

the golden peacock wisdom king

let me ascend on that carpet
you have prepared for me
that in my sickness one moment
might outweigh the whole universe
a revelation of forgiveness,
seeing the knife of love is flawed
which cleaves my little stream
all the incidents of life
shine as one particle of the whole
transmitting itself like light forever
though the star be dead,
now I see your golden king
whose sweeping wings shadow
centuries of the sun's rising
protest at this apotheosis
it has outsoared the sorrow of your night