

January 20, 1969
night time

A shush of rain
and a tree bows
with wind + branches
in transcendent sound...
the heart disoriented
in absurd silence.

what of this caring?
what of its eagerness of being?
a dictating in its very polarity
and once again the reckoning
of existence flirts about
in latent oblique as if
the spirit knows not how
to do its bidding.

a shush of rain
the mist of form in time
eludes the very heart
of silence, the absurd
in its most conspicuous climb
the epitome of life
or living?

A shush of rain
time in transcendent sound.

Magic is my rise from sleep
my daily bread and wine;
Magic is the eye that scans
the distant horizon.

And when - sunset afterglow:

I peer into candle flame,
purple hue and dancing heart -

I sleep.

Sad morning, Dr. Fallico

Patricia