

THE JOURNEY

Dead men's light,
shining on white pillows--
All space,
a white expanse
beckoning--

Though there is no wind,
arms of the weathercock
swing round, swing round---

Deluded again by magic--
after so many years,
I must make
what journey?

...

The road ahead unwinds.
Erotic and saintly stones
skip at my heels.
The sky circles
like a friendly dog.
Another tree, pointing its arms,
sings wisely--

Till I come
to the edge
of the sea.

Stay swiftly!
Wait for the wind's rise!

This prison
shall surrender its pearls.