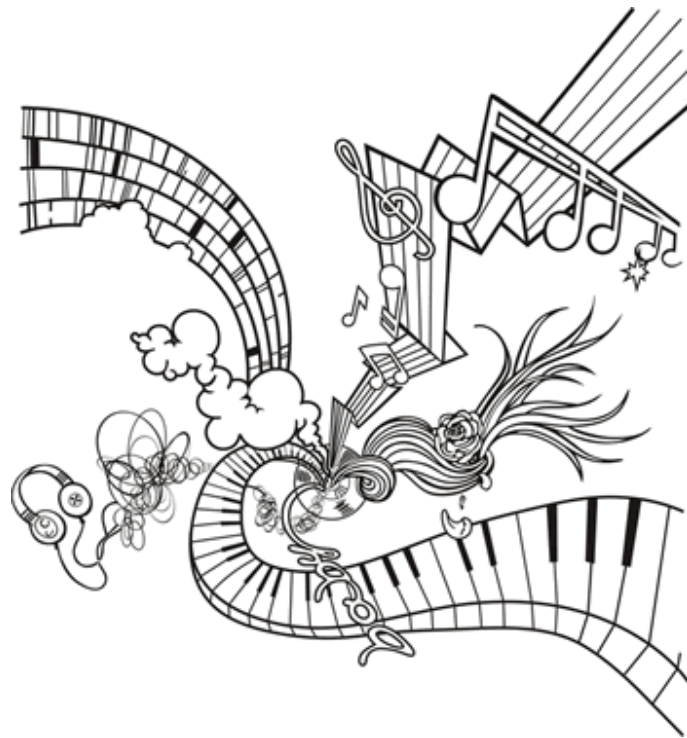


Isabella and the Midnight Duldrums.

John Thomas



Presented by

My poetic Side **P**

Dedication

To Isabella,

*For you, these poems became life. For you, words came from my soul. For you are my muse, and I
cannot repay the inspiration you give me.*

Acknowledgement

I like too many things and get all confused and hung-up running from one falling star to another till I drop. This is the night, what it does to you. I had nothing to offer anybody except my own confusion.

- Jack Kerouac

About the author

I write because I know no other way to really express what is in my heart and soul.

summary

Under your stars forever.

Dance With Me

Layla; Part I (Dreamed I was dreaming of you. Time lost in various positions.)

Layla; Part II (The morning after. Distance and tears at dawn.)

Layla; Part III (Redemption and love in a world of chaos)

The Fire

Somedays

Lead me down the garden path.

I do not just want you to love me

Sketches Out Of Time

Of longing and dreams

An Anthem for Living

Raw Honey.

Passion Flower.

Ode to Charlie Haden: or stand up and be counted.

For Leonard,

In Time and Blood.

Across the river and into the trees.

Under your stars forever.

"Under your stars forever"

Under the stars
of a humid, holy night
I think of all I have done wrong.

Coming up on 40 years.
40 wasted, confused and
spent years gone by.

It seems like I only blinked
and then I was here,
under stars, humid night.

The air thick and moist
as emotions and memories
way down my heart and soul.

Why is life so sad?
Why is the suffering unending?
Why are moments of joy so few?

I year for more.
I ache for a kindred soul,
accepting of who I am, what I am.

I don't care about questions
or stupid, pointless complaints.
I want life and poetry and love.

I don't want fascist time cards,
lashed and chained to a wall.
I want to breathe sweet, free air.

I want to walk in fields fair,
float down soft, sun kissed streams.
Watch the sun go down with you on my lap.

I want to feel your love,
your desire and passions
consume me and lift me up.

Sharing the world and ourselves.
Only us in this mad, bad and
beautiful world of no end.

All we need is ourselves.
You and me, fuck the rest.
They do not see and do not care.

Escape, evade the moving hands
of the great clock in the sky,
ticking away to the very last.

In my heart, your heart.
In my mind, your eyes.
In my soul, your soul.

If it must be, I will wait.
Sad, quiet and dreaming
under your stars forever.

