

# POEMS.

(1980-2016)

By

WM. THOMAS SHERMAN



*Without breath there is no life;  
Without words there is no breath;  
Without poetry there is no freedom;  
No freedom? What's left but death?*

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*Author's Note.*

These poems were written as early as the 1980's, and from that time up to and including the present. They are arranged in this volume in what is more or less the chronological order in which they were written; except with respect to the first portion of this collection, i.e. up to and including "Envoi"; in which (although still containing my earliest verse) they are not placed in such strict sequence. A good many of the poems have, at a later time, gone through some greater or lesser degree of rewording and reworking; and it's not impossible I may still further re-do or revise some or other of what you have here.

My ideas and views on poetry and writing poems over these years have understandably gone through not inconsiderable change and development. Yet for all that I have learned and improvement made, I still seek to progress to someone and something better as an author; just as I would wish and hope to be true of you reading this is in whatever it is you do. This said, I have to think these poems are at least good enough, else why publish?

Please accept then what follows for what might prove your amusement, if not enlightened enrichment.

**Wm. Thomas Sherman**  
*Seattle, Washington*

*Note.* For some reason I don't understand relating to my word processor, the pagination numbers are out of sync. However, till this is corrected, it should not be difficult finding a given poem on the basis of its sequence in the table of contents.



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## THE ART OF POETRY

### I.

Eyes open  
in my heart and mind!  
May ideas I find  
uniting forms without,  
with spirit within.  
In a word,  
let words begin!

The Muse cannot be forced,  
she sings only when free.  
But her voice  
will come finally  
to hearts overflowing,  
seeking harmony.

Hers is a test of self-giving  
to prove one's spirit  
is light enough,  
the base world to transcend,  
towards Truth  
ever to ascend.

What is sung is not empty dreams,  
but a call to perfection,  
renewing people's lives  
whatever their direction.

### II.

Though towers decay,  
monuments crumble,  
and castles fall into the sea,  
Poetry and Truth live on  
surviving mortality.

The Night is deep,  
the Day does shine,  
the world is round  
and on proceeds time.  
Filled with wonder  
wrapped in rhyme,  
try the rainbow to define;  
put infinity into a line.



## **IMAGINATION**

Boats green,  
blue, yellow,  
and red,  
with white sails,  
there's one place  
they can be found.  
It is in your head.

## **IN THE AFRICAN KINGDOM**

In the African kingdom  
in the explosion of the sun  
they sit on a fallen trunk,  
amid the grass  
while grains of sand  
shout back sparkling.  
Necks and shoulders gleaming,  
sweat of the jungle breathing,  
the trees shade cools  
laughter in life's foliage.

## **CATS' POEMS**

### *Jeebo's Poem*

I see the little birds  
go tweet, tweet, tweet,  
then to home I go,  
to sleep, sleep, sleep.

### *Timina Kitten's Poem*

Mew! Mew! says Tim Kitten  
my feet are black, my fur is striped.  
I am a tiny, lovable cat,  
but tough for all of that!

### *Hindman's Poem*

I take care of the two little cats  
because I am big you see,  
friend of animals *and* people alike  
everyone loves to know me!

## **HYDE PARK AFTERNOON**

What Spring brought so benignly,  
Summer fervor rouses finely.  
Leaves reflecting light glimmer  
above a pond which shimmers.  
Fountains gush forth with power,  
to fall in resplendent shower.  
In chairs folk recline, steaming in the heat,  
others rest in a cool, shady seat  
exploring the world in a magazine or book,  
while ducks find shelter in a leafy nook.  
Like the kayaks skimming the waters of the lake;  
a fleet of geese leave ripples in their wake.  
A jocund pup jogs with master alongside,  
pulling the leash by which he is tied.  
Horses trot, their noble heads high,  
silhouetted against noon's blue sky.  
On through the day they prance.  
and no less proudly, singing sparrows dance.  
Grey pigeons coo and strut with not a care,  
until a small boy scatters them in the air.  
Flowers red and violet bloom,  
which with fresh grass, fill the air with perfume.  
Children on swings and ladders play,  
while elders forget age, taking in day.

## **YOUTH AND ECSTASY**

At a canter then a run  
Ecstasy charges forth,  
in glory rearing.  
From the first  
he reaches a wild speed,  
this mount of fortune,  
the moment's flaming steed.

They makes their way  
above the mortal air,  
the rider exhilarated  
beyond all care.  
Leaping fast upon the winds,  
upon the cloudy main,  
letting fall to earth  
all memory of pain.

Yet though his senses  
from pleasure would burst,  
he knows well from the first  
that this momentum vernal  
will not be eternal.  
He knows these sights  
these beautiful things  
are ephemeral and temporary,  
like songs one sings.

From out the corner  
of speeding eyes,  
he sees a lean shade,  
upon a distant constellation,  
Death pensive, waiting,  
punisher of sin,  
Death, not hesitating.

The starry rider throw a bold fist;  
Death, for now, vanishes in a mist.

Twice elated the horseman bounds,  
reaches a dizzy height  
enjoying the ride  
for the fleeting thing it is,  
the sky now opens,  
all of heaven seems his.

There he meets a golden maid  
who with flowers and a kiss  
sends him home reeling in bliss.

He gliding slows  
into the sunset breeze  
toward hills below;  
thinking on the date,  
he must return  
to battle Fate.

### **PEACE AT DUSK**

In a cottage, in a thicket,  
at a hill slope's edge,  
whose sun was a candle  
an old man lived.  
Amongst fond toys and books,  
he passed thoughtful years  
witnessed the fall of snows  
that hides hares and reveals owls;  
beheld budding branches  
wreathing beloved robins' nests;  
watched Summer beams,  
hurry the fish in the brook,  
or viewed darkening Autumn  
lay gold and red across his doorstep.  
Though the world was once in his hands,  
he resigned himself happily to God's,  
and grateful of wonders,  
treasuring memories,  
strode the seasons of his soul.

## **THE TYRANT**

The tyrant will do  
one charitable deed,  
just so he can steal from  
a hundred in need.

He appears good  
to conceal crimes and lies,  
that he might better stifle  
victims' groans and cries.

All fair competition  
he will avoid having to face,  
then murder or maim  
those who'd dare take his place.

Though his own ruin he creates,  
mournful the suffering he leaves in his wake.

## **OBSTACLES**

Life evolves  
seeking to transcend  
mechanical laws.  
A spirit to breathe and love,  
with obstacles  
like greed and ignorance  
of others needs,  
we find ourselves  
with saddening tragedies  
which neither time,  
or forgetfulness can erase;  
which make us callous,  
thoughtless and despairing.

## **THE DEATH OF THE MURDERED SAILOR**

Winds unleashed,  
waves whipped up,  
the foam surging  
crashing on black rocks,  
in frenzy  
as the fury of hell  
converges on my soul.  
Helpless below  
the enraged storm;  
my foundation,  
once thick inches of stone,  
now bubbles a lava cauldron,  
seething with rage.  
My mind's sails burst  
in thunder like a hurricane's,

gusts shriek doom,  
while I go mad  
longing for the morrow.  
Earthquakes crack open  
chasms to an abyss,  
and infinity looks on  
devouring all being.  
Horses bolt neighing in air,  
lightening cast, nights howls,  
from out the dripping mists  
the unsought past appears.  
Flapping gulls' dance wildly,  
under a darkened sky  
now rent in two.  
My soul bursts with visions  
of futurity and gloom.  
Yet I still yet see!  
Yet I still yet hear,  
one with a sunset,  
violent and strange.  
Blood flows burning,  
yet now all cools  
as the winds subside  
into whispers and sighs.

#### **TEMPEST FROM THE PAST**

Seen from a quiet room  
the Ages yawn,  
exhaling a storm  
amidst the sleeping morn.  
Into the deserted streets run  
native spirits, memories of sacrifice,  
howling with the winds,  
whose cries will sleep  
when Justice returns  
with Nature's lost peace.

#### **ANCIENT LIVES**

When thousands of years past  
it was the present,  
zephyrs whistled through  
Lebanese cedars;  
someone slapped a timbrel  
to their hip,  
moaning, longing.

From Luxor on a woven barge,  
they sailed in steamy air  
water lapping  
the boat's sides.  
Someone in the bow  
dreamed that the sun

had raised his soul  
up into the sky.

In the desert she sat  
tending docile donkeys,  
something to do  
on her way through life.

In the temple of the god  
fumes of incense arose  
from a silver cup.  
The priest had told the king  
that two black ewes  
need be slain,  
and offered up  
to appease defeat.

The ancient mourned  
that the ancestors had been forgot  
in a dusty street of Carchemish.  
Weeping, coughing, alone he died  
under the icy beams  
of a midnight moon,  
while next morning,  
the world strolled by in silence.

Out of Jabbok they road  
with letters from the all powerful  
Assyrian king  
to seal a bargain with the south.  
Along the way, lions charged up  
ripping bleeding lines  
over the horse's hinds.  
One messenger was lost,  
but the rest sped on.

The slaves of Akkad,  
made the bricks,  
with feet covered in clay;  
then arose  
to receive fruit  
brought by a maid  
from the valley.

For biting his nose off  
ten shekels were fined.  
Yet for only an accident,  
it was instant death.  
A curse was pronounced  
and he was hung from a pole.

She wore tiny hippos  
made of lapis lazuli  
around her royal neck,  
too young

for tomorrow.

With his charts before him  
the astrologer  
had been following  
a flickering star,  
by a bronze lamp's flame.  
Then in amazement it seemed  
it had disappeared.  
A grave omen this!  
And solemnly scrawled  
What he didn't see  
on his wet clay tablet.

The merchant proudly viewed  
his completed tomb,  
completed before he should die,  
sniffing his emerald ring  
that held perfume,  
fingering the ringlets  
of his long beard;  
as he awaited  
the arrival of his friends.

The ship smashed up  
upon a reef,  
and a month's harvest  
of barley and grain  
fed thousands of  
round eyed fish,  
while emptying  
the belly of a town.

In Lagash,  
Two slaves made love  
inside the small hut,  
to the sound of cooing  
doves boxed in a cage.

Circling, the young princes  
laughing  
drove their gold plated  
chariot cars forth.  
Lifting spears in imitation  
of sires in battle  
or on the hunt,  
they route an invisible enemy  
across a flashing river.

In the cold stream,  
the maidens of Kush  
bathed, their feet and ankles  
under the hot splendor of noon.  
Stern faced the eunuchs kept an eye,  
for wanton wayfarers.

Near the city square,  
the old campaigner sat  
with bandaged, festering arm  
from whence a Hatti's arrow  
had been pulled.  
Surely he thought,  
what stories I can tell,  
of valiant acts  
of midnight raids;  
of spears and shields  
burnished in the blinding sun.

The women wailed;  
their lord was dead!  
A mournful procession  
of veils and tears  
following the bier  
to its final resting shrine,  
past a palace  
where someone was born,  
launched upon life's puzzle.

They talked of planning  
a murder  
behind the granary doors,  
as one came rushing late  
into the secret meeting.  
Fearful of getting caught  
in conspiracy,  
they yet are bent on revenge.

Through the mountains,  
across the river gorge,  
shepherds of Uratu  
lead flocks of sheep and goats  
in the chilly dawn.  
Bells jingle,  
a horn sounds,  
while a future waits  
of pastures rolling.

### **HYMN TO BEAUTY**

Engulfed by shadow,  
Beauty, I seek you.  
I beseech you in your love  
our falseness mend,  
our blindness end,  
sunlit clouds to roam  
onward to your home.  
Passion with art instill,  
instruct in us good will.  
Give us grace,  
humility teach,



one day to reach,  
that summit sublime,  
the reason for time.

### **THREE SECRETS**

I  
Were there no gravity  
we would all be free.

II  
There is no up  
There is no down  
There is only  
the all around.

III  
The mind is an endless sky  
filled with thoughts like stars.

### **FUTILITY**

In an abandoned country house,  
where the wind blows  
through gaping windows  
past glass strewn  
upon the floor,  
in the corner of a room  
a grain of sand  
is sent reeling into infinity.

### **NIGHT REVERY**

A bracing sight ---  
this bright racing night!  
Clouds bath in moon's  
softest glow,  
while rushing on the air they go!

Yet beyond this scene  
are stars and worlds unseen,  
silent, glistening sights  
of blue, red, and silvery white.  
And while these vapors  
billowing on high,  
glide wildly and wide  
light dotted  
valleys and hills below,  
lie in hushed concord and peace.

Soon again those colors will shine --  
gone the cries of lost souls in time,  
echoing far across space,  
at last in their resting place.

## **ATTRACTION**

How do you do what you do?  
How is it you of all get through  
more than all fame, crowns,  
or all the sounds of music do?

As if by some miracle  
you draw me to you  
with your voice and eyes,  
make a strange spirit in me rise,  
so that to lose my life  
seems nothing at times,  
if all I could have was you.

You steep me with wonder  
in your presence and sight  
that I would gladly drowned  
in your sweet beauty's light.  
If I only knew you were good,  
if I only knew you were true,  
what wouldn't I do for you?

## **BLISS**

Roses of pink and orange hue  
are like you,  
and when near is your voice,  
inside I rejoice.  
Come garden of flowers  
beside me be  
and let me hear bliss.

## **TO A YOUNG GIRL**

You radiate amid all the gray,  
that hangs like brume  
on a crest fallen day,  
as a daffodil just brought to bloom,  
with little help of solar rays,  
glows in yellow glory  
above the foggy haze,  
in love's timeless story.  
Though all around is shrouded o'er dull,  
you breathe a beacon of delight.  
Instead of drowning your gleam to null  
the rain of time makes you grow bright.  
And though we cannot forever be,  
your beauty proves eternity.

## **SONG**

At the end of the storm,  
when the wind is warm,  
meet me my girl  
by the rustling trees  
watching changing shadows  
of the deep, becalmed sea.  
Enchanted night,  
chasing the dawn,  
you and I  
will lie on this lawn  
waiting for the sun to toss  
it's bright head in air  
and wake again  
my love so fair.

## **SPRING**

Fragrant wysteria trees  
in the month of May,  
let forth a slow unseen spray  
of perfume enticing me;  
obscuring in my heart  
what it is my mind sees.

Oh, delicate blossoms of the trees  
whose branches toss gently in the breeze!  
Wherefore do you tempt me  
with hope it seems can never be?

## **LIFE WISH**

Spring ephemeral has been here a while.  
The sun, moon and stars pass the time,  
and I know it all cannot last longer  
than a dream.

I respire happily now  
in things so beautiful, so free,  
but weep thinking  
it cannot always be this way.

## **THE WATERS OF LIFE**

Rolling, turning  
having no sides, no top, no bottom,  
the sky around us  
like some great enormous river,  
in which we are atoms,  
and galaxies, planets and stars,  
are but glowing particles  
drifting along, so slowly

as to be by us unseen.  
Onward rolling, turning  
to an infinite clock,  
the wide breast of  
the universal waters  
flows even now.

Strange empty space,  
scoffing, incomprehensible, unending,  
suffusing all existence  
in mystery -- and what possibility?

### **THE MERMAID'S TRANSFORMATION**

Never ending to the eye  
rolls the mighty surging sea,  
set on by sun, moon and winds  
heaving for all Ages  
in all passion's tumult.

In hollow depths below,  
cycles of lives play out their briny span:  
throbbing and pulsing blindly  
to feed and procreate.  
Yet there too a slow peace moves  
soundless as an embryo,  
where fish swim to and fro  
through grasses waving  
through pink coral sleeping  
in waters cold and deep.

A mermaid awakes  
arising from the sea weed and surf;  
the wind whistling about her:  
waves and wet hair  
aglow in the sun's  
iridescent fire.

Then high above the stars appear,  
and from beyond them  
heavenly choir she hears  
rapturous music  
calling forth love most true.

The ocean feys blow on shrill pipes,  
bellow on conches, crying out,  
to arrest her ascension  
to the celestial dimension.  
Yet she succumbs not to fear  
gives them no ear,  
but yearns toward the sky,  
her soul lifted high,  
changed, transcendent.

## HEART'S REGRET

His heart's zeal was for one alone  
to only Laura was ardor shown.  
Amy who loved him was ignored,  
love her he would not afford.

Laura was aloof, coy,  
yet cuteness itself to any boy.  
Amy was gentle and meek;  
more innocent you could not seek.

Where Laura was, where Laura went  
was all John's thought passion rent.  
While sweet Amy kind he did forget,  
but, like her, was caught in a net.

For Laura full of anguish he would be,  
days languishing was he,  
for her who saw him as fun,  
yet neglected the truer one.

Alone one night in bleak despair,  
he thought of her who was all his care,  
Laura, who deep fondness in him awoke,  
but not of her whose heart he'd broke.

Yet to fair Laura he meant very little,  
for all his raging she gave not a tittle.  
In hollow sorrow he then did shrink  
wishing deep from Lethe's stream to drink.

In dejection to heaven he help implored  
praying aloud to his maker and Lord,  
humbling his spirit for solace to feel  
a miracle his sore heart to heal.

