

## Abundance Extends To Lush

## Enslavement of Beauty

If I had a daily bliss  
a somewhat cheerful view  
a silent grace I could perceive  
to grow as I pursued

Then when, around midnight  
instead of wasted from my sight;  
loaded beyond the utmost space  
I'd have one average night  
I measure every fucker I meet  
with analytic eyes;  
I wonder if their grief weighs like mine  
or has an easier size

I wonder if, when these years have piled  
if the pain will still be as real  
the early hurt, such a lapse  
a lifetime of grief bereaved of appeal

Will I just go on aching?  
through centuries above  
exposed by god to a larger pain  
by contrast with the promise of love

They say heaven is packed and that's where we go  
but I've got one hell of a surprise  
your death is but one and came but once  
and only nailed your eyes

And though I may not guess the right kind  
correctly, yet to me  
and the piercing comfort it creates;  
passing portions of fiery glee

The denotes of the fashions of the cross  
of those that stand alone  
still fascinated to presume  
that some has a view like my own