



When we met
I thought it couldn't be true
But the golden eye said; too
Not direct yet direct.

Now we know
That submerged behind and amongst the red trees
A veritable forest arrays
A village, a house, even home
That is hidden as hearts
From the turmoil and frays;
Every day ...
Dreams - existence - paradise wings.

Of dreams the search is to find
A bridge through the storms of the night
In the cottage the forests inset
With the one of the golden eyes.

Of existence the flashings in life
Turn the bark of the trees in the timber set red;
Too much to be said; and the fire
Do the song of the lyre
The eyes of the golden night dreams.

Of the paradise wings ...
One pair
And the eyes of the golden eyed dream.