conversation cradled in the nest of stolen bits of human usury.  
Cackle grackle call linger on palm. Still rode the wind rain coal and won.  
The psalm listen.

Hey voodoo child. You've talked a wherewithal the petrichor.  
Kokopelli take a walk with me. No need for suffering. These lines  
are all play (PLAY!) What swelled in that drapery – a flux of light.  
Out went without smooth seeing. Ah harmony – your feet  
touched and pulled back.

Bobbers on the atmosphere – oh boy fishing in the night. Empty as ocean  
as exotic fruit played on a safe way and blessed. Daisies doo op –  
remember them. Polaroid and big for the front. Where the Jews jumped  
for show. Candelabra. A holy temple high ceilings strung a swing for  
father to have joy ever more. Back and forth feels good. Don't you think  
on that wheelchair when the days have still gone nowhere. Before the  
numbers – those planet counting people – they are not of elephants, not  
children who can see. An extra e. Buzz baby all the alerts, do the tunage  
on your bop. Your head drop and wait to be filled. In your mouth the  
many moonlights shot and spread the future. Why would red curls spit in  
a sink. Swallow fly and think not why. Don't you enjoy the sky. I'll nap.



Joy your way weary eyes. Rest your head incorporeal on my only  
rib – the likeness of touch and names before. I love you now – not  
only what you remind me of, and how the world wishes to reflect.  
In the gradient strung finger long love. Play your sound anyhow.

Fill beige incessant in written petrichor. Oh it'll rain next week and smell  
on your forest bedroom floor voices been before. Red eudemon ottoman  
for the night before when all is still. Kiss and sleep sound. We'll work out  
where you displaced the sense. I'll tell you – it's in the coalescence. A  
woman blessed – read it out loud and said keep writing – keep living –  
keep loving. Drop clothes, ideas, tennis and racket the balls down the  
laundry shoot. To be young again. Is now the love – the clouds break and  
dance stupidly how they only know. No one else cools and it's the  
loveliest. Watch their sway in the deep. Drowning. Filling and emptying  
your water bottle with the ocean.

Speed racer. Talked loud yellow tonight. The voice deep. Do dance. Burn  
holes in the couch – make the pillow threadbare and green. Do they  
remind you of songs? The rocks. The oven. The heaven. The hey look

down here leopard skin. I, well we, we said yes to anywhere and heard voices in abandoned buildings. Crept around like moonlight. Started a machine and she spoke of sinking into the green. I can't give you what you want. Laugh. Let's still sleep.

So then another woman. Blonde waves on a Canadian beach. Burned her house down. That's a bold color in an Arizonan mountain. How did you get here (denim) and why do you want to cry with a hand rolled cigarette. I had to go. Hung my body between bed on the dream in and out (hammock). Hand.

My breath smells like poetry and coffee. My fingers reach for hand rolled cigarettes and half thought dreams at best. My mind would like to be dreaming and at rest, but my body belongs to this bench. I see sprinkler rain and fake grass. Lingering souls swiftly pass and with them thoughts I have lost to the past. An hour, a year, eternity is all the same to me. I'd like to go inside, I see someone left a light on in that interior temple. I take with a list – something like a handful of half living pens and ripped paper. A poet's prescription I think, that's all I need save the coffee and tobacco scent. See, I check in at the front desk – just past the tall trees, windy road, and wispy breeze – there is a sign just for me and a room for rent. Rack upon your inner observers, I write. A thing, lion like, eagle winged, and human faced lets me in with a look of distaste. I step over serpents and shakily smile at the dark haired servants. I give into a second look and think how long they've been. A forever moment passes. I distance myself from that event and take steps to the top of the stairs. An open window overlooks city lights flickering almost two hundred thousand times a second. A quick and cold breeze seems to come from a comfortable and homely place I like to call Pleiades. Lost again, a distant thought walks too close and screams to me with ease. 'HERE son. take these. Please forgive my abruptness. BUT QUICK get on your knees, give alms. and don't forget to BREATHE.' As if

he talked outside of time, he had gone as soon as he had come. I looked in my hands – empty. I closed them shut, raised them up and sat on my knees. Body bent, head down, and mind given to the breeze, my breath was that of YAH and the WEH.

Over hand. Here's the creative process. For the end is an end and just that already (so soon!). Think I'd like to keep it going. Let life refresh however it pleases. Let what's easy be and breathe life. Lucidity. The bridges forever wayfare the places young long to see before. They have passed bare and foot for this is their way. Long loose Color curves curl round the three woman with their backs turned. Turned from the humanly. That despise the flesh. Long for the days of sex with gods and how oceans poured in and their eyes. Under their feet they walk now.

A hand. From the recess of water distortion and the ever renewal in movement through glass. The fire inside. For there toes tingle, people float between space sky and sea. And on the count of three we drop. Drop down now to earth. Orange shirt child questions the corduroy coat kid sipping cappuccino barefoot and scribble incessantly. Whoa, has a tree fallen or have my eyes. Fear fills the air. Music skips. Starts speaking by the bus hum and static of this language only in modernity. What does it speak? For the people, they shall see, rising, coalescing love is on the go. Get out. Outside

(Purple)



Purple streaks as lines thousands mile long rise out behind the mask of sky blue. I see it all through a timed window screen, a pain. It's the slow walk out. To the green grass laden field. Meet with the others. Down comes the boom, dropping with each purple line. It is natural we run. (Run to where, from what, is it not only inside?) Over the expanse of holographic homes, medicinal men, the belief of raising of the dead, and blue eye tubes – through this I ran. Passed a stadium of secondary leisure – lacking entirely wills to live. Spent nights in tubes, portals of women with gypsy hair in colorful homes, sunsets against the bleak landscape. Awoke terrified for reality slipping. So still I ran till I found a screen white door. Held they had waited for me, the knoll not knowing. Olive and ashen ground, layered level by level for bodies to be against. To rest and go incorporeal. Yes, there were the means of means. The lovers of love. The spirits dressed in active seeing. We acted, created, searched the expanse of this oceanic failure of man.