Asking forgiveness for his sin,  
he collapsed dazed by emotions within,  
when up he looked above him to see  
a good angel in air floating free.

Veiled by a mist, she smiled,  
at once both cheerful and mild.  
How strange this heavenly grace,  
wore the sweetness of Amy's face.

A feeling overcame him throughout,  
a serene felicity to vanquish all doubt,  
that God had sent this vision  
to rescue him from grief's prison.

What he saw he scarce believed  
though grateful was he to be relieved.  
But where was Amy forgot?

Where was she who he'd loved not?

Gone where he could not her find  
save in memories of the mind.  
Yet from this girl who he had spurned  
a lesson for a life was learned.

### **ROBINSON CRUSOE**

Here I, Robinson Crusoe, lie  
in my thatched hut  
where the wind  
blows in from the sea.  
I listen, forlorn  
of seeing another again,  
no one to hear from or greet  
save that Spirit from within.  
Oh goodness of heaven,  
why then is there me,  
but to worship truth in stars on high,  
or love those unknown  
ever distant beyond the waves?  
Servant of your grace,  
grateful for your bounty,  
abundant is your kindness,  
but wherefore me?  
To worship and adore  
you who are life and creation,  
is the hope that is my rescue.  
Though alone I weep a soul apart,  
I am one with You,  
in your ineffable glory.  
Oh kind star smiling on me,  
shining there with sweetest luster,  
oh rose, oh jewel glowing  
in the gentle blue sky,  
could I but reach you with my touch,  
what elation mine would be!  
Yet better is now the consolation  
of praising your Holy name;  
praying for those in need.  
May I lose myself  
in faith, purity and love;  
following your sacred purpose  
for lost friends  
one day to be found.

## THIS DAY

There are days I feel a limit  
as a soaring bird must sense  
when gravity grasps it  
as if it were its own.  
Though each tendon burst  
to pass the aerosphere,  
in part because I breathe,  
I'm confined here,  
each day waiting,  
for blessedness to come  
and bring me strong wings  
to ascend Freedom's bounds.

But I remain aground,  
gnawed with pains  
cutting deep like an axe, wondering  
why more days should be wasted  
awaiting sorrows to be tasted?  
And surely I thought,  
death cannot be more than  
a trick of fear and unknowing.

But conscience took me aside,  
and asked how could I  
abuse hope and life,  
and forsake the faith  
that love will make all well?

Opportunities are never really gone  
until freely given up.  
And if after all troubles I can move,  
I will still laugh, cry and love.  
I will not singly moan the loss  
of what is mere illusion  
of all that is called real.  
For once the lies that hypnotize  
are shorn and rent,  
and Time's guise is removed,  
all that is truly eternal  
all of which we are that survives  
all that is living and beautiful  
all that is left  
is God.

I resolved that though  
struck by a hundred fold woes  
yet still I should strive  
and stay alive  
for those I love.

Yet solitude can be too  
much a burden that at times  
one questions keeping on,

and comfort it is to know  
there is such a thing as choice,  
and we do not have to live.  
But better to remember  
the patient flower's seed  
resting in the earth's darkness.  
It drinks droplets  
which the clouds downpour,  
and then bid by love's sun  
rises from below,  
its form changed  
into new life.

### **LOVE IS LIFE**

Love is life  
and eternal love is eternal life.  
Because there is a limit to  
human love - humans are not perfect,  
we must love God, who is perfect,  
in order then to develop our power and ability  
to love perfectly mere mortals.  
Jesus is the greatest manifestation and embodiment of love,  
therefore we love Him in order that we can love all.  
God, Love, Nous, are the order and harmony  
of the universe.  
Without Love, how can there be true unity?  
If human love is finite  
it follows that human life is finite.

In order to love  
we must be able to forgive.  
Caring for others  
is a manifestation  
of our love toward God.  
Yet no caring is so great,  
as that love of God put in us,  
to suffer willingly and forgive.

### **DREAM OF HEAVEN**

She ponders the sounds  
of bells chiming slowly,  
gentle notes rising,  
falling softly  
like her breath.  
Music becomes a dream  
and in thoughts she sees  
friends laughing and playing  
in an open field  
where a golden sun  
beams happiness unending.



## **EXPECTATION**

In life's wide canvas I saw you,  
one among so many  
in the midst and flurry of lives.  
Passing through indifferent days and years  
you leapt out to me from the colors moving,  
blessing me with purpose.

If there were no separation  
brought by faction, war and circumstance,  
what joy could be ours I know,  
raising each other up,  
sharing with each other  
the mutual wisdom  
we possess of joy.

## **ENVOI**

Away from the lightening flash  
that illumines clouds  
of a tempest distant,  
the boatman stands  
his vessel drifting  
Toward the horizon's reddening band,  
remembering friends found and friends lost,  
passing the twilight shore.  
He feels his heart enrapt  
with what was and is;  
sees before him the gleam of stars  
reflected in the swirling tide;  
regards the world  
with a serenity and calm  
unfelt, unknown, before.

## **URBAN CIVILIZATION**

Drab stone and mortar,  
leaden, callous streets  
gird round an energy  
that has no soul,  
has vigor, but is guarded  
like a prison,  
has bustle, but chokes your breath.

Is this the congested fate?  
Too much it seems there is  
no escape  
from the polluted river  
that rises by the hour,  
by the minute,  
by the ceaseless round of cars, traffic, buses,  
vanishing around corners  
flowing harshly

in the wailing, huffing tumult.

Hardly a second even to ask  
if you are making your own decision,  
you keep moving, moving  
hoping that if and when you reach home  
all will fall into place  
in your only living space.

### **BIRTH OF DREAMS AT DAWN**

When tremors of shade sigh moaning  
and morning triumphant comes,  
firelight of eternity,  
with the winds taking hold of  
the dark and the light,  
zooming black and gold arrows  
in the hour's fancy,  
pristine dawn is born,  
born from out the shadows,  
before easing gently  
into the way-laying calumny of day.

Leaving the trees  
to hop and fly  
robins warble defiantly  
the victory of the Almighty,  
such a in insistent song  
that clearly great joy contains.

Oh rousing! Oh happy birth  
over rumbling and dread!  
Oh bravest music which incites  
the soul to dearest hope and dreaming!

### **TO YOU**

Say you took a chance  
of loving everything  
and in the end were proved a fool;  
made a clown of yourself  
wagering wrongly,  
and became a laughing stock of time,  
and you were shown  
a person worthy of derision  
by those demons  
that are able to contain all knowing  
and play with men like toys,  
I would stand by you  
and be the loser with you.

I will not likely ever know you  
who read this,  
But I love you with belief  
simply because you could love.

Surely, it is the wonder  
of your searching and mine  
that has created this world  
this very moment.

What we share is endeavor,  
And because of you  
I have let myself feel much happier.  
Do then the same for yourself --  
by me.

### **TEARS ON A SNOWY SEA**

Alone on wide dark waters  
breathing the moist icy air  
tears surge up from  
bottomless depths --,  
alone, alone, so completely alone!  
Frigid seas swelling,  
a heart weeping,  
an arctic breeze stirring,  
a love yearning whispers,  
my heart from its wandering  
to joy complete and freedom unending:  
joy complete and freedom unending  
distant and far from you  
in the cold blue night,  
yet comforting and present  
like a longed for embrace.

### **ASTRONOMY**

They say what is in us  
comes from stars.  
Doesn't it seem then  
that if we look up  
at the night sky,  
that which glistens is you,  
that which shines me?

The dark is endless seeming,  
so menacing and strange.  
Yet no matter how far  
the telescope looks,  
we will always find  
color and light,  
if we but see  
with eyes of beauty,  
that love which glows eternal  
without us, and within.

## THE FINCH SINGING

So affectionate is the tiny finch,  
how his little song it smiles!  
All the great world  
seems hushed all around,  
when the air is filled  
with his "I love you" sound.

A dash of red  
gilds feathers humble brown.  
Yet such modesty  
hides a golden sound!  
For so happy, so assured,  
is the music of that bird.

How I adore that baby song of love:  
calls two, or three, perhaps four,  
a plaintive yearning in each one,  
then a merry warbling:  
so innocent, yet so refined.  
my heart laughs, yet respectfully.

A dash of red  
gilds feathers humble brown.  
Yet such modesty  
hides a golden sound!  
For so happy, so assured,  
is the music of that bird.

Those poets wrote poems about  
birds they loved.  
I read those poems,  
but missed the bird for the poem.

Yet when I actually saw  
When I actually heard,  
It was clear to me then,  
no poem can match the bird.

## **SUITES AND SONGS, ETC.**

A Collection of seven Poems written for, or dedicated to, the very beloved and respected Sally Ann Howes.

### **First Suite.**

**I. To Sally Ann Howes**

**II. Of Names**

**III. Acis and Galatea**

**IV. Phillida and Colin**

**V. A Riddle and A Reply**

**VI. The Rose Song**

**VII. The Shepherds**

*Additional Poems:*

**An Understanding.**

**Last Request**

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### **To Sally Ann Howes**

I was young, a child when I first saw you,  
yet I somehow missed you at that time.

Only lately,  
I saw you again  
and discovered how  
that, back then,  
I must have been  
something blind.

After when I came to dream,  
it was less than to see and hear you.  
In my heart and mind  
I think I know beauty,  
but not even in my memory,  
let alone imagination,  
can I adequately bring to mind,  
catch the full hues,  
suggest the breath, the bounds  
of your real loveliness.

It must be like love then when  
one's feelings of wonder,  
(against one's will!)  
are lifted aloft,  
making one dizzy from the height,  
like this kind of seeing and hearing.

Is this really mere mortal life?  
Did I not instead  
pass away in the night  
and awake in Heaven?

And yet if alive,  
this debt to the Almighty and creation  
for this joy and delight  
is almost death to me even so.  
The brightness and giving  
of Spirit and Nature in you  
causes me to blush and moan,  
makes me feel spoiled,  
so that the surprise and weight  
of this debt is almost death to me even so.

The sun illuminating  
flowers secluded in a garden;  
The wind whispering and singing,  
the leaves and flowers dancing,  
just yesterday I felt like them.

Yet in trying to get on with  
the hard business of life,  
wanting to avoid distraction,  
I had not been seeking this.

*Some Remarks on this poem:*

As is most appropriate with a poem or piece of music, it is not quite she sung that is being celebrated, rather it is most pure Grace, and Beauty. Yet in all fairness, Grace's, and Beauty's tasks to move and inspire us become almost nothing, for the artist, when the study is such as this. There are, I know, people who would dismiss this sort of idealistic perspective as not "real life." But real life, as commonly spoken of is actually a broad generalization. Every rare now and then there are, in "real life," people who just don't seem always to fit because they are just too fine, too exquisite to us. In truth, they are *too* real. Yet since the day-to-day world is often so troubled and afflicted, it becomes all the more necessary (I find) to place the special thoughts and feelings such a person evokes in Heaven (via prayers, songs, or poems), or, else drawing them in more deeply into one's heart. There is great joy and satisfaction to this since we know the person is, in some way, safe and secure there in these places, even if lost to those who perhaps can't see them properly.

**Of Names**

If I am too familiar, please forgive it  
since perhaps it isn't you,  
perhaps it is something about Life  
that moves me,  
but that in you  
Life sings as sweetly as it ever once did,  
is smiling as it ever once was.

I see laughters, friendships, loves  
fallen off the years,  
still present, still here in you  
so that when you are gone  
it seems life will be gone too.

When alone,  
I will not say your name,  
must call you something else,

lest sweet flowers called your names  
be sullied by thoughts of the world.

But what then shall I call you?

What else, but Life?

### **Acis and Galatea**

*Galatea:* But you must be one of my family.

*Acis:* I will serve you forever if you will always love what is good and true. Let Love, Beauty and Goodness be triumphant if but my part has been only to have served them.

And Let me then  
dress you in music and song,  
and when I am away from you,  
I will always think  
of that far song  
which is our truest lives  
in which we see can always see each other,  
that perfect music, harmony,  
gestures, glances, and motions,  
which lives forever  
though we are apart.

Oh Time flow more swiftly,  
speed the tyrant's departure  
and make us free again.

### **Phillida and Colin: A Dialogue**

*Colin:* Yet can there be music when we are apart?

*Phillida:* Not only can there, but there must be;  
loud and resounding as any,  
filling throughout the skies of Love  
though it be of sadness insupportable.

Yet you know, you cannot be truly gone from me.  
You are deep within my yearning for all joy.  
How then can I forsake joy?

You must think of what you owe and in what our true unity lies.  
For many years a flame which offered you vision  
turned out to be false.  
Yet in place of this comes  
That which is Real and True  
Always there, but away the while:  
Love based in Goodness and Duty.  
Think on these and I shall be with you.

*Colin:* But this is not enough,  
better the darkest abyss of despair,  
than to know less than

your present self  
which is both Hope's and Ecstasy's raiment.

No, no, you still do not see.  
You are as much as the whole world to me,  
more than the whole world,  
and all of time as well,  
if only I but give you  
the slightest mind.  
So much is this  
I must at times beg Heaven's mercy.  
Please a while longer.

*Phillida:* Yet stay then, and lay beside me. Soon I must go.

### **A Riddle and A Reply**

#### *A Riddle*

This beauty of hers shames me too much.  
What shall I do? I cannot possibly love her as much as the depth of it within me feels, else I will despoil my own affection with too easy zeal.  
If beauty is something of value to love,  
surely there are other ways to match beauty for love in this.  
But what then if I free all people, do all good works, build every great tower, achieve every kind of benevolence to all? She will then be at my behest, and I no longer her slave.  
But what then? Can the pride of any man's achievement ever truly exceed in esteem and worth the world's most beautiful woman?

#### *A Reply*

Who then shall see beauty?  
And who shall protect her, and her children who are her all?  
And what power has beauty without harmony?  
And what harmony is there where there is mistrust and strife?  
And who then holds the keys to unity and strife but you?

### **The Rose Song**

Nestled rose bud  
looking up from within  
the sun setting aglow soft skin,  
awaiting to awake to glory and me,  
what day shall you bloom  
to set again our hearts free?

I remember those days  
which still thrill my soul,  
held by no hesitation. .  
Children would sing laughing songs,  
love was our destination.

And where to go to was now  
not another time and place.  
We were happy in the starry breeze,



the morning and the sunset's kiss,  
so overflowing, so pleased.

But the dark storms came.  
How could we have known,  
to have sailed past  
the looming tempest's blast,  
before being tossed about,  
dejected, downcast?

### **The Shepherds**

*Thyrsis*: Is it true, as they say, that when they met words and music arose, indeed born, as if by a miracle?

*Menalcus*: Yes. For when he saw her with eyes properly open, his heart gained its true voice. The first word it spoke was her name.

*Thyrsis*: What was she to him then?

*Menalcus*: I think he saw a little lamb in her. For he cherished her deeply with the greatest love and gentleness.

*Thyrsis*: She was quite pretty wasn't she?

*Menalcus*: Indeed.

*Thyrsis*: So now please tell me, what was it that happened?

*Menalcus*: There are powers in the world, both well meaning and not, which seek to distort love and what it is. For this reason pure and truest love must be very closely guarded and protected. But unfortunately times then were mean and heartless, and there was little time and opportunity for this. The world therefore could not long have them, and those attendants of Love, the young girls who waited upon her, then wept to see peace and liberty taken from their mistress.

*Thyrsis*: Yes, but how much can a person truly love another? Surely there is a limit?

*Menalcus*: Among mortals, you are correct. But in this instance neither was the fault hers or his. It was the world that brought about the separation.

*Thyrsis*: Hmm. (skeptical) The world was too hard on them? Perhaps you are mistaken. If what else you say is true, perhaps rather it was they who were too hard on the world. (pauses then sighs) What then shall we say of love?

*Menalcus*: The past is not for us to correct, but perfection may, with courage and faith, be sown into tomorrow. Believe this and those times of joy and wonder will even yet come again.

*Additional poems:*

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### **An Understanding**

*They* could never compensate for woes.  
Yet, at least in this my life,  
I will ever have cause for bliss  
If I can but let you to know  
you are most truthfully  
one of the best things  
I have ever seen: simple as this.

*But keep this to yourself  
because the world  
will never understand or believe my real meaning.*

To think (if I had known you earlier)  
I could have been some kind of friend.  
Can't I murmur smiling regret inside,  
even if still grateful toward life and happy for others?

Many times love must away,  
and one must wrestle with the world,  
so that you are uncomfortably out of mind.  
Yet I must not see too much of you,  
because to see you is to desire you,  
and such desire has no end.

It is Goodness and Beauty in you  
I must love most, then yourself.  
It is for you to live to be beautiful, by nature.  
So only by what is pure, right, and true  
may I possibly serve and adore you.

And you are Happiness.  
And if happiness, which is you,  
can be made more happy,  
my happiness will be Joy.

*And then say:*  
Love, Life, all Goodness: may I do my Duty,  
May I be what you most need me to be!

