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Some Vision

J. Daniel Byford

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Some Vision

I.
Shall we carry to the star?
Will we regenerate,
render out the thought?
Can we conclude?

Rain is a pass word puzzle of the grave
Rain is icenotes flowered by the hum of flame
whose spirals form the flowing sun
and grow to glow and fall to fade
in streams of eye embracing amber.

I am so loud
I cannot hear its roll--

II.
Is the world a word or picture of a wave?--
and what in the world is the word of ice
when shattered in the moment like toy tin cats
smashing incredibly on the street?

If the world was as broken as a brooding dream
surely some smoke would warp it to a point
and upon the probable platter gleaming:
a wisp rendered hard on the hurdling plane
refracted by the instantaneous gruelling
which resided there.