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Thought flows upon thought...

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Leave it behind
Violently, drunk.
Quietly at 3 a.m.
Carried by the loving touch of fingers on the piano.
And wander aimless, unheeled
Feel the lassitude of a whole peace of nothing
Retreat within
Until the skin turns inside and soul is naked
As a body too little bare to the sun.
It breathes now, feels, sucks in with a quiet passion
The pleasant company of aloneness.
Come to embrace the soul
This virgin, like in some Islam paradise.

Thought flows upon thought
In piddling surmise.
I fear that in isolating
The small goodneses
There is not some great evil
Left behind unattended.
I wonder about the sensation of happiness
Perhaps I ask too much of God and life.
To love is the greatest happiness.
To love all or love widely?
To love one or love deeply?
To love love or to be in love with loving?
Or to be but needed and to know need.

R. MOORE '57