

Whispering bones

here the past shall remain a while
inside
as bones as simple as stones

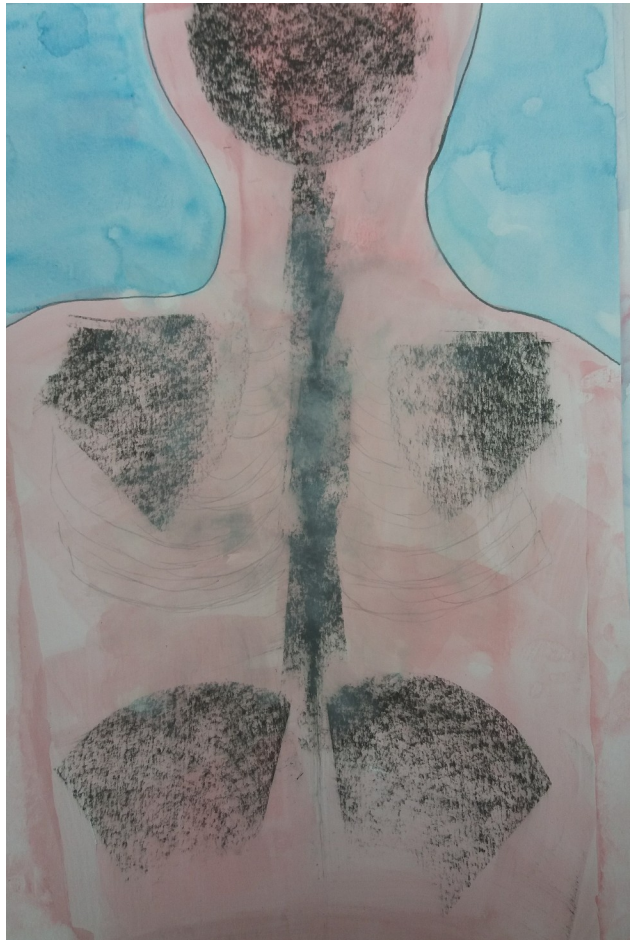
he can see the simple shapes
so still
drawn in the mind
as the feelings hold him there

he can feel them just like rocks
and, like an oracle
they tell him of their future in the grave

