

without memory

guitar notes sway in the air
the noonday sun insulates the mind
blue orgasmic sea bends our will
a bell recalls christ
white walls maze-like conceal us
we drift seed-borne
chance will be our rest
starting again forgetful of all past
roots stir and water falls
entering more fully into the yellow
petalled stem asserting
floral crystal
plucked by a kindly hand
drying me forever in some silent attic
where children hide
content to hear their whispers
everlastingly