

The Ravenous Wish

Foolish night boastings
like sharks spitting teeth
from sheer abundance.

We sit the next afternoon
watching the sun hesitate
between giving and fading.

Our grand design eludes us
as we try to reassemble it
from outside its source.

We have pitched a tiny camp
on the outskirts of dreaming
to try to stay awake

for tomorrow's inspirations
or yesterday's satisfactions
haunting every urge

but nothing we summon
to turn Time into flames
has the essence of burning.

It must spark of itself.
No hot chorus can induce
excess yearning into ash.