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I Don't Care to Speak of Anything at All

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I Don't Care to Speak of Anything at All

In shallow nights made for thy lovers muse
Our shifting beings find their way to
Each others arms and lie in deafening
Solitude. Transcribing scriptures of pale
Stars, undressing penitents; fleeing
Thoughts, caught by sky born branches, tickle goose
Pimpled forearms. Forlorn desolation
Seeps within our starry eyes, seeing ease
In a too huge moon, a too simple moon.
Great one eye peering down at dewy leaves
Gleaming sands, souls and two careless murmurs

Still we trace tomorrow 'round our palms, sub
Vast vaulting ceilings of the cosmic sky
Hanging low. The sacred fruit of the trees
Of Eden, sinking down to smother our
Ecstasy. I smell thee, my perfumed love,
And I lay my head on your breasts, drawn near
By fleeting notes of your bodily harp
I join you and pluck your tender strings, and
Our melody is heard across windless
Countryside.

From heaven bound steeples, priests
Listen to sins ageless concerto, while
Poets compose songs of hate and love, and
Toss them to embers, where their essence is
Carried to a tumultuous God's stoop.
And dogs howl at shipless sailors, heaving
Sighs of grief at our masterpiece, shouting:
'Every goddamn song of man will be played
On such a harp come Judgment day.'

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We look
To violet ribbons waltzing 'round smoky
Ballads, as mornings petals begin to
Fall upon the whimpers of every heart.
And in the field where dawn was born we lay
As one, (I swear I heard you wish for me)

So I look to you
And you look to me

And we care not to speak a worldly sound.

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