

about is all lit up in different hues of orange and
pink beautiful .

Today I do nothing until 11:00 so I have four
whole hours with nothing to do, maybe I'm ready to poem
again, should like to try anyhow.

About Peace

Attempting flight of
elemental dove
sacrificial to the point
of altarian abuse
they feel joy
in his crash, they feel joy
in his reascension
he mocks the
altar and lives unseen
in himself far away
in forbidden mountain
as cold and craggy as
Himalaya

Thier minds are
speaking truth in
lama dharma monks
bird brain focused
entirely to see it's
flight they have lived
the centuries futile
in war of life on life
the people strife and
friction flash the