

Revelations on a Tropical Night

Latin nights, with warm and lazy rhythms
dusky after sundown
and palms that waved in breezes
by darkening seas;
the soft throbbing beat
of salsa on the beach
calls me back to that time
and those moments sublime
where the air - scented and sweet,
borne of tropical climes
and days of long heat
whispers cocktails and wine
and the sound of the sea
lullabies endlessly...

Stars in the sky mirror the sea
as sparks in the sea of phosphorous light
burst in the night as a ripple of fire
on the crests of the waves
and the deep deep sigh
as the waves retire
leave a moment's peace.

There I lay in your arms as you breathed in sleep
and watched the celestial drama sweep
in vast dimensions overhead;
A miracle of being came clear to me
as I joined in one with Infinity
one moment, and knew with certainty
who we are and how our base humanity
had fallen so far from divinity.
I felt my spirits soar -
but the moment passed and we at last,
returned back again along the shore
whence we had come,
to the distant sounds
of Latin dance in the shanty town.

Tropical nights in a distant land,
making love on the midnight sand,
casting loose in the naked sea -
those were moments in eternity!
I will always remember the mood of love
as we lay enlaced with the rest of the universe above us;
but most of all, when the dark rain falls
and the northern wind brings an icy squall,
how the warmth and scent of the tropic night
yielded vision inward of a different sight

and Love of a higher nature beckoned me,
Oh moments, sweet moments in Eternity...