

The World is a Woman [for Peggi...one of the few worthy of the word]

Tender and bright, she dips her golden finger
Into the cup of dawn, and finds it filled
And from the fount she has nurtured, did she dream
And slake the empty places, to find you.
Beneath pillow and drift, white and arching
Pure and rolling, over Winter's silent sweep
Quivering in cracked moonlight
—might be warned
...and remember.
Then spread her newest fingers of green
Before a grateful sun.
How brash is her noon of tangled heat and lavender
Scent as sound, now gaudy and brash
Too overfull to refuse, spilling and over-spilling
Is her season, her treasure spilled out
Unfurled before you
...as gratitude.
So does she love and covet, those who in turn
Might treasure and give...a trembling kiss,
Quivering
...in cracked moonlight.

—And in this we are blessed
For the world is a woman.

Burnt noon, did scour my heart
—and cut—
Life, from the tender places.
And into the darkest corners of her soul
I did lament, and suffer
Until the very night was filled
...with blood and sickness.
And so, did Winter's chill spread ice
Upon wounds of fire, and cool them.
So did the shawl of silent Winter
Fold its gentle wing of pillowed cool
Over sound
Until the morning did unfold, in tender still
—unborn—
As a promise whispered might coax the Dawn
...to rise.

—And in this we are blessed
For the world is a woman.

And as my beard does grey, and my eye dull
Her heart beats the hours away
Gone and swept out, into the sea of Time
So does she love me, and pluck the leaves of fall
Burnt orange and broken yellow,
Shattered red and torn open, is the heart of Fall
For she does love me, and I do fill my heart with light
...and watch the hours turn...in my lonely breast
Now filled up—a vision in her eye
Leaves tugged free and spun round
Years of hungry wind turgid with color
Full and boiling is the arbor
Its heart cracked open as froth, in tumbling wind
—so does she love me.

—And in this we are blessed
For the world is a woman.

And before my lonely hour, I am not alone
For she will spread her pillowed heart
...of drifting white, arched in flecks of pearl
Before the chill of ice noon, and cover me.
She will hold me, within her rising breast
As the heart of greenest hope does spring forth
Into damp air, and remember
...remember of me.
Until her season is again ripe and turgid
Filling the air
With brash tangled fingers, of heat, and lavender scent
And so, might again
—speak my name.

For I am her dream and her season
Her treasure now double thick
Hangs as ripe fruit, to slake the empty places
...and fill them.

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