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Thought Is Allowed

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THOUGHT IS ALLOWED

Thought is allowed.
Mink in its own skin.
Bothering no one.
Not letting outside in.

Thought is allowed.
Deep into the hill.
As for the hillside,
sunny, still.

Thought is allowed.
Never mind what kind
of furious petals
pave the mind.

Thought is allowed.
Now. Never. Mind
cannot bear it.
Mind, its own kin.

Thought is allowed.
Lace shreds like death.
Not yours. Ours.
In it, our breaths.

Thought is allowed.
It yields to itself.
World that confounds it
—mute globe on a shelf.

Thought is allowed.
Here is a letter.
Inside, a treatise
on the uses of glitter.

Thought is allowed.
Once is wise.
Hold me. Now.
But now is twice.

Thought is allowed
though it sicken the thinker.
Unto . . . Old . . . Too . . .
(See?) Thicker . . . thicker . . .

Thought is allowed
its own meadow.
All-leaf bouquet,
bitter, better.

Thought is allowed.
More unto the end!
Thought is allowed
and the worlds it tends.