

The presence of the sea
is in your eyes,
its firmness is caught
within your breast.

Don't curb your beating heart -
it's thro' & flaws, it's storminess
which Torres me about
is what I love.

The world, life as it is, is not for you.
For thoughts escape
& curl & twist about

above the petty minds;
they swoon & form a net,
of fancy's, poems & ideals
original yet strong.

This net was floating high

for years & years

until one day I chanced upon my heart.

The Answer.

Whisking, discordant sounds striking the air
& heaving through the room -

Had! all the people are mad - tearing around -
all nerves are disrupted. The best of the body
possesses this mad - tearing & whirling.
Yes, in this Hell we are alone, strangely intact.