### **Last Request**

*I asked the commandant who holds us prisoner if I could at least have her receive my letter and allow her some kind of reply. After all, I said, what with your killing us all, and life passing us by, surely this is a small request. He said he would permit no such letters.*

Perhaps I can explain to *you* then.  
It is not really necessary she love me,  
circumstances are too strange I grant you.

Ordinary kindness, routine politeness is sufficient.

It's just that I love loving her so much,  
that few things else move me so.  
She understands music  
so I think she will understand this.

When I thought of making her happy,  
everyone and everything she loves  
had to be made richer  
because she loved them  
But if she loves them,  
how can they ever be made richer?  
They therefore should always be happy.

I wish someone would apologize to her for the way the world is.  
I would do so myself, but as you can see...

I thought of her now and across all of time.  
Then it struck me like a revelation:  
she is radiant as the dawn.

What gall, what spite I cannot hear from her.  
I will therefore love her in my prayers.  
In my journey towards the Good,  
I yet have hope and faith  
to see her there.  
And while death is prepared,  
please tell her for me,  
with this kiss invisible she will know  
that she will ever live  
in the furthest reaches of my soul,  
a space not here but forever.

**A Suite in addition to the First, written for Sally Ann Howes**

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**Contents.**

- 1. His Grief**
- 2. Before Sunrise**
- 3. A Miniature**
- 4. Proceeding**
- 5. Berries**
- 6. True**
- 7. There are Beauties**

**His Grief**

Thanks to these photographs,  
I think I have been cheated of my life.  
So many things fate  
(much too carelessly I think)  
has tossed my way,  
and with these pictures,  
of course, it's fate once again.  
Just wonderful. Just great.  
For now, as figures  
in the great chronology,  
I am not able  
to have known or met  
this woman, this girl.

How most certainly  
blessed and fortunate  
were those who did.  
It can't be denied.  
All that I have now to ask is,  
how am I live?

**Before Sunrise**

Not long before sunrise,  
I went to leave food  
for the small birds to find,  
upon their waking.  
To my surprise,  
a gathering met me  
so blustery, so free,  
a stir rather tickling  
so soon, so early.

Though houses stayed napping,  
great winds set leaves flapping.  
All of charcoal and black  
was the sky high and back;  
with diamonds gleaming alight  
in every color, direction and sight:

chatting , humming,  
whistling, some drumming.  
Oh so much the trees longed,  
to be swept up with the throng,  
tossing about shades of desire,  
as if to join the singing fire.  
Then brisker than the air  
was the absence of all care.  
The howls into a hush glided;  
all melody and din subsided;  
clouds pale yellow, some orange-red,  
one of them shouting, southward sped;  
when behold, the horizon rolled,  
turning the world into gold.

My goodness, I thought,  
What pageantry! What play!  
Do all these know her too in their way?  
If so, more glad am I,  
more glad than this sky.  
And the next thing I knew,  
I sang too.

#### **A Miniature**

Poise commanding,  
meekness disarming,  
eyes celestial,  
that voice spectacular,  
visions of your hair,  
your cheerfulness,  
small fingers perfect,  
majestic limbs,  
rising up in a bouquet  
which enshrines  
an unpretentious heart  
most definitely  
causing love.

A queen, yet a doll,  
goddess, yet mouse!  
Nature's brilliance,  
Life's sweet too!

#### *Inscription:*

One could live  
on memory,  
did hearts not long so.

## Proceeding

Remember I must  
this most extraordinary liking,  
first sprang up deep inside me,  
and is like affection divine,  
lighter than soul and breath,  
yet mightier than the day itself.

Should shallow thoughts  
lure me too much astray,  
I am chastened by a very good angel,  
who has as much as reminded me:  
“Here now...it was by  
*this* ethereal wisp within  
That you were first smote.  
If you *really* love this woman,  
then to *this* fire be true.”

Cast upward  
was a warming sun  
whose rays shone  
through my heart,  
and reflected you back to me.  
I then became some kind of mirror  
who with silver pen,  
is caught up  
in a very agreeable daze  
trying to write of  
all flowers, all ribbons,  
all jewels, all fountains,  
all rainbows, all glimmering,  
all wistfulness, all sighing:  
glorious plans,  
fondest dreams,  
would over flow  
with each yearning.

But what seemed most true,  
was that I should cherish you.  
For howsoever I might ever be prized,  
You *magnificent*,  
you *incredible* are always better.

Only let this  
your very nice poet  
be ever there for you,  
(no matter how glum things are),  
the most care free of rivers,  
ever pouring forth  
in orchards, bright forests and meadows,  
to love you in all ways needed or wished.

You should ask:

“How can *this* be?”

Because, as I will tell you,  
ineluctable glee is mine  
every day and always,  
since something within,  
a blessing from Heaven  
come unawares,  
more than music,  
more than light,  
revealed you to me.

### **Berries**

*He*: Once I saw swallows fluttering, along a fence. A mother was feeding her baby a berry. The round fellow was already out of the nest. But she still fed him through his mouth. Poetry, you know, can be fed to a person in kisses like this.

*She*: Yes, but I like how you write.

*He*: And I how you think. What are you thinking?

*She*: I was thinking how truly grand what's little can be.

*He*: Like swallows?

*She*: That's right! You're right!

### **True**

Isn't apart sometimes together?  
Isn't together sometimes apart?  
Isn't this something of a dance?

What of all the tomorrows?  
Who'll say where time goes?  
Will judgments never fail?

Having given it much thought,  
I don't really believe I could  
be your only you, nor you my only mine.

Certainly often, and even for a life time,  
but I 'm not so sure one can really be  
the satisfaction of another always.

A person can be *love*, *harmony*, and *virtue*,  
which are what do satisfy us always,  
yet who can fathom *variety*?

So should you *love* him (and not me),  
then it is *him* you should love,  
this I insist.

Indeed, stay as good as you are,

and if he's not *too* bad,  
I will love him well myself.

Perhaps a comrade  
he'd turn out to be,  
and lay down his life  
as I would for he:  
which is to say for you, true?

### **There Are Beauties**

There are beauties,  
we didn't yet see,  
and isn't there too,  
more still to be?

To give is the best thing,  
to give is all living.  
But do sometimes take,  
as a way of your giving.

For you to love life,  
like never before,  
if I could but this,  
I'd never want more.

I'd show you the mountains,  
the misty air by the sea;  
on the islands we'll view  
the moon over tea.

The seagull high soaring  
sky and water rules,  
while starfish and crab  
swim in low pools.

Craggy, rock towers,  
in the ocean still stand,  
but an Indian long-boat,  
lies cast on the sand.

Recall then that day,  
as they wept the while,  
though approaching the end,  
to each other smiled.

For when times are lost,  
and beauties can't stay,  
they remain inside us  
awaiting someday.



SONGS, etc. written for Sally Ann Howes

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*Additional Poems*

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**Flight and Home**

In the longing and summit  
of flesh and the spirit  
are joys all easily see:  
waves racing the shore,  
passion which scales the heights,  
clouds which float and fall free,  
hearts even cry  
if their loins are denied.

Yet when I saw her  
I did not want to think this way,  
it made me want to cry, she is so beautiful.

She is that golden flight and home,  
something perfect, something higher,  
yet touching the amiableness of earth.  
She doesn't know how beautiful she is.

Until her, life was something less.  
Let me then be more.  
In me it is a fault,  
thinking I really know better than her,  
let me learn from her own wisdom,  
as I flatter myself she learns from me.

And though she say otherwise,  
she is someone so grand.  
Can I, no one, ask for the rainbow?  
No, it's best to wait for her in dreams.  
But let love be where still it yet might.  
May I, and humbly, with those glorious girls  
who also love her, scheme  
to see her always in the warmest embrace.

And if we're out of sorts or the time is not right,  
may we bury ourselves in far away night,  
rather than risk the slightest fall  
of that comfort and bliss,  
which are our all.

### **Candid**

When all's said and done,  
I can't help loving you.  
So don't blame me for it.  
Will you love me too?  
If so let's go,  
I can think of so many heavens  
for such as might be us.  
If not this a compliment take,  
I'm not hung up about being so serious, so close.  
But it was dire to have just a little of you.

There are only two things  
In my life that makes me truly sad,  
losing the kids who died,  
and not hearing from you.  
Nothing else would I let myself weep for,  
but will do my duty like I told you I would.

But if I cannot hear from you,  
why is this world here?

### **Another**

She is not all women,  
yet she's all women to me,  
as the dear Lord,  
and by rights of the free  
he has given me,  
to make her.

It might have been another,  
I might have been her brother  
but only *she* is the one,  
and more beautiful is none.

We are not every day  
who we were, or who we'll be.  
Mortals like us  
know who we love  
can't always their way see  
we love when we can  
and we turn.

Some people suffer because  
that is now the way;  
people prosper  
that's how it is.

But now's never really today,  
what really lasts is in us  
is what's good.

### **Small Smiling**

Just look at those adorable eyes.  
Why are they smiling so?  
They couldn't be more than four or five:  
so small, so unknowing,  
such overflowing, such glee.

Those eyes both show faith  
but in what are they believing?

When you see such as these, so helpless or fragile,  
how could you not think of caring so much,  
they are so trusting, without fear,  
who cares for these here?

Maybe all this is just a show for them,  
and because we love them so.  
But still there can be  
a little happiness for you and me.

### **When Music Comes**

Music's not right  
if things are all wrong,  
like when we're too busy,  
or the mood is all gone.  
Yet know though we're deaf  
and that feeling's away,  
music somewhere  
goes on, and still plays,  
every hour, every minute.  
But when it again comes  
what are two in it?

They are hillsides arising  
in a peak heaven kissing.  
two stars colliding,  
sending night missing,  
more bright than the brightest sun,  
love is like this  
when music comes.

When music arrives  
incense is whirling,  
making fragrant the moment  
of tender unfurling.  
Yet though it can't last,  
and tomorrow ends song,  
music we don't hear  
still plays, still goes on

every dear hour, every dear minute.  
But when it again comes  
what are two in it?

They are blue birds alighting  
in a sky there and waiting,  
two daffodils tossing,  
blowing away hating,  
whether we're singing or we hum,  
love is like this  
when music comes.

### **Appraisals**

As has been said  
many times,  
best treasures  
are rarely seen  
at true worth.

You know too  
that playing the world  
is sometimes fine.  
Sometimes it isn't.  
It's good for some things  
and not good for others.

For all fine intentions,  
the world in its spinning  
can sometimes knock down  
love between two friends.  
They should avoid then,  
and as best they may,  
taking care to stay above it.

What you have  
the world rarely has.  
So don't feel shy,  
when dealing with it,  
of pricing yourself too dear.  
A man might sell all he had  
just to get a special pearl,  
when why look at you,  
I think that's what you are.

*Additional Poems*

**Tiger Jack's Escape**

*For Sarah Lopez*

Kitty Kat started,  
Did you hear?  
Tiger Jack got caught in a pipe!  
Did he get out?  
Oh yes, he did.  
He didn't want  
to be in that pipe.  
That boy got stuck,  
but didn't know how.  
Mewing till they came,  
he was *so* glad  
to get out!

**Everybody Sing**

*For Heather Ripley Glaisyer*

Clouds bearded frown,  
cold and frost bite,  
the sun is a prisoner,  
the ground's still and white.

The sparrows in a bush  
though hidden now see,  
gather warmly together  
perched patiently.

Then one cries out:  
"Everybody sing!"  
All at once,  
with "cheep, cheep, cheep,"  
how loudly it rings!  
The quiet can't keep!

"Oh dearest my heart,  
what laughter you bring,  
no matter how gray,  
my life's always Spring!  
For now then,  
and forever more,  
you are the one  
I will always adore!"

## **In the Past**

*For Katy Burchell*

Velvety darkness descends  
bespeckled with gold  
of red candle light  
like dreams overcoming stillness,  
which look above and beyond years.  
You call to me as I seek you,  
yet I miss you in the dark,  
so up now after I fell,  
what's now left to tell?  
The party was still going  
when we left with.  
the lamps hung alight,  
drunken stars fallen with night.  
Coming up on the sea air  
sand and grass  
when we got there,  
glinting crystals like glass  
that house beyond reach,  
alone by the beach,  
light as a feather,  
now safe together.

## **Hope Along the Way**

*For Basilea*

We are so rushed and driven on,  
not enough time to know the value of it all:  
except in halted moments  
catching one's breath in the hurry,  
little time to look, little time to see,  
till again we're flung on in a flurry.  
Oh how much more then  
those pauses must savored be  
because now in that moment is you,  
and all this trepidation,  
to fulfill obligation,  
to get past pain,  
all this now seems  
so I can see you again.

And when you are only sometimes there what do I think?  
You are there but you are not, and I think of music that moves,  
I think of problems to solve, things that are curious or to me funny.  
Yet in this somewhat thinking of you I know you're not there.  
Which is just as well, because you *aren't* there.  
Why should I die then more than is strictly necessary?  
So I merely die as I do these days,  
and this death must be just as one.

But then oh if *you* felt sad too,  
I simply would not let you.  
“You cannot be this way,”  
I would say,  
“you lift my hopes  
you soar my day.  
No, the only thing bad  
is your being faraway.”

*End of Suites and Songs.*

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## CONVICTION AND ASSURANCE

What is it if  
swans stroll sidewalks,  
and eagles streets,  
royal yet forlorn captives  
of the wild man of the steppes?

*More* than shame, of course.  
Not much better will it be if  
such birds out fly us  
in being so wonderful.

Until some hello,  
be you as they,  
and I will be too.

## DEO GRATIS

With some prayer  
having been put into it before hand,  
I thank God,  
that I now give thanks to Him better  
than I did last year.

*True*, the improvement  
wasn't so ample.  
But what sweetness there is  
in even a little growth that way.

So, please dear Lord,  
grant me by next year  
to thank yet better.

## DECLARATION OF A FREE SOUL

I was born happy and will be happy if I feel like it --  
while doing the right thing as best I can, and as God gives me to.  
Furthermore, I will endure no power in the world  
frightening me with irrational fear;  
or tell me that because certain people think such-and-such,  
that such-and-such is necessarily so;  
or tell me I don't have the choice to believe what I want to believe;  
or that I don't have a choice in doing the right thing or not;  
or that I can't choose my thoughts when it comes to yea or nay.  
I am honestly one of the happiest people in the world,  
and if I am ever really unhappy  
it is invariably because people who embrace  
or give into upside-down thinkings  
most belligerently cause me problems.

## OCCASIONAL PRAYER

Not mine,  
but thy will be done, Lord  
Make me good,  
keep me from foolishness.  
Give me humility  
Grant me grace  
May I be grateful  
Ever loving greatly.  
Like you dear Lord.  
Amen.

## TRUE INFINITE

You know *this*, but don't know *that*.  
If you'd known that (and not this) would you *really* be any different than you are?

It seems that *how* we deal with what we know (not so much *what* we know) that our real and deeper selves can be affected. People, like atoms, will normally only change and interact on the surface. If the heat of a given person's love or desire is great enough, can our own nucleus, or core selves, be affected?

We are not really what we know so much as what we love, and only in this sense would knowing this, or not knowing that make any difference, that is to say if the knowing significantly affected what we love. But it (or they) would have to really be something, now wouldn't it?

Sometimes when *this is there*  
it is no longer really *this*.  
If somewhere else  
it might become merely *that*  
or perhaps something better.  
Place and role is everything.  
In a different place *everything*  
can or could become something else, but apparently not just *anything*.

Everything must stop at the infinite, and this includes all that ails you – even time and death. Where then will we find the true infinite?



For the scientist and cognitive philosopher, the infinite, unless assumed to be a notion innate and intuitive to us, can only be a logical, theoretical, or practical construct.

If not innate to us, this construct cannot be the true infinite.\*

Religious faith, on the other hand, sees itself in a position to insist that the infinite is real and might call or link it to God, Brahman, Nirvana, the Tao, *li*, bhakti, Christ's love – all of which understandably allow of wide interpretation and degrees of comprehension, and often times are expressed by what they are not.

\* *Note.* Some nominalist philosophers, such as Chrysippus, have distinguished between *the infinite* versus relations or processes which go on *infinitely*: dismissing the reality of the former while maintaining the feasibility of the latter.  
So by this view, if you like it, the One (or else the universe) is not infinite or the infinite, but *is* infinitely divisible.

### TO LIFE ONCE MORE

Strewn across ages  
like debris in a desert,  
sacrifices made,  
the babe laid,  
the tears shed,  
the prayers said,  
lessons taught:  
was all for naught?

Should we our hands up throw  
because we *don't* know?  
Accept all as destroyed,  
and settle some place in the void?  
Or will Eternal light and grace  
gather all in an embrace  
who gave love their trust:  
the caring, the abused, the just?

Oh but a revolution I'll take up  
to save all forgotten weeping,  
yet humble to that Providence,  
gently the course of things keeping,  
asking courage, faith, and patience,  
to keep our hearts from sleeping.

Oh you dull! You deceived!  
Was not your birth  
fresh and smiling  
as any joy filled leaping?  
And were you not loved  
but didn't know it?  
Yet now have you  
allowed yourself  
to be mired in time,  
mistaking time for life.