Dance With Me

I sit at the bus stop. Its an October gray rainy late afternoon. As I sit on the bench I hear the ping ping of the rain pelting the roof of the little shack. I love the sound. Whenever I hear the rainfall, I think of you.

I lift my arm up and extended it past the dry border line. The rain taps my hand. It's so cool and wet. I step out fully from under the eaves and the rain pelts my face. I feel my hair get damp. I raise my face to the gray sky and let it run all over me. I feel it run down my neck. Across my lips. It distorts my vision as it coats my glasses and I see the water run in streaks.

I look forward again, and there you are.

You are soaking wet, but you smile, so happy to see me. You extend your hand, I see the rain roll down your skin and fall to the ground. You whisper,
come dance with me, please....

I reach out and take your hand. It's cold at first, but it warms up at my touch.

The rain soaks me.

We both wet to the touch.

You pull me close.

Our bodies touch.

I feel your heartbeat and our heaving chests are synced.

I lose myself in you eyes.

Your beautiful face shuts out the world.

We dance.

We embrace.

We sway.

You hug me, we are cheek to cheek. You pull away.

Our breath mingles.

Our eyes lock.

You pull me close.

Our lips touch.

First cold and wet.

Then warm and moist.

Softly we kiss. So warm. So gentle. And the world freezes.

Time stops.

Our little bubble keeps it all at bay.

My eyes open. You are gone. I look around. My head spins. Nowhere. It was only a vision. Oh but what a beautiful vision it was. I close my eyes and fight back tears. It was so real. I sit down on the curb, falling back on wet ground. I pull my jacket collar up. My head low. The rain caresses me.

Whenever i hear the rainfall, I think of you.

Layla; Part I (Dreamed I was dreaming of you. Time lost in various positions.)

Oh Layla, my Layla
What do you do to me?
How come I hear you shrieking
with your eyes
"Come to me, oh come to me"
Yet your lips say no such words.
Only silence.

I sit listening to the record spin. It's
stuck at the end and all I hear is
Wump wump, wump wump, in
endless cycle. It's stuck.
Yet I listen. It's mesmerizing.
Wump wump, wump wump, wump wump.....
I stare at it. Lost. Waiting for a monstrous arm to reach out and grab me and pull me into endless
spinning blackness.
Wump wump, wump wump, wump wump.

Oh Layla. I awake and my head is resting in your lap. We are on a train.
And I hear that sound still.
Wump wump, wump wump, wump wump.....
You caress my forehead. Your delicate fingers.

I sit up and see coastline as we speed on. Huts and beaches. And trees. And birds swarming
carcasses of the fallen whale. Beached.

I slide to the floor and look up at you. You smile. You smile that soft angelic pout.
"hai sognato . Ora ti svegli. Mi sei mancato"
you say to me in a whispered tone I can barely make out over the sounds of the train in motion.
I see you. I burn for you. I desire you completely. Your stretched out along the couch. You're head
propped up on a pillow made up of your back pack. Out spills gum, a copy of Tristessa, some

chocolate pieces.

I pick your feet up and rest them on my lap as I sit down. I begin to kiss them, Softly. You smile. I suck on your toes. I caress each toe with my tongue. Your eyes roll back, you moan, you groan, you madly finger yourself. I lay on you and smother you with my lost soul and desperate kisses and longing finally let out of its cage. I need you. I want you so fucking bad it hurts. With each kiss my soul cries out in anguish and joy and rapture. Oh, Christ I need you. Please. Please. Please. Oh, if only you knew how good it feels. How good you feel. Oh, my love. My Layla. My heart and soul and sweat and blood and tears and life are yours. Whatever happens. Whatever you wish to happen. I am yours and will accept your decision. Love me, kiss me, kill me, hate me, bury your nails into my heart, it doesn't matter.

You look into my eyes. They smile at me. Wonderful, they say. You trace your nails up and down my chest. Oh god. It feels so good. We switch sides. You lay on top of me. And you tease me and I forget the world.

