

15 July 2015

There is too much noise
inside, between walls,
reverberating through skulls

Which grow empty.

Is there not solace, rest
from Self?

Is there a balm?

I have heard of places,
heard tunes of theogony,
but is there any calm?

What remains are ashes,
What remains are gems?

And must we know the difference?

I've yet to stumble through Eden
but I've heard her song,
I've seen blossoms rise.

If there is a balm, it lies
behind still-naked eyes.