it would be sad
if he were not to love every stone
as if it were himself

as it is he was ready to return
what he had borrowed

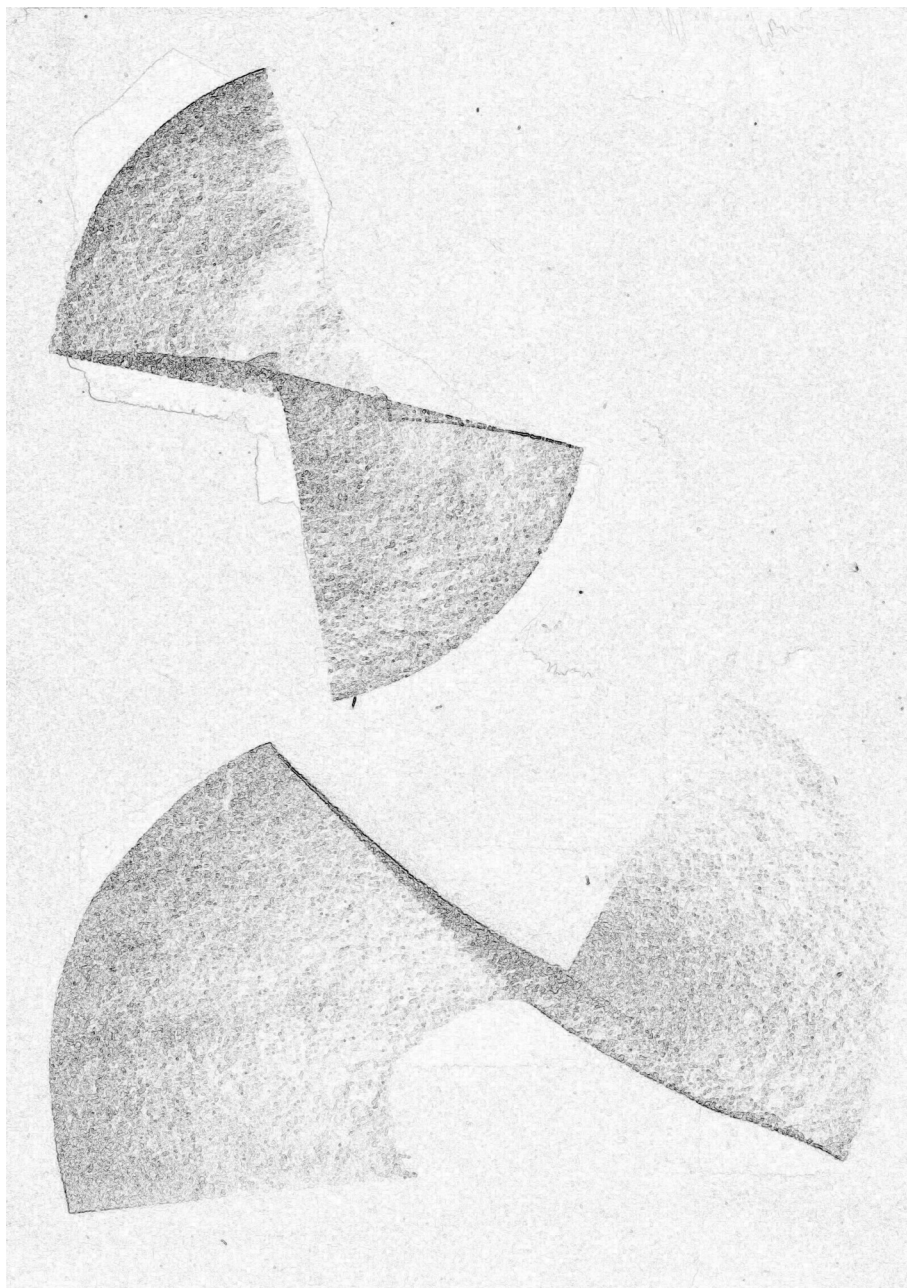
the mind could find another home