My world lays on top of me. My world grinds up against me. All we need is this cabin. They'll have to throw us off the train first. It's ours.

The night absorbs the waning daylight. We still love each other as starlight illuminates the car. I hold you close. We melt into each other. Our souls mix on an atomic level. It's what I've always wanted. I breath in your hair. It smells of life, of endless possibilities, of cherry blossoms.

We sleep, holding each other. Oh, my Layla. Even in the dream I feel you.

I take your hand and kiss it and look deep into those eyes, pools of longing and youth,
"I spill my heart and my guts for you.

Mine is a hunger I cannot obey.

You are the feast I have starved for, you're lips pour the wine of eternity.

Let me drink, let me feast or I shall forever suffer with drought and starvation.

And my guts and heart shall shrivel up and rot. But if it be your will, then Madame, I shall with a smile obey."

You cry crystal tears that roll down porcelain cheeks. I try to catch them in my mouth. You kiss me. Hard. Long. Deep. As if any one kiss could be our last.

"Dobbiamo andare. Dobbiamo. Questo non può essere la nostra casa"

It's a nice layover in interzone, but it cannot be permanent. We must move on to whatever is next. We ready our bags. We travel light. Only what can be carried.

Before we exit the car, you kiss me again. Long, hard, deep. Like you are stopping something from getting out. You give me a wink. And whisper

"comune. vecchio uomo. Ora dobbiamo andare , come sempre , sulla strada."

Layla; Part II (The morning after. Distance and tears at dawn.)

And then I woke up. Head on the table, the taste of bourbon on my lips. The empty bottle on its side as a pool of its insides gather at my mouth.

Oh Layla. It was a dream. You are so far away from me. Across hills, time, water, air, masses of bickering warring fools. Behind walls and cloths, you sit. So far from me.

Oh Layla. Time is catching up with us. The year's fly, the hands on the clock spin and whirl as if spun carelessly. Soon there will be no more time. Soon old age will ravage us and take the vintage wine of life and wanderlust from us. Like a sickly transfusion. Leaving us skeletal. Barren. The wine of life replaced by spittle and drool.

Oh Layla. Yesternow. When youth and possibility was all in front of us. Its legs spread wide with golden promises and milk and honey poured from it. Does life really die from us so soon? Before physical death we have a death of soul? Of spirit? Our skin turns to wax and bones brittle. Our souls die a little each day. You cannot stop this. But what to do? How do you stop time? How do you keep soul crushing old age at bay?

Layla. It's you and me. We must defy time and the ever-creeping approach of foretold old age. Fuck it! Let's run Layla, you and me, we shall elude it at all turns. We will trick and fool and deceive. All our days we will not let old age and time and their horrible perversion tear us apart.

Layla. My heart and dying soul are yours. Nothing shall tear me from you. Nothing shall diminish my affections. My heartbeats for you. Every beat, ever pulse of blood is for you. God, if God even exists, could not make me stop desiring you. Wanting you, driven blind and gnarled with passion for you. It's all I live for.

To see you smile. To watch you blink. To hear your inhale and exhale sighs, life's symphony. To see you brush the waves of long curls from your face. To know your soul in all its complexity and joys and rages and loves. To know the touch of your skin. To know each and every reaction at every touch. A map of your zones of pleasure, stimulation and orgasmic penetration.

Layla. I am nothing. A worm in your garden. I am awkward. In every way. I'm too tall. Misshapen. I have onset of scoliosis. I sweat too much. I close my eyes when I talk. I eat too much. Swear too much. I have no real skills. I'm not smart enough. I try to say the right things and do what is best.

Oh Layla. I'm a mess. You could do better. I'm a loser. But this loser would cross hell and back, get skinned and flayed and suffer all torments, humiliations and subterfuge if it meant holding your soft hand and hearing a kind word pass your lips.

Layla. I'm hopeless. But you give me hope. You cast light into the darkness. Part the seas that would drown me and suck out the venom that would consume my heart and soul with death.

