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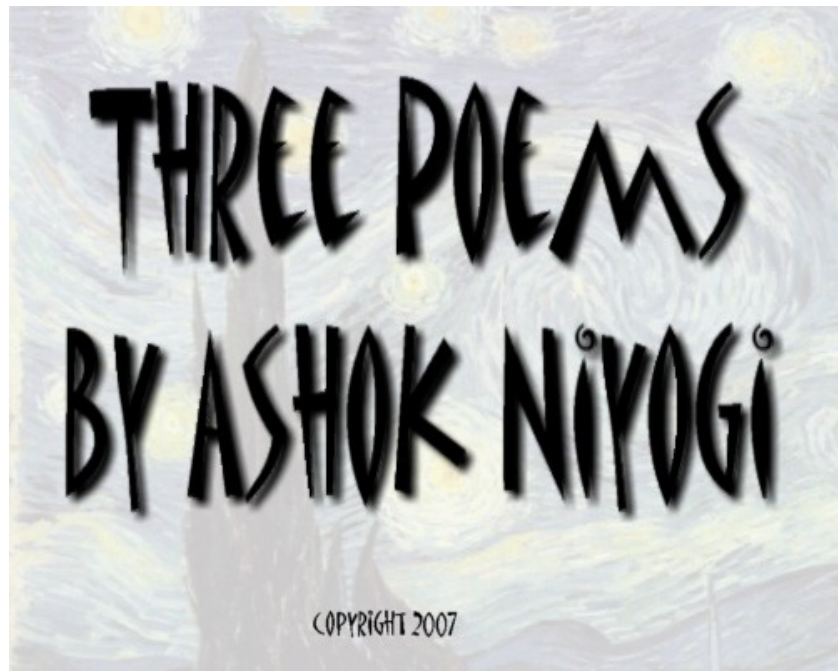
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### **Now, Let Me See**

bequeath me  
your latest pair of spectacles  
because I saw your trees  
walk about without eyes  
in a forest of wind  
I heard you whisper platitudes  
into a night of impotent passion  
I felt age beginning to tug  
at the coldness of your unlit pipe  
we could have climbed  
our hill more often  
even then  
when I was small  
I understood  
the sadness  
of your success  
I always had your measure  
by the thickness  
of your spectacle frames

### **Here and There**

what after all is age  
for us from the golden age  
in these amorphous times  
when knotted is the fulcrum  
on which the polecat rests  
which metro-sexual ladybirds  
climb to lay their atomic eggs  
let large butterflies hatch  
from my steel-grey moustache  
and snow on hoary mountains  
shatter with a lot of nonsense  
let rivers climb  
into the coffins of clouds  
and love erupt  
from volcanoes in tourist resorts  
let touts

take us through life by the hand  
let wizards in disposable nappies  
wave their magic wands

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### Mantra with a Question Mark

the earth the sky  
and Mother Teresa  
Jack the Ripper  
virtual and real worlds  
and all else in between  
is lit up with your immanence  
even as all suns are  
triggered by your will  
you play  
as you create  
even while you meditate  
you are the lord and protector  
of all that is manifest  
yet or never to be manifested  
all dissolves into you  
the end-game  
in that you  
I seek refuge  
even as I ride  
to the crest of a wave  
and zigzag down  
through laughing sharks  
that are also bald vultures  
it hurts and blood flows  
even as I laugh  
I will re-enter your womb  
later  
right now I suckle at your chest  
what then is eternal  
how do you define rest  
where does your falcon nest

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