

# *The Waves of All Our Pasts*

the waves of all our pasts are gathering  
through cracks and pastures in our living  
shines the sun

the priorities of intellect  
at long last begin to shake hands  
with the giant magnetisms of the heart  
and our vision is as much within  
as without  
as clear as colored  
as magnificent as sensual

some of the great questions  
are bearing answers  
like fruit on the branches  
of their old uncertainty

we shall visit governors in mouldy palaces  
we might watch these darklings  
flourishing grey auras in the winds  
of their Atlantic beaches

to bow down to fullness  
and find the keys to heaven  
in the melting of one's own heart  
to see the intricacies of truth  
filter through the mesh and matrices  
of one's own understanding  
to feel the stirrings of real devotion  
and find such unrelenting pressure  
towards unboundedness  
in every wave of living

these are the beacons  
which congratulate us all  
on each ascending swell

only a burst of feeling  
only a chord of heartsong

and all the leanings of mind's argument  
lend mere historicity  
and post facto tacks and jibes

to the heart at full sail  
four sheets to the wind and running free

our sailing spans the planets now  
we set acute calculations on nearby stars

streams of life flow uphill only  
and the current is swift in midstream

we have all made sightings  
booked passage on leviathans  
and charted courses through new seas

where freedom is our sextant and  
sailing itself is strength

and we eagerly await  
first contacts