Your grace. Your soul. Your love is eternal. And it saves me time and time again from madness and despair. I am yours, my dear. I am yours even if you do not want me. I will wait for you. Even if it is forever and the cobwebs and moss gather on me. My vigil will be steadfast and true. For I have nothing else. You are a treasure worth the wait. Worth the searching and loneliness. Worth the unknown and mocking phantoms.

You are my sun and moon and stars in the heavens. The world I live and sleep and tread upon.

I will remain true.

Layla; Part III (Redemption and love in a world of chaos)

But the truth is, darling, I don't know what to do.

The world day by day descends into horror, and chaos reigns. Lies and the truth begin to blur and fold into one another like ice melting in a glass of alcohol. You don't know where one ends and the other begins, and one way or another it must be swallowed.

Does the river drink your tears? Does the sky know the perfume scent of your skin? Do the stars die at the thought of competing with your eyes? Will you allow me possession of your heart?

The world dies a little every day. All the beauty, all the passion, all the flesh and bone truth, they all fall into memory and darkness.

Only the facade, and the hypocrisy and false ecstasy, and the death of innocence awaits us. This world oozes decadent images. It surrounds us and tricks us into obedience and a false sense of righteousness.

Oh, my love. My Layla. It's overwhelming. The crosses are too much to bare. Believing the lie.

Does the magic begin at your lips?

Have there been no more wonders of the world since you were born? Do you know when you need saving? And religion reads like comic books when I'm inside of you.

The lies we fight and tell to get through a single day. How can we function? How does the heart not cease to beat? How can our souls sit by quiet and sullen as we squander the precious moments?

Even with all my maps and compasses, and the truth burning bright that all roads lead to you. Why still can I not reach you? How can you still be so far away? Even at the touch? You are still off in another world. Another life. And our plains of existence do not cross over.

Does the river drink of your sweet and bitter tears? Does the sky cry like you and wet my face? Where does our bond finally connect us? When I'm kneeling, and beholding of you at first light, in your shrine of grace, at your feet.

And you, my priestess, give life back to me. And we walk through the rubble and decay and ruin of this hideous new world. We have no need for it. Its pleasures are not ours. Let us ruminate over its shallowness not a second more.

The Fire

When everyday is the same you start to forget.

You forget all the possibilities of the big wide world, and the fire that burned in your heart and soul begins to flicker and fade.

When all the what ifs and maybe's become more than you can bare. And the adventures, the romances and the right you have as a living, breathing creature to want it all seem like another life. Someone else's life. Not yours.

You look back on days past. Wild, crazy, don't give a shit youth. Like fairy tales told to you. It's impossible to relive those days. Even more impossible in the slow creep of middle age rat race. But it comes to you. In flashes and half forgotten day dreams.

Sounds. Smells. A song from days past. The magic spell to bring it all back to your senses. Only briefly. Only moments.

But in them, the seeds of a time when all the world was ahead of you. You had all the time in the world. All the days to waste in that special way that only the young can get away with.

Drives. Walks. Endless talk of life's most stupid and most joyous trivialities.

What would one do to get back to those days? When the weight of the sadistic nightmare that is adult life didn't keep you under thumb.

Didn't numb the soul with bills and punching the clock and constant threat of losing it all.

Maybe there truly is no way back. And maybe all we can hope for is one last opportunity to reclaim, even if it's only briefly, or so small a spec of, that feeling of immortality. To get back that fire of passion in our hearts, our souls, our minds. To burn brightly, brilliantly, in the darkness.

Somedays

Somedays are dawg days.

Somedays I can barely bring myself to move.

Today bleeds into tomorrow like paint splashed with thinner,
as it swirls and runs and dissolves.

Yesterday, today and tomorrow.

One long continuous blur of motions and numbness.

The same, it's always the god damn same.

I feel like I'm trapped in a room.

I can see out windows that do not open. A door forever locked.

I do get lulls in my bland repose.

I drank wine out of a skull with Arthur.