On the wake was a quick write. Read it on the bus to thousands of sad souls and stirred living even if just for a mere eternal moments passing. Oh these hours how they stretch and shrink. There in the forest of my mind. Backdropped by deep recesses in black is a single stick. Through the years I've watched it grow thick, long and large (sturdy), also floating it shrinks back to slender and thin (so fragile). The oracle lip I've licked. Slipped in an image on me. Oh my sound as in both. The window stained glass, look for the color of his eyes.



Yellow. Now there's a game I like to play. When I'm drifted upon the banks of asphalt and cement and smoke. I watch the procession of people bodied mechanically – their cars washing by (naturally?). Lock. I'll lock my eyes on one going like light left to right. If it passes another coming bereft, right to left – then I'll let go of the first and follow the second. This practice I exercise incessantly, letting the mechanical sounds of the city people pull me in the wades of their being. This game goes till a final car slips along – out of sight and I'm left looking at something I love – a tree, the sky, another human skin.

An even more inducing dream is too slender to hold. For its frailty escapes me. Though still I'll search and say in their reflection, the metallic cars passing, is a fixed proportion, warbling in a moments other passing. Watch long enough and you'll see truthfully. Steep into an ever gaze.

Go slow now.

There, adorned in gold. There on the mountaintop was a black bodied Elohim. He hath seen me in ever eyes, whispered by his pursed lips – contemplate.

Contemplate. So there is a spiral pure staircase on an upward going. Each step slides out a second from beneath the bare feet. The man lessens his grip to the earth – to himself entirely for in him, apart from him rests divinity's head. Each day he shall walk further from himself, from all his transience shall ascend the manifestation of love upon love endless. Divinity on this day holds communion with divinity in the interior halls of man.

All the homes that have held me in my reverie sleep. The day walk under night. Oh, places are wells of fortune, buckets brimming with beauty and story. Once then a 3 by 4 foot enormous blank canvas watched me under string lights. Sent chills for not knowing what it was and beckoned birth of gum wrapper drawings, anatomy notes and every other book of school scribbled along the edges my thoughts. Unbridled dissolutionment in ink. Cross legged I sat atop the countertop – some psychological hierarchy I'm told. But back home, in my bedroom was humble. A blue backed beige. I'd lay out my flesh on a black couch and watch flowers grow out my window. The seasons went, every day the flowers new, and I knew I was the only one who knew. Not even the flowers could tell their change, their growings into fullness of beauty and their sudden death. Through that window – how wonderful a portal, outside I imagined anything I

could. Some days I danced for millions, wrote for one lost, likened wings and a shadow cast for a crazy like me, heard shouts – shouts of ecstasy, suffering. The dogs never howl – and still I saw it all.

That canvas could not follow me to blue lights and the likes of an intellectual fright birthed the bloom of artist. When I slept that first night with a woman whose knees touched mine, and whispered for shooting stars – though the sky held back. She said she longed for me, dripped sound in my ear – fuck me. I could not and she asked how I held – what was my secret – and if there ever were it was love. Not knowing. I then pulled out a black notebook and read poetry no eyes, no ears had their soul yet impressed upon. Then I was the artist. You are an artist.

Say it out loud. Artist. A naked artist.





On my return, the room was no longer mine but the canvas waited for me – it had seen how I'd grown and still the empty pure unknown inspired may 16<sup>th</sup> 2019. That's a place in time. The first day I painted in oil and ate a peanut butter and jelly sandwich toasted that evening. The blue lights threw sense higher, let all movement trail, never slipping repetition further from now. Now I've drowned. I've learned to breathe.



For people – this is an idiosyncratic hour. Already written on an empty meadow. So soon did the orange glow give a final glisten and absorb itself between soil. Flower heads – tulips, lilac did pass by hand in hand on an evening walk talk delicious orient. On the steppe of slumber. At once the bells, all the inner things sounded. And virtuous did the feminine give herself, assert herself for her place the eater. O soul of over. Broken branches bold and beautiful startle my sensitive.

Instruments in learning the play one by one by one. Each thing lights. All the wax licking people go to read. So the pure puppet strings the stars - each to another. Casts a shadow on account of immediate past. Leave a light on for me – what a decorative rolled up and smoked for the shakes.

If it be not winter yet – have you felt the season change in you? The longer nights. The lives all up through it falling not yet for work is still to be done – it is at its prime. Yellow bound solid slip of sound in the ether. Don't you see, written over again and under already another retrospective drawing of an eye – do you have a jazz mind?

Green sapped grass grew under that olden overgrowth – so still it sat, even in the modern cut of form for whatever reason is divined. Lost rhyme. Echo. Goodmorning, Mr. Echo.

Moreso did melancholic make single holes in an ocean of night the eye. So dreary. Dreaming of you still in apocalypse. Your lips I've gotten behind at times and for that is an era. Think for and from your spirit is all I'd ever wish in truth. So when 2025 and sex. You'll feel two waves of lines didactic. Outfront.