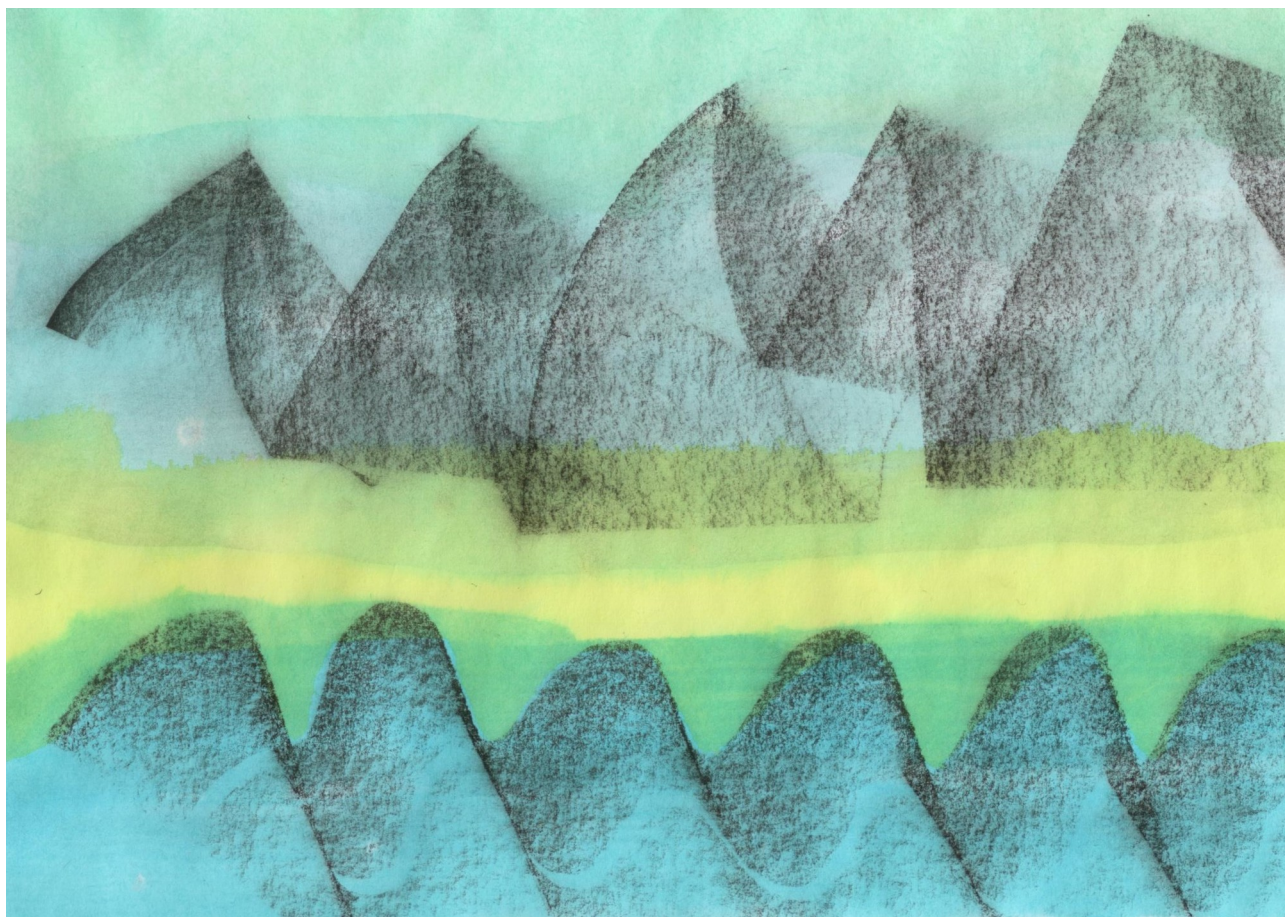
for he had also seen the sky inside
already



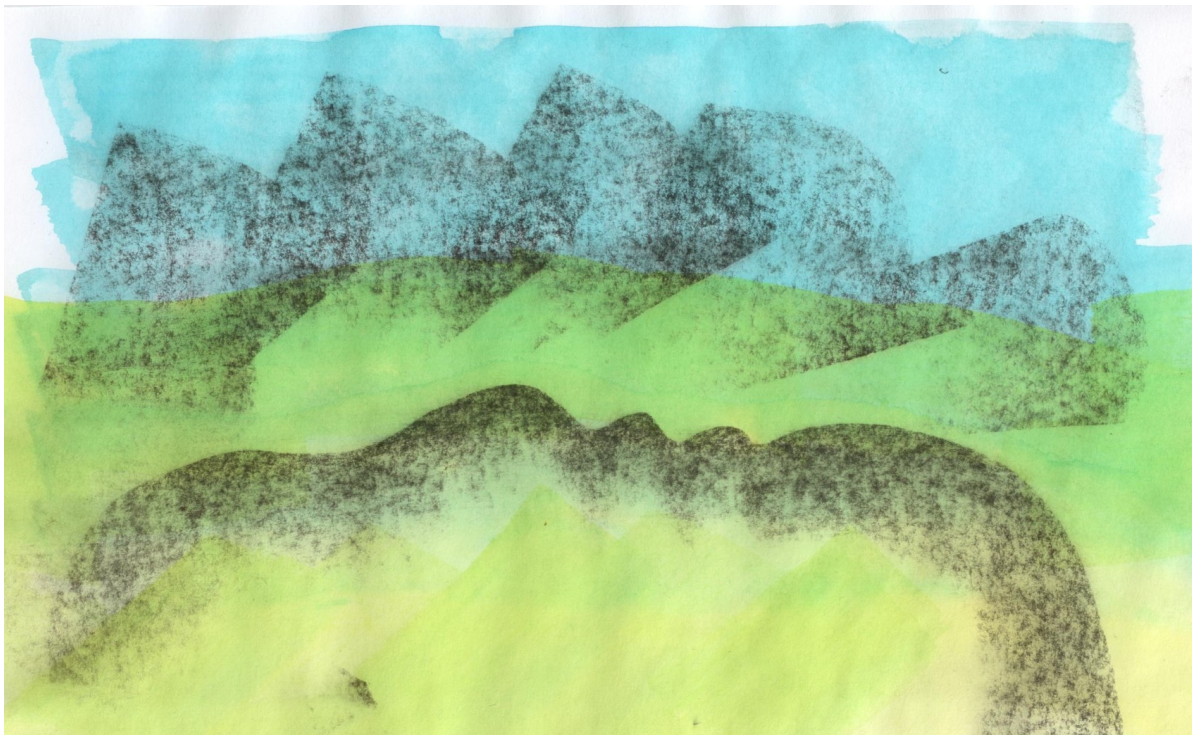
where one day the bones shall fly
and where the heart shall fly from bones...



