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### **The Salt from My Tears Blended with the Sea...**

On the day my Teacher's heart  
spoke leaving  
She bade me draw a card from  
the Rider Tarot deck  
The Cards' symbols She said  
read images of journey, and the Pentacles  
that were laid out spoke  
of the crafting of  
Manhood through apprenticeship

In the last card I think I saw You  
in a light blue blocked dress  
flowers in your hand and a smile on your lips  
your Golden hair capturing the Sun  
and making the Moon blush  
There was sweetness in your touch  
but I did not know you and I doubted the Road

My Teacher's face was not seen in the  
cards of the Future  
and I could not bear walking the world without  
her strength, her Love and honestly her Attention  
Teacher, Sister, Lover, Friend  
and almost Mother of our child

I had not yet realized by a tinker's mile  
the full value of her lessons  
I denied the Fortune of the cards and sought  
to keep her close  
But the days and nights kept revealing that She  
was my Past and that She  
was not my Destiny

A dark man from the East with wealth and  
carriage dressed in tunics of cotton  
with rings of precious gems and short  
straight black hair  
appeared and sought and won

her favour  
promising a World tour  
to commence in two weeks time

I walked by the Ocean at sunset and sang her  
name on the winds,  
painted her name in the sand  
and her picture in the stars  
I tried to hold back the tears  
but this was in vain

One afternoon soon after  
She met me for the last time  
She washed my feet, and now her eyes shed tears  
She had given me back the gift of Desire, and  
clothed me in the richness of Texture  
and connected me to the Earth, bringing me back  
from the Golden Cloud beyond touch and beyond  
words where I had flown renouncing this life

To my surprise  
She sang my praises and gave me thanks for a  
glimpse, long moments spent in  
the ethereal realm of Silver and Gold

As we stood there our bodies were warm and wet  
from her tiled shower and we  
embraced

I remembered back to how  
it was her tears on my forehead that had awakened  
me from that Dream which was so close, so near to  
Death  
I cried for days on end, hugging the shoreline,  
from the time I learned  
that my Teacher's heart spoke leaving

The salt from my tears  
blended with the Sea and fled West as  
She traveled East to India with her Dark Lover

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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