

The Sun Rises

Look how sorrow in my eyes
melts to water drop by drop,
how my rebellious shadow falls
captive to the sun.

Look. Sparks ignite me,
flames engulf me,
carry me high,
trap me in the sky.

Look how my universe
now streams with shooting stars.

You came from far, far away,
from the realm of perfume and light,
seated me on a canoe of ivory, of glass and clouds.
Take me now, my hope, my solace,
to the place of desires,
carry me to the city of rapture and rhymes.

You draw me up a flickering path,
seat me higher than all the stars,
but look these stars scorch me,
burn me, and I, like a feverish red fish,
nip at them in the pool of night.

How distant did our world once lie
from these chambers of the sky,
but now your voice reaches me,

the sound of angels' snow wings.
Look how I've soared to galaxies,
to shorelessness, eternity.

Now that we have come so high,
wash me in waves of wine,
fold me in each silky kiss,
crave me through the lingering nights.
Don't release me, do not
part me from these stars.

Look how night along our path
melts like wax in drops, in drops,
my dark eyes drink sleep's wine
from your cup of lullabies.
Upon the cradles of my poetry
you waft your breath and look,
the sunrise floods us with light.