

How 2 makes 1

I understood, how 2 makes 1 be coming.

I went ahead and went, head on head strong -

There was always a be before and after, he goes henceforth

There is a scar beneath my right eye streaming to my lip
noticeable by love who once lapped the wound a hope it'd heal.

Unfaint, my left hand is also so-marked, down the top

and half way down one finger, split by a box cutter,
sewn by stitches - who stitches a bleeding heart? -

sometime ago lapped - then, sucked to siphon * Love,
faithful love it's blood, brine - or - power streaming.

I understand now, how 2 make 1 be coming

a storm formulating like a tornadoe against

all who oppose their Being undying

in the calm of existence, there are sentences,

stanzas really, written by poets brutal as moving

things out of their way, there which, after the storm

be before his bleeding, there is a river 2 can

drink from, and bathe, and a tornadoe resides

in rest attesting how 2 make 1 be coming -