

REKILLING

Mother nature will forgive me of my killing ways when she forgives me
Mother nature will forgive me of my killing ways when she kills me
And I don't know if mother nature loves her killings
As I have tried to love my killings
Or if they make her happy
As none have made me happy
Or if the things she kills are beauty
As I kill only beautiful things
Myself mostly
And cruel are the angels who have rescued me
Only never to get inside me
And cruel is the grace that always lived inside me too quietly
Cruel eye that brought me to ruin overdosed on humans
Cruel beautiful humans who made the silence seem so empty
Both cruel and uncrueled is the mystery
So I have had to kill the mystery
I stuffed the mystery up with gyrating statues
Though the mystery is itself the highest gyration
Let's lead a spontaneous prayer for the mystery
Please be no void 0 gyrating mystery
Invoke me and no end of days please mystery
Love me with immaculate feeling zero body