

# A Sabbath Poem

*For my friends running and reposed—*

When you awaken the sabbath morn  
Awaken also the child you were  
When your mind was lucent magma  
And plasma barely contained

Crystalline mind  
Remember your fire kissing the sun  
Before you learned fearing her breath  
Remember casting joy on cartoon frames  
Before going cold in coffee brewed with news  
Remember dashing for Saint Nick's chair  
Before dreams and fantasies wrongly exiled  
To the unreal kingdom ruled by wraiths  
When you were a saint blissfully unaware  
Because you could still see a god  
Within the other

Hearing relic voices  
Always their clarion call  
For dreading only our fears  
Writes a teller of fantastical tales  
Of how fear kills the mind  
Whispers a queerest ancient prophet  
Of ecstatic life in communion with friends  
Even if death joins that meal with us  
Yet fearless intercourse will spark  
As we irradiate in magical light  
Until our minds finally melt  
All parts merged in *knowing*  
Our living verdant cradle  
Breathing her erotic flames  
And loving us to *forget*  
Ever needing shoes