

again to show me  
try wonder  
I beseech Your  
orange and falling  
leaves to show me  
the place they fell  
from at Thy beck  
they crunch under  
foot to be buried  
blanket white  
I seek thee in Thy  
womenfolks womb  
they promised bliss  
complete at times  
I know why you made  
them the gatekeepers  
the helpmates  
I seek thee in  
finger tips and lips and  
tongue, she recieves me  
all and melt we do into  
Thy heaven

III

I find thee in  
words, ideas inscribed  
on the sky  
Wisdom follows only  
belief in Thy  
Wisdom  
and life follows