

an allegorical life

purification through time

sex into holiness

but the limpid clouds

speak extinction

decaying flesh

our only illness

physical depression

louder than reason

we are still living

in this world

in self

o to live outside it

released from it

let someone else mend the pattern

and walking toward the summer bridge

from shadow into sunlight

we enter the pure world of nothing

tall grass waving in the hot sun

the heat of shimmering trees

far off where distant moving antelope

signify the dappled shade of beerbub

and the purple jacaranda

hide the memories and places

colonies of amputees

long since forgotten

[unlike the fallen dead unforgotten)

except for one chance

the god of JB

O the pure contradiction!