**The Churning of the Clock**

**5-26-12**

The spacious skies of widening gaze

Taunt the prisons of mattered mind.

A vagrant piper on fading horizons

Trickles tunes for soul to taste.

Back on earth with clouded density,

Scampering feet dulls intrepid minds

While scattered souls fall to pieces

Under the winds of broken imagination.

Invisible threads

Quilt the coarse smooth silk fabrics

That hold us bellow to wade in mystery.

We gasp for breath from a promising sky

With no more certainty

Then touching air

In a void yet filled…

To gasp and grasp holding onto only air.

The churning of the lock butters lucid perceptions

With promises of feasts divine.

Yet do we forget as a new day dawns

And ticks past talk last

Leaving Cupid on hollow days.

The churning of the clock builds us to dream

And calls us to forget

And skip a beat of heart

So that fate sleeps with silence

Sounded by soul’s alarm…

All with a skipping beat of heart.

And perhaps at 4 I’ll step on through a door…

To bypass the hands of clock

That wrap around the pilgrims of imagination

That lay the pathway forward.

Let me slip a drift

And float down the fivers of thought invoked sight

To see the sea of ocean breeze.

What guided leaves may shadow the river coarse home?

With shapes of cooling subconscious.

What streams may sing me dreams?

What light will fire flight?

What earth will unearth heart?

May soul stir me to stars.

And on those banks of river dreams,

Channels dig deep down

Paving earth walled ways.

Water walk waves

Into subconscious grace.

Chase the spotted cloaks of night…

What cradles lay beyond our sight?

What gems lay twinkling in stardust lines beds?

What children sleep beyond the hands of time?

What souls soften with the glistening of grace?

How hearts shine on those quilts of laced love living light.

Expansive gaze of correlating maze,

Unwind the knotted doldrums

To awake new crystalline rhythms

Skipping in motion to the tune of piper’s dawn.

Dew drops like figs

From swollen trees fall through

To the corners of consciousness

Cleansing cobwebs that shadowed light…

Watering thirst entrenched roots

Digging for another drink

From forgotten wells they long to recall.

Wake me life to dream again.

Resurrect my sleeping days

Breathe life to limbs

And wind to trees

To take me to the new belief.