

Valentines day poem:

2008

These words portfolio your eyes-
your stare your glance arise-
a city in the air, a gothic-
romance flying mare --be the
meter of my rhyme and know-
I'm trying not to let you go
inspire and desire to retain
a prototype, a gift, a mighty-
-blazing beacon fire

glisten laughing exit pictures listen

- sapphire memories- vibrant memories glossy flood
spontaneous dream combustions
crackle and release unillustrated murmurs
requiring paramnesia
acquire dust yourself asleep

-incarnate hopes and fears
whose years pass by unknowing
-whose tears cry spring are flowing
trickling yet hardly seen
through song and birds in flight
through the branches shone at night
the stars

- away from the city
far above the lake and darkness
fractured rays of dancing shadows
of tears which are no more wild
no more forests

places which once gleamed untouched
un- trampled and untamed
the nameless now is named
- tree by tree and leaf by leaf

passing days loose counts on dreams
motions forever lost withdraw
from the depths to carry content
as stable captive as to photograph
the human soul and map the cosmos

As you embark, chased by darkness to manifest
destinations
as you suspend in animation breathe radio beams and
vibrations
-radiating electrical charges crackle lightning clouds

remember flash songs and pictures and well into the night
and early morning
phosphorescent dancing down streets framed by a halo
green and yellow, pink, blue glow
reminisce, retain those flickering iconic lyric description of
a situation and state of
affairs we telecast our own exposure our own impression
we project

witnessing atmospheric phenomenon anchor rings each
others nimbus and aurora glory light
and wings tornado
weather and a state neither want and never want to leave

attest to and encapsulate a token
coalesced into an indirect request to
concentrate condense enclose shut in
a single moment to compare to what was
never there -every day we have

each twilight tide rise an epoch of chance an era of
opportunity
and a period of time between afternoon and high noon
midday morning-
time night noontide dawn
-breakfast dusk dinner and twilight tonight

between you and I and the vastness and
incomprehensibility between you and I we have a
mardi gras of time yet unseen

Wave your own hand waver touch the air
look into the finite much is there
but this I know is true an icon and
true too much over used:
you have but one arrow one bow
one swift let go
one reflection
one painting

one long photo

we have but one life one chance
to know that we are not alone
we learn we only are
the awful Truman show
there was an awful rainbow once in heaven

I only wish our lives will show
the way to what we desire to retain-
a prototype, a gift, a mighty
blazing beacon fire