Lost in Your Cloudy Mountains

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Lost In Your Cloudy Mountains

Lost in your cloudy mountains--
chained to your image
in a restless sea--
Could you be all this:
anywhere an endless
sky sky blue (your eyes
veiled with blue on blue and blue),
searing my patchwork on windy words
and why I cannot quite admit--
reflecting a pretty part of me
floating to an airy grave
in your arms--
An entity of thundery love
out of my grasp (screaming
with passion in a night
and slipping quietly
into some new existence.)
Sometime I lie
still wet with our lingering love,
heavy with your blue turned grey,
and I marvel at your facile depth.
And yet, it seems as though
I could fall through you
and never reach an end.

/ Michael VanderMarkt/

Quote

"the more your poetry improves."

/ Lois Williams/