

WAITING ROOMS

(witching hour haiku)

Grey clouds descend sly  
the heart of love convolutes -  
gold-flecked dream of mine;

Depart, depart - why?  
Instead enthrall in magick  
make me calm, absorb.

You me, or I you  
wrapped - in oddity engulfed  
perchance, by pure chance,

In a waiting room  
we shall meet again, some time  
knot to make me still.

Gold-flecked dream of mine  
knowing shall be granted now  
the Beast's back to bear –

Red girdles of East  
Bloodshot senses of the West  
weary of Lust for all.

She shall receive Suns  
in fresh blood she shall bathe, dance –  
she will on the winds.

And then perchance love  
Waiting rooms shall be no more.  
- white sails carrying dust.