

Michael McGuire "Dream Lover"

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DREAM LOVER

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She is my soul's sweet mystery and my secret sound,
without her wings
under me; my sky would run a ground, her kiss is like
an ocean; her
cooling waters wet my skin, rising tide pull me under;
come lover let me
swim.

I cannot sleep; I dream you awake; take the trouble
from my tongue, you
pull the passion from the darkest place where the world
is hot and
young, the syllables of your name a mantra for your
favor, with hungry
mouth and holy hands I celebrate your flavor.
A seasonal world; a meaning made in words to rhyme
the silence, the
wound is drained with a symphony of honey sucking
violence, my
unslept dream lover my genesis of life, my night where
all dreams find
life; my angel driven wife.

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