

Four Weeks

They say one should eat to live
and never live to eat
Yet this hunger that I feel
When the world begins to reel
Is death to my heart's own beat

Four weeks of yearning
and the stilling of that need
Four weeks' surrender
to the passion that I feel
Then, the stopping of that source
And the pain of our discourse
Caused a darkness
and a snuffing of that light

Four weeks of riding
and dancing on the storm
Four weeks of nakedness,
turned inside out, new born
Then this plunging down below
Where the light will never show
To love's grave full fathom five