Awake, know your birth aright,  
and live again anew!  
Arise once more that Spirit  
of all that's Good and True!

### **THERE AREN'T WORDS**

I am a lunatic  
To love her so much.  
But she is so cute  
-- there just aren't words.

I am a villain  
To want to possess her.  
But she is so lovely  
-- there just aren't words.

I dream and I long  
Yet what good does it do?  
She makes me write this  
-- but there aren't the words!

### **PRESENTS**

I'd send her  
a flowery bouquet  
that glows so gay  
that were it night  
you'd think it was day;

and proud painted horses  
on a toy carousel  
playing music box music  
to make her feel well.

And with  
all this rest,  
loud wheezing chimes  
of baby birds  
in a nest:

hearts full,  
sounding  
high,  
to where  
one day  
birds fly.

## **MEANTIME**

You don't *really* need me,  
nor I even you.

But oh *so* wonderful you are!  
And you are so wonderful.

Only after I landed  
did I realize  
I'd been flying.

So if I don't  
another poem send  
know I think of you  
as someone  
loved ever to no end.

But the noise,  
things too dreadful to speak...

So let *this* sleep,  
it will keep.

(There's no point *now*,  
now is there?)

## **IF ONLY ONE PRAYER**

If I had only one prayer  
It would be that those I love  
whether they're far or near  
know there is always someone  
to whom they're always dear.

If forlorn, forsaken  
I myself must be,  
So be it!  
Sinner as I am,  
God's will be done,  
Lord have mercy!

Only let them always know  
They're always adored  
And never for granted taken.  
Though memory sleep,  
May love ever awaken.  
Though our mind forget,  
May our heart be ever theirs.  
Keep them dear Lord  
In kind, most loving care.

## **WEALTH**

The more a person is loved  
the more they are worth.

But when we love  
the humble and good,  
the whole world  
is made more rich  
than all the riches it possesses.

Take delight at this instant  
in the sum of all pleasures goodly  
and all real happiness that's ever been,  
and in your love of them  
all these goodly pleasures are yours,  
with joy enough for all beside.

Now, what now more could you ask,  
but true freedom and peace?

### **THE EMPTY FRAME**

Instead of a picture  
I put up an empty frame,  
and now in it  
I can see anything  
(except nothing.)

### **THE AGE ACCURSED**

Would that I died ten years ago  
than to have seen what I have seen.  
Such betrayal, such baseness,  
such falseness, such cruelty!  
Of good, there was very much and more.  
But the stink, and rot of indifference  
that ate and eats its way  
into most everyone and everything --  
Would that I'd died ten years ago  
than to have known what I have known!  
How blessed and at peace must it be  
to have been spared this vile age!  
The dead no more need remorse.  
But Lord pity us who lived!

### **MAKE NO PEACE WITH HELL**

What do you think  
doing the right was ever for?  
To please some dictator?  
Doing the right and morals  
are what make real happiness possible.  
Though he glow with powers,  
and look and sound like Jesus,  
believe no angel or ghost.  
And if he forces himself on you,  
and will not leave,  
once and for ever  
when told to,

pray for his damnation.  
Forgive all and everyone else,  
bear your cross,  
but, with sobriety and grace,  
curse all lording spirits  
that give the least hint  
of threatening or bullying.  
But you fear him you say.  
Fear more giving in to him.  
For he was never happy.  
And how will you be so  
if you live your life  
according to him?

### **WHAT BUT?**

If God manifested himself to sight,  
it must be as a blooming flower,  
for what is more beautiful?  
And if he was sound,  
what but the most heart  
soaring harmony?  
If an animal then innocence and good nature.  
If as a man then a hero and honest friend.  
If as a number what number could he not be?  
And if as strength  
what but peace unending?

### **AMBUSCADE**

Yes, of course  
it's possible!  
My goodness!  
How dreadful  
and ungodly  
to think otherwise!  
Only you'll have to  
take out those two angels.  
And to do that,  
you must arm yourself with  
justice, truth and reason,  
as swords,  
as you know,  
really do cut.

### **“ODE TO HELL,” or the Anti-Aircraft Battery Hymn**

He glows a dazzling white  
from the blue on high  
surrounded by angels  
and smiling  
with a picture  
of a real lamb  
on his golden crest ---  
yet without

the least shred  
or pulse  
of real heart,  
wisdom,  
humility,  
or humanity  
to be found in either himself  
or his angelic followers.  
Seen afar from deep space,  
they must look on the globe  
like an Emperor's  
imperial entourage  
proceeding majestically,  
and across  
the cloud adorned sky,  
from  
Los Angeles to Seattle;  
and on their way  
to spread the gospel of blind fear,  
in thunderous  
Dolby© Surround-Sound.  
May his be the stink,  
the rot,  
the confinement,  
the torture,  
the poison,  
the human rights abuse,  
now and forever.  
Amen.

#### **TO AN ANGEL**

When you took that bribe  
In fear,  
And sold that child  
In tears,  
Did you realize you  
Were selling also  
Your heart and soul?  
Smog that glows,  
Slave high in the sky,  
Golden ghost,  
Your life is a lie.  
Time is on our side,  
Because truth forever abides.  
If then we are true,  
And before we do,  
You, coward, will die.

#### **IF IN THESE TIMES**

And if in these times,  
we missed out  
on the world,  
what did we

end up missing,  
but insincerity,  
betrayal,  
phony baloney?  
All you ever did  
that was really worthy,  
All you ever made,  
You did it for someone else.  
It could not have been  
for yourself.  
You may not believe it,  
but somewhere,  
apart from your problems,  
there actually is a place  
where there are no problems,  
and with (believe it or not)  
a place that is yours...  
Only they way it is,  
we're under attack  
for some reason,  
so...  
we'll just have to deal with it.

### **DEBTS**

He gladly threw in his lot  
with the lying dead,  
because as far as money,  
they were never in the red.  
But little did he realize,  
when finally put to bed,  
in order to pay them back  
they would have his bloody head.

### **AMBITION**

If you are unknown to fame  
Make with Love your name,  
For any star needs a fan.  
That's how the thing began.

Animals  
Have been very good,  
And some people too.  
You can't save all of them,  
But you can save a few.  
Make them a queen  
Or crown them a king;  
Wanting their happiness,  
More than any other thing;  
Wishing them safety to no end,  
All their cares to mend.  
For what is more worthwhile  
Than to forever be a friend?

Or think how someone is forgot;  
That someone sore needs caring.  
How unbecoming! How ridiculous!  
Now give up this self-staring!  
Be you a heart than shines,  
The very star of devotion:  
No hero is more fine  
Who seeks in this promotion.

### **TO A FOOL**

Not Life, but Hell's to blame.  
But you blame Life as if it were Hell!  
Stop listening to Hell,  
and start listening to Life!  
Forswear the reign of finitude,  
that spawn of evil, and prison of our hours.  
Cease your cowardly lies and secrets,  
and see and speak the eternal!  
Paul was like you,  
a fallen, murdering man.

Yet look, through courage,  
what became of him!

As for waters of nectar,  
and flowers from Heaven,  
what good is all this,  
if truth's outlawed,  
and the justice uneven?  
And with skulls in the ground  
of the people you killed,  
how can you think  
it was God whom this willed?

### **ON ENDURING TIME**

They were so glorious  
Yet now have fallen silent  
In the valley left behind.  
Will they come again?  
Will this dry spell never end?  
I knew him.  
He had heaven to give,  
But they would not let him live.  
How much in the way of tears  
Did it cost to get you here?  
Yet what was all this,  
To any weeping of his,  
That we could not be happy  
Without drowning in the sea?  
Yet he was cast aside  
As if he never was.  
If you are like him,  
God will survive in you



And you in Him.  
We can't always help in our time.  
In our time we cannot always see.  
In our time, we sometimes die.  
In God's time, God sees.  
In God's time we are and will be free.

### **THE MAN OF THE AGE**

Give me that man  
who will not criticize  
a ghost, angel, or rich man,  
because he's afraid of them;  
Give me a man  
who will look to lights in the sky  
before reasoning;  
Give me a man who cannot think for himself;  
but always turns to others  
to find out what he thinks;  
Give me that man who is so interesting  
he is always forcing himself on people;  
Give me a man who will join  
in the persecution of attractive people;  
Give me the man who has so much wealth  
you know he has been up to no good;  
Give me a man who will wear  
a baseball cap with a death's head emblem,  
and I'll give you a man of the Age.

### **THE FLAG THAT'S TRUE**

What did it matter,  
Whether whole or in tatters,  
As long as you waved  
Against lying and false fears?

What difference was it  
Exactly how you appeared,  
If in the breeze you fluttered  
Someone's hope of being free?

How many stars,  
How many stripes,  
Whether white, red or blue,  
What are these exactly,  
If those with you  
Stand for truth and being true?

You are there  
Where there's compassion,  
Where people are fair,  
Where people for love  
Are willing to die.  
Only there  
Can it be said

That our standard flies.

From injustice and crime  
You protect  
Both the high and low.  
Though beautiful it is,  
This cloth  
Is but your shadow.

May you never again  
Be brought to bear  
Against the friends  
Of nature and the land,  
But only those who betray them,  
Spurn law and reason;  
Refuse to understand.

### **WISHFUL THINKING**

I was so glad when he turned into the wolfman,  
and ran running fast as his legs could take him,  
far and away and over the hills,  
never to be seen or heard from  
ever again.

### **THE REASON**

If we met,  
It was truly in love.  
But that love truly  
Is now to love them,  
So they can be happy  
As we are,  
Even more and by far  
Than we are;  
Giving them wonderful gifts  
Such as were our lot,  
From people who loved us:  
Who'll ne'er be forgot.

### **THAT BLEST MOOD**

I can take,  
I can leave you.  
You are by chance,  
yet not by chance,  
like every other,  
yet like none other,  
here, but beyond reach.

Yet when I get home,  
on grassy cliffs  
above the bay  
and all is finally still,  
I'll finally dream

my best dreams,  
and my best dreams  
are dreams of you.

### **FAREWELL**

We blossom, ripe, and decay,  
The music begins to stop,  
All is passing away.  
In looking back  
On once resplendent day,  
The memory of you which shined  
Is now an image divine.  
Oh, won't you come again?

Yet powers are indifferent,  
Callous and cruel.  
Fate decrees what will be.  
And sad it is to think that  
Though birds sang merrily,  
We'll never meet again;  
Heavens hoped for  
Never known;  
Adrift on an empty sea.

So in goodbye then,  
Let me wish you the best poetry,  
Because you are poetry to me.  
For when I think of you --  
Grottos, deserts, stars,  
Forests, beaches --  
You are so much  
Of everything I see!  
And if but in this twilight  
There's just a hint of melody,  
I will in some wise know  
Some of what was to be.

### **HE GAVE HIS HEART TO DEMONISM**

He wears a mask to hide his face.  
"The Phantom of the Opera knew no disgrace!  
For how could such be  
If his face they cannot see?"

He listens to an ancient ghost,  
Whose gossip is his greatest boast,  
Who every time he's shown the door  
Says he's nothing to live for.

He gave his heart to demonism!  
Rumplestiltskin is his name  
Being interesting is his game.  
And if they don't do these things a certain way,  
He's afraid he'll go to Purgatory.

But Oh can anybody tell  
Why he thinks there is no Hell?

He spies on you, he spies on me  
From foreign terrorists we must be free.  
Religion, and magic are his favorite shows,  
And putting in your head his radio.

He gives our President just the plan  
To rid us all of terrorism.  
Then an anti-war protest orchestrates  
For the very plan he detonates.

He gave his heart to demonism! (etc.)

### **THE PROMISE**

Some lands  
are old, beaten and sad;  
beaten and sad for ages,  
because of demons:  
brutal, scolding revenge.  
Love wrecked ---  
abandoned, still,  
now filled with silent sorrow.  
Oh melancholy,  
that sits on time's porch  
looking out:  
a wind blowing through  
portals of years,  
the hollow of souls,  
yet longing, still longing  
clasping, still clasping,  
the still seed of life  
beneath the tyrant reign.

### **DECEIT**

Dearest lamb,  
Did they not see?  
Did they not know  
The greatest good  
Is joy and innocence  
Beside you?  
Did they not know  
That in murdering Truth  
Life's murdered too?

And even to this day,  
Because of some lie,  
We still die:  
For only truth  
Has lasting breath.  
And ever was it.  
And is still now,

That falsehood  
Brings us death.

### **CHRISTMAS POEM**

The ocean is so deep and so wide,  
its thousand echoes have never known you.  
It roars like a lion,  
nor all of mankind does it care for.  
You in the center of your world  
mean nothing to it.  
It roars like a lion.  
What does the ocean care about the world of man?

Yet is such power greater than my love for you?

Our ship can seize the wind.  
Like Pompey, we can even  
clean the seas of pirates.  
But without a lighthouse,  
how would we get home?

A tongue of fire burns  
false thoughts and pride in my mind.

I want you to be happy.  
But only if you're good.  
The more good you are,  
the more I want you to be happy.

A song for Christ.  
A song for the innocent.  
A Christmas song.  
We adore you Oh Christ,  
for by your holy cross,  
you have set us free.  
You were the one who suffered most,  
let us praise and celebrate you.  
You were the one who suffered most.  
Let our greatest happiness be rejoicing for you.  
May we bring you the best of the gifts you gave us.  
You stood the test, who suffered the trial,  
who were ever so good,  
were abandoned by all  
as happens to the innocent and murdered.  
We are ashamed to celebrate with the liars,  
and will have nothing to do with  
the betrayers of good,  
who march on to false riches and false laughter.  
Because you who they murdered are real happiness:  
the real happiness they don't know.

Love beyond the obvious.  
This broken pot.

This flower did not shake the universe,  
but is a sign of he who does.  
My cat is like a fine painting that moves,  
yet no money follows her.

A part of the land,  
they are like the land  
and the land is like them and humble,  
making grass baskets to sell to strangers.  
How ever did such people  
get so far out here in the jungle to live?  
Now could we live as simply and as innocent.  
They greet with a friendly face,  
for nature has a friendly face.  
But gods are cruel, man is cruel,  
and so nature hides.

### **DESIRE ETERNAL**

It seems there's no way to speak,  
so that words, like a bright sun,  
would once and forever  
drive away the murk  
beclouding consciousness.

Defining seems often too confining.  
For when we try to say  
what we really mean,  
words fall short,  
are misinterpreted,  
till even wisdom itself  
is anonymous and forgot.

How long will you fix  
to that burning star?  
How long will you pine, broken heart,  
resolved on regret till all ends?  
For how long can you stay  
dreams of life that pass away?

In the different folds of awakening,  
we try to keep track of many things.  
Yet like towers on a summer shore  
a sea steadily draws them in.

Volant gold glides and slides  
amidst cloud crevices in the sky,  
as the earth swings its weight spinning,  
so that the sun to us comes round again beaming  
dynamic, celestial!

How goes this spiraling song  
that we cannot come along?

Gods wake

from sleep ambrosial,  
while we in their bodies  
must carry on  
that they might  
be alive to slumber in bliss.  
Like cells flowing alive,  
now suddenly dead,  
we make up their  
sommolent being.

Oh powers,  
whose seconds are our centuries,  
let us feel your real,  
that ecstasy which time  
has not yet to us revealed.  
We who are mortals  
will care for each molecule and cell  
that works or goes  
to keep this life together.  
May fortune and truth bless us,  
we cursed ignorant.  
May reclining Justice  
awake now forever!  
May stars above us  
hear our cries and laments!

Open up the welkin, rend the sky!  
Exhibit that peace eternal  
for which eager spirits long,  
without which vision  
we'd be people of mud only.  
Give us then reasons for hope,  
free of illusions,  
identifying with the Ideal!

#### **FORT CASEY U.S.A.**

What battles were fought  
the globe around  
terror shaking the earth in war!  
But Casey your mighty guns  
ne'er saw the foe.  
Why did they build,  
such a stalwart fort well armed?  
Indeed such peace is yours  
that having never fought  
is victory without peer!

#### **SPARROWS**

Gusts gathered,  
then so strongly blew  
that all the branches tossed wildly,  
and the leaves

all shuddered and shook!  
But Lord love them,  
they tightly clung on,  
and sang yet again,  
chirping in unison!  
From where such hope?  
From where such faith?  
All the world  
begins with these little ones,  
because for my life it does!  
Love give them a kiss on each cheek.  
They know only of one thing to sing.  
But one thing that's true, true!

#### **TO VAN GOGH, EMILY DICKINSON, ET AL.**

Lament not me  
if I alone  
and neglected expire,  
since the best freedom  
ever meant  
escaping him  
and that miserable liar.

And why worry  
what others think,  
who can or will not  
examine  
what is false  
and what true?  
Yet, ahem, worrying  
about what I think,  
he thinks I do.

