

# Blue Cheer, Sun Cycle

The lady folded  
Her silver hair  
Behind her back  
With the strings of a veil.

And cut me a pack  
Of a famous sword  
Sharp to East  
Her magnitude  
That made the table  
In an infinite tangle.

And then the darkness came  
And wrapped on velvet feet  
And here through the window  
I saw a quickening eye.

Reflecting time  
In the blowing night  
And pulled the shade  
To a clear green game  
And from the visions  
Riding heavy sea.

And from the visions  
Riding heavy sea  
That cast the ships  
Into a sink as man  
And burn the ringing  
Don't wanna carry inside.

Then the morning came  
Lapping up the winds  
From the tainted table  
That was serving time

It's silver spoon  
That was breathing stars  
Images flown  
Like the birds of high  
Wings in the sun  
What a blessed sight.