

Your eyes, instantly providing you all
The worldly needs you ever wanted.
You loved all the jailers with
Your eyes and struck silver notes
As the golden cart rolled into
A pastoral setting. I watched
Chained to a forbidding gray
Farm house.

Before waking I tossed and dreamed,
Half feeling my forearm struck
Gently on your body, I felt
Palpable globs of poison leap from
Both our hearts commingle and float up
Through the ceiling as my
Eyes opened refreshed. Your eyes
Are open too and they take on
An illumination translucence that
I can only describe as the major
Quality of a late Renaissance classic.