

LEGACY OF DEAD POETS

Poets die like everyone else.  
What's different is  
we keep generating poems.  
Metered in other dimensions,  
fueled with comet tails.

Someone  
probing inside his head  
like a cave fish looking for  
his lost eyes  
will stumble on the warm premises  
holding our verses, our promises  
conceived but never quite born.  
Yet nothing good begun in faith  
is ever wasted.

Even now your're getting closer  
to the engine, the power source.  
You resonate, reflect the colors,  
the aura that flesh wore unseen  
until transition freed  
the spectrum surrounding us all.  
Now and then  
you'll catch sight of it  
in late dark while other people  
sleep, or on dawn's cusp before  
they wake.

We are not strangers, poet. Look  
deeper: Here where the poems are.