

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