#### **THE OWNER OF SORROW**

From him and his ilk sprang all tragedy.  
He carries with him the memories  
of unfathomable weeping,  
and it is sadness yet still  
which keeps him aglow in royal state!  
In the piercing light  
of his blinding brilliance,  
he doesn't think tears matter  
(or so at least he says.)  
And for this reason  
he's the world's king.  
Some (falsely) say he's God.  
Some say he's the Devil.  
Who and whatever he is,  
where is there any  
man enough to fight him?  
Some are rich  
because they are his friend.  
But what happiness is that



which has its bottom  
in all sorrow?

### **JERUSALEM RESTORED**

Earth, scene of an unending crime.  
In the wars of conflicting desire  
who will win and for how long?

How different it would be  
if things were different!  
Yet as they are,  
a friend is a stranger.

Is a temple built by Herod God's temple?  
Certainly, it is Herod's temple to God.

"Cut the phone lines, block the mail,  
Morpheus our king is here!"

In the corridors of mind  
he took the wrong door.  
Realizing his mistake,  
he stepped back.

"In that room things are bad,"  
he said. "But *that* is not  
all rooms."

### **ECONOMICS**

A jewel of heaven is what to hell?  
Something to plunder,  
yet claim as nothing,  
or worse  
declare the public enemy.

A jewel of hell is what to heaven?  
Something of value,  
but which hell stole,  
or worse  
holds an unwilling hostage.

Then someone shouts:  
"Heaven and hell  
henceforth are abolished.  
There are no distinctions!"

### **EDITORIAL**

Freedom spills gradually  
in drops along the way,  
not from some turbaned Arabs,  
but from a suit and tie mafia  
mired in the occult;

murdering children and families,  
stabbing at the nation's heart  
in secret and silent screams.  
Illusions and fear  
are used to control and hold power.  
Ours is a new Great Depression  
yet with rather than without money.  
While the President is ordered away  
to see to the needs of a foreign land,  
our own country needs leadership  
like never before.  
But the media won't let us have it --  
or choice.  
And as years pass  
the land of the free and home of the brave  
becomes for many a circus prison camp  
glutting the lust of magic's god  
who is else forbidden happiness.  
That is not a human mind or heart  
that speaks on TV.  
It is the counterfeit conscience  
of the bribed manikin or hypocrite hireling.  
Appease or fight evil,  
you can't have it both ways.  
Yet what enemy of evil is that  
who won't allow the truth?

### **SAVED**

Ever rising waves  
In the blasting gale we brave;  
Rains beating down,  
As we roll along,  
Fleeing a watery grave.

Our ship sore leaks,  
Timbers pained creak,  
Tossed to and fro,  
As along we go  
And shredded sails shriek.

When others too soon  
Have lost their life,  
Can I hold my own so dear?  
If I do drown,  
Lord with pity look down!  
May we not forget their tears!

## **SAME HEAVEN, SAME HEART**

Though we  
Go through life  
As if we never met;  
Though the world  
Keeps us apart;  
We are like each other,  
Let's never forget,  
Of the same heaven,  
The same heart.

Maybe  
These days and times  
No one is adored.  
Yet in tomorrow  
There's a new start.  
For there it's something else.  
There we're so much more,  
The same heaven,  
The same heart.

Where we come from  
Is greater than all the weather.  
And though the whole world  
Forever ends,  
One day for sure,  
One thing's for sure,  
We'll be together,  
We'll be together friend.

## **AWAITING**

Don't feel that you can't certain things do.  
It's just that now we are too wracked, distracted to.

Though now they gloat and now they jeer,  
How will things look in future years?

They beat us so far in law and money.  
But we beat them in being happy and being funny.

And think of those who died at their hands:  
Adorable, precious. Are they not our friends?

We prefer to be free and live in peace.  
For them violence and tortures never cease.

Because ghosts have their ear they do not give.  
But who can tell them how to live?

We may be downtrodden when all is done and said,  
Yet at least we know the living from the dead.

## **THE ALL WITHIN**

We worry so much,  
What he thinks,  
What she thinks.  
But if they are fearful,  
If they're all liars,  
Why be on fire?  
It's truth alone  
Will take us higher.

Sometimes we're frantic,  
Over this,  
Over that.  
But if time does its job,  
We'll be bored before long  
Of all of those cares.  
Hope alone  
Will get us there.

What good is the globe,  
Deaf and blind,  
Lost in mind?  
Why travel at all,  
If we can't be at peace?  
Love alone  
Gives us release.

We can choose what we see.  
We can choose how we see  
The reason we choose  
Is so we'll be free.  
Look deep inside  
To see where we've been,  
'Cause inside  
Is all places and scenes.

## **WAITING TO BE EVERYWHERE**

You were born to love.  
Why were you born  
If you could not love?  
But the world was betrayed  
And love went away.

You need love to live.  
Why were you born  
If you could not live?  
But what can you do  
If others prevent you?

We couldn't love everyday.  
We couldn't love always.  
But the day we did  
Wasn't that a day?

Hold on to what's gone,  
When forever longed.  
Though no one cares,  
It's still there  
Waiting to be  
Everywhere!

Love lives in the truth,  
A wind rising up cliffs  
To lift you higher.  
Yet if lies and fear reign  
Can it come again?

### **WHERE E'ER I GO**

The world takes my body somewhere,  
And my body somewhere my soul.  
Although my soul prefers to stay in place,  
It goes where e'er they roll.

Then Reason calls me to my Mind,  
Saying is world and body all?  
Ah thou soul without kind Love  
world and body pall.

Oh then body, Oh then world,  
Where ever now we go,  
Comes with us dear true heart,  
Though you care not, nor know.

### **TWO FUNNY OLD DUCKS**

Two funny old ducks,  
Turning now gray,  
Yet quacking so jolly  
Like they did yesterday.

Boldly approached  
As I sat by the shore  
"A fair bite to eat!  
We want nothing more!"

The bread that I tossed  
They snatched in their bills,  
Then quacked and quacked on  
Till they'd had all their fill.

You are so old,  
Yet ducks, no misgivings?  
"No, sir, we have not,  
Because we fear not living."

## **SECRET KNOWLEDGE**

From the land of death  
they who were once children  
come in darkness  
to destroy -- if they cannot rule,  
lying in wait  
in the dust bin of false religion.  
They slew the fathers and mothers,  
like they slew  
the grandfathers and grandmothers before them;  
putting in their place  
the puppet and the slave,  
who did not know the betters they replaced.  
Our generation came along  
hoping to continue  
the heritage of our forbearers.  
But, as before, they surprised  
and murdered us too,  
and also as before, it all took place  
as if nothing happened.  
You who come after  
who would fight for life  
and being able to really live,  
know that we tried, but lies, fear and greed,  
killed us also who came before you.  
So that now no one can speak for you either  
unless you do yourself.

## **THIS IS IT**

This is it.  
They are that.  
(Are you ready?)

All was.  
Some were.  
They were.  
He was.  
I was.

All is.  
Some are.  
They are.  
He is.  
I am.

## **EARTH**

In her sadness,  
the earth makes to appear  
gracious and cheerful.  
Yet when you see  
how very beautiful she is,  
you see in truth  
she has every real reason  
to be happy.

Only who cares?  
What do they care about?  
They don't care about her.  
They don't care about anything.  
And if you don't care then,  
except for myself,  
I guess no one does.

Seeing what she is here,  
is different from seeing her  
where we forgot her:  
beyond the haunted kingdom,  
over the garden wall,  
in eternity.  
There she has no fixed bounds.  
There she has no end.

Rigid, yet fluid in the motion,  
the feeling of knowing  
rushed through me like rivers  
rising from showers.  
We have  
fire, water, air, and earth in us too,  
and like her  
can with harmony and peace  
be all of these forever.

## **LET ME STAY IN THE SUMMER**

Let me stay in the Summer  
In that space serene  
Where the cares of the world  
Don't matter,  
Till Autumn unfurls  
Its colors in whirls  
To calm and to sooth them.

Let me stay in the Summer  
In the race clouds run  
And processions of light  
Don't shatter,  
Till downpours excite,  
Bringing respite,  
To the parched waiting earth

Let me stay in the Summer  
Where it's hot and still;  
Where sweet living abounds,  
Nor scatters  
Till the rising winds sound  
And herald around:  
"The time of mirth draws near!"

### **THE TRUE VISION OF THE GOOD**

I cannot but hurt  
when I hear a child  
or an animal cry.  
Could I but smooth their care!  
His mother of a thousand years ago,  
how that beauty persists in this child!  
And think how any creature  
could be loved, loved, loved,  
without injustice to another.

Yet most will die many times  
before at last they last expire.  
How strange it is going through life  
to have suffered more than one mortal wound!

Nor do all fruit, leaves, and flowers  
grow the same,  
though they come from the same tree.  
Some are small.  
Some are large.  
Some pass away before their time.  
Some get what they need, some don't.  
Some have strength and vigor  
but must seek the light  
from out the mass  
of bombed and burned out rubble.

Out on some corner,  
or off on some exit,  
begging with a sign  
in the rain,  
grizzled, fat, or lean,  
weary eyed,  
determined.  
Determined toward what?  
You are part of the trip to eternity,  
to goodness.  
Yet the world belongs to these no more.  
except as the shadow of hope.  
And where is even that shadow?

Why did I grow like this?  
Sorrow can at times  
take me up like a flood,



and I can but flow with it.  
Then I awake  
washed ashore  
on a bank of quiet solitude.  
Quiet late at night,  
the cool drops  
begin fall and clatter.  
Quiet, alone.  
a rustle in the ivy,  
a stir in the leaves,  
are all that matter.  
Oh to be never  
taken unawares again,  
and instead stay and live here always!  
For no matter no still,  
no matter how quiet,  
we must leave a space  
for the unexpected.

But if so, what is the true vision of the Good?

So many times we saw them up and go,  
full of hope and promise.  
The knowledge that something  
could or might happen  
thrilled us every time.  
But in their case,  
it did,  
and fear fully realized:  
full of hopes and promise,  
shooting toward the sun,  
then like a comet or shooting star  
exploded in pieces on the ocean.

And to think how some wept before they died,  
knowing that they would not live...  
Yet others not only accepted calmly,  
but even welcomed death.  
All in one great number,  
All for one great name,  
alone and naked they rose and died.

And yet what were they going to do?  
Live?  
Live, live, live...  
The Heaven I want to go to...  
Could I love and treat and care for another  
the way I would want to be loved, treated and cared for?  
Could I but smooth their care!

When it was paradise,  
it was paradise for the animals too.  
What on earth then did we do?  
A strange, pretty bird I never saw before  
appeared

and alighted deep between some branches  
in the time and place of poems and poetry.

You smile,  
and smile you may.  
But there is such a place.  
But is it only I,  
or do you remember too?

Love and Reason are the rock of ages.  
Nature is children and childlike,  
even in gray aged wisdom,  
as great as any one is.  
And with that cute face!  
Quench then what is negative.  
Be without resentments.  
Quell animosity,  
and see  
All in one great number,  
All for one great name.  
Go where they love,  
see what they see,  
know empathy,

even some Monday morning.

### **IMPROMPTU**

Even though suburb raised  
Or city dwelt,  
There always use to be farms.  
Then something happened,  
and they went into a machine.  
There's a place for us,  
Or there isn't.  
That's just how those things are:  
Hounded and stalked  
By a toxic waste site;  
Private interest;  
Muffled silence;  
Sweetness and light.

### **WINDS FROM THE SOUND**

Oh ancient song, lead me along  
To sing what only a heart knows;  
Like a rooster who crows  
To the waking stars  
In the sky of a thousand suns,  
That for all progress,  
For all our alarms,  
Sea, sky and earth  
Hath not lost their charms!

Animals watch winds as they blow;  
In soft silence sitting below.  
The rushing gusts flow  
With yearning long gone  
From someone's breast in the past;  
Revived now in mine.  
Then love weary grown,  
I find my heart moan  
For rest and a home.

### **VICHY AMERICA**

Radioactive holiness  
which erases your memory  
and your guilt

"I am the Lord Your God...  
(from Frank Herbert's *Dune*)"

Wasting everyone's time...  
It's pretty rich to be monsters of this kind.  
"I need a billion dollars to torture enough people."

And you are to me as,  
and indivisible from,  
the blubber and fat  
of the Great Hooligan  
sitting atop and astride  
the freedoms of mankind.

### **JAILBIRD**

Hunkered down;  
Mums the word  
When I'm around;  
No one has come  
To free this bird.  
But I'm shining inside;  
Waiting to shine,  
And with my friends  
Light up the world one day;  
Ready to go all the way.  
I could. I would,  
Feeling up in a down world.  
Oh to see faces again  
Of those I loved, and then  
We'd prove them all wrong,  
And resume our song.

### **TO C.M.**

Though sufficient precaution  
I thought I'd provided for;  
Never allowing my guard to sit,  
To my dismay, consternation, and more,  
She scored on me a direct hit!  
And my heart, despite all pains I'd took  
To avert that sweet avidity,  
Was led a prisoner, elated but forsook,  
Into that captivity;  
Where iron chains weigh not more  
Than tears hidden that adore!  
How long one can endure such things,  
I honestly don't know.  
Once more I find my heart a going  
Where I did not want it to go.

### **THE SOLUTION**

I told her if there were a way to say it  
Without saying it I would.  
She said she *would* free me  
If some way she could.  
Then a pause.  
But no on second thought,  
Don't worry *I'll get over it*.  
I'll have to, I said.  
Think that I would take you  
To an impossible head?  
For how could one love beauty  
And then not love you too?  
And what good painter  
Would not be a great lover too?  
No, no, the solution's simply this:  
In times like these  
There's a thousand things to do.

## LESCHI

Was he not handsome?  
Was he not brave?  
He would have it too good  
Being right too.  
So they sent him to his grave.  
Long before he'd awoke on a land  
Owned by none;  
The sun lit up  
The white birch on a blue sky;  
While a seagull or hawk circled overhead  
Under a placid moon and dim stars.  
And though the sky still glows a golden glow,  
The land is no longer free.  
The world glitters on the surface  
But rages and foments within.  
It has the glory of light  
With little true warmth or feeling.  
Yet Nature shines love throughout  
Wherever she is not spoiled by man.  
But something even greater than she  
Was the peace and strength of her son,  
Calmly accepting an unjust fate,  
Like the rugged pines that had outlasted time.

## IN PASSING

I want to be there for you,  
But don't know what to do.  
I think you'd know this,  
But don't know that you do.  
So if you thought I did,  
I did not forget you.

Forgetting is sometimes good;  
Even when years roll by.  
But if ever I care,  
If ever I can fly,  
I'll fly with you,  
And never forget you.

It could go a hundred ways.  
But however it goes,  
No joy to me is more  
Than that which you will know.  
And though I am not there,  
I cannot forget you.

## **TWO (SEPARATE) MINIATURES**

She is right to love me  
because I would give her everything  
not for my sake or for her sake  
but for beauty we both cherish

If it truly were the days of old,  
I would have to, like some  
Viking with an armed band,  
have come taken and captured her  
-- but only to kiss her!

### **TO S.B.**

as the weariness of struggle  
was draining me dry  
I wanted water to flower  
just a few last poems

yet my prayers were heard  
for Heaven by way of you  
rained in bursts  
sending me a flood

now as my garden blooms  
and butterflies have homes  
inspiration thanks you  
for the precipitation

### **TO CONTINUE**

What is most good about someone  
is what is most infinite.  
When one realizes they need the infinite,  
and that the one they love needs it too,  
even more than they themselves,  
only then can they love;  
only then can they let go  
to care for someone else  
also deservedly called infinite.  
True love then  
needs not be tied down;  
indeed cannot be.  
For without the infinite  
love dies and cannot endure.  
And what is the infinite  
but patience and charity  
healing conscience;  
courage in the face of dangers;  
trustworthy, loyal, fair;  
disregarding of any particular one  
save the One;  
ever followed, ever pursued;

tomorrow without an image?

### **WHEN I THINK OF YOU**

When I think of you,  
I don't think of you;  
But think of a beautiful sea.

When I think of you  
I don't think of you;  
But roam long beaches roaring free.

When I think of you  
I don't think of you;  
But view far hills with green adorned.

When I think of you,  
I don't think of you;  
But hear a cooing dove that mourns.

When I think of you,  
I don't think of you;  
But see clouds at stupendous height.

When I think of you,  
I don't think of you;  
It's your reflection in a rainbow's light.

And when snowy blossoms  
Sing from the trees  
Wishing your felicity,  
How I long for you so  
Where'er I go.

### **POOR LOVE**

An embrace from the soul,  
A kiss from deepest heart  
Must be sufficient here  
For us who are apart.

How poor a love, they'll say!  
In this hard world that's true.  
Yet where sweet music lives  
Such love is ever new.

There songs are always sung;  
A rising harmony  
O'er leaps the light ether  
Above an angel's tree.

Except for breaks and stops  
Which halt the lulling strings,  
Passions mild will rise up  
Till all of heaven rings.

## THE STRANGER

He came to town;  
He's the stranger.  
That's right the stranger.  
He's the stranger;  
That's all he is;  
That' all he ever was;  
That's all he'll ever be to me.

He's no friend of mine;  
He's borderline.  
No one has greater money or place  
As long as someone else  
Ties his shoe lace.

