## **Doubt**

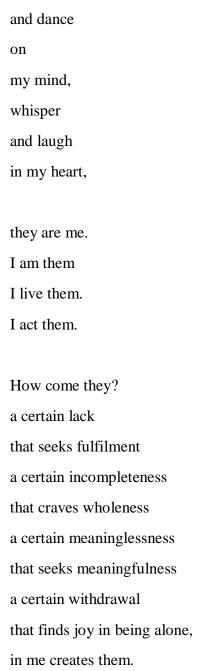
I fear a lot

I doubt a lot

I disbelieve a lot

shy I am, a lot

They sing



Where find I any wholeness?

in the field of my doubts?

in the ambience of my fear?

in the labyrinth of my disbelief?

Or

in the joyful discomfort of my shyness?

In my fear is a fearlessness in my doubt is doubtlessness in my disbelief is a belief in my shyness is a leisure

A fearlessness of what?

a doubtlessness of what?

a belief of what?

a leisure of what?

A fearless fear

a doubtless doubt

a belief that disbelieves

a leisure that enjoys solitude.

## **Pristine Decay**

She is beauty

beauty is charm

charm is cross

Sizzling with

to incite
and excite

In her wake
flaunts
a drunken
pelican
flapping
its wings

Numbed to bare
the yolk of wild

Playing
the play
he inclines

tempt

Impulses dance desires hum excitement surge sizzle to rash brash and crash into regrete's sea

On pleasure's altar in leisure's temple adrift in moment drumming

a dance of impulses tuning a rasping of instincts offering therein a destiny eaten unripe.

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