

Amāra

Dust of song and the dry image,
no more the friend on the broken shore;
no more the word, the clown, the moving hand,
nor the hidden August of bells and flowers.
For the grey bone lies shaken, and the sea's laughter gone;
where the rotten carrion feeds the flies,
falls sweet the bitterness brow —
is the apple-chime of reason and greed,
and shattered time in the inner sky.

But then always,
 and still,
 and now...

No-one's empty sleep in this radiant darkness —

(does not turn, does not...)

(and shattered time in the inner sky...)

knows only the freedom that it is,
(not different, never bound)
sings forever in the silence
beyond all dying; ours
to move
between the two songs.