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Baptism: A Prelude

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BAPTISM: A PRELUDE

I witness the way the wind bathes
the broken world in baptist waves.
The crowning of the good green trees
in blowing hair of stems and leaves
receives a washing windy praise.

L. ERIC GREINKE

BAPTISM

The touch of windy fingers
on the bodies of bare and bending trees,
makes them tremble
in the presence of their lover.

In the bleakness of the black night,
a single kiss would make you tremble.
Your eyes were bleak with the blackness
of the light-lacking night,
and your hands upon mine were like a double-star
in the heaven of my wishes.

The touch of rainy hands
on the leaves of good green trees,
makes them breathless
in their sensuous joy.

In the brashness of the bright day,
the taste and touch of you,
with your eyes beaming like light
in the brightness of a brash day,
lingered like a hot and sunny kiss
on the landscape of my back.