

## THE MINE GATE

Many minor deaths our surface works employ to refine  
The buried treasure dead locked deep in our mine,  
Dying before death, we live many final breaths

Near tears. Final breaths not out, but in instead,  
Down restless tide of driving ocean hide  
Down shoreless shafts of sleepless star  
Digging deep in lifelight's screening tiers

The heart of the mind tunnels by dragon nerve,  
Shocking dark vermilion shadow loams  
With breathlight's fuse blown prescient blast:  
Opening: sun edges: concealing edgeless light:

Fluttering: light messengers: silent bees of: strata gem:  
Glasswrist: sense: palpitate probe: tremble itch:  
Crystalknee: dance: dartmembrane: pulsate drill:  
Amberwing: feel: pearlferocious dew: quiver screw:  
Tip: microquick: airtransparent: insight switch:

Seeking humanity inside, outside, and in between:  
Each diamond in breath: out breath: held breath:  
Delivers the slow spontaneous crystal pulse of fact  
To the high whisper of steady state electric spice

Sprinkled on star tangle deep in the marrow of the presence of Life:  
Each breath so bright of sun banked dark mined light upon light  
Still remembers that sniff near tears: not in – but out instead,  
That instant rest when bright mine entire is played out dead.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. What more can I say that I haven't interred? Thee. The. That's as we stop to pass a gas is it more proper fair to say inferred? folks?