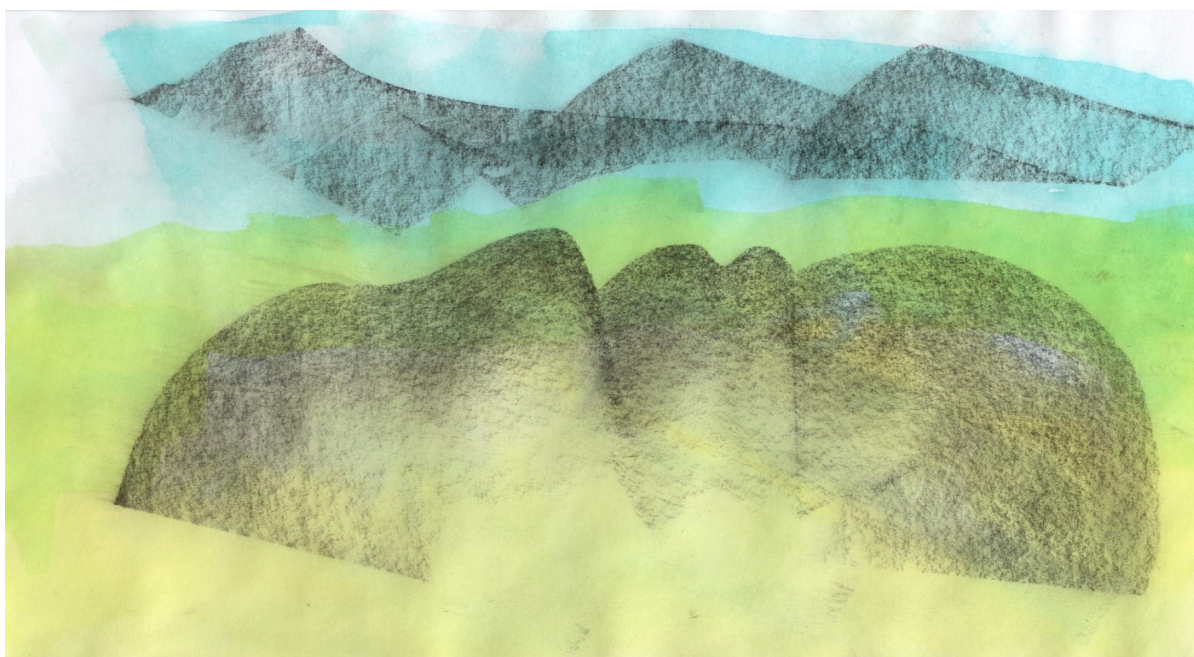
the inner inner
river, river, river
approached the mountains
and spoke
over the fertile desert



