



Upon The Slopes Tonight

A familiar voice calling for more wine. Groves of sweet meat. Meat laughing at the arrow. The air fogged with security. Some half bell ringing?

You must give up this thinking about becoming a master. You already know how to demand silence. No silence constant or else it would be without a name.

The Name who paints lichen upon cooling stars, upon the sky of the wanderer locked within shrine and bungalow. The Name who seeds this evolution, this quest for luxury....a tornado pretending to carry the stream back to its source. No vitrification of the source. All that has been taken stems from the mother, what it felt like to be loved. To be partners in a dance more naked than being born, with more purity than lust.

To be loved: in the gathering of winter wheat. In converting these celluloid trappings into fuel for the hearth. In warming with sly contentment. In suffering every kind of game.

Now picture this: turning within the world, what we are...dew drenched ferns brushing against the thigh as we ring inside each other's hollowness.

This absence of wings proves that we are not of the flock. Come pick the lice out of my hair. Forget your name. The gold is leaking out of the mountain, my love.