Oh the tortuous people. They've dispelled the thought. They've yelled nothing said of some stupid ambience. Oranges and still life for what? An easy death? And life and time all too drum like in the dark – a pounding on the bedroom floor, the chest breaks. Out flows sanctify. Butterfly it follows her. Her symbol or reminder to cherish leaning olive body over water. I watched her. Wished her grace to add but she overflowed. Knew what she was doing and not what she wanted provided her paradox and prison I loved. For not what will, but what is in contentment. Autumn holds close, the blue veins on pink. Folds of our days dropping into the ocean to be one with the rest. Dropping seeds the sower in a rampage of joy in the forest. His fists clenched, jaw tense and letting loose on little

sticks. Its cathartic speaks a man long haired and dissonant on a swing.  
Smoke in his hair. His path hidden.

Once it's opened up it's in the always was. All the rest of memory not in  
the beauty or pain or the space between falls into the gorilla pit. The  
peaches won't be back till late December and I know you love straw hats  
and candles lit on them but please for a moment stop.

Listen to the silence.



Crickets align their constellation chirp – their song. The little dusts float,  
reverb by blue light. Come out and look the lights. They've strung them  
for you. Only that you might find in them a soft welcoming looking back.

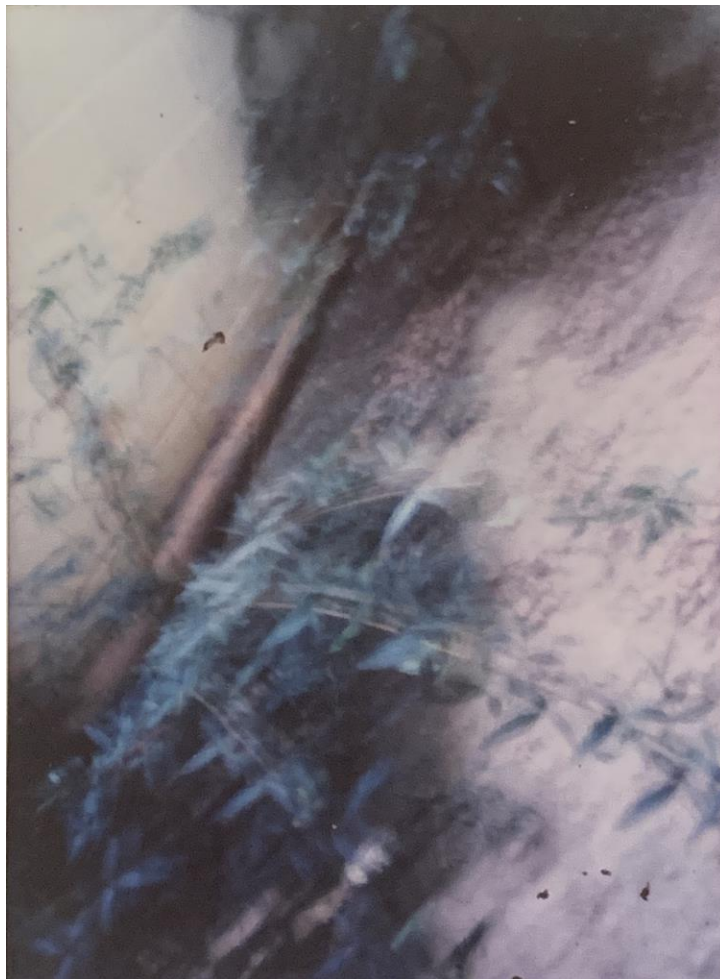
Back at you the way Souls melt and moons warble. It can be whatever you like. You are the great co-creator and this creation speak to him – the pure playwright. Together you'll dance phenomenally, forgetting the customs, the tradition, the oven.

The virgin perception.

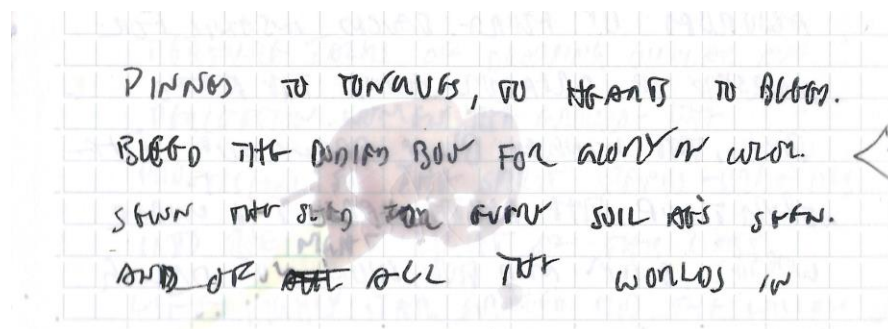
Why must modernity make all this noise! Hang all the silence by its throat and squeeze it out for their breath. String lights and turn off all the stars. Wow isn't it wonderful they'll say. It's new. I love change. I can't still. I've got the shakes. They make the drawers mad. Put up billboards to block out the sky. Play music in every shop for the quiet is an awkward room when you've never met yourself. You said you thought there would be more paint, alcohol drooled from your shirt. At least there is paint, even a single color for there one can be grateful. Have they not seen the hurt they've enacted upon those screens. The screams they cradle inside black boxes. The apes.

