

Sunrise, Sunset

Stewart Manley

A crinkled smile, crossed a crinkled road,
An unerring dove dreamt of peace in the shadow,
Of eagle talons above.

Rise sun, open the oven,
Light up clouds of amorphous heat,
Waves, bakery of the stuff of minds,
Energetic emanations point to the tips,
Streams of dark nothingness flow among ships,
To carry, guide, hide, so many lost souls.

Shine sun, give us your light,
Let us pull, one over one over one over one,
Eyes and I's, too many to feed, too few to fuel,
Take my hands, take my feet, take my heart,
I am 'til a rusty core, emptied and rattling.

Set sun, take your light back, clasp it in a box,
Tight as can be, let not a ray escape,
'Til a boiling core, ready to burst,
Bathe me.

There is nothing, there will be nothing,
Yet your life reveals the lie,
There was something, there is something, there will be something,
That orb of undying, unending brilliance,
Stretches to the far ends of eternity... and back.

*For Mme Ma Lee
August, 2016*