

Nadja

The mysterious
that infinite girl
 swathed in red
from funeral to symphony
 those wings
 did they spread?
 amused
at this bemusement
- this craggy mountaintops arrest -
 (even) the whole of chance confirms :: blankets carress

as shallow shadows deepened
cryptic creatures
 grew oddly thick
Like moonbeam's harmonics
 scraping silence
 persist
 * yet still *
these bones are aching
beautiful⇒luminance radiating
no foundation to be found waiting
 in this flux of creation
 its only thru ardent living
 that we humans
 can dream poetically