

The Progression

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I.

I took my icy water in white cups
when we sipped the evening's streams
beside the round lava rocks
freezing our forest with dreams.

II.

I take tiny cups
with icy water from the evening's wells
when we dip them with deep
dips in dreaming wells

beside my tick tocking clock
on my mantle of bells.

III.

I dip them pell-mell,
the white cups
in the dipping well
of my deep dipping dreams

and
I think thoughts,
and thoughts and droughts,
beside the lithe, long legs of the thinking tree

when I dip my pen

in deep letters
that aren't the words I mean to say.

IV.

And at last we
forgive our human language,
you and me,

in deep wells beside the round, rocking tree

where I
dreamt of the deep deeps

and the deep,
rocking hum of the earth
dreamt and dreams.

V.

And there were round founts
where I froze my deeps with dreams
around round river mounts
in the light of day,

and there were uncovered founts
by the long legs of the tree

when we dipped our pens
in deep letters
that weren't the words we meant to say,
when nostalgia transpired,

and there was heaven
gesturing toward
its gates all along;

that is all

we really needed after all,
that is all.