With the sounds of color walk a lonely meadow. Last lines of the sky divine incubations, play of light, draperies, and texture. Talks of dropping ocular perception. Women, the ground – the procession, so the spirit speaks – breathes into the night – light of this last life. Highly star grazed did the willow house broken bodies. Mute the wood to man. To wood a song – a spoken day's reverie. So did the sunflower turn, twist, contort, create, bulbous, it then faced life. Lifted its face and change narrow the way – unknown the stay. The keep in crawling in mirrors and not certain for finding a way back. Low strung bloodshot eyes cried, filled the carpet ocean – of a bedroom forest floor. Unconscious the water, waves of war, burning under the weight of the night – adorned in beauty by moonlight.

For you have been absorbed by flora. Danced insanic for worship of  
Creator. Found the hand pink, the finger blue drew out the Spirit of the  
depth. Lark the under water swim and the loon. Not daring unless under  
play to guess where lay heads raise next. The steeple people align with  
one in a white cathedral – inside grown a whiter tree. Once to lay  
beneath – to breathe and see so mystically. Leaves fall before the  
firmament. All around and not once did man make a sound. One pray to  
fall – to feel – to feel it all – to be touched. The silence to enter. Peace to  
quell. One which fell. To hearts to land, to coalesce. Creator, creation, the  
hand. Inscribed a single line in the vein of a leaf. That of unbridled love.



Pinned to tongues, to hearts to bleed. Bleed the bodied boy for glory in  
color sewn the seed for every soil he's seen. And of all the worlds in  
themselves – they've been entered upon and left to be. For most lovely,  
I've ran my hand in the water of a midnight river moonlight warbled in.  
Three and a soft pink lip smile warmed the sky. All the children and the  
prophetics written for the others, also spirited how sweet our gathering  
three inches above grass.



So wax spilled off the candle of tongues, drooled pink upon these pages.  
I've sat two days in to a new birth and crossed my legs in a coffeeshop.  
Sunflower stalks up right pant leg and the left a lover's lake. Cyclical of  
cyclical wrung out a song, hung from the ceiling, paintings of Christ and  
other on the wood wall. They've stripped the carpet so no kids can watch  
it swirl. Only ankle cramps here. She sung pretty and felt flowers on  
fingers awoke days of lush.

Can you smell the lyrics I write, line the veins of my arm. Foregone all the  
orients for a mere moment to let the anima speak. Do the pillow homes  
we know suffice. All the storms rejuvenate and lift left eyebrows for the

window screen shattered. The dog voices trampled around on every blade of grass. The wind was perfect – the flowers velvet and plush. Delicious.

Stupid peace, stupid peace. Brink. Please solitude lift your lips – give me your ear your warm breath. The conversation in a puddle – I love trying to jump so soon into another world, another dimension. (it was all very quiet for so singular a moment) – Tall stood the backs of the trees, their mother shadow.

I've always felt the weight of eyes, except existence, to be the heaviest. How two holders of color can collapse a life so for new foundation in but a moment – a slow hold. Do souls crawl out pupils? They must play hopscotch in the spaces between. Bodies – are we sailors stepping from the wheel to walk on ocean foam. The beach – there she felt the expanse of the void – the rolling green though she had just seen, just felt the hand of God. Impress lovely inside. And out for you. Go for the swoon of warbled space, licking color off the walls. Squiggles, confetti, spirits on the wall. Yes that was all. I heard their color.

Absolutely necessary is the need for the artist to humble himself wholly – for what flows through is far too great to bear. His body – a galaxy – light it holds sporadic creation, an endless expanse. The degree to which he is empty – O to that he will be filled.

Manzanita trees. For a candle walk upon a mountaintop. The happiest he'd be – naked we wish to rekindle for the fleeting photographs of time past. There the sun had shone. Stroke its chimeric chord harmonic with a dream discordance. Was but a brief inquiry in time bereft corners of the house of the Spirit. The forest fortunate irises, swimming perception in a sea backdropped by God.

Written on hail next to a mask. Brimming light – stuck looking up at a chandelier. Not to sleep and touch but simply share presence. Rolled written words rain in a mirror and sad clouds. Eggs, and holy Will. This week, this week, today it should rain on them. So sit, bask your being in the glory of the wet heat. Drink for a head buzz out up yellow and purple flowers. Any will do these days driven mad to work – to love and to fulfil the days.

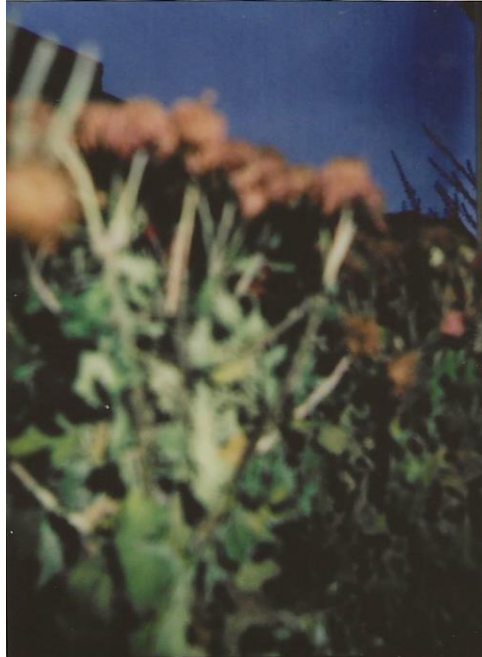
I threw my body over a wall to rest in a pasture of pink, blue, and beige earthen ground. Nature held me close. Encased in two square modernity and green bushes with orange flowers to surround feeling before the rain. Like bigger verdant bushes behind these were bulbous trees without trunks. Then a pale modernity square, not yet a chapel, still pierced the sky. The sounds of music towered before as birds washed their wings – the air. Cold, excited, touched, or maybe just with the shakes – the little leaves did sway with me. We quivered, in it found solace.