"Indulge yourself for years."  
"Money kills fear."  
When he can live his life without me  
Is when he can go on  
Speaking so free.

In the olden times  
They'd have hanged him.  
But since more mercy needs a fool,  
We'll only see him sent  
To reform school.

Yet if he stays set,  
Weirder it gets;  
Sprites and angels hover round him so;  
Some say it's sorcery;  
Some Yugi Oh.



## REMINDER

Whirring flutter  
Of feathered wings,  
Oh soul,  
Where now is hope's prospect?  
Where that peaceful, happy view  
We once thought to expect?  
Was it not in striving  
To see love's faith surviving?  
Was it not in truth abiding;  
False spirits overriding?  
Was it not in bravest daring;  
Borne aloft by caring?  
Let us then now at this last  
All void and emptiness defy.  
Let us so boldly long to live  
That Death itself may die.

## FIRST DAY

Almost helpless,  
Just beginning to see;  
Looked on at a distance;  
What now will they be?

Just yesterday  
From the nest they rejoiced;  
Each time the parents came  
They raised their glad voice.

Free for the first time,  
Hopping, not quite flying;  
Today they're out;  
No thought of dying.

The sun then sets  
On a day of new birth;  
Filled with promise and hope  
O'erflowing with mirth.

What's tomorrow  
Who now can say or know?  
They begin in wonder;  
But where will they go?

## FRAGMENTS

Even after a million years  
Eagles still frown  
And yet seagulls still clown  
both high soaring.

The golden bowl of you  
The ideal of you in a pale blue book  
Running off in print somewhere

A pretty girl I never saw  
A part of the hills' and forest's awe  
Somebody's sister somebody's wife  
It is just as well I didn't meet her  
Or I'd love her now too.

## THE PEACEFUL DIN

Honk honk! -- Honk honk!  
"What loud, strange noise wakens  
This cold and damp autumnal night?"

When wonder to behold:  
Miles and miles of Canadian geese  
Heading south in noisy, distant flight.

Yet like a canopy of clouds  
Housing the mists of a mountain  
Is the calm left over from the sight.

## POTSHATL

A modern house o'er looks a modern bay;  
Yet new enough to bring back bygone days;  
Strolling down sidewalked streets; past fenced backyards;  
Yet the lost past seems not so far away.

Imagination takes me back to then.  
I dream; and soon it seems like long ago.  
I join free air and wind in swift adventure  
And athwart the tall, waving grass we go.

Or from branch to branch we skip, leap and run;  
From leaf to leaf memories to beseech;  
Toward the black smoke of fires drifting  
Where wood is burning on the distant beach.

Come packed canoes in the dawn's dim, red light;  
Though the thunder threatens with hints of rain;  
They yet bring gifts overflowing to you.  
For once more Potshatl has come again.

"Come, come then to the Potshatl my friends;  
Where he who most wins is he who most gives.

And as the earth and sea give so shall we.  
For he who most loves is he who most lives.

“Though they come fine, rich and filled with bounty;  
Yet they will be put to shame my daughters.  
For because you are the joy of my heart  
Your spirit will be wide as the waters;

“And your pride rise high up as the great sky.  
For myself I don’t need so much, that’s true.  
My riches are great and already mine,  
I need no more since, you see, I have you.

“And if somehow I could I gladly would  
Give and give to all those who sadly died;  
Finding laughter in their being happy.  
Far from forgetting, I weep that they cried.

“But for that very reason let us sing;  
As birds do.  
And like insects let us dance;  
And like flowers let us adorn.  
For this is how to greet the morn.  
For with just a few or even one good friend  
One can go on making songs ever without end.  
May they then soon be our friends!  
May they all soon shine;  
Even if too we perish;  
Even if too we’re left behind.”

### **MORAL OSCILLATION**

You had it.  
You don’t have it. (He took it.)  
You *will* have it.

He had it.  
He has it.  
He *won’t* have it.

And *how* did he have it?  
And *where* did he have it?

And *how* will you have it?  
And *where* will you have it?

But why is all or was any of this ever  
an issue? Indeed a crisis? Because,  
as it turned out, he needed you --  
though you didn’t and don’t need him  
(and though you continue to do your best  
to be nice to him.)

## HE WILL NOT MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS FOR NOTHING

Sherman single-handedly could a hundred defeat  
Till spirit people were brought in; him to cheat.  
So now while his enemies thrive in wealth, honors and name;  
He now must live friendless, in poverty, and in shame.

“Worry not for Sherman,” consoled a voice on high.  
“Rather live rich, enjoy yourselves and buy.  
For great, after all, shall be his Heavenly reward.”  
That’s easy for him to say -- *because he’s not my Lord!*

Please then real Heaven, grant me this request!  
May my murdered kids in peace find joy and rest.  
As for myself, I don’t ask much -- only to be free.  
So would you please tell these ghosts and angels – “*M.Y.O.B.!*”?

## GENTLY

What more silent is  
Than a family of Juncos  
Flitting on twigs and fences  
Amid the light falling snow?  
It was from such quiet,  
Life, I first came to you.  
But when I depart, when I go,  
Will I that same quiet know?

## LEMONS

Go make lemonade;  
you’d be a fool not to.  
A lemon after all  
is for something.  
Nor is every bad thing  
anywhere near so good.  
So that even lemons  
can be precious too.

## DANCE D’AMOUR

If she were sad I’d forgot her,  
She should as well feel regret  
For the other two seasons  
I now also forget.  
Things should be done right.  
In whatever it is we do.  
And if we won’t do it right  
Then how can Love stay new?  
When things are done right  
The joy comes in profusion.  
But if not done right  
It’s all a vain illusion.  
And if difficulties prevail  
And tyranny does not cease;

If we can't do anything;  
We'll at least be at peace.  
And just so you know  
That I ever hold you dear,  
I will always be good for you too  
Whenever you're not here.

### **THE VESSEL**

With coursing winds to ride,  
Dead calms to abide,  
Storms to then survive;  
How like long sailing  
Is being alive.

With reason his ballast,  
With purpose his guide,  
He keeps his ship tight;  
Then welcomes the port  
When it comes in sight.

But the sailor who's home  
Soon's dissatisfied  
Nor likes all he sees;  
And seaward returns  
Seeking to be free.

### **TO N.P.**

Is there any good word for second?  
If no, then I can say as I durst;  
And my words need not be peccant;  
Since you are one of the first.

Even long ago I loved but you;  
Yet did not till now find out your name.  
Before these our years are all through,  
A poem is the least of pains.

I'll ask, "Do you want me to love you?"  
I don't want to (and you know why too...)  
But if somehow you want me to,  
It's the easiest thing to do.

Perhaps then great love we could pretend;  
I'll award you a badge or bouquet.  
But if my heart must truly bend  
All that's needed is your say.

It takes time to reach a mountain's peak;  
It takes time to be up in the sky.  
I think there is time for all we seek;  
Time to live for what we sigh.

These sighs are heaved for a good purpose;

Else wise they would not be known or be.  
Our Maker gave these gifts to us  
So that we might give as he.

I pray to God I will be good for you  
(And some stupid pride not trip me up.)  
But if Time should cause me to forget you,  
Or if I fault you for being vain;  
It will be not yours, but my blame.  
(And so goes this game...)

### HALF-RHYMED IN TIME

He shot for everything;  
How did he end up with nothing?  
And yet they'll say  
Not all there is in the world,  
Even if one had it,  
Can remedy this life's incompleteness;  
And for some special few  
This great world  
Is only a small place  
That alone cannot do.  
It cannot do  
Because *there* isn't  
All the peace they are entitled to.  
And for all that they've lost,  
There is always today  
And tomorrow is interminable.

Where are the good going?  
Where are they who earned being happy going?  
Are they a family?  
If so, it's because they have a mother and father.  
But if we can't come we wish them well.

Now she must be one of them.  
Her beauty echoes off the rocks  
Or ripples across a pool.  
But if he but look at her  
Without the universal light  
To that sublime avenue,  
It seems he can't quite see her.  
And when it is dark  
He says there is no light.  
But of course there is light;  
It's just that for him it is not there.

In order to ascend high above  
Or dive deep under  
Desire then must abate;  
And one must hanging wait  
(Just as music needs rests);  
Though the impatience is great.

## **THE HEART IS THE EARTH**

The Heart is the Earth  
And the Mind is the Sky.  
Yet only if I behave myself  
Do I construe why  
Water is their spirit.  
Love is a spirit.  
You can feel it;  
You can hear it.  
The Spirit is Love.

Can any child  
Be Nature's child?  
Yes, any child  
That loves Nature  
Can be so styled.  
For who loves Nature  
But Nature's child?

Yet what is Nature?  
It calls me  
To the quiet of the fire  
On a frigid winter's day;  
Soothes all my fears  
With warm summer rays.  
But if I am crushed  
Like a murdered animal,  
I feel my humanity.

## **MORE THAN A MARINE**

You do not like it  
But let yourself be toughened;  
That way you will be stronger  
And sooner rid of it.  
What is truly good about you  
Is what is already inside you  
And what is inside of friends  
Who love what's true.  
Yet you can't assume  
Victory will come for you;  
Or that you will live to see it.  
You will instead probably just die  
With the consolation  
Of having fought the good fight.  
But let this be enough.

Bless these thy gifts, Lord,  
We are about to receive  
Through thy bounty.  
Remember the animals  
Who give their lives;  
Grant them your peace.  
May we this day

Make ourselves worthy of this food  
In how we act and what we do.  
May they with time  
From their burden be freed  
And we ourselves of the need.

### **FLYING AND POETRY 101**

Speed up to avoid being a target.  
Slow down to get your aim.  
Stay high to keep safe.  
Swoop low in order to harm  
-- with success consisting of a  
somehow happy medium between these.

Or if you prefer a jingle:

To evade, speedily fly.  
To aim, go slow.  
To stay safe, keep high.  
To harm swoop low.

### **THE POINT**

My life up to this point --  
Alone, betrayed, poor, beat-up fool  
Still seeking the time  
When love made the town glow;  
With nothing left it seems  
But to escape the ruling show.  
Can we rage against the ages  
And lament what once was known?  
Mourn fate past  
Yet unable to escape our own?

Music is like (certain kinds of) love;  
There is and there isn't time for it.  
And people you love are like songs;  
You can't always be with them  
No matter how so you long.  
Love is like music;  
Good only up to a point.  
Yet in that point is sown the seed  
Of tomorrow's today.  
*Today* is so fraught with sorrow  
I wouldn't even call it today.  
Today then must be tomorrow.

I have no one.  
But when I think of  
The one it's she.  
And how do I know?  
Because she moved me.  
But when today comes,  
Will she be mine?



Probably not.  
But she would have been,  
And this love is the flower  
That bloomed unseen.

### **DEATH IN SPRING**

Poor life,  
Why were you born?  
Why did you live?  
Your passing seems strange  
-- you had so much to give.

Though someone once dreamed  
Life's happiness for you,  
The world had you disowned.  
Yet you were so humble,  
You were so sweet;  
I could have thought  
It was made for you alone.  
But for all tears that swell,  
Your face fading here  
Must instead shine far off,  
Wherever Beauty dwells.

And now this ice in April,  
This sleeping the sleep of ages  
In youth,  
Makes me ponder  
Of my own demise  
The truth.

When I die,  
I'll think of a soldier slain,  
And think of the brave  
Whom happiness here passed by.  
May the prize go to the victor!  
Felicity here to the good!  
May God give me but to do rightly;  
Just as you did and would.

### **WHEN ANGELS HOVER**

When angels hover  
Round a steeple,  
They are then  
What kind of people?

Though gracious --  
Meaning well --  
What they want  
Who can tell?

Do they know  
What they're doing?

Is it wisdom  
They're pursuing?

Are they free  
Goodness to empower?  
Or do they serve  
A tyrant in a tower?

Who knows?  
Who can tell?  
Only truth  
Breaks such a spell.

But where may truth  
Be found?  
Clearly for some,  
Not on the ground.

And yet could not this plot,  
Where tares now grow,  
Become a lovely spot  
Did someone care to make it so?

### **SISTER FREEDOM**

At first I wasn't sure  
Who it was you were.  
Then in my mind's sky,  
From afar I spied  
A glistening star,  
And thought  
That's it!  
That's who you are!

*A light from out the blue,  
Lilacs and lilies spring  
Away from you.  
In the hollow of dreams,  
Gold ladders,  
Whistle and bells,  
I'm thinking, longing for you.*

Leading from you,  
Creation's blessed stream  
Shines through.  
And now I see too  
The promise you aspire to,  
Would see that hope realized  
You within me rouse -- the true!  
That spirit which you stir;  
The beacon that is you!

And if tomorrow be anyone's  
Tomorrow will be ours!  
And the fire of valor that died

Recalled some hurried night;  
Oppression's walls crumble down  
That all may bask in freedom's light.

### **SECURITY**

No one cares --  
But who then cares  
If no one cares?  
Look in the wrong place,  
You're sure not to find  
What you're seeking.

Then come a sudden mood,  
Come a new circumstance,  
A different time around,  
How well you fare:  
Feet firm on the ground.

As much as are your woes,  
If you knew them  
Your heart would melt  
At others throes.  
Is life a mystery?  
You know it is.  
How could it not be?

And will life always love you  
For better or for worse?  
That's *my* job --  
Your tears to quell,  
Your joy to rehearse.

### **SOLID ETERNITY**

There are ways a soul  
Knows another soul,  
And knows they love them too;  
Touching a soulful fineness  
That even the most  
Keen spying spirit  
Cannot scan or read --  
Infrequent though they happen.  
One day,  
Hearing the echo of their presence  
In the empty corridor  
Of unfamiliarity,  
And we learn our felicity  
Lay hid all this while unknown  
-- but there!  
Rare are those  
That cause you within to weep;  
Grateful then their memory keep,  
And before you sigh anymore!

## **OLYMPIC**

What do I care if I die  
Since they are  
As much as Death to me;  
And rather than go on  
Dissecting pain,  
Set myself free again?  
Ah but Life's not mine to lose;  
Life's not merely ours.  
And promises and oaths  
Command our destiny  
When reason becomes an arctic waste  
And thought cold consolation.  
Drive on then, drive on,  
Determination  
Lifted from within,  
And fly me the miles toward dawn.

## **NATALIE WOOD**

A hush befalls  
Not heard by all;  
Ah here is  
Her turn to gleam.  
Yet if we insist  
On seeing her  
Any given now  
We sometimes  
Get to doubting;  
Even though it is right  
That we should.  
Yet in and over  
The landscape of times  
That throne is undeniable;  
Indeed, unworthy of paltry eyes.  
And could we have but kissed her once  
Beauty itself must say we're wise!

## **JUST MY LUCK**

Just my luck.  
He's a key player  
In megalomania.  
And because others  
Won't be straight,  
I can't get rid of him,  
Howsoever great  
My anger or my hate.  
And you know as well,  
I can't be making  
Such a fuss about myself  
Though a prisoner of Hell.  
So a philosopher imperturbable  
I must be;

Or like Odysseus  
Think of a trick  
To defeat him and set myself free.  
Yes, I will be weary;  
I will be annoyed;  
It can't much be cured.  
And about all one can do  
Is remain calm and endure.  
But when it comes  
To actually being down  
That's not so hard to get around.  
The burden of all *that's* on him,  
The plague itself, Dunga Jinn.

### **JOURNEY OF THE LONE CANOE**

Why after all anger and despair,  
Does the sunshine of youth  
Still beckon me forth?  
Why after all pride and doubt,  
For beauty far off  
Does my heart still yearn?  
Why after years a captive bound,  
Of a pleasant garden  
Do I seek home?

I do so long; I am so drawn  
Because there is something about  
Where the tall green woods  
And the gray sea meet;  
Something about  
Where the earth breathes the wind  
And drinks the rain;  
Something about  
The rising sun  
(Who bids it wait?)  
Suffusing the air  
And making the mountains laugh  
In joyous reply;  
Something about that burst of gold  
In greenery translucent,  
Trembling and swimming  
In a flood of purest beams;  
Something in those selfsame rays  
When cast on the waters  
And reflected dancing  
On the river's granite heights.  
Oh, friend canoe, for that repose  
Toward where those western currents roll,  
Where pouring from the cliffs  
Veils of icy vapors  
Mingle in yonder valley's misty folds,  
And streams and zephyrs billow  
That sequoias and I may be evergreen.

There I am;  
Towards there I go  
On a trip  
To the infinite  
I call my own:  
Locked to reason's shore  
Yet never leaving hope's door;  
Even in times sad and bereft.  
For just as day in day out  
This waterfall  
Among the weeping cedars  
Steadily descends,  
So yet still sometimes quiet tears  
Bubble and splash  
Murmurs of remorse.  
And yet just as assuredly  
Am I soon to be solaced  
By the great undercurrent of things,  
Home of the immutable  
Silently rumbling  
Without and within.

