

noon
moon
none

noon

the sun's ecstasy of radiance,
reflected from the undulating mirrors
innumerable
of this living world,
pours through the liquid crystal
that washes unblinking eyes.

what are we
that absorb the world
into its own central mystery:
perceiving mind swaddled in singing atoms
bathed
in the joy thrown out
from the heart of the sun
in the world-blanketing
broad daylight of noon?



moon

like fog rising from a putrid swamp,
thickening through hopeless years
until my tears froze into cataracts,
a stinking darkness rose from my soul
and sucked all the color from the world.

in the mid-life dusk of numb lunacy,
i walked the moonlit way.
it takes a heart-frozen zombie
to tear the fabric of light.
i tore the fragile nest,
woven from love to nurture a child,
and let her fall, helpless,
through the splinters of childhood memories
into my stagnant moonlit pool.