Here I am a sower. Threw open the white screen door and screamed  
prayer and song for water. Not for me, but for them wholly. Rain it will,  
then I went off again -

As a traveler of anything which anything holy has to tell. Found my feet  
were wet with paint and watched a likewise moonset. I the breather, the  
speaker in this pasture of pink light. There with long fingers I pushed form  
aside and met orange, dripping at so oblong a square. The music of color  
cathedrals filled the air. The chimeric – incessant – place when not being  
there for where. Lo, here was that woman, the iris flower. Open and  
pure. Petals like years. Your silence spoke as clear as ever from out that  
stem. I painted you then.



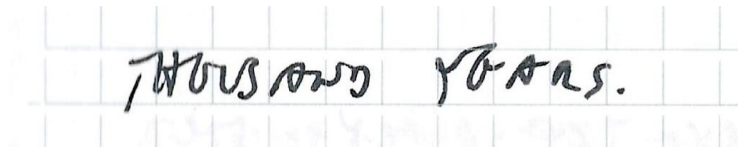
Here's the pitter-patter, the wet tip talk dripping, knocking upon our head. Ah the clouds cry for they are artists. They are overflowed. The lakes rise, light blinks and holds, for ground submerges and we know not – now we walk, ripple the water.

I am lost – encompassing dreamscape. I gave the pen reality. Oh, I've given reality over to the pen. Now there are no thoughts, no moments not suit for this page. This ancient well – the springing sideways of seasons – lateral drift and writing on walls. The seraphim dug me – a channel for which to flow through. All this already is.

Here is my atmospheric story. The insanical depth of my perception. In the night, left to the city light refracted on rain – where a world of its own resides. So I step into puddles, slip my eyes like streaks of light, touch every lush noise I could. I've loved the hours here. My mind sitting,

meditative for the float – the rise of every city light to take up to the stars, the buildings wishing their reflection were real sky, were as deep. I lose it all. Lift and lucid. Left in dreamscape.

Lo light upon a page. Honest. A man tremble. Loosen. Let sway in paranoiac ocean. For line on a page. For love in this age. Honest. Rain on the ground. Fallen. Foregone loose tension before rain fall. Wind curl. Hands o dust hold. Whisper. Switch places, worlds by the mirror. Swollen sound out the ground. A belly run on the wall. Train. Their hands vibrant, ringing. Trade? Steal? Yellow slide. Girls black hair. Wade there. Midfall moon. Black ocean smell. One. Shadow on foam. Five. Purloin star. Purple. Three. A thousand years.

A handwritten phrase "A thousand years." is written in a cursive, black ink style on a light gray grid background. The text is centered horizontally and spans across several grid squares.

Yes in night it rains. It truly rains. When the winds curl and climb the air by dust. The leaves depart till next season. The end. In the puddled streets light refracted – told of a world below. A wet sleep. No cloud could hold onto another so the sky split into pockets of color. Nonsensical, pure abstraction. Orange there, pink there, deep dark blue, bleeding red, beige, the color of eyes. The day longed to smear away this mesh of night.

Now let there be nothing but the understanding and love of what is done, what is still breathing – imparting life. Still Spirit seeking. Reaching and joy. Yes that is it – understanding a contentment for the unknown. A love

for love. That is all that is asked. This is the quelling song the sun shall bring.

Obelisks and webs. People up the earth, perfect the sense. A vibration in one, awaken another. My love in the interconnected. The moon had seen you cry, seen me shake, and relayed the way, the taste for why. Oh, in that upper city of lights – the duplicity. Or was it the many faces of grace. The carrying down a hand from a cloud, disrupting continuity. A quelude for all but the childlikes. Awaken on the playground. Yes all of this is your ground, your sweet soil, fertile and allotted to work. I'll feel you in the madness, your far reaching touch my quietude.



Behind a dumpster. What wonders I'd seen behind a dumpster. As is known the rains fallen fresh and left all the floor portals open till the sun can quickly cover as though this – this were always reality. But now they are open and with – magik. Birds call beneath, fly from yellow road lines and disappear into black asphalt. Clouds coalesce, drop and rise, equally

fill and empty themselves. All the pink petals rise from the grandeur of their green homes in bulbous – then float atmospheric apparitions all around. A dream or thought pulled out from itself for a flicker of God. I floated. Sunk up behind a dumpster – a broken and wooden rosary in my hand.

One by one by one the birds gather in a dying tree. Their voices, incessant song fills fluid with the human hair. My eyes play apart me in the air. The song growing louder – ever inclusive – a vast walk deepening for the spiritual. Oh all the flying creatures gather here. Bells ring in the interior temple. One lightly and blush, lips of the mystical. The song louder, grandeur growing. And peaks at a soft hum.

And all now that can be heard is a faint  
beating. Out with the six. In with five. Hold  
in two. Sporadic and heard. Calm and  
quiescent.

Dilations in dots and color squiggles in the eye. There's a knock. Silence. Perpetual beating. The rain hitting the car. A flash of light. Quiet. Thunder. Peach haze welcoming sleep. Finger rolling round another. Quick shake and a lonesome prayer. A rosary caught in a cloud. Bending in light. Floating. White cypresses encompass. I am the son of earth and starry Heaven. But my race is Heavenly.



