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Ordained

I have seen you dancing in the rain Quivering, kissing, catching the train of palpable pleasure and holding the helm of the undiminishable grain of joy, and exclaim in unrestrained mirth the joyful sounds of birth.

And now you wait in a quiet restraint The arrival of days not quite strange for they had visited earlier. With a fierce calm of a warrior you face the uncouth carrier of a greyish dark visage holding a message of gloom to descend in a blind passage



and yet to retain in your silent veins the sanctity of the grain for you are the one to be ordained in the cult of life that remains mysterious to the blind and transparent to the one Awake.