

# Tear Garden, With Wings

The crippled soul divides  
And the scars of years fly away  
Like confetti on the desert wind  
Phoenix rises  
Proud young wings reflecting amber  
Solitary  
Untouchable  
Excited  
And ready to search for his rose  
But the flight lasted so long  
And those powerful wings grew weary  
As he padded through blind alleys  
Swooped open-eyed into blind curves  
And wasted night  
After lonely night  
Trying to drink from a mirage  
But no distraction could decimate  
The totality of belief  
And his number came up  
Just when the weight of his despair  
Had him pinned to a rock  
When the feathers of his wings  
Had been shed  
And he stood naked  
Before a dispassionate ocean of grey faces  
His precious twin  
His rose  
Isolde dancing alone  
Then multiplying  
Inviting  
So many many levels  
And the crippled soul unites and prepares  
For the long journey home