

### **Words (III)**

*The birthing of a certain Word  
Is the loneliest of Loves—  
A solitary mote in time  
I cannot share with thee.*

*Look into feral eyes  
Where life is but a ripple  
In a sea of flesh and bone.  
Starships and visions die there.*

*Ragged hunger, rage and bayonet,  
And ill-timed kisses, too,  
May yet by omissions kill,  
Can yet undo the Miracle Man.*

*Words emerging from the One  
Dry fishlike on the dusty page;  
Then, with cleansing rains of time  
Like salamanders revive.*

*Too precious for romance,  
Words unfettered now leap  
From Mind to Mind in  
Florid gesture, fluid touch.*

*When born is symphony  
And pestilence is conquered  
In pain, my dear wild heart,  
I would have thee know.*