Amāra

Dust of song and the dry image,
no more the friend on the broken shore;
no more the word, the clown, the moving hand,
nor the hidden August of bells and flowers.
For the grey bone lies shaken, and the sea's laughter gone;
where the rotten carrion feeds the flies,
falls sweet the bitterness brow —
is the apple-chime of reason and greed,
and shattered time in the inner sky.

But then always,
                and still,
                and now…

No-one's empty sleep in this radiant darkness —

(does not turn, does not…)

(*and shattered time in the inner sky*…)
knows only the freedom that it is,
(not different, never bound)
sings forever in the silence
beyond all dying; ours
to move
between the two songs.