

chibá yu ya

Tom Brinck

2/17/98

time

had been there,
& the beauty & the light

chibá yu ya

white steps to a pool
of clear blue water
with a woman
who splashed crystal raindrops
& who loved me
sadly
as if far far away

oh abáya
oh shibáyu

& the white paths led in every way
to broad white staircases
up & down,
throughout the gardens,
under the clear blue & violet skies,
where all the young women walked
in violet robes,
& blue,
& bright spring green
& gray

chibá yu ya
li,
li abáya

one walked by,
her brown disinterested eyes
arest in my mind
& i followed her,
tho she never turned my way,
& the others watched
as we passed —
the one with flowing hair
who waited by the sea,
the one who sang
from a tree perched in the sky —
& i followed her

to a temple door
where i made a simple prayer
an offering:

chibá yu ya
chibá
ah
chi bá

& time was forever
& time was now
& in the rose garden
i found another,
beautiful & brooding
in the shade of a fragile white, wooden lattice,
rubbing petals thru small gentle fingers
& gazing to the distant wind,
where all things pass

oh la
oh abáya

& time slipped by
before i'd thought to count
the days
the years
the centuries
& i fade
while they survive,
as they sing
of love & loss

abáya

alone

chibá yu ya

eternal

chibá yu ya

chi bá