

if heat... if heat is merely the excitement
of strangely excited molecules
dancing their wild peasant dance
then it is no small wonder
that i fear the things
on the outer boundaries of
righteousness
losing their molecular minds in
vibrations and quantum chance.

just look
into the even wilder bodies of
serpent bound lovers tangled in the living coils
of shedding skin and eye blind embrace
where passion with its devouring
flame never screams for sanctuary or
calls out for the involuted mandalas in the
gardens of grace.

instead it consumes with a pure hunger
until it as well is consumed in what it defines.
fire living on what it
transforms and not what is left behind

so i am left meditating on light without heat
trying for revelations in a spiritual dream
that would center
in the heart of a flower that does not beat
or the beseeching quiet eyes of an altar lamb
but only finding
flesh expecting the lash of discipline or
revilement wanting forgiveness
and kneeling in the wait to be redeemed.

ignorance is the hand held mirror
of the those that look away
their palms extended or hands cupped
but i know...
yes i know that nature feasts on the
soft marrow sacred felonies
where fire erupts.

molecules and reason.
wf.h.
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