

Tear Garden, With Wings

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