

Brothers Born As Twins

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Brothers born as twins in constant sorrow and awake
As blind contentment in their dreams
To quell the ground and make it shake
In shades of purple light the flowers of consciousness unborn
Knowing sleep to be as death to be another velvet morn

Another life, another time
A place with or without
The endless endings bending to
A tête-à-tête to sometimes shout
For all the dreaming brothers
For the nouns and all the verbs
Rivers flowing, babes are growing
Dusk to twilight, flowers and herbs

A will to enter in is in the opening of an eye
A breath for all will be to make a brother hear a brother's cry
A welcome to the world in which a mother knows what's best
Holding hands was all they needed and a mother's milky breast
For a welcome to the world in which a mother knows what's best