I smoked a joint with Jack.

I cried with Lady Day.

I learned about what it means to be a man from Ernest.

I learned how to make a woman swoon from Leonard.

Me and Frank boozed and staggered.

And I'd forgotten for awhile, the utter hopelessness of it all.

I remembered that life still exists.

It still moves and dances and sings and fucks.

It's found in a car on an open road to everywhere,

in an ocean of music and words and actions,

in war, in blood and death and cries and fury,

in between the sheets with a beautiful woman with legs wrapped around me in desire and wanton affection.

Breathe life into me baby.
Breathe life into this dying man.
Breathe you're sweet hot breath into these ice cold lungs

And feel our sweat between us, salty sweet sweat as I kiss your skin, it coats my lips as I kiss you.

But the air is silent.
Dust settles back into its rightful place.

I lay awake, night after endless night
My brain wracked with guilt,
with fear,
with desire,
with missing you.

Somedays are gone.
I'd blink and whole weeks gone bye.

Hair grays.
Lines run deeper.
Memory fades.
Libido flatlined.
Vision goes...
Oh Christ not that!
Hearing fuzzy..
No No No not that!

Blindness and deafness is for the dead.

I am not dead yet!!!

Lead me down the garden path.

Sometimes I wish time could reverse, freeze and melt away. To a time before madness held sway over our land, our world.

Maybe that time never really existed?

It was that dream in a dream on a carefree day of youth when politics and terror and corruption and hate were just dark clouds, far off on the endless horizon.

Maybe it's better that way. In a far away place where evil cannot touch that purity. Safe and secure in memory and candlelight, dust and bones.

Pick up your broadsword. Kiss the cross around your neck. Look back at your loved ones. Darkness knows no rest and is always watching.

No quarter to be found, in the here and now.

Feel the breeze kiss your face. Suddenly you are back home. A child. In the bright sun of spring. Running through grass and dirt. The same cool breeze rushes past your face. No worry. No cares. No death.

Eyes flash open double time. It has vanished, it is gone.

I do not just want you to love me

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to be strong enough to leave me.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to burn and ache for me as I burn and ache for you.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to be here now. To save me from myself.

I don't just want you to love me, I want you to really truly madly psychotically desire me.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to hurt me. To make me feel real loss and heartache.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to let me be perverted.
And you can be as perverse as your twisted mind can learn and snarl.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to peel back my armor and expose me to the world as the mess I am.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to stand by me and show me how to live again.

I don't just want you to love me,
I want you to wear my heart and soul on you like a talisman.

I don't just want you to love me,
actually.... I'm a liar, and a fool.
It's all I've ever wanted. No questions. No catches.

I just want you to love me.

Sketches Out Of Time

You emerge
From the sea
Like Venus

The sun glistens
Off your
Wet skin

Beads roll
Down,
Caressing you

Tiny footprints
In the sand.

You sip
Coffee
Delicately

Blowing steam
Cool breath
Mixing sugar

Your lips
Touch
The cup

Oh, I
Envy
That cup.

I love
Hearing
You speak

Your phrasing,
Light as
A breeze

Such a
Delicate,
Lovely voice

It tinkles
Like
Wind chimes

Warm
And
Caring tone

A sweeter
Sound,
I have not found

Party girl,
Clad in black,
Glowing

Elegance
With ease.
Party girl

You are
The only girl
In the room.

Balcony.
Sunrise.
Trees.
Leaves.
Ground.
You
Wake
Up.
Coffee.
Sleep
In
Your
Eyes.
Warm
Feet,
Cold
Ground.
Crisp
Fall
Air.

Your picture changes.
I see you.
Same smile.
Same wide eyes.
Same freckle under your
Left eye.

Always lovely.
Always.
The background,
The clothing,
The people change.
But you, you remain.

To be with you.
To run out into the night
and never stop.
No looking back.
To fly, to run, to drive.
Any which way.
It doesn't matter.
I want adventure.
I want life.
I want you.
I don't want to die.
I want to forget we die.
Forget and forget and forget.
We will forget it all.
Do not look back.

