

Poet, Cook Punster, Geologist

Poetry

Brian L. Hayes



# Candy Floss Clouds

by Brian L. Hayes



Summer sun burns off of the clouds  
That fade like my dreams of you  
Vapors that just disappear  
Leaving me with naught blue.

Dreams that were full and white  
Floating in the heavens of my mind  
Shade from that burning light  
Shone upon my sin-stained soul.

Shade that whispered of new life  
Redemption from a weary heart  
That scattered itself so many times  
Upon desire's unforgiving rocks.

Suffer from eternal wants  
A hunger never sated  
'til your love filled the void  
The longing was abated.

I've no trust in candy floss clouds  
Worry them like an old bone,  
Bare of the last scrap of flesh  
And the ache settles in again.

# If Only

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Brush the dark hair from your face,  
You lie there with half a smile.

Part your lips, like an opening  
flower Pressing mine on to yours.

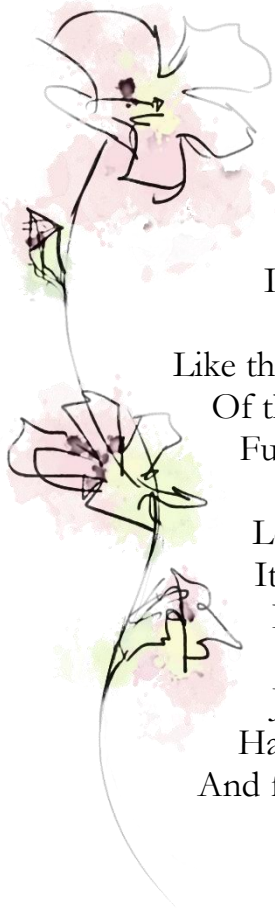
Feel your pulse start to quicken,  
Neath my hand upon your breast.

Slowly trace the peaks and valleys,  
Feel the warmth rise from within.

Take me into sanctum sanctorum,  
Where our bodies and souls will meet.

After we have seen the Holy Fire,  
Slumber in the ashes we have made.

# Morning Prayer



You rise each day to the muezzin's call,  
Leave the warmth of the covers,  
To kneel and clear your mind.

Still you remember,  
The arms that held you,  
In the wintry night,

Like the all-embracing arms  
Of the Beloved,  
Full of eternal light.

Love is love  
It knows no boundaries  
It fills whomever it wills.

Just like the muezzin  
Hark to its calling  
And follow a more perfect way.

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