Comet

Blue Rodeo

There is a comet
floating through this endless night
embraced with perfect symmetry
through the teardrop of infinity
in a window call the universe with no map
or intention
towards some floating destination
it will find
it will be foundno pride
no guilt
no hate
no endingit sings its song
sings with a crooked tongue
looking off into a crooked sky
wondering what a mortal hand or eye
could carve this comet on its course
like a blind man riding on a croked horse
returning to the source with no thought
has ever happened
in time
wont be imaginedno pride
no guilt
no hate
no ending

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