

## THE COMET

Words cannot tell but only indicate,  
My dear, the apprehension of your being  
And its reality. Words are but representations,  
Symbols, images; through them I am seeing  
You, a lone comet in that long parabolic arc,  
Streaking across Earth's night sky  
Night after night your one Beloved trysting  
Through the solar system you circumnutate.  
Your dragon's hoary breath chills the stars,  
Breathless the burning, the white heat  
Of your passion, constantly the nearness, the loss,  
Exhausting self on the lover's journey both create:  
I love this longing of the soul's intellect  
Slipping long after its brief moment in our time

Out of it into timelessness, abandoning life to live.