

Marc Bolan, Like A White Star, Tangled And Far,

At the birth of the day
As a babe of the spray
Like a white star, tangled and far,
Tulip that's what you are.

Warm and wise as a mute
In the thunderbolt suit
Princely and torn, grasping the horn
Of the maenads of May.

Sleepy dreaming of dark
Silver Satyrs in parks
Statues that say, worship the day
For only humans you are.

Channels churning the grime
Inky dreams of our time
Into the Sun, where the white one
Poems them into a rhyme.

On a hill the clear shrill
Made the Titans most ill
Angels abound, and
I'm kissing the ground
Thrilled to be around

Vineyards spangled with love
For the white dove above
Green and lean from the waste
Of the pastures of chaste
Preciously he is whole.

Twinkled eyes like a king
Charted seas on your skin
Like a White Star, tangled and far,
Tulip that's what you are.