

Dreamer King

*Scenery please me like a holy king
See me grander than a blue heart.
Sky bolder than slushing red seas
I travel pass phantoms and no shore does hold,
Rock and rill from the shore.
Sharp waves and knife my way pass the coral and dreams.*

*Hammer my feet! pierce those hands- awake!
Dry and so dry I see myself- piercing pain, sweat rolling
Alone in the red rock and throne-filled reaches – touching the sheets I grasp.
Finger nails clawing up this dead rock, devil's host- Screaming! Gleaming!
Quenching the man again in sin, healing him- this bedtime lurching
And no awakening from a summer time of rest.*

*Dreaming,
I give no more contentment-
choice of grace is beyond this short eyed soul searcher;
You'll never tell the way this man is by the dreams he has-
His reality and vitality never come from the crazy nights of imagination.*

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