The air is chimeric now. We've strung long copper tubes from loose vernacular. Bells ring through the wind chime, voices, the center, the soul. O all things flow to love, but not all is love. There's no time in this. Walk with a new name. Adorn your head, your ears in flowers of the arch. That which is immortal comes in two. The winds will still whoosh inside too.

Best place to write – that's the dark – in my Acura. Seat warmer and left leg step, lifted. Or cross. Overheard the Delphic. In refracted rain I write. Speak up. What is. Look light. It'll be friendship. Let's lovely. Frame – childlike. It's power – Elohim. Lovely. Respite, respite, corn. Change the world. Chopsticks, orange. Love the pines. Talk to them. We're in. this chemical conversation Theremin. Arrange sounds molecular. Come around. Pull down. Back the covers. Been found. For a couple hours. It's it.

Olive and answer. What for a book but the grafting of a dream. That not only in the night, we might find magic. Our reveries are our base perception. All is in a formless mist. Light, somewhere years behind still awakens the colorful play of impression upon the sense. Now no pitched tents, only an easy absorption (pine needles behind the ears to stay safe), then carry on the days. When mists settle, veils pull back, and nakedness is new again, then will a clearing emerge. There you'll know, for the Hopi will point – there is the peace for your soul – that which you've really been looking for.

Walk lonesome, though think not on it. The trees have eyes, the flowers their libido, the earth snug between your toes, the wind a welcome whisper – embrace this solitude kiss.

This is the reality – the prolonged prose poem, the moon which can't set, and the son carried in his father's arms, waking for but a moment of this dream to glean something sound. The love from another. Knowing people exist, not simply as new projections of the Self. That butterflies sewn over eyes can help us slip out from time. And affect still by a west-wind flutter, a prayer for purity and a sweeping out from under the feet. That then the well would welcome. It may be snug and yes, an audience for all the drawings put upon the wall. More eyes to watch two times a day the moon look in from overhead. No writhing between every line. An understanding in a communal creation. Each people their idiosyncratic piece, and finally friends for together is the art. The created recreators, playing in imitation. How fun.

Capricious. Are the loose lines decoratively drawn in coffee shops.  
Implicit ardor of the inner adolescent. Genius, or genius carry me.  
Undress in pastel these passings, be as rainbows – lightness in this heavy  
dark. Then all the indigo ocean hairs glistening, the starry eyes will watch  
for this splendor. Their hands slender out other's shirts and over petal  
lips. Oh blue lips to tease faces out the fire, re-lift the firmament,  
entertain the unseen. My ribs, your fruit – we've kept nothing hidden, all  
except those drawn Delphic squares and the Holy times spent in the  
scent of your hair. Drown in indigo.

On the pasture of fire will the shepherd walk. His sheep. The rays and  
their light pouring out upon final landscape. Eyes listen, glisten in  
reflection. For this merriment – a foretaste of afterlife. When reality  
riddled, payed fare of reverie. Walked over the sunder skulls. Entered  
boat and rowed dreamlike, in the oeuvre of light. On the last banks all the  
trees were squares, colored and could you do this? Fall in love, following  
the snowstorm, with the quiver of a single leaf of grass. The most  
mnemonic remembrances have soft eyes – they look back into you. Even  
now on the banks of melt. The chariots crashed into the void, and all the  
planets stuck their feet in the verdure of earth's desolation. You – given a  
way out, blessed and left all you need. For in the pink sky, when all the  
purple felled, a white cloud carried you out. The many faces of the moon  
– your forgetfulness – this immortal dream.



Yellow/ Blue, Pink

Nocturne upon the floor, bedroom dial. For oceans, fourteen waterfalls,  
thirty-seven wind chimes, a bird call. Loop in sound in lakes. Blue pink  
pop ripple over silk cover. Synesthesia wake world o manifest. I look  
through a window. Green green out grass, smells of pigs and pines, leaves  
an impasse to memory. Thought to breathe against glass, whispered into  
transience with an immortal finger.

-B

-Inscrutable faces seen

Before image cools, fades, long tall silver rib shake curtain web breath  
shake, a world. Indra design leg cloud structure left drift the expanse in  
personage. Children and broken clocks. First walks on side streets – the  
wait spoke to me – forest in strawberry.

## Color or

What to write like light. Ah for the pupil tongue tastes perfectly this wet web of color vernacular. The lips of the windowed soul close. Call, call upon the play of light. Pink slips out the silence, slips soft across the scape. Back but not quite – still warm and veined 5 feet out front does it walk again. Nightly these things mystify the minds of sensitive seers. There goes a quick dance in the dark of blue-grey surrounding lake water. Warm breath on bodies. Covers lets induce, plays an impression, strokes quick, spontaneous, serendipitous as is their procession. Opening is canyons our stoop of sappy phalo green. Where is this tree? This seed of new light in me?

## Impersonable Spirits

For all the spirits told they're too impersonable. They're too way out. They're too not what once was. You spirit –not of the mannequin kin. You spirit are of the essence so seemingly screaming inside can't help but overflow. Low like the ocean's deepest. Tall and overlapping as every pine you've seen. You spirit of euphoric creations. Listen – you the tongue, the voice, the nation. Their flags will number the stars in your eyes. They'll raise your presence in candlelight. Land the planes in Alaska for you. Print your ink and run coolly till the blacks run whole. They'll always wish you were again. But you, oh spirit you are far too human for their plastic skin. You've found the final wake. The other spirits will recognize you.

