

Stucky: This I feel written, that many
moments you are before me.

3-20-62

I climb aboard the very first moon beam,
the one that strikes my open heart.

Responsive smile and joy and bliss
both relish, ~~curse~~ and oh my, I kiss.

I kiss, Oh kiss, yes kiss, what now?
Oh, moon beam in retreat - she wound clings.

Distant moon beam your fading - what now?
Oh, no what! What may have been, is no longer, now.

Think of yourself - weigh all thoughts
decisions, devotion, skimming and plot.

Know your wants, your needs
go after each, set goals and achieve.

In sudden repose upon solution you'll find
of the other, you thought not.

I crave not marriage
its joys, nor bliss
its children, nor filled years

Independence I crave
to stand, to know my ground,
choose the moment to dance, talk and sing.

I crave not
immediate physical satisfaction
nor heated kisses, nor smothered breath.

You I crave
in time, in distant place or near,
Oh - an embodied thought broken clear.

A child's bliss:

the smile of mounted Virgin,
the clutch of warmth.
the echo of music sound,
laughter ringing,
a tear from a mother's brow.

My Father, My Father -

to clutch your hand, kiss thy head
then I shall sorrowfully never know.

Oh me - a child forever -

saking fatherly warmth from another -
not my father; turn in youthful reprieve,
leaving a broken heart to catch its balance,
and a plucking death upon my soul.