

X-PERIENCE, Blessed longing

Tell it only to the wise
for the crowd at once will jeer
that which is alive i praise
that which longs for death by fire
cooled by passionate love at night
procreated, procreating
you have known the alien feeling
in the calm of candlelight
gloom embraced will lie no more
by the flickering shades obscured
but are seized by new desire
to higher union lured
then no distance holds you fast
winged, enchanted, on you fly
light your longing, and at least
moth, you meet the flame and die
never prompted to that quest
die and dare rebirth
you remain a dreary guest
on our gloomy earth