

Stagger into light
maunder on,
you will mourn the cessation
of a child`s joy,
the innocent kiss
of light outside the womb
breaking, breaking, shaking the stem,
like a flower opening
to the condominium of blatant morning.

O everything I say derides,
trivialises, everything,
on whose spinning my words are mouthed.
It is an obscene calumny
on the bright wind bringing
its list of untellable meaning.

Flower-heart, flower in ineffable peace.

O wind you tell me
I am me, that I am free
majestically singing
through the branches of the green sun.

I am entranced
when you begin

to break me apart,
to smash my core
into whispering eddies of incandescent air.
I am becoming glad of the chance
to smash my silver chalice of hopes and fears
in the centre
of your storm's eye,
where rain sings the earth and green
springs up to touch
the star's gleaming.

I am your real child,
you my everlasting joy;
I wait to blend my body
with the quivering susurrus
of your silver voice.