

Search

You ask me
of revelations
as I gauge your will to suffer
by the length of the pause I pose
between us. If you hold my eyes
and don't smile but slightly frown
where sad news frowns
I won't need to prophesy
for *your* search has began
I can only offer bread tasteless wine
and worn coat to console the deepening
of your oncoming winter.
But should your ego smile
within this pause as if you trust
the truth is dust –
then why ask revelations?
I would persuade you
to visit your mother and beg her mercy
for your back-tossed scraps.
She will break
then stir you on to solid food.
But I see now
you have transcended frown and fakery
with the oh of your mouth
and that soul search in your eyes.
So step with me
beyond these coughing curtains
into the sun where lions are hand-fed
and the trees are breathing again
- we have love to discuss.