

The Garden

A rose petal drifts
In still air
Falling as silence folded through light
Cupped, held in tender breath
...still
As a flake of snow poured
From the distant heart of an upturned cloud
Settles upon my tongue, a feather
...melting.

The sound of tears pooled
Silver and shimmering beneath happiness
A trembling skin of sweet light
Ripples beneath thought, sweet and trembling
As flesh too red, trembling beneath moonlight
...cooled.

The garden is my own
I tread upon thorn and bloom
Light bleeding from my glad heart
Beating and stuttering, full and sad, warm and spending
Here in this sacred place
Where all are forbidden
Air too bright and sweet
For another to soil
Unspoiled and pure is the taste
Of the forbidden
...innocence.

The crumpled air and sour sound
Deafen the ear
Shattered and smeared with sickness and soil
Disease springs
To hold the tender things ransom
...before time
It is this alone which has cast out hope
Now and forever
...forbidden.

But here
A petal of rose has melted
And an open eye brims
With new tears
To know, to feel and know
...what was lost.

Here
I am filled with trembling light
And tears
And into this bed of feathered petals
I lay your head
In silence, hovering as a feather
From a distant heaven
...falls.

Here in my garden
Alone in folds of wind and light
Cupped and falling
As tears pool and mirror the sky
A bruise under happiness
Fullness which knows and then forgets, all lingering hope
Before the strains of melody
Sultry, sad and fading
The bruise of emptiness
Melts as snow
Falling and pure, hovering in cupped wind
...and silence.

So do I love you now
Here as melody and spark
Snow and petals of feathered light
Unsoiled by knowing, unbruised is the dawn
As light made bashful
Finds the nestled places
...in sweetness.

Here in my garden
Sound has unfolded into light
As a shawl of down and pillow, spread out
Beneath nodding pines
Silently stir the distant shadows
Here, I may know you, and you me
Here, in my garden
Where all are forbidden
The air is pure and sweet
As rippling tears pool
...as all precious things tremble
...before compromise.