

Rader ~~Love~~
Love

Time runs ahead of us and below
us. We climb the stairs
into the great, ~~and~~ glittering cab and it rains.
The beard we've cultured for so long
falls off us into the floor board,
and catches ~~flame~~ fire.

Arrested, our wrists ache.

Blinded by dirt roads, our heads
unrecieve and are not happy.

Someone has painted our faces the color
of gold wheat and the blackened field.
(...)

Someone covered our lips in eskimo kisses.

Any more, that's a cold heart and worth nothing.

Someone forgot to give us the directions.

The Great wave comes down the line ^{why don't we}
and ~~say~~ ^{radio} says, Hold on, shake those hips, ~~let's go~~
go dancing out on 45 where the barn didn't
burn all the way, it's not all okay, we could die
I'm telling you we could go skipping through
Hell but stay there or at least we could
break a few bones, don't go to the cathedral, don't any (...).

Somebody's body heaved itself
into the ground. The highway covers
their blood. We don't want to be
a body like that so we ride.

~~Time is us from behind~~

Time turns us around and mounts
us from behind. Time bubbles down
our leg. Someone calls us from the upstairs
bathroom, It's time to go already,
let's go, and we ^{whimper} and we go

This is my servitude in your likeness.
I am

Replenished and calm, I awaken with the blanket
of stars pulled down past my arms, new day will hold
yet another cluster of blossoms without names, my dominion
parting before me

Something huddles beneath my hand
placed over my breast in a way
like fallen branches. I heard you speaking
in a dream, in the shudder of fishes
passing through my legs at the head
of four rivers. What passed through
me and what passed on into the lands
out of Eden, I do not ask.
My body keeps what is my body's and what
my body touches.

On the surface of the river of the waters
of the compassionate Pison, when
the dark water covers and the eye by which
you have given us, the body, vision through the night
alights upon my shoulders, I am known
to be frightened at the silence. I would
call this a leaf taken by the wind.
You who have thought out of thought my existence,
what solitude whispers in the brush of my body
against this garden, and what simplicity,
hand-crafter, threatens to flee, with all
its weight, back
into chaos!

Solus

Something huddles beneath my hand
 phied over my breast in a way
 like fallen branches. I heard you speaking
 in a dream to me, and (in) the shudder of fishes
 passing through my bones at the head
 of Four Rivers. What passed through
 me and what passed on into the lands
 out of Eden, I do not ask.
 My body keeps what is my body's and what
 my body touches.

On the surface of the river of the waters
 of the compassionate Pison, when
 the dark (water) covers and the eye by which
 you have given us, the body, vision through the night
 alights upon my shoulders, I am known
 to be frightened at the stillness. I would
 call (this) a leaf taken on the wind, a meditation's
 ceasing. You who have created thought out
 of thought my existence, what solitude
 whispers in the brush of my body
 against the garden. What simplicity,
 Hand-crafter, threatens to flee, with all
 its weight, back
 into chaos!

Verse 1:1

In the beginning there was the World Maker

How do you love ... ?

How does your love spread?

dealing with
 the love(?) of
 a GOD.

In the beginning the World Maker and his Void

was all that there was.

Deepness had a face and also Darkness

crawled upon the waters
 which the Maker gave sullen features and stirred with his fingers.

Solus

Desiderium

to be and to be beautiful

Wise, old Deathless Container