

## perspective

i could wrestle day and night in the solitude of thought and never  
convince an emotion to take sides. any side. the farther the deeper.  
the purer the passion. the cure no concern. to stand firm, unyielding  
as a chiseled Apollo-- rooted in place, a position, in principle

not of stone, and yet far from the bog of empty dialogue  
and muddy indifference.

god give me light!

incandescent and caressing

irrefutable, iridescent

satiating, illuminating

immutable light.

light that leaves me longing to be free of my shores.

but to what end or beginning? a future now past? a bold new experience?  
could this one last more than seconds or days? years fade into memory,  
echo and shift like so many grains of sand in a ceaseless dune  
untethered and swept about a dry merciless land.

god give me light! and unveil a place

where beauty isn't sold

where prejudice unfolds

and wisdom is told

in tongues as old

as distant points of light frozen in an endless sky.

but such sight is too unseen, and soon outgrows familiar form.  
intensity dilutes and colors bleed with little pain or joy, run free  
over a gray-washed canvas...breaking mixing crossing lines,  
and muting details with the courage of Monet.

at last nothing remains still long enough to be seen.

and this distorted, cracked, uncertain ground flows

as only free-will can

as only it should

gaining deeper perspective, far from objective

and close enough to feel.