

the son

the son rose
and climbed the turquoise sky

and when he had seen
all that he wanted to see
he started to descend

slowly

and in the fading light
saw himself reflected
in the earth's waters

and he sighed
and sank
and night fell

we did not see him for a long while

but in the early morning
of another life
he showed his face again

and we loved him like we never had

so he froze for a moment
in this love
he burned brighter
more brilliant than he'd ever been

light. an opal light
flashed forth
in iridescent splendor
and lifted itself from its stone

and powdering the wings of butterflies
born on that day
he rose yet again to the skies

he sought beauty
which he found on his ascent
beauty, he became

peace, he is gone
as we knew him

peace is at one
with himself

peace, if blinded by love
for a moment
we mourn his passing

since he, he has not passed
but cast himself upon the day
and nighttime sky

and descending
as shimmering moondust
has settled on the turquoise sea

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