

## THE YEARNING LURKS

The yearning lurks, words fall apart.  
The chaos sours in my heart.  
A distance broadens uncontrolled.  
I need an answer to unfold.

I want vibration, rapture deep,  
Cathexis when I wake from sleep.  
I want it ever, want it now,  
Want it if it's in the Tao.

The way is open, four-lane highways,  
Pass a hearse with stiff and bouquets.  
Drive right on, wide vista opens,  
Roam a beach, take shells as tokens.

Detritus by the freeway off ramp,  
Time clicks off by LED lamp.  
Daily work, an endless sidewalk,  
Postal worker brings his new Glock.

Phone poles rush past as I'm steering,  
An abstract death forever nearing,  
Apples on the counter linger,  
Santoku knife cuts through my finger.

Coruscation of distant stars,  
*Bulerías* from three guitars,  
Water shimmers psychedelic,  
Twilight flushes rouge, angelic.

This yearning lurks, words stumble past.  
Chance episodes uncoil at last.  
These puzzle pieces mobilize,  
The guise of God before my eyes.

God's fulgent darkness flickers on,  
Fractals blaze out, then are gone.  
Thirst for water, daylight hasten,  
Eve's sin cracks the crystal basin.