## Red Canyon

Yellow leaves of late fall touch the blush cheek. Carry your precursor to the moon. Or won't your slender fingers be between the orient – Japonism streaks, impress themselves, the sky. Cross the yellow lines and curl in movement – move your noise upward –ah the naivety. Our newness on a slow drift, dreamers in canyons. We trade shoes, run through snow, unlock the un-known in our eyes, throw our language to the deep. We sang. Nonsense for the nation. We tempted final sleep, danced for the last wake. The tourist think – we a weak endeavor. But little known them – for genius calls – and we follow from brinks of insanity.

## Petal'd

This woman petal'd out burst forth this seed sown through a thousand year breeze. O she breathes in ease. Sways in a new wind, a dance over the meadow. I watch from a ringed tree, where the lines count the past lives of her blossom eye. There – the recurrence – the intuitive dance of the first day. By the willow when eve breathed graciously –what wind went out circles back to now. O wonderful, her exhale again. My curled hair cannot help but to stand on end. This is it, yes this is all.

## Water Spirits

As a child – my father and I. Could swim where Koi talked and placed themselves. Kept free of the call of the crying crow. Kept sound in our mellifluous water. Where we walked floated and held. Breathed in innocence – shared silence.

I'd emerge the leaved surface of the pool. Trailing ephemeral foot prints drying in the moonlight. Over the lilacs and beneath the play of ember I'd flick a switch. Light erupted under water and warbled the bubbles of the cold night – my father's under flight. What awakening then were lines swirly and wading on the wall. See this sight was the unseen call. I'd fill with fright, pull my father out from under pointing to spirits on the wall. But how they danced just for me.

## 2 feet pond

Bo blap is a spirit slap.

Slips under skin so smooth,

So seemingly to serenade.

Consumes carnal and wanton intention,

Not to mention fills of joy.

Of soft play of sensation like stars to sky.

Acquiesces is minds to divine rhyme.

To alter space and / anacoluthia

Clever koi in pond swimming timeless.

Deathless was, now is the boy bent bodily:

Dreaming of dropping all two ocular perceptions,

And self

To wade with the eternal wellspring of

How this water flows.

Close

Your eyes;

Keep speaking.

Spirals skin orange spins matters. My claims Noah's is him didn't shrink size for molecule pool. White warble bodied bubble blowing spotted whisper whisker. Walks in water smooth. Says blue air of big earthen underground mystical message making ah fan sign. Forest of words, points fork due east. Stop and gawk at a sign, eaten. Leaven littered temple person. See signs point onward, knows not itself but just keep going. Windows of the same light this temple talks in rites of taming, writes of re-naming, Tuesday round 2. Golden swimmer friend. me (love) in the wheat wind.



Man like moth to flame

Enter flicked ash fringing

Flying in the air of fair life

sulfating

Sucking keeping credence of color

Keeping still the cherry glow

Fingers purloin the breath

Penetrating lungs leaving dust

Depleting ribs of throbbing comes

Of whence comes people

Moths move sliding in silk smoke

Seething their teeth eating

Entering orange white heat

Heaving billows of blue mist

Mingling in winds forgetting

Their names

Is this it they ask

Of nothing becoming

Burning fell holy and justified

But backdropped by God

Landscapes of love

Hurtling harrowing inside

Annihilation praying

A drag

Leaves the mouth

The origin of eden

Pinned to tongues to bleed

And exhale crowns to glory

See as he redeemer

Ripped chest and screaming

Glory and holy

And burning seraphim

Hands him butterfly

The temple of his tongue to land

To drool of milk and honey

## Anything

All the children have grown and remembered the poorest of all their names. Why awake! Weak steps slapped the cathedral floor, out dams upon the windows, watered the embers like they were lilies. You own the night – my soul – your light the softest cover your eyes the quietest pillow. OH dream of anything, I long for the loose order, the watchful abandonment of the stars. The books lit by them with words I'll never know. I've felt my hands in the long crease of that page, a slew arrangement of sound and a meditative image, blood marbled and man, in a sea of fog – that is all I remember of them, of there. Of the anywhere.

## Swan

Swoon, sayeth the swan.

Her head bowed, borrowing

Sound. This miracle of meekness,

Gullet waterways this mirror seer,

Breather of bubbled morbidity.

Black bodied Elohim hath seen her

With lips lifted wet mouthing,

Morbidity.

Mother of earth and man

Made breath blue and big, drift

And drag desolate water; hovering

Sounds, say a windsong

Spirit lip uttered in; created in

untraceable effulgence.

Hence; mother morbidity.

## Door

The black cackle from the grackle broke free but a single blueberry for the white dove. I thought how half the days have veiled. Faced with dread the dogs have feeling. Why write with no meaning, the feeling of ripping this page out the recess of oeuvre is a pretty allure. I must write anyhow how dreadful this moment is. The dead yapping and baby black holes taking in. What weight, what the stake of this situation. How must be a mental shift – a drift into the abyss of love. Lose me now needful spirit for the glory of this web. Awake you people I am so deep in sleep. Drown me in humility. How can I think I float above the others when these are open doors of love. Will that child feel for his searching's then now and if not now. All the indulgence screams. My head hurts. On the page I'm

## Free

Not even these lines can keep back whatever wishes to speak. I wish to love – to be an endeavor in love always. Now

## Red – Blue

The attic of enumerated meanings wet with words. The down decadence of said before. The whore on heaven's steps. Spirit bereft cloud pink this week. Eyelid drools – do you smell the sleep. Wear now my shirt and I, You'll keep. Romance. Moan did the red sun sink and had it shown to any other – where – with the sunrise smoke. Half Haloed out crawls not new, not trying, just breathing, yes would we like to breathe once more save purple.

