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untitled

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Untitled

I'm desirous of that pain again.
I'm desirous of that pain
That saps the skull
And tears the mind
And brings the gentle rains.

That mistuned heart forsakes as free,
What in the shaded silence we
Beckon to our side;
On the shoreline, with the tide
It longs with us to never be.

Winding tiger, wind to me.

Blinded blond boy weeps to see.

A violent thought

In violet dawn,

He craves the weeping, weeps the sea.

Fainting touch, my blade and I
Are the beckoned and the eye.
In early may
We seize the day,
My true love and I . . .

. . . have seen tall flowers slain,
By fingers gaunt, severe yet vain.
Seen the white man ebb and flow,
Felt the wind bleed and I suppose
I'm desirous of that pain.

Mike Dunn RC '93