

But for who?

Oh...how long has the tangle been lain across my eye
Half blind and sticky with lost sleep
Dripping in sour tears, dank and rotten with promise unmet
As a child weeps, before a meal always forbidden...so are we,
Before happiness.

May we walk, as lovers
Before drifting tears forgotten, or mad and unrepentant
Lover's tears are cried of blood...
Perhaps you know me, I am not sure...let me hold you
And press the sound of the seconds from your voice and see...if we are known.

Oh dear one...each moment, so thick with light
A tear dripping and lingering
...on the round lip of Time
A tender dream stirred twice full
Until the last faded wrinkle of time...has been sweetened.

For all the universe...knows you.

We need too much...but to dream.

For you do know me
And have conjured awake
The teasing seconds....so double rich with want
Before my eye...
Parted so slowly, as to fill time.

Oh...how I did dream you
Before the sight
Is each moment cast of dreamlight twice precious
So are you before me now...unfolded.

And I do give unto you
My tender heart
Beating and full, golden honeyed and melting before a lingering and bashful noon.
It is this which you have given me. Oh please, know why...I have dreamt you.

Into your deep chest of dream
I pour my blue and purple heart
Tumbling and thick with treasure
Just as you have dreamt me.

Oh now, you know why...I have burdened you to fullness
Tendered and nourished each moment before a hidden spring
Waiting...

I had to find and fill you.

For if not, who...would dream of me?

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