Great Mt. Ida

Pears

I am a higher order
Peer below, the symptom stayed

Beneath the threshold of the radar
Quietly growing, undisplayed

Boiling, but never boiling over
With the grace of an unattended child

Along the flanks of great Mt. Ida
Finger painting crimson stills

Of domes constructed by the centaurs
Drawn like moths to light, weak-willed

Boiling but never boiling over
I hear them giggling but I'm blind to the facade
Summit beckons, calling, condescending
I sigh with the force of the fists of a God

Shame, shame

When the sun implodes
'Twil cauterize our bo-bos
Restored to ash
Breeze sweeps away our egos
Through time we'll gently drift
Scattered in this labyrinth
What we've held in our hands
Gone with us, eternally absent
Free!
Take me!

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