

Ghost

The vast and formless medium swells and contracts –
An ancient tether to the vortex tugs with subtle magnetism.
Time traces the locus of its hub obliquely
 amid a violent string of pearls.

Unknowable humanness heaves forth a flow –
Dark with blood and promises foamy white.
What we are -- *is* -- then surges on,
 lost upon all the lastly disappearing – *us*.

The soul's current lashes each fate one to each other,
 devoured by the same selfless sex of effervescent molecules.
Glorious towers built to spike the very girth of heaven –
 dull and cripple without trust.
Brittle hands stack endless equations spin out their last bleak cry for
warmth.

Even then and for there, embrace this flickering clarity –
Come – join tight the circle brought close in lonely places.

The discreet soundings of names,
mother's voice coming in from the rain –
The images of things catalogued from the pain.

All pass with fading flesh –
Even those marble chiseled few... all –
Wrapped with disappearance,
 all gone in ash to a heedless wind
 the dust for those never-knowns.

Resistance has nothing left to the shell
The bulwark that secures the heart from the ultimate
is gone –
Everything taken,
Absorbed,
Sucked out dispassionately
and with infinite hunger.

V.O. text: j. sturgeon 2017

CD “roamin”, Bradley/Sturgeon ©2017