

In Pursuit

On primal planes we run
 Packforms in moonlight

 Before you stretch into the sea
 Across immeasurable time

Yet wolves are wolves
 In spite of fins
 Or depths beneath the waves

And blood is blood
 Despite the method of our haunt

Our limbs take flight
Our teeth break in

Like wings for psychic bliss

(Again)

On ancient banks we stride
 Raptured in exchange

 Before you reach toward the sky
 And grasp at highest Being

Yet loves are loves
 Absent the touch
 Or vulgar black equines

And wise is wise
 Beyond the strategy of thought

Our minds may bend
My strongest friend

But we'll lift worlds on spires