

Peter Kingsbery

"Sublimation"

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Stars are slippin' softly by the window as we plane
The ripple of a song comes filtering in without a name
The flower in your hat, transports me to a house
Aflame, she by the fire, a man there thinks to douse

Following conversations like a beggar through narrow
streets
Fingers reached and touched, a feeling never seemed
so sweet
All the tears of living, cascading clothes to the floor
Embark upon a fevered trail, of great unspoken law

And you call me father, courter of the skies
Inborn, melt together, route earthbound lonely spies

Guarder of light, watch over us
Lord of the living, breathe in our dust
We ache for nothing, more can we ask?

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