

for Phil ...

Your body is still.
 Hugged in darkness. Once
 a tree of green, leaved
with dancing youth.

In this your darkness
 will you journey
 past a startled sun.
 Hear a voice of stars
ask for the enigma answer.

Phil, dear friend
 brother in my thoughts.
 Will you contemplate to write
 a story in the velvet dark universe
 of the journey eternal.

Ancestral songs with rainbows,
 Words long lost now found, mislaid, unspoken
 held by solemn stars
 glowing within an infinite sky.