

| SEVEN HILLS CAVE

IN HIDDEN CLOAK OR DARK SAREE, PAN CALLS UPON SELENE.
HE LAYS UPON HER IVORY SKIN BEYOND THE HILLS OF AVENTINE.

IN THE SEPIA BREEZE OF DUSTY TIME, MOONLIGHT EVER REIGNS.
POUNING HOOVES ON HEATHER, THE WINDING TIBER WANES.

FALLING DAWN, RED ON BLUE, REFLECTED IN THE MORNING DEW.
DREAMS FORGOTTEN RESTLESS STARS; UPON THE WINDS THE RAVEN FLEW.

IN THE YAWNING CAVE, AWASH IN BLOODLET YEARS,
WITCHES CLAW IN REVELRY, NIGHTS TORMENTED FEARS.

PORCELAIN PLATE ON LIQUID SKY, CLOUDS READ ALOUD THEIR PRAISE
EACH AND EVERY DANCING SOUL, SLOWLY TURNS ITS GAZE.

HOLLOWED FIELDS OF CIRCUMSTANCE, THE WINDY MILLSTONE TURNS
SPACE AND LIGHT SHARE CURLING TIME, WHILE THE RAVAGED BODY BURNS.

SPACE

- Brett M. Wilbur

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