

INSIDE THE TROPICAL RAINFOREST

Red Halos surround the
Blackened heads
Of primitive, godless, saints.
Eternally Honored by servants'
Wordless chants slowly
Drifting over
Cold, smokey fires.

Endless tributes of food,
Most carefully prepared;
Never to be eaten.

Constant human touch;
Meant to probe some mortal soul
Giving neither pain nor pleasure
Defiantly ignored
Over and over again

Stifling Atmosphere swollen
With constantly thickening heat.
Conceals heartless
Waves of cold emotion.

Each acolytes' role commands she
Preserve the inner mystery.
Never to be unraveled.
It's strength remains the force
Powering-----
Everlasting Red Halos.....