



Peter Layton

Ruby Beads

The thunder on its rolling steel door
tree branch lightning
do you wish all of this of the world with me
you with your footprints on the moon's soil
the dance-able sun.

The months though now injured still flap over
dark mountains and the thrilled veiny clouds
beyond
a million tricks you are aware of past this world
not hungry you may sip now
seeing me and my terrible mistakes
the injuries I'll absorb and inflict.

You in your innocence and mature wisdom
the thousand colleagues you've become
me in my blank yesterday and still now
and you beautiful as the greatly more distant what
will be.

Peter Layton lives in California.