

The Tear Garden

"With Wings"

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The crippled soul divides and the scars of years fly
away
like confetti on the desert wind.
Phoenix rises - proud young wings reflecting amber.
Solitary.
Untouchable.
Excited, and ready to search for his rose.
But the flight lasted so long
and those powerful wings grew weary as he padded
through blind alleys,
swooped open-eyed into blind curves
and wasted night after lonely night trying to drink from
a mirage.
But no distraction could decimate the totality of belief,
and his number came up just when the weight of his
despair had him pinned to a rock;
when the feathers of his wings had been shed
and he stood naked before a dispassionate ocean of
grey faces.
His precious twin. His rose.
Isolde dancing alone, then multiplying, inviting...so
many many levels.
And the crippled soul unites and prepares for the long
journey home

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