For an Addict, by John O'Donohue

On its way through the innocent night

the moth is ambushed by the light,

becomes glued to a window

where a candle burns

its whole self, its dreams of flight

and all desire

trapped in one glazed gaze.

Now nothing else can satisfy

but the deadly beauty of the flame.

When you lose the feel

for all other belonging

and what is truly near

becomes distant and ghostly,

you are visited and claimed

by a simplicity

sinister in its singularity.

No longer yourself,

your mind will be owned

and steered from elsewhere now.

You will sacrifice anything

to dance once more

to the haunted music

with your fatal beloved

who owns the eyes to your heart.

These words of blessings cannot reach,

even as echos, to the shore of where you are.

Yet, may they walk without you

to soften some slight line,

through to the white cave

where your soul is captive.

May some glimmer of outside light

reach your eyes

to help you recognize how you have fallen

for a vampire.

May you crash hard and soon

onto real ground again

where this fundamentalist shell

might start to crack

for you to hear again

your own echo.

That your lost lonesome heart

might learn to cry out

for the true intimacy of love

that waits to take you home

to where you are known and seen

and where your life is treasured

beyond every frontier

of despair you have crossed.

~~ John O'Donohue

Published at www.awakin.org on May 28, 2012