

Current 93

"Steven And I In The Field Of Stars"

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Circles within circles
We ride through them all
Circles within circles
"In the midst of the Southern regions..."
There a man rests and weeps
This year, next year,
Sometimes,
Never, oh never
If we think then that there is
No joy
But listen:
On the edge of winds
Is the rustling of the greens
All many greens, manifold and lovely
The sighing and crying of the wind
The lovely boughs
The lovely light
The lovely light
The lovely stars, jewelly nobles

The pitted starheads of a burning fire
Burn far brighter burn brighter --
Starry glory golden flamey and lambent --
Than any other fires we know
The moony wetmouthed cradle of bluenight
The plumed bird, lovely voiced
The streaked cat, rooted hairshine
Head of furlight
Purr of bright sound
Lovely and noble, jewelly lords
So sparkling, glimmering spitting lights
Little houses of fire
In little towns of fire
Open and shut their fiery sandsheet eyes

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