

DREAMCRAFT

A pair of lovely twin girls / left a thousand and two miles apart / with similar lines on their palms / and different paths on their feet.

Innumerable times they meet / below lunar light in the dream / though never in the rays of the Sun / of reality.

Said the Mother: you differ so that / in future you'll find your reflection in the other. And you are similar so that / in the spark of recognition in future / you'll embrace.

And each ship is aware / of its fateful lanes.

In the vessel constructed from gold / from wood and from water/ from fire and dirt / eons are densely compacted: / it carries the waters in the bark / the splashing of the blood of ancestors / the rhythm of the heartbeat of the Maker. It encompasses light / from the lightless eyes of the blind / the homilies of the hearts of the mute / the laughter of infants and the flutter / of feathers from angels in flight.

Every ship is a word; / a sentence and a mystical phrase / from one place to another; / a whisper from one girl / to the ear of the other. It needs murmurs and interpretative seas / unceasingly day and night; / it needs mulling over and slow / comprehension of the course through time.

.In the solar-soaked haven, / craft in their hundreds are folding their wings / and thousands of sails are reefed in repose.

The solar-soaked harbor's a place / where words are condensed; also where / the nostalgia of home 's parceled out.

The sun-drenched port's like a bench / of books aged bitter and savoury; / a library of glimmering radial waves / where the boundless mysteries of the abyss are collected / and the dripping diaries of the journey get dried. To fathom the page of a port / one needs the fullness of a lifetime / graced by the crown of Deity.

The boat between the girls moved its breast / soft words flowing / in sibilant syllables of silk. Thus devoid of the words it returned / to the bosom of its abundant void.

This instant is arrival and departure / in one and the same beat.

This is the dreamcraft of the girls – / China and Greece, that today / grasp together the oars on a course/ in the sun of reality. Mother Sea has enveloped this boat, sculpted from olive tree bark. A leaf-shaped vessel / an instrument / of music upon the Seas.

From Athens to go to Beijing, ten hours you fly plus one. But the boat that set sail from the land / of Pythagoras, the Samian sage / travelled thousands and myriads of years

Such voyage and music will last / for many and many a year / for thousands and myriads of years.