

# T. Rex, 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.