
Tip-Toe Door

My dear Chris,

Although I do Wake you Up each morning
with a Touch of my Love,
I owe you an apology.

As a Poet I was convinced
that Beauty reveals Truth,
and went beyond any Season,

beyond any Ode or Eve to,
as my dear Friend William would say,
compare thee to a Summer's Day.

Having, though, seen so much pain and misery,
as a child and apprentice surgeon,
I doubted continuously if Beauty was the

True Medicine to transcend human suffering.
So with pain in my Heart
I let my Nightingale fly away,

as you must have remembered,
dismantling its own Illusion,
its song just not bringing enough relief.

To set things straight, Now I would say:
“Real Beauty expresses Real Truth.”
This sounds nearly the same

but is in fact the Tip-Toe Door to another World.
Only then Knowledge accelerates
in the Second Chamber of our Mansion.

So let's meet in Mermaid Tavern,
bring all of your Poet Friends,
and we will celebrate with a good old Pint

that none of us really exists, just This Timeless
Present Moment of exhilarating Beauty which
we create Ourselves. This is the Final Truth, Chris.

With all my Love,
John