

## Cold

Again I dreamt. Of marble halls.\*  
 Echoes of song. Of childhood. Mystery.  
 Of aunts and uncles voicing plaintive airs  
 In plaintive harmony.  
 Love, loss, they serenaded.  
 And memory. And death.

As in my dream. My dream of marble halls.  
 Where all bare, silent was. And cold. And timeless.  
 And I? Alone. No lover, kindred soul,  
 To light, delight me. *Why this is hell.*  
 - As Mephistopheles pronounced.  
 Soul-famishing.

And hell is cold. Not hot.  
 Cold as old flames. New ice.  
 New ice that hones the icicle of loss  
 We suck on. Gnaw. Derange soul-hunger with.  
 - Sir Poet, *fie*. You nullify desire.  
 Conspiring in these icy soul-cappings.

\* *I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls* - Aria from Balfe's *The Bohemian Girl*

- Yes, I conspire.

Desire no balm. No consolation.

No fire. No passion even. Even love.

Go metaphor my dream. My dream of marble halls.

Tell me the fault's not in my stars. Not in my heart.

But in my mind. So sound before. Now spliced to ice.

No. No chill metaphors.

I'll dream - to-night maybe -

Of areas no longer marble-cold.

Or icicled. Or soul-famishing.

I'll clear my soul of dread. Sing fervent as aunts, uncles,

Of love that pulses. Pulses everything.

To permanence.

To pulsing permanence.