

no matter what

*no matter what the human hand perform
the human voice declare
the carousel of stars still turns
and in our hallowed blood
to bless our pulsing cells
with their secret image unremembered record
lost inside our thickening blood
that dulls the eye, the mind
to light's slender spark
our hidden fire kindled by our inner sea
to forge the flesh upon our bone
whence deep red the running priest
anoints our cells as stellar signals flash
uncoded in their eyes, our mind*

*no matter what the vagrant current
cuts your prow
withering wind wastes
your ruddered arm
just as red blood bends
the tide to its own time turns
traced by your giddy tack*

*no matter what the shadow
taunts your eye
light leads you on*

