

Great Mt. Ida

Pears

I am a higher order
Peer below the symptom stayed
beneath the threshold of the Rader
quietly growing, undisplayed Boiling, but never boiling over,
with the grace of an unattended child, Along the flanks of Great Mt. Ida
 finger painting crimson stills
 of domes constructed by the centaurs
 drawn like moths to light, weak-willed
 Boiling but never boiling over
I hear them giggling but I'm blind to the facade
 summit beckons, calling, condescending.
I sigh with the force of the fists of a God. "Shame Shame".
 When the sun imploses,
 'twil cauterize our bo-bo's
 restored to ash
 breeze sweeps away our egos
 through time we'll gently drift
 scattered in this labyrinth
 what we've held in our hands
 gone with us, eternally absent Free
 Take Me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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