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## Invocation / No Safe Words

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John Martin  
**Invocation**

If you were here, bright  
child, I'd take your tongue,  
and with its small flame burn  
these words into the air,  
as if they were  
    my own!

If I could raise you, brother,  
in the flesh, I'd force your hand  
across these stones, and forge  
new language of the mingled  
blood, as dark and sweet  
    as love.

If I might draw your eyes up  
by these strings, or twist your dreams  
and visions to my need, I'd hang them  
'round my neck, and let that awful  
beauty glitter through the living  
    streets again...

John Martin  
**No Safe Words**

(apologies to Emily Dickinson)

Dear Master—it is tragic  
how you lost your eyes,  
scorched them in the afterglow  
of Reason—I wish that you  
could see how far  
I'm gone  
    without You...

I have no "safe" words, now,  
to break my fall, to end this  
endless descent into  
remembrance—no tyrant, kind  
or cruel, to ration out the pain  
with sharp command, or even  
to observe the slow  
humiliation  
    of the Will...

I fear that I am growing  
careless of the boundaries,  
the tutored limits of the Soul—  
I am shorn of grief—and you  
are not here to chart  
my progress, or to keep  
my mind  
    from wandering...

*There are no safe words, love,  
and none to write us home...*