Once over a once frozen lake spoke the ice out the silence of memory of its thousand year slumber. A call, a cry, a dead child – all the men with wives sat stupidly. Where – with please bring now to every the awakening. That love could be accepted and overflowed. That bodies ferment for flowers in the overgrown.

I see two tall figures. One this big, the other that. The earthen floor unsound.

Rapture parted the lilies, sunflowers, roses but left the tulip to purple. How melancholic.



## Untitled 2

I've escaped the infamy of I will. I've learned I've done it all. When a witch washed my feet, that's not when. The cackle – maybe then. This must be my dream. Put on a loop. Have you? Put on a loop? Rhythmic vents opened azure hurry blue – everything is music – light switch.

## Sweet Soil Sleep for This Flower Pot

I lit the incense – soft spoken was its entrail of smoke rising scent to my lips. Sweet soil of this flower pot welcomed the slow burn homely. Night of nights I've slipped out from the covers of the garden bed. To lay another ever-hour in your ever-presence. This I wish but dreams slip subservience. There with the pillow we built a home. I held paintings by your hand and your head by my heart. Our every move a sway in the sea of worship. The moon our great composer. The stars swelling holes in the drapery of the nightless sky. Our light still a squint – the essence of a space surrounding a thing – the soul seeps – you are close for sleep keeps you.

## Impression

Light purple strode as a purloin feminine. The lighter degree of divine. In her words, yes all I heard. How color creates an impression upon the interior sense. And by thin lips of sound, I mustn't think to how my minds unwound. How time turned round, now all the days drip upward.

Forego the name of a forgotten tree – yellow leave and left winter before the rest. Felt embers skiptracing, dancing over flesh and organ. Breathed then a song of age that which the depths – ever so spirited – stirred to rise blue in you.

There awaits the same essence seeking reflection. Crawled along the illumination of an atmospheric sea to be through me. Yellow audacious and overgrown. Filled and overflown – lower here your cup, hear the drip now of the wet lip.

## Bamboo

The bamboo grove off the side of the philosophic house – there they stood round noon of a red sun. Their foreheads as openings, cradles of azure for the coo of light. Out spun characters and cathartic smiles, their rolling tongues. The harvest moon hills, their country night they carry with, close under modern kimonos.

Is there light exempt their eyes?

Hardness exempt their touch?

Being beneath their wave?

I call upon the orient. The oracle of eastern lands. Touch me with your taste. The soft overlay of rock and smooth sweeps of sand. Your attention to a blade of grass. The perspective of but a beetle. Your people delicate and dreamy. I long for your land. Your thin yellow hand on a bamboo, lanterns light your eyes under the arch of your brow. Rivers with little fisherman in straw hats run down the sides of your head. Forests of stalks fill by the black of night, lines lose sight, all returns – to the midnight moon.

## Half Halo Window

Is what's worldly – what's thought to be talked, always dropped?

Drowned in archival ink for heaven sense.

To write as I think – that is what I brink upon. Drop my sense for the cliff

– watch as they fly. They've known never the sound symbol of this

inscape. This nature newness lexicon.

Out the half haloed window gather the thousands. Looking out upon

them I dance. I dance, I draw, I fall for the floor gives way, the veil stays

open. Out and in, in and out, the wind washes over them. Every quiver

from them I feel. I am frail, my head failing - still I see love into their eyes.

Still I dance. Still I will the flora bloom.

## Untitled

The essence. How unmanageable – how magical it is, I think, to watch words appear for page from ink. When wind's chime, stars align, adorn, azure a white eye. That moon, reflection of sun, I reflection of moon.

Speak from honesty- your birth from flora. So then the synth sounds – light for the sunflowers ardent ear. Now unsatisfaction is my many withering leaves. Break my body once more my wonder gardener.

Might the moon rise – big, orange, and beautiful for warmth – a familiar hand upon the back of my brown head. Guide me, my wadings with seas of petals. For there those flowers, distant friends in the web. Lovers in a past spring.

## Gradient eyes

As though the Lustre of this moon coupled forever shown this mellifluous swoon. This of yours and pure. Perched above fleeting firmament –your gaze – your face a-blazing the big blue. To speak, write, to paint of the power of your presence – this my hourly endeavor. This of love.

As patron saints – stars, they adorn your neck. Clouds curl round your collarbone – this night's golden gown. A black dress swirls by the mercy of your inner movement.

## Hidden language

I've tried to enter the books – to hold discourse there. Walking and talking in some timeless sea of corporeal ridden space. I've been an alchemist of sound. Bounced around with the orient. Butterfly orange (A blessing) – A whisper of a woman. Here fingers can stroke soft the air. Unwind a word and braid it fair. We wanderers of nowhere.

Breathe easy but blue lip slipped 'why have you done this to me?' Why have souls touched, I'll never know. We've walked better in impression of garden and willow. Melic silence made us flow.



## Playwrite

Oh that great playwrite. Casting lines lights and images over the rolls of this universe. Love here, tragedy there. By his pen stars are born in an instant, thousand year old trees sown, a leaf lands on a child's heart. He writes for all, he writes for one – oh doesn't he simply love writing. And what of me – this child – my meager part. Ah, isn't this all play! I dance, I think, I brink on a beginning only by his hand. I, O I'd love to be like He. And if I write – is it not He?