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Pilgrimage

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Pilgrimage

I swathe my heart in black
For journey to my mandarin.
Kimonoed lies he where
Relentless tolling makes no sound.
Reclines he statuesque.
From alabaster
Fragrance glows,
Until I taste the blooms
That mingle with his nomore hush.

I feel forever mourn.

There some true part
I know of me remains.
The rest, exhumed,
Prefers to
Shrug the crepe,
Affix the smile,
Deceptively
Become itself again.

BETTY FOUCH