

THE AH WILDERNESS GATE

Was brass sixteen→
Spring morning
Grass bowl left out
In iron Ontario rain
In middle of cold field
Heard neo-lightning ring
Like a tinkle of a camel bell
Above circling thunder hills.

A spark of joy flew up spine→
Settled around neck and
Like an ecstatic jeweled
Necklace of I am alive.

shoulders

Like a wet desert wind→
Whispered to my Self
If it takes me fifty years
I will be this way again.
Will always be this way.
In non-stop? or in stop?

My Self loved my life→
Did not see how much
Wished ridiculous wife.
Saw, but thru heart strife
Knife. I always was rain,
Will always be rain. I am
Not spring brass bell or knell.
Green shiver wet grass I am.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Wetter than all rain. Eye looked for golden grain. Light messengers ache bread from rain.
The. The. That's deep in King Solomon's mine. A million lights they flicker there. A million hearts beat quicker there, folks.