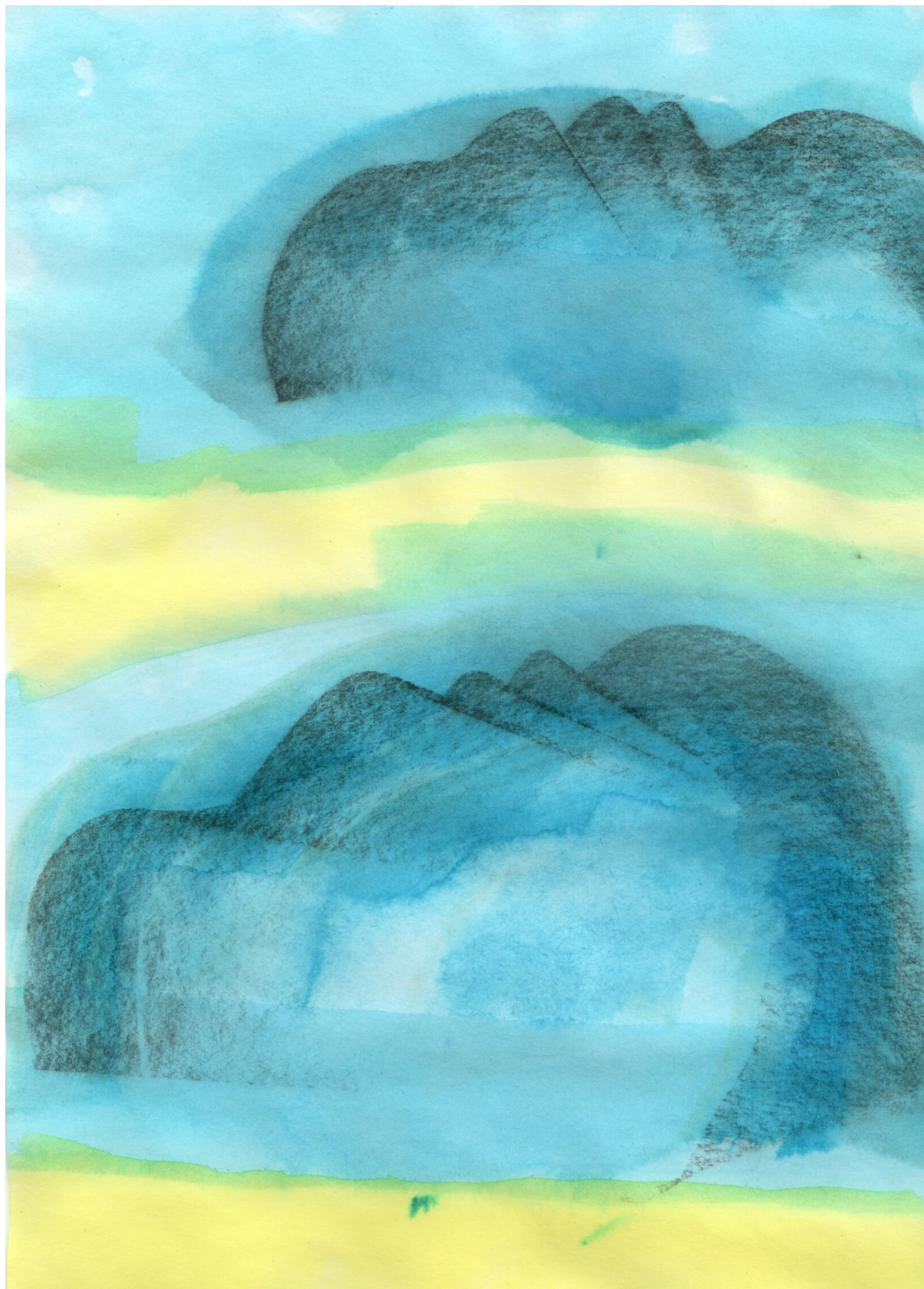
“outside mountains are mountains
reaching into the sky
and hills are hills
needing no reason why



inside there can be a coming together



then inside it can all float
higher and higher”



and the words,
turning on their meanings,
flew like birds
to follow the world

to remember
and to be remembered
in the pure sky mind
of the saint
who shall paint

