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The Idea

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THE IDEA

Under the penumbral silence
Of some subconscious lair,
A green thought stalks within the moving air
And kisses the lips
Of lightning...

Beneath the breath of time, a dense
Shadow cloaks a warm muse,
But soon infant emanation ensues
And sudden sound rips
So frightening

Through stillness of a Lethe-lake,
That all is jarred alive
And quick words capture thoughts before they dive
Into some other
Silent curse...

And as the world sleeps cold awake
In an eternal lull,
A wind sends the mind swirling from the skull
Into another
Universe--

There cascading colors abide

That dapple floating dreams...

And the sun stands on a tripod of beams,

Monarch of the dew-

Sprinkled light,

As luminous moths softly glide,

Fluttering elation...

They spiral out of the cave of creation,

Then slink back into

Frozen night.