

To love the dream is easy
The dream is love

The hard thing is to come to the dream whole
& not to buy the imaged orgasms strewn like snakeskins
all on the way

Whoever finds your eyes
kiss him behind her eyes
& glide on in our dream

Your name passed around crowds in railway stations
burglar alarms that go off at indefinable distances
sirens that speed through the sewers under your feet
are not hallucinations & are not messages
no more than the laughter submerged in the sofa
or the chatter dissolving the ceiling

To trust the silence is easy
The hard thing is to be deaf in your breath
to come to that place where the rushing stops
in this rushing that never stops

To love the dream is to let yourself be pulled to
that transfiguration you must slay when you come to
that violet angel-flame with sun-high wings you sometimes see

streaming light from within the forms of other beings
& sometimes shimmering in the waters of a quiet room

that zero halo none but your own