

“Dare I”

*Dare I get hopeful,
dare I think my soul full?
Is it my heartbreak?
Could it be a life ache?
Is it my mind's talk?
Maybe a soul walk?
Could it be a time rift?
Possibly a spirit tiff?*

*Why isn't it definable,
caught in myriads of syllable?
In Webster's it's naught,
in Roget's I doubt.
In the unabridged it's not lived,
in my life it's missed.
So what is it, this missing link,
the bridge between life and think?
Where is it hidden, this elusive shadow
who haunts me always - a boat's missing paddle.*

*And through the dark hallways of time,
caught on blank pages of rhyme,
smeared on walls covered in graffiti
like tints and hues adorning Nephrititi.
The molecules of wind interlacing eagle's wings.
Our lives charted by ownership of things.
Heaven's breath caressing my soul,
like a long forgotten love I'm meant not to know.*

*Spirals of emotion circling the ebb tide,
waves of thunder from which I hide.
Dancing on clouds when feelings are high,
but my life's reason is still to ask, "Why?"
Puppy dogs playing in the curls of my hair,
twisting and circling not caring where.
Nipping at toes, and toys so fun,
like my spirit-dance hidden from sun.*

*The elusiveness of love is what I seek,
maybe a touch, a smell, even a peek.
To be loved as my emotions desire
is to be caught in God's perfect fire.
To be consumed in ember
like Redwood timber.
To be spewed forth as ash
from volcano's hidden stash.*

What's on your horizon?

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*Just to be a part of anything divine.
Just to be loved like a molecule of time.
That's all I ask of this life of mine
to bring forth love of another time.*

*Dare I get hopeful?
Dare I think my soul full?
Dare I reach to God?
For my effort, dare He applaud?*

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