

Wicked Light Breeze

Blow your slave dancer's
wicked light breeze!
Turn my desire
from a wisp of air
to a wind, a zephyr,
a tempest
a raging fury of longing, longing,
weeping with humiliated broken dignity
and no pretense of anything
except exquisite longing.

Raise me or destroy me!
Oh, Mercy, will you have pity on me?
and grab hold of me?
Will you not raise me only a little?
Yes. Oh, yes.
And will you not sooth me a little
with your wet grasp?
Ah, you will. You will.

Oh, fly me, Pilot.
Fly me.
I will be your craft
and you have my controls.
Where I dive, climb or roll
you now steer my craft.
You lift me as you will
Only guide me to a soft landing
on the breast of Mother Earth.