Sun Cycle

Blue Cheer

The lady folded
Her silver hair
Behind her back
With the strings of a veil.

And cut me a pack
Of a famous sword
Sharp to East
Her magnitude
That made the table
In an infinite tangle.

And then the darkness came
And wrapped on velvet feet
And here through the window
I saw a quickening eye.

Reflecting time
In the blowing night
And pulled the shade
To a clear green game
And from the visions
Riding heavy sea.

And from the visions
Riding heavy sea
That cast the ships
Into a sink as man
And burn the ringing
Don't wanna carry inside.

Then the morning came
Lapping up the winds
From the tainted table
That was serving time
It's silver spoon
That was breathing stars
Images flown
Like the birds of high
Wings in the sun

What a blessed sight.

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