Coitus Poeticus

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Bequeathed with child yet chaste.
Chaste in motion timeless
Chaste in perfume formless
Chaste in instant dumbness
Chaste in limbo sadness
Chaste in dreaming agapess
Chaste in chanting silence
Chaste in forested presence
Chaste in ardent patience
Silking shivering tenderness
From evening's pasto caress
Carving marble out of stillness
I merge a Parian dress
Melting ancient strangeness:
Words.
Words my chinning hareem:
Hot
Train yard rhythm
Quick
Dark heated syllables
My words casading pinwheels:
Kites in a cosmic funeral
Balloons in a plastic whirlpool.
Images falling down winter's wound
Music springing up summer's sound
Welded in my random mind
Enfolded by intensity
In broken alley phantasy
In lifted paper agony.
Rampant in a diamond fever
In rampant emprise of color
A rebel robed in crepe paper
I bow to tool a halo jewel:
To rainbow phantom beauty through
The prism of glassless language
Releasing emblem mystery through
The prison of guardless words.
From anthems of our faded sighs
I chant out God in noon fog
Before His prayer stained altars
From gems of lover's jaded eyes
I sapphire stars carved out of chalk
Before my flaring falters.

My soul is a meadow soul
I wrap my soul in rose leaves
My soul is a patchquilt soul
I wrap it with an opera cape
My pantomime of words hiding
A soul chadring with sound seeking
Through my crystal ball music
And my telescopic lines
Seeking seeking an alien princess.
An angel eringed with radiance
Fringed with fragile fragrance
Fallen from the flowered branch.
Rubbed like a hymn lit moon
A candle tree will be her throne
The chanting tree of ghosted song.
Caromed through my channelled dream
The enyoned leaves will be her gong
The glowing bush of green undone.
Flowing toward a flooding dawn
A champagne moon will be her gowen
Enmangled with a liquid sun.
Her cheeks in love with peppermint
Her eyes on fire with velvet
Her laughter hollowed in starlight
Her thoughts will burn the dust
Her secrets blossom at nightfall.
My soul's mirage will burnish within
The gold unbridled intensity in
Her Holy Communion eyes.
Her motion is my search
My search my inspiration
The fugitive poet she will not hurt:
My poem.
Sainted words in litany sleet:
Organ prayerung whiskey heat:
My crucible heats in lava tide:
Coal breaks the diamond mind:
These sequins in a cemetery:
Their granite glow of eternity:
My life in steeped cadence:
Its metal atletto radiance:
Jesus drunk on poetry.