

Temptation.

Call me from my haven, where the dull
 moons gleam
 To the bare room where visions flashed as
 in a dream.

Call me from my comfort, fear me from
 content
 To poverty and yearning after time missed.
 Whisper silver-soft of the rituals that keep
 and shrink to me of stars that present all
 sleep;

Talk to me of people, sinners, strong & bare
 who stand upon the tables and will always
 be there.

Remind me of the mountains, the air. The
 atmosphere

and tell me that monomy is drifting me here
 Tell me of the thunder that rolls as doors
 a drum

and my only answer could be, "Comes! I
 comes!"

* New York. A Symphony of The Senses.

Two arms, curving like soft billows
 rich with mystic truth,