

Hyacinth Song

*title inspired by the Doors

Of hyacinth days and the green splendor of sleep.
Of wayward paths and those strange, unseen stars.
These dogs that ran foaming through the cool throne
room of dreams. These dogs, my friends, are we.
Our generation eats itself as quickly as we love.
Through languid clouds we run and don't turn back.
Our visions cannot discern the angelic from those
consumed by flame. Run! run til the tissue aches
and grates sore. The milk of our toil had spoiled
beneath the sun. We have destroyed our glad
sculptures and have left scattered dust for our
mothers. We are coiled in life, but slack, slumped
spent when the reaper calls it's tune...

