

Wilderness House Literary Review 19/1

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The Winds of Ambrosia

The sweet winds of ambrosia blew through me,
given birth in the rose gardens from the Isle of She.

The winds from mounds of roses piled a mile high
muted my speech and became to me just a sigh.

I captured the aroma of heaven inside my chasms
and felt the wings from the flight of the Seraphims.

They brushed against my cheek and into my senses,
opening up my prisons and tearing down the fences.

She walked past me, through me, and into my being
as the abandoned singer within me got up to sing.

Exotic melodies were flowing through my rivers
with skies full of rose colored and herbal lavenders.

Guitars with the strings of the rainbow sounding
ran through me as my heart was pounding.

They took me into the flight of the ambrosial winds
where I could feel her air as my resurrection begins.

My feet are off the ground and my name is gone,
gone away with my forgotten self and beyond.

I'm in her Paradise looking for her to appear again,
enchanted and forgotten for a hundred years and ten.

Her wind stays inside me and won't come out
as I wait for her from all her swirling about.