And not a voice in the forest is stifled.  
Nor the shrieking hawk,  
Nor the ocean's lapping waves  
Are enough to quell the eternal's din:  
The bark of the fleeing elk;  
The deer's tender tread;  
Snorts of the towering moose;  
Cackles of raccoons;  
The grunts of bears;  
The cougar's growl;  
The sea lions shout --  
They all cry out  
To the common mother.

And after all of this,  
There is my joy!  
She's my little wonder  
I care for and adore,  
And always there  
Were all else a bore.  
I'm there with her in troubled hour.  
I'm there when she needs me.  
And can I cheer her this way  
If I myself don't keep on?  
And if one day we part,  
Why should I die?  
Let death die;  
I wouldn't know how to die.  
For with these Arms  
In which we're held,  
How should we know what dying is?

## PASSAGE AHEAD

When I think of  
The miles we've gone,  
It makes me wonder  
About the miles to come.  
In the sea of people  
There are those  
Who come and go.  
To them --  
Peace and hello.  
What more can I do?  
More I know.  
Then there are those  
Who are gone.  
Our friends are gone!  
But who then is here?  
No one is here  
But mourning hidden away  
In the dark, lonely  
Silence of the deep.  
Judgment is the compass  
On time's changing sea;  
And if no compass  
Where will one be?  
Sipping bittersweet molasses  
In some caliginous den;  
Let that not be me.  
True, I sometimes want  
To live -- or die,  
And I don't know why.  
And yet I know  
The spirit is the core;  
The kernel of it all,  
That *they* deem the shell.  
But it is we, more than they,  
Who are grateful for the day.  
Yet sometimes I don't think  
I know it -- though I try.  
Other times I think I do.  
Sometimes it's up and went;  
At other times,  
"Ah, there -- the true."  
Be good then if only  
For whom you love  
And those who love you.  
Yet for a while  
I did not know what to think.  
Till after many years  
Of fretting and of fears,  
I realize what fun we had,  
Even if, then and now,  
Still a long ways away  
From being whole one day.

## THE LESSON

In your mind, stay ahead  
Of whatever's being said,  
And predict the effect  
So as to not disrespect  
Either what is right and true  
Or whom you're speaking to.

No need great heights to reach;  
Come warmly with honest speech.  
For a palace is bare  
If no one can much live there;  
Far better a cheery home  
Where no one feels alone.

Though wrought  
Into a glorious state,  
Useless words we hate.  
Speak to us then  
Only from the heart;  
That our own  
May be made silent  
Come the time you part.

## EAGLEMOUNT

When brown little sparrows  
Perch peaceably in a throng,  
Cheerily they sing their song  
Of felicity unseen  
To whom they all belong.

For though someone's small.  
The love that adores them  
May be most immensely tall.

That faery rockery  
Full of clouds and verdant trees,  
Eaglemount, so loved must be;  
Where great has become little  
And mighty are the wee.

For though very wee,  
A giant joy binds them  
High atop Discovery's sea.

“When they went a roaming,  
Weary to leave all care,  
Did the good people visit there?”  
Of such a queer query  
How could you even dare?

Yet though they'd been near and far,  
What a surprise met them



Beneath those western stars.

### **HEARD IN THE GAUNTLET - A POEM PLAY**

Knocked down...  
Dragged out...  
Beaten in the head...  
No more!  
I 'd sooner be left for dead!  
Oh, how I would  
Have all problems and pain  
Solved and fixed!  
But failing *that*  
Go to bed instead.

*[Later that same day.]*

Would that this noise  
Would cease!  
Could not my words  
Make it stop?  
Oh that Life could  
Once more be embraced  
In its most quiet detail!  
But it's difficult to live  
If we're always sick  
With noise,  
And I refused to be beguiled  
By others tricks and wiles,  
Sprung from their idlenesses.

And for all my own weakness,  
I shall no slave be;  
A prisoner I might,  
But no slave me.  
How could I have known  
Life would take such turns?  
But that's not Life,  
That's only my life.  
For others,  
They don't need  
To worry about what I do.

What they say is  
They hate to think  
Of having to die  
While they were  
Having such a good time of it.  
But if die they must --  
Then so be it, so be it...

## TUESDAY SERMON

That you haven't been yet  
Doesn't mean you'll never be.  
If you can't grasp that  
You don't *really* grasp infinity.  
And who is the truth for  
If not for you?  
And if it's yours  
Why always hide it?  
Where you can always do better  
Is *right* where you are,  
And seeing others  
Through the mirror  
Of a distant triangle or star.  
So, be good if only  
For whom you love  
Or who love you.  
If you got the right going,  
Go with the flow  
While it's flowing.  
But when it's stopped,  
Let it go, let it go.  
Better to never speak again  
Than to go on speaking in vain.

## THIS DAY

This day feel a limit;  
As a soaring bird must feel  
When it must come down  
To the gravity of earth.  
Though each muscle tendon burst  
To pass the aerosphere,  
In part because I breathe,  
I'm confined to this world here.  
And each day striking the calendar,  
It seems I wait in vain  
For blessedness to come  
To bring me stronger wings  
That would pierce  
The furthest bounds  
Of Freedom's firmament.

What then are these recurring pains  
Which make life seem a burden;  
And cut deep like a falling axe?  
What gnaws late evenings  
And the dead of night?  
Threatening totality  
Such that life is wasted  
Over woe's temporarily tasted?

Thus asked in my worries and fears,  
Born of idle, duped imaginings

Nestled in loss and boredom's care.  
Surely death cannot be more than  
A myth of fear and unknowing,  
-- Perhaps it offers respite.  
Yet though death offers escape,  
How can I concede the cause  
That love will make all well,  
And in so doing hate life  
And resign myself to hell?

Bludgeoned and starved  
To the spirit and sense,  
Seemingly left  
Beaten and robbed  
By time and by life,  
On troubled bed did I lay asking  
"Where is God this lonely day?  
"Wherefore proceed?" cried I.  
"Why get up from this ditch  
Once more to go  
And risk all again?"  
So it was I groaned  
With dolor's weight,  
Ready to detach from the tree  
Like a forgotten leaf whose late.

I then descended in sleep,  
And in a dream  
A strange shade beckoned to me,  
And she whispered  
With chiding voice:  
"Do not languish  
In self-filled pity.  
Come with me  
And see souls of the city."  
My mind followed her  
And a vision opened  
To my inward eyes  
Of deformed and crippled  
Struggling to make good  
With nothing;  
Sick, impoverished,  
And prisoners in chains  
Who had never a chance  
For hope from their pains.  
I saw one retarded, jeered at  
Even as he wept.  
An image wafted by  
Of a limp woman raped,  
While into the night  
Her attacker escaped.  
I learned of hearts  
Who said good-bye  
Without ever knowing  
A true friend or kiss,

Or even imagined  
A thing like bliss.  
Dampened faced of children,  
Bowed and lachrymose  
Came forth  
Who could never  
Look up with kindness or trust.  
There was a whore  
Blank eyed and broken;  
A drunk wallowing in a gutter,  
Blood dripping  
From the side of his head,  
Less alive than dead.  
So wretched and merciless  
Was this I dreamed,  
That my mind trembled  
And in my sleep I screamed.

Then the heavy veils draped closed  
And mists of mind obscured all,  
The shade appeared once more and said:  
“For every decent, yet troubled soul  
That wills their end on life’s field  
Goodness’ ranks are depleted  
One less sword and shield,  
And Evils are made the stronger.  
Think well then you who weep  
What your purpose could be  
And why it is you belong!  
Though you fail in the fight  
Find comfort in doing what’s right;  
For in that will you find  
Love’s True meaning.”

The shade turned upward  
And arose into the air;  
Became a golden angel  
With pinions bright and fair.

Amazed by her effulgence,  
I awoke dazed from slumber  
Bubbling like a warm spring  
Flowing out onto the surface  
Of cooling consciousness.  
I strained like a new born child  
Dazzled by her beams of light;  
Awaking my spirit  
From the shadows  
Of that somnolent hypogeum.  
A breeze from an open window  
Lifted locks of my hair  
And I breathed in deeply  
The vigor of the flowing air,  
Still hurting from regrets  
But resolved to live more wisely;

To give so as to prove  
My love forsaken  
Was of actual worth after all.

Opportunities are never really gone  
Until freely given up,  
And if after all troubles I can move,  
I will still laugh, cry and love.  
I will not singly moan the loss  
Of what is a mere illusion,  
Of all that is called real.  
For once the lies  
That hypnotize  
Are shorn asunder  
And Time's fleeting guise removed,  
All of us that does survive  
Is all that is living and beautiful.

-----  
*Addenda - Below is a previously included section of the "This Day" which was removed in the above  
now formal version. It's added here as a semi-separate piece.*

To exist or not exist,  
All one can do is try.  
Arrow on me woes  
A hundred fold,  
Yet still I'll strive  
For those I love  
To stay alive.  
Yet solitude can be too much  
A burden that at times  
That one wonders  
About keeping on.  
And it is painful comfort to know  
There is such a thing as choice,  
When there is no one left for love.  
But sink not low so soon  
Without remembering  
The tiny seed  
Deep resting in earth,  
Alone in darkness below,  
Piercing the soil and rubble  
After a cloudy downpour.  
Drinking the watery droplets  
Till the sunlight bids it rise.  
Then surging up,  
The seed rends its form,  
Bursting out in tender shoots --  
A matchless delight  
Of flourishing blossoms white.

## **WINTER DIRGE**

The lion who mauled the lamb  
Is after slain by man.  
But then man must die too  
At someone else's hands.

Prepared for fortune good;  
While steeled for what is sad,  
Yet more ready when glad  
Than when things turn to bad.

For December's lonely cold  
Bright candles and some wine,  
For darkness comes early  
In the chill of winter time.

Hear how the wind rises!  
The hour soon comes nigh.  
Our mornings were hello,  
But now evening is goodbye.

And when death comes what then,  
Amid these bleak nights and sore?  
We'll sing once more vespers  
Heard in the days of yore.

## **THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE**

Who that will not listen  
Ever learned the lesson  
Of Troy's fall?

For years he fought  
And kept the wall.  
Yet one day's sleight of hand  
And look he lost it all.

Whoever is most fair and just  
He said should rule.  
But now say his captors  
"No, it is he who best fools.

"And if good you must be  
Then die you certainly will.  
Oh, you won't be good and die, eh?  
Then like us you must kill."

## HERE

*Did you ever stop  
and ask whose stupid fault  
this was in the first place?  
Did you ever stop and think  
the bad is them,  
and when they are gone  
we have everything else  
to be glad over?*

For any day  
this all could end,  
And any day  
Cure all things.  
Any day all  
Will mend,  
And it will be  
Eternal spring.

We don't need  
A somewhere,  
For somewhere is here.  
No, the problem is  
Too much strife and the fear.

Oh, how I long for peace,  
And that no war would remain.  
Oh, that there was no more fuss  
And it was peace again.

## SEA SONG

The mew flies in with news  
Of solitary ships and barks  
Plying waters far off and dark.  
And though he laughs so,  
My tears in rivers  
Still flow and flow  
For what happened long ago.

The pennant at the peak...  
The yard swinging that squeaks  
To a shuddering ruffle,  
Till all sound is muffled  
And proudly the sail fills,  
Tacking towards the lee,  
Taking us to the sea.

## **REGRET**

Oh, for in us when  
Life poured radiant  
Toward a golden sea!

But steered astray  
By auras and mists  
Of a treacherous noon,  
The view vanished soon.

Now all that's left,  
Now that time has run,  
Are the dripping embers  
Of the distant sun.

## **A GOOD POET KNOWS**

A good poet knows  
There are as many  
Highs and lows,  
Not to mention  
Fast and slows,  
In Life  
On which to draw on  
And compose  
As there are  
In Music  
-- only more so.  
And though they'll tell you  
"It's all been said,"  
Not all of rhythm,  
Counterpoint and harmony  
Has yet been heard or read.



## CROSS

The cross is  
An Arapaho's star;  
A Sioux's four corners  
Of the earth  
Wherever you are.

To others,  
It's the celestial glint  
Of a lighted taper;  
Or two roads  
Intersecting  
The eternal vapor.

To yet others,  
Its on what  
A sail is pinned  
In order to catch  
Truth's wind,  
On the voyage of ardor  
To the longed for arbor.

But for you,  
It is a rude mockery;  
Just as life  
At their hands  
Becomes a rude mockery.  
And when you starve  
So it seems the world itself  
Must starve also;  
And then the world  
Never really had hope.  
And you are worn.  
And you are beat up  
Because they are  
Beating you up.  
But how well  
Could they endure such  
Who have no sense  
Of right or shame?  
They can act like  
There is no war.  
But there is, there is.  
The proof is in these sores.  
Yet though your body's broken,  
Your spirit,  
Unlike theirs, is free.  
They've purchased vain security  
At the price of their own  
Conscience and liberty;  
While you now must endure,  
Not to get something,  
But only to keep  
What's already yours.

They are strangers;  
They always were.  
And because defy them you dare,  
The sunshine  
Of their false hope  
You may forever forswear;  
Let their own grief be theirs.

The cross is  
An Arapaho's star;  
A Sioux's four corners  
Of the earth  
Wherever you are.

To others,  
It's the celestial glint  
Of a lighted taper;  
Or two roads  
Intersecting  
The eternal vapor.

To yet others,  
Its on what  
A sail is pinned  
In order to catch  
Truth's wind,  
On the voyage of ardor  
To the dreamt of arbor.

### **GOOD FOR**

Good for some things,  
Yet not for others.  
And when not good  
For everything,  
You sometimes  
Feel good  
For nothing.

But worse  
Is not being able  
To see whom you would,  
But instead some other  
Whom *they*  
Say you should.

So why this charge?  
What was my offense?  
When all I sought  
Was to live those dreams  
That makes one's life make sense.

Life as we wished it;  
Life as it is.

Yet go on we must  
That the good in us  
Might live.

For if we stop  
And say “no more,”  
Then what on earth  
Were we ever good for?

(I joke it’s true,  
But you know the pain.  
Better to laugh it off  
Then go through *this* again.)

### **FEAR**

A wee, little moth  
With strange blue wings  
Alighted on my hand  
And would not let go;  
As if to say  
“If my life is so fleeting,  
Why are my wings beautiful?  
Let then me be with you.  
For I’m frightened,  
And don’t know why I’m here.”

### **GAME**

When things are in place,  
Life is fine,  
But when they’re not,  
For Death we pine.  
Life is a game.  
Death is a Game.  
We take turns,  
We pass;  
The end;  
Then another  
Life and Death  
Again.  
And though what we play  
Is not what we would,  
It’s still a game  
Just the same.

## CONDEMNATION

People, but even more so animals,  
Know when God isn't present,  
And will flee where peace is gone.  
From the lowest plane  
To the loftiest prospect,  
Whose spirit alone  
Is truly great and best?  
There is none but his.  
But only in faith, truth or reason  
Can our souls know this is.

Then there is a monster;  
Whom people placate and appease.  
To buy false peace  
They feed the angry demon  
Who fills the air with stress.  
He is angry --  
So must you be too.  
But at who?  
Let me think of someone  
To hurl my disapproval at,  
Or scorn for imperfection  
-- as if the only way to live  
Is *not* to live in peace.

The condemnation of demonism --  
There it is in black and white  
For all to see and hear.

## THE FRIEND FORGOT

For a hundred years or more,  
The giant holly stood next door.  
And though the sun comes up today  
That motherly tree is no more.

While all trees, like all people,  
Are wonderful in their way,  
There are some trees,  
Like some people,  
That are even more so.

Its branches extended many yards;  
The trunk nigh a hundred feet high.  
By my home it stood close by  
Shading us from the burning sun.  
But now, alas, it's gone!

It's as if an old friend had died,  
Yet whom I did not know before;  
And only now when it's not there  
Do I realize how much I cared.

I remember how on some days  
There the birds would flit and play;  
Or high up its limbs  
Secrete their nests  
Where baby birds are loved best.

In that winged congregation,  
How they cackled and made song!  
What must that tree have felt  
To've been host to such a throng?

Then just yesterday morn I awoke to hear  
The chainsaw's grind bringing us tears;  
The ancient trunk sawed off  
By branches then into blocks.  
And now all that's left  
Is a stump forlorn  
Clinging to the rocks.

#### **MISS SNIP**

She was a Seattle cougar  
ever since being a little cub.  
And though small  
she still is,  
the royal scowl  
in that face of hers  
looks to me like thunder.

And I think she would  
Pray with you  
If she could,  
And you asked her to.

#### **ODYSSEUS AWAY**

The spirit comes;  
it doesn't come.

Then it comes.

But whether it's here  
or not here who can say?

We think we are whole,  
but we never really are.  
For someone somewhere,  
somewhere beyond,  
there's always some  
wonder we never know.

So when the light  
is split in twain,

and one becomes two;  
all then one can do  
is think of you.

## **EUROPE**

If you father loves lambs,  
All's good and well.  
But if he murders,  
Your father is hell.

Where Abraham lived  
Was safety and Peace.  
But where Lot dwelt  
There was no release.

When Helen was lost,  
There was a great stir.  
When Briseis was taken,  
Achilles demurred.

