

A cemetery in mind

October 23, 2009

I can see you are the rain that falls at night
I can see it -you are moonlight
that reflection on the dew; the grass,
cool beneath our feet

It's the hallow edge of time
tick the hour clock and go away you
I need it not be beckoned forth
for this reason:
humans were born here
humans died and were buried
the stone's mass toss and turn
-[even they cannot stand forever]

I want you to go out
burn up -so that you feel no loss in feeling's less
the earth will shake the sun will
rise up- over again and over,
Where will you be- out there?

I will not let you be forgotten
so when you die
our memories will not be
left to the rubble that cannot keep
-no names that wash away

-no noises
-no moss and earth raised up
-no one-hundred years spent after we die
-living not in children
-no-
beings not there- nor will you
come again as
running animals or something awful
-your life - if you give me
your hand- will be
as I give you my hand
-in the here and now
And so forth will we live in this moment
until the sun fails to rise
the moon fails to set:
for a hundred years long winter waits behind

Raise from the ground
all those who are gone
for fear them not
they are so let them be-
for all they are I know they are-
their apparatus reach above the ground

This place is a grave land
lights flash to illuminate the
sour and uneven earth
interspersed strangely small trees

I have not the strength to move against it
the metaphysics are not mine
but in them I share with you,

I can not be more further from your eyes than you make
me out to be and go,
predicate where I go with your mind
an you follow me out there because for what feeling were
you looking for?

What but the sensation that is the circumstance of our
commotion
that your mind follows me-
I track you with my dreams at night
and am ready for when in you are there
I will shroud you in the metaphysics
that cloak the stars
though they be it not your body
- though they be it not some dreams
I will move over, trace you, when mention to me

my metaphysics
Let be what will change you
for all that I
know your there
when the rain came and the moon-light shown you
thought that before that if it fails you now
you will only widen your eyes more
before that
dawn came

Let me elaborate with what strength I have left, my metaphysics.

I will not end this- a sad story

I won't look at you any more but you're not dead
you're who I imagine and so we never speak
and what tells me you are there ?

I see your smile, I see your lips part, you face at me
this is too good to be not some dream - a sad feeling

your metaphysical to me
your a story that I tell myself
it's not fair that nothing's there
so, less, this moment passes
it's you and I who let it go-