

Great Mt. Ida

Pears

I am a higher order
Peer below the symptom stayed
beneath the threshold of the Rader
quietly growing, undisplayedBoiling, 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 implodes,
'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 absentFree
Take Me

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

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