

Closer

closer nearing
in my dream i am pulled
by soft utterances
of interior force
my silent vessel
swims me near
i am closer
nearing the gates
the cove of deep voices
singing in white light
a blindness nearer
exaltation than darkness
my nearness
more and more
i am nearer
still closer
answering the call
the call of ages
i arrive
i am standing
weak-kneed and blessings
swim in front of the tomb
the stone is moved
its vacancy sings me
 closer
i am called to enter
to extinguish fear
of darkness
to bury these flags of misery
to caress the face of mystery
to locate my name
in the dictionary of the womb,
to become