

# Seventh Heaven

*For Joanne 1994*

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Deep down inside  
in us someplace  
where dreams begin  
there is a space  
a tiny spot  
a sacred dot  
a holy plot  
a garden that  
we all have got.

It sits right next  
to broken-hearted  
just departed  
"God I'm sorry"  
and other guarded  
things we say  
like "Go away"  
and "I don't know"  
and "I'm so low"

A little golden  
number seven  
gift from God  
and piece of heaven  
Silver-lined  
acts like leaven  
to lift us up  
perk us up  
and fill our cup

This number seven  
looks like luck  
sounds like doves  
stands for sacred

and tastes like love.  
This golden digit  
is nothing less  
than concentrated  
holiness.

The actual factual  
roarin' and revin'  
we get inside  
comes from here  
goes back there  
round n' round  
and everywhere

It's here that men  
and women settle  
when lost amid  
the urine and spittle  
a rotten world  
a beastly bunch  
unfurled and ugly  
and out to lunch  
to gather selves  
to just calm down  
to find the center  
to turn around.

I go here often  
and sometimes not  
but I come back  
come back a lot  
because I've found  
a window true  
a sparkling, shining  
vision of you  
I've been given  
my seventh heaven.

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