
Bumblebee's Impotent Flight

Soft inner dance upon a whispered past.
Silent lucid sighs swirl high in memory,
A shadow murmur whose meaning never lasts,
Like Dali's thoughts caused by a Bumblebee.

A Calmed night's dance upon a wilting wick,
As sculpted rivers drip colors into snow.
Clouds dodge falling sand under liquid lids,
As the still wolf 'wakens to Vincent's crows.

This naked dreamer seeks not the Underground,
Nor knotted ropes or raptured lonely nights.
Psyche, sin, soft watch, and new-found sounds,
And too, he yearns, for new-enlightened sights.

A rippled mirror shines a hardened face,
But look within the stream, hope can be traced.

Kevin Meek