

8-16-80

We are the mechanical barbarians  
Pushing reality to the brink  
The same way this universe pushes  
It's boundaries outward curving  
Into itself; you know when you  
Reach the outer edge, the supposed  
Termination of infinity, you can put  
Your hand through to the beginning.

This town will one day be the  
Ruins of Knossos, and stumbling  
On your sculpture under yards  
Of mud the archaeologist will  
Flash upon the parallels between  
This rigidifying Federal system and  
Mechanisms of the Roman Empire,  
He will capture the beauty of a  
Soul shooting light through the  
Leaden gray.

Though I am caught up in another  
Reality I do not believe I missed  
As many details as you point out.  
I tell you only now that I  
Spent a night fully awake  
At your side and read your  
Dreams, I prayed and we shared