Of longing and dreams

I made a confession today.
From deep in my soul.

It had been there for a long time.
I didn't know if I was wise to say

How I felt. How I saw myself.
How I saw you.

I missed you so much. We haven't
talked in so very long.

But it was like we never stopped.
And it felt so good, like it always did.

Your effortless spirit. Gentle grace. Your heartbeat like a bass line.

You are so strong, an angel of soul.
I yearn to be near you.

But I know now, the sad truth.
This will never happen.

But I make a confession of the heart.
To say how you make my life,

You make it glow in the dark.
You make it outshine the sun.

You know my fears and desires.
And we know the real and

True and only way to live life.
Hearts and minds open.

I confess that you own a
Piece of my heart.

Even if it is tattered and frayed
It beat ever so much louder

In your presence. At your beauty.
You nurtured it, satisfied my soul.

If from a far is all I have, it's enough.
You changed my life, a blessing of

epic proportion. Filling empty darkness with light and love and joy.

You. Belladonna. Muse. A girl
With a smile like a cool breeze

On tired brow. Like water in
A vast desert. A heart so true.

I will wait. Maybe someday
To hold that delicate hand

To kiss lips like drinking
The sweetest wine

To feel your joy and kindred soul
And know you might care for me

I made a confession today.
I spoke my hearts language

Of longing and dreams
And love and reality

And why it all is so
Mad and wonderful

You are the world and
You are beyond compare

Sweetly I take my leave
Softly I say your name

Like a prayer,
An invocation

To make life as beautiful
As it looks through your eyes.

An Anthem for Living

We are alive!
We breathe.
We blink.
We kiss.
We make love.
We listen to music, LOUD!
We dance.
We think.
We read.
We ask why.
We sing, LOUDER!
We cry and mourn.
We ache and long for more.
More time.
More freedom.
More roads.
More pleasure.
More kicks.
More joy.
More life.
More togetherness.
More miles under the sky.
More songs to be sung, LOUDLY!
More love.
More understanding.
We know.
We believe.
We yearn.
We are one.
We are everything.

Raw Honey.

I write because I am sad. I write because I am a failure. I write because I am alone. I write because I love too many things, too many people. I write because I am so far from her. I write to feel her body next to mine. I write to embrace her, and I cannot. I write because it hurts too much to sit quietly. I write to be able to forget how much I want to be somewhere else, someone else. I write to bring her closer to me. I write to believe that she could care about me. I write for her smile. For her laughter. For her tears.

Passion Flower.

She moves with grace in between ancient rain drops. Dances with bare feet, soft and delicate, to a shamans groove. Her hair of raven midnight black. Long and flowing. A bleeding heart, standing up to windmills and injustices move. Her shimmering eyes, childlike, gazing in eternal wonder. Her beating heart screams the ode to life's elusive pleasure. Her smile makes the sun blush and set into the night. And her lips, curved and full, are locked and hide sensual treasure. Passion flower, she blooms and sways in tropical breeze and sun. Passion flower. Her restless, beating heart, always searching. She knows life's pain and sorrow and joy and bitter irony. She wanders the streets, wild eyed, with a fragile hymn she's softly singing.

Ode to Charlie Haden: or stand up and be counted.

Charlie Haden.

Charlie Haden.

Youcrazymutherfucker!

What did you do?

Why did you do it?

You said NO to injustice.

Portugal '71

You and Ornette Coleman.

Iconoclast. The hammer of jazz. Outcast soon to become bedrock. You did not want to play for Portuguese fascist swine. Genocide. Black people die. All are quiet.

Ornette says "Think of something you can do". You do something. You face the crowd. The sea of faces.

"I want to dedicate this song to the black peoples liberation movement in Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau and Angola."

ERUPTION!!!!!!!!!!

The multitude becomes one howl of joy, of anger, of crying to God for deliverance!

