

## **Peter Koppes** **"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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