

My sweet love  
gone down to dusk

the host

the sun

the fire that shines

across the embers

of your eyes

at night

in cold caves

where monsters

wake

where the earth

quakes

and her

love shakes

tremulous

to the core

of past scars

dreams

of serpents coiled

'round  
the throats  
and breasts

where mother's  
milk denied

an absent  
soul cries  
from the open  
road  
where

angel-headed  
dancers  
drive for days  
into the fists  
and vices  
of men  
hiding

from ghosts  
of their own  
that now come home  
to roost

upon my

face in purple

marks

beneath

the skin

lines upon the

naked arms

of children

bearing knives

across

their severed flesh

I stand

without judgment

I stand

without fear

before the echoes

of the long

dead wake

of violence

\*\*\*

smash the trees

burn the leaves

melt this gold

to become

a fold

in yesterdays

from which

you can't escape

somewhere within the deep

of oceans

star-filled skies

I hear her cry

from miles away

and cannot

respond

\*\*\*

This skiff upon the sea

of consciousness

riding

maelstrom waves

(affects' crests)

tear yourself

to pieces

on the rocks

a siren called

to shore by

songs of

sirens

harpies

with jagged

claws

and winged

arms

\*\*\*

your

fear

hunts

you  
like lions  
on  
the white  
savannah

blood in their  
mouths

grasping for  
flesh

grasping for  
pyrite  
spheres

a fool and  
her gold  
soon  
parted

forsaking freedom  
to become a slave

forsaking steel

to become an ore

forsaking earth

and soil

for the heaven

of ideas

\*\*\*

To the East

I will fly

on wings

a black dove

reborn

of ash

and flame

scorched by sun

a phoenix

from magma

from flowing

rock running

to the sea

a burst

of oceanic

steam

and I become

the shore