

David Phillips / WILD ROSES

wild roses

this time

the intelligent heart's  
fragrance

renders me helpless

when i can't see you  
my heart breaks

your ways have wound themselves  
into my ways

                    winding themselves into  
you

                    that's how i know  
or see you

the name of the process is  
unknown now

                    love  
once covered the romance  
of first seeing

                    more than the others  
allowed

                    or that possible  
& killed  
each other preventing

when i can't see you i feel dangerous  
with the loss

                    you give me more  
peace & pleasure  
than i'll ever

                    remember

intense memory of  
place you  
    made aware here, the air  
breathed unlike  
    any other

a face  
eyes & the rest

forms between  
seeing you

nothing stirs  
& i almost vanish  
    into your sight

so i speak  
try thinking across years  
to where you sit  
unknown  
    in the late night  
at the end of love

    its realm  
the real energy of  
our appearance  
    almost forming  
the ones we are

love calls  
licks a flame out of me

lights up the line  
the voice enters thru

transforming  
the pure receiver this heart  
becomes hearing it

time opens

the soul's heart

the soul grows  
eyes

an entire body is born  
into its service

as any form  
its appearance includes

the true voice

reaching past  
the person to awaken the source of  
its seeking

i die when i see you

because you don't see me, you see

yourself dying  
in your arms, myself

i only really see you when my eyes  
close tight & its night  
time

our arms & legs  
wrapped around

i die to get past  
myself in your necessary arms, the slow motion  
sweet collision

our bodies  
thrashing thru  
the deep messages  
entering each other

you could be anybody  
but are not  
barely anyone  
drawing me into  
yourself

when i die  
almost there in your arms

who ever you are

you appear gone from this world

now i'm free to imagine  
an end to knowing what ends

i came to know you

the world  
this blind heart can't imagine

tho i enter  
looking up to see  
a place  
you make otherwise  
not being here

i will never  
not  
know you  
a dream come true  
alive as origin  
at the end of the world

Oh yes    Oh yes  
a sweet caress

a deep &  
blessed mess  
                    pulled together  
for this  
                    one extravagant event

a kiss

                    mouth of mine for an instant  
has no end  
                    slips into the realm beyond

the social  
                    or person.  
                                rain is there, trees  
for example  
                    those pears hang from,  
  
                    pouring.

what do you think we're doing here anyway?

green grass & fires

music above my head  
                    flaring

Oh yes            Oh yes  
a bright & crazy  
green caress