You played the audience. They were your instrument. You plucked and slapt and grooved. They were yours, they grooved to you. You. A white man. Said no more. You spoke the unspeakable. Gave voice for the silenced and mutilated.

Fuck fascism!

Fuck genocide!

Fuck silence!

Fuck you fascist dogs!

But you do not mix politics and music. Not in Portugal, 1971. For this, you could not leave the country. Incarcerated in a foreign and hostile land. No friends. The American Embassy was closed that day. You were on your own.

Shoved in a cell for what must of seemed like days. Into blinding unfriendly interrogation room.

This must be it. I died today because I said enough.

But no Charlie Haden. Not that day.

Your friends came back for you. The man in charge says with an evil smile.

"You are a lucky man today Mr. Haden."

You stood up to be counted. Not to sit silent. And you almost paid the highest of prices. For that which we take for granted. You are gone now. You lived a long, amazing life. If there is a heaven, I want to meet you there and buy you a beer. You and me and Ornette and Jack Kerouac and Christopher Hitchens can drink up and laugh and pity this world that never seems to understand. Never gets it right.

Hey, there's Miles Davis. He walks up and puts his hand on your shoulder and says,
"YouCrazyMutherFucker!"

For leonard,

Goodbye Leonard.

Goodbye my sensei. My metier. The sage of northern lands from a time long lost to us.

Your life was long. Full. Inspired.

You loved. Women. Music. Zen. The world. People.

I was in your presence once. It was as if I was watching the bard himself singing songs of love and hate. Songs from rooms.

Old ideas and recent songs. Like time itself took form into that of a man with charm, compassion and could write god into existance.

I will miss you dearly my old friend. You are back into the ethereal. Forver floating in the oneness of everything. Smiling and singing.

Sincerly, J. Thomas.

In Time and Blood.

To my Mom,
You are gone now. I didn't get to say goodbye.
Our last talk was strained, I couldn't find the words to say.
I told you I loved you, I meant it.
You told me you loved me, I don't know if you believed me.
But I did. I did love you then. I love you now. I loved you always.
I do not know what comes next. If i will see you and Dad again.
I do not know if there is anything after this life.
If i could see you on more time, I would tell you again and again
I love you and I forgive you
and I hope you forgive me too.
Happy Mothers Day. But really...
I never needed a specific day to remember.
I remember. I remember. I remember.
Your son, Always, in time and blood.

Across the river and into the trees.

The autumnal gray sky reminds me
Of the natural end to all things.

I am older now. I've lost many I loved.
My body and heart torn to pieces.

I'm a vague shadow of what used to be a man.
The leaves crunch and splinter under foot.

Just as my bones will one day, under foot
of another with all of life ahead of them.

I see you. My love. My child of glass.
Your youth and innocence glow in the sunlight.

Your smile. Japanese painters nor renaissance
craftsman could never replicate it. A vision.

If god was ever real. He created your lips.
Flowing locks of angels breath for hair.

Ivory snowfall and peach fuzz flesh.
Delicate fingers that weave spells.

Eyes. Still koi pond pools of tranquility.
Legs. Curves and bends like the eternal road.

Lips. Oh the lips that give life and joy. Soft as
petals, silk, the morning sunrise in pink dawn.

God stopped here because he knew he could do no better. The last gift of heaven.

If god existed at all. If not, than molecules are
divine like in creating pure beauty.

I am old. But your youth is like lightening
hitting me out of the cold blue sky.

I remember and I feel and I yearn.
Youth's passion and tongue and carnality.

You give these gifts back to me. Life. Love.
Oh darling. I missed these pretty things.

These pretty, useless things. The frivolous.
Wanton. Orgasmic. Pleasure dome of Khan.

Oh my little one. To know you is to know
how to good life could be. How it used to be.

My youth spent like spare change, callous and
carelessly discarded on the road of life.

Let us go child. Let us go now. Down the hill.
Across the river and into the trees.

We can sit in the grass. Feel the sunlight.
And love the only way we know how.

In compassion. In soul searching. In bliss.
In repose. In your heart. I live forever.