

With Wings

The Tear Garden

The crippled soul divides and the scars of years fly away
like confetti on the desert wind.
Phoenix rises - proud young wings reflecting amber.
Solitary.
Untouchable.
Excited, and ready to search for his rose.
But the flight lasted so long
and those powerful wings grew weary as he padded through blind
alleys,
swooped open-eyed into blind curves
and wasted night after lonely night trying to drink from a mira
ge.
But no distraction could decimate the totality of belief,
and his number came up just when the weight of his despair had
him pinned to a rock;
when the feathers of his wings had been shed
and he stood naked before a dispassionate ocean of grey faces.
His precious twin. His rose.
Isolde dancing alone, then multiplying, inviting...so many many
levels.
And the crippled soul unites and prepares for the long journey
home