



Winter

Wintry flakes adrift

Pierce the soul

Like dark holes of sorrow

Left where white crystals used to be.

The warm days of October lost

In the white melancholy of absence

Are but vague memories of a glorious time

Yet to come.

Will they return

Or are we fading away

Branded by the inexorable rhythms of life?

So little time left....

Yet there is still a rose waiting to blossom in Spring.

The sap runs wild and tenaciously

Clings to our hands in the threshold

Of an architecture of eternal return.

(Ypsi, February 2013)



Winged Horses

*The grip of expectation gnaws inside my body,
Day after day in anticipation of moments of truth.
Anxiety and despair drag my thoughts to insane fantasies.*

*I do not live but where your eyes find me
Where your words frame my world
Where the contours of my body gain shape
In the materiality of a touching hand.*

*From the downward vortex of solitude
The trembling sweat-shining black winged horses
Emerge in all their resplendent strength
To rescue dying hopes
And we proclaim
See!
Here comes the rainbow.*

(Ypsi, March 2013)