So know that life's warm  
With the chalice of faith,  
But ends cold and deadly  
In a god's fond embrace.

## **ON CHRISTMAS DAY**

On Christmas Day,  
The birds I heard  
Chirping in the holly;  
Like angels are said to sing.  
But, oh -- so very jolly.

How small was the babe  
That was born this day  
For us to all be glad.  
How laughs my heart  
To hear them sound  
In merry round upon round.

On Christmas Day  
The birds I heard,  
Cheeping amid the berries;  
Like angels are said to sing.  
But, oh -- so very merry.

Let the little then  
Ever have their way  
On this most holy day.  
And would that we  
With love so gay  
Could joying sing too always.

### **CAPTAIN CHRIS**

Unless he comes to you first,  
A spirit cannot be cursed.  
And nothing makes more sense  
Than imminent self-defense.  
So pussy-foot no longer  
And damn his soul in two;  
Only be extra sure  
To give him warning due.  
And though he seem to come  
With Heaven's blessing,  
Not for a moment let him forget  
With whom it is he's messing.  
For Heaven is true  
And spirits are sneaks;  
Do not then hold back  
On the havoc that you wreak.

### **CIRCLE ONE**

The sky the father  
loves earth the mother;  
a love we know in peace.

And so in like tranquility  
the planets all  
circle the star.

Yet too far or too near  
never exceeds just right.

Just as neither he or she  
can ever surpass  
the just One.

For all are enduring.  
Yet special?  
There is but one.

### **BALM**

The good souls have moved on to bliss,  
But these stayed behind to do us amiss.  
Devils and false gods, how them then to defy?  
When for Life we are willing to die

Left behind and all forgot?  
They were not. They were not.  
They took their own lives, true, it seems,  
Yet only after being drowned in dreams.

How like poor soldiers slain they were  
Did we know the truth that's pure.  
While those who bore the cross sublime  
Bought the victor's much needed time.

Peace may be all that some have left,  
But then peace is all some need.  
And there's no greater palm  
Than to win that precious balm.

Always peace and only peace;  
Only then does hurting cease.

### **A MONGOL'S TALE**

A stately pleasure dome was decreed  
Where Alph the sacred river ran;  
As a reward for wild, savage deeds  
For the clan of Kublai Khan.

For years they reveled in delight;  
Did the proud family of Yuan.  
The conqueror no longer fights,  
But sows peace like any man.

Till one day Fate itself poured  
Upon the Mongols in Beijing;  
Destiny flooded like one vast hoard;  
Led on by the rebel Ming.

Leaving all behind, up north Yuan fled;  
Not Karakorum or a town was saved.  
All was lost for which they'd bled.  
All was lost for which they'd braved.

Now on windy steppes where burns the sun,  
Nomad sons make journey on horses sleek.  
No thought of stately dome or Alph to be won,  
But only the Buddha's quiet to seek.

### **WHEN JUSTICE?**

Using the group  
to imprison and murder  
those who don't belong  
to the group.

Was it worth the money?  
Was it worth the women?  
Was it worth  
a ghost's blessing?

"If you think so little



of doing those things,  
you can go through them yourself.”  
For what were they supposed to do?

Guilty wretch,  
the days will come  
when all that’s left  
is your soul,  
and dogs will bark  
unceasing  
throughout the day,  
throughout the night...

Mark!

### **REVERIE**

Everyone is snug asleep,  
softness reigns, overcast,  
but windy,  
this late Sunday afternoon,  
both living and dead slumbering in peace.

With determination like a needle’s tip,  
A spider must carefully weave its web.  
Just as pine cones must be strewn  
necessarily;  
just so for you.

But remember that  
If you don’t really tell the truth,  
you don’t really love.  
And no matter how much  
you change *your* tune,  
the birds will still sing  
as they’ve sung  
for thousands of years.  
And where would you be without them?

“But shall the light that is derived  
deride its source?”

Yet then the sun is not the source *ultimate*  
though terrifying and undeniable its might.

And what is life if it is sick?  
If from oppression he won’t desist,  
you *must* make him your footstool,  
and that he might have  
something honorable in life to do.

But must you then  
wake up every morning  
ready for a fight?

Worn out and beat up,  
get up and start anew  
with hopes and cheers?  
Yes, for how many times  
in the many ages of man  
has pity looked on;  
only to have to turn away forlorn  
from what it could not help?

As the earth holds you  
up on its shoulders,  
sustain your brothers and sisters.  
Let each who's of good cheer  
and good heart  
have all that they desire.  
But what's for you  
you cannot assume.

All you can do  
is choose and hope  
that if your own love  
*is* worth something;  
then perhaps who it's for  
may want some.  
Then keep that love for her  
in a box safe somewhere.  
So that if ever she wants it,  
it's there.

**TO --**

True love is forever;  
She's no less a beauty too!  
But we're stuck *here*,  
And the days are too few.

I'd buy her a present.  
I would if I could.  
I'd buy her some flowers  
To do *me* some good.

Oh, that down  
Would come this wall!  
For what ever did I want?  
Just to kiss her!  
That's all,  
That's all!

### **ALL ALONG**

When feeling *very* bad,  
Think yourself as one  
Bearing the darkness of a storm.  
And if you can get through it,  
If you'll be but strong,  
Someday you'll find  
The sunlight forever lost  
Has been there all along.  
And even if Life of itself  
Is not worth it anymore,  
Grace, Love, Truth, and Beauty *are*  
Worth dying *and* living for.

### **SO SAYS THE HEART**

She should not have such power.  
But I will give her her due;  
Saying "That was  
Some very good shooting."  
Though we do realize  
She could not possibly  
Have meant to aim.

So that now, thanks to her,  
I'm so delirious  
I must write this--

When before  
We'd gone separate ways,  
I was too busy to care.  
Yet now it seems  
One needs permission divine  
(or something like that)  
To dream of seeking her hand --

## **DIVINE PARADOX**

If one is never good  
enough for life,  
what use is living?  
A great person  
who waited on poor persons  
was the greatest of all persons.  
Indeed your gallant friend  
who loved you  
bravely suffered  
more deeply and worse  
than all that you do,  
that he might go before you  
that you might know the way;  
could you but stay awake  
when darkness comes;  
could you wait hand and foot  
(as you said you would),  
when not washing their feet.

## NIGHT AND DAY

Ants humble and unseen  
Gather food from a mound  
Of fresh leafy green;  
While gnats astride the sun beam  
Whirl in a dance  
Like in a happy dream.

Yet when the lone crow,  
On a wire perched,  
Waits at close of eve,  
Are his thoughts of tomorrow  
Or of the day which he leaves?

A jet plane alight  
Streams through the night  
Far high above diamonds  
On a bed of love,  
Yet far below the stars  
Glistening before dawn.

That dawn that wakes upon  
Oranges, reds, pinks,  
Purples and blues  
Flowering forth in the day.  
How together all blooms again!

And had you such joy?  
Did your roses grow tall?  
And when come night fall  
Did not their memory  
Look beautiful too?

## THE GOOD THAT IS ALWAYS

In this life, it's true,  
The riches of demons  
Leave a dingy residue.  
And yet rarely comes  
Justice to virtue.  
Oft, indeed, the very  
Innocent are slain,  
Crying out  
For help in vain. Indeed,  
The more we get older,  
Evil becomes only bolder.  
Pity here has fled,  
And all that appears left  
Is the hope of being dead.  
What *then* does it matter  
Being faithful and true?

For the soul it seems

There are two doors:  
One by faith and honesty  
To ecstasy sublime;  
Where cheerful hearts  
Adore each other  
In purity refined.  
The second door,  
Of lies and decay,  
Leads to a heaven  
Of false glory  
The duped  
And deceived to allay;  
Or else a punishing grave,  
The bourne of willing slaves.

But, of course,  
To know even this,  
Were it all  
So simple and as plain,  
Is yet to know so little.  
We think we see,  
We think we know all.  
But there is ever  
So much more  
We do not know  
And cannot see;  
Such as a bone or rock  
(A hundred miles away no less)  
Buried beneath a tree.  
Or how mirrors send us back  
Exactly what's the same;  
How fire lives as air  
Or how air burns as flame;  
How placid and calm the night sky is,  
Yet whose wispy lights ever move  
And are not fixed as they seem.  
To ascend to wonder's apogee,  
You sort through existence  
Like sifting through that sea.  
One needs all infinity, that's true,  
But not in equal portion or degree;  
That the good within you may  
Echo the good that is always.

In the halls of tradition,  
In the pass of the ages,  
You give ear to those fathers  
That are our honored sages;  
While setting forth the sons  
To wherever tomorrow runs.  
To work is all good;  
For honor comes only from labor,  
And all disgrace is laziness  
That leaves nothing to savor.  
Yet work is and ought

Not be an idol.  
And as vital is disciplined rest,  
Or fond leisure when somehow  
The time's *just right*  
To joy in the best.  
And work may be play  
As long as it is work too:  
In sum, have a good conscience  
That you may have nothing to rue.  
See Evil and Good then as merely  
Words for acting false or sincerely.  
And if by shameless theft  
You would Heaven gain,  
Receive at once, as is only mete,  
"Criminal" for your name.

So many children and animals there are  
That require our care, shelter, and rearing.  
How stout a man then is that  
Who needs be cruel and domineering?  
They are not at bottom strong  
Who will not the poor and weak protect,  
And such who fail the innocent  
Reveal innate frailty as defect.  
For *true* riches and *true* might  
Will safeguard the humblest's rights,  
And if the mild or forlorn we cannot shield  
Then all Earth's but a barren field.  
If love and charity don't hold final sway,  
Of what use is our leisure, jokes, and play?

Dirty tricks and violent strife --  
Is no way of living life.  
Let truth, mercy,  
And justice reign  
That there might be reason  
For sun, rainbow, and rain;  
Cherish as many we may  
With compassion  
Of highest quality.  
For no greater force  
Could or can there be  
But that which loves  
And makes all life free.  
Towards that sort of power  
Must we strive,  
If there be  
Meaning to being alive.  
And even if we fail  
And all the world  
Is to chaos and ruin hurled,  
Souls so loving  
Will yet endure  
Within the Spirit  
Of all that's pure.

Somewhere in its own vision of tender light  
Shimmering in tranquil beams, like unto gold,  
Lies every one or thing of lasting worth,  
Yet which sight few of us ever behold;  
Unless we be among the blest of the earth  
Looking from inspiration's threshold,  
And even then it is but a fleeting glance  
Prompted by thoughts much like romance.  
So we look to glimpse or catch, therefore,  
The shadow of true Heaven in Nature.  
Yet so fallen or blind have we become  
That Nature too has become a distant one.  
Still we feel and know she's yet there  
Though obscured by our worry and cares,  
And come such time we're no more harried  
Then once more Sky and Earth are married;  
And the Universe itself one spacious hall  
Where the flood of love suffuses all.

If God had or ever wanted to  
He could make any religion true.  
Yet if He did change  
How things ought to be,  
How would we know it was He?  
The answer to this  
Is mayhap hard to see,  
Yet in thought and heart are the key.  
The fickle senses are oft at best  
Limpid mud either moving or at rest.  
Which if we look through them for the One,  
Can make Him seem as Satan, or else the sun.  
Senses then when so tricked or cajoled  
Can become sharp knives that slay the soul.  
Logic, by contrast, is more divine and pure  
Than the pristine freshets of a glacier  
By means of it we see the clearer way;  
Know false from true as night from day.  
Then there is our deepest heart  
From which all sincere affection starts.  
Love is the beacon that guides us to ought;  
That love which cannot be sold,  
That cannot be bought.  
Right thoughts and right love  
Then ever be our guide;  
Which tell us that God is innocence,  
And that innocence here's been crucified.

The life that lives in the sea,  
Which shellfish and whales call home,  
In their own peculiar state of peace,  
Lie or swim silent and deep,  
In darkness beyond our own.  
Trilobite ancient, whose fossil we find,  
What evil or sorrow could or did you know?



Long ere Man was felled by false mind,  
What was death in hidden ages ago?  
If less then today, it's only because,  
As the record shows (and I will insist),  
All animals, even tigers and sharks,  
Eat or devour merely to subsist.  
Animals were, and indeed, are very good,  
And the only beast that ever really was  
Is the beast in our midst from outside us  
And who does not what he should.

Often it is the little ones  
Who have greater understanding.  
For while it is normally right  
To be of ourselves demanding  
And remain ensconced indoors  
With keen study and fond books,  
It is sometimes wisdom, even so,  
Surcease of good habit to brook;  
As when the animals call us,  
As they sometimes do,  
To come forth with them,  
And to become like the Indian;  
Who delights in and venerates  
The blessings of the sun.  
For hardly less  
Than princely Akhenaten,  
Do God's true creatures  
Esteem the Dawn,  
And no more pious train is there  
Than the little animals who dutifully  
Leave their hole, nest, or take to air;  
Every morn to greet sunrise's span;  
Just as did their ancestors,  
Epochs before fire and Man.

And as the animals with the Dawn,  
Life itself commences with Spring,  
And we begin to see flowers appear;  
Come out more and new birds  
Whose elegant season excites;  
Tickling bees and rumbling herds;  
Or braces of green ducks  
Alighting on the scene  
To glide on waves of golden sheen.

Then God tells them  
Follow the directions:  
Built your nest with sticks;  
Look in this crevice for food;  
Flee at signs of danger;  
The infinite is a place  
Where there's always  
Room to grow.  
Yet why do I feel sadness

Come the day the baby birds  
Left the singing of their nest?  
Then a few days later,  
Although I could not them see,  
I heard chirping explorers  
Flitting amidst a plum tree.  
Some trees, fed  
By warm or cool water,  
Change their dress  
With the annual quarter.  
So how must then must  
The birds wonder at their home?  
To live in a tree's interior,  
To fly from branch to branch,  
To fly to very tree,  
That is one life of being free.  
And what if every bird  
Did have a name?  
But if we knew,  
They do, they do...  
And the tree  
Who knows them,  
Its boughs nodding,  
Seems to nod assent  
When the soft wind  
Starts ascending.

Though as sometimes strained  
And grim the city gets,  
Beneath the raucous din  
There is yet  
A warm, humming memory  
Of the very good known here;  
Reminding one of the very good  
That yet is or may be done.  
Sauntering in in pairs and packs,  
The crows still gather as friends,  
And like noble savages  
Bellow out in tribal unison.  
They caw out and reply to  
Sacred strophes of jocund song.  
And when gray dusk lowers coolly  
Then disperses that sable throng.  
Day falters; boughs begin to dance  
Bright blossoms of radiant white  
Sense and thought entrance  
In the dimming light.  
Now all who's left is a single rook,  
Solitary as the dulcet breeze,  
Strutting quietly the verdant lawn,  
Pensively like a gentleman.  
Gradually droplets start to fall,  
Tapping gently the leaves green.  
The crow thus alights to leave,  
And now comes eve.

Soft silver patter of the rain  
Turns to a rushing downpour again;  
That spills from the clouds  
In watery sheets and shrouds.  
Then the lightening flash;  
Then thunder distant,  
But even so, a happy flood  
That brings life to flower and bud.  
And when at last the welkin clears,  
The kind moon of May appears;  
Covering with a halo the roses' scent;  
Closing with peace one day's career.

To kiss the robin warbling,  
Perched on the roof's peak  
When day breaks,  
I am too ponderous.  
Nor less clarion or beloved  
Of a summer's morn  
Is the seagull's shout  
Skyward borne;  
Loud, prolonged, and gay;  
Like a trumpet voluntary;  
That sounds with merry joy  
The royal approach of day.  
But once on a morning  
When it was dark and overcast,  
I a lone seagull  
Who too wanted to give thanks;  
Who too wanted to laugh,  
Yet because the time was not right,  
Soon departed in humbled flight.  
These regal birds of liberty,  
After thousands of years;  
Soaring over land and sea  
For what should they live?  
Of what do they dream?  
The young gulls gathered  
Ready to do what right deems;  
The veteran, afraid just a little  
At what his charges don't know,  
Has yet plenty of love to lead them  
Before on their own they go.  
Perhaps what at last he teaches is --  
"If each to other you your heart give,  
Then ultimately life should let you live."

The yellow butterfly of August  
Greet's our noontime stroll,  
Yet a squirrel scampers up a tree  
And robins scurry off silently;  
In wary dread  
At the sound of our  
Approaching tread.  
Now if you look down

The shaded lane ahead,  
You'll see bushes, trees,  
And flower beds.  
And if you listen closely,  
Hid in them you can hear  
Small birds singing cheerily.  
Sunny beams meanwhile  
Illume the grass a vibrant green;  
While up and down  
The long path before us  
Lie purple petals of drying lilac  
Strewn in a dizzying stream.  
No flower flourishes,  
Or bud fervidly flowers;  
Such as foxglove, fuchsia,  
Snap dragon, delphinium,  
Thimbleberry, hibiscus,  
Marigolds and geranium,  
But also feeds and nourishes  
The air and the breeze.  
And no bird cheeps in isolation,  
Howsoever humble their station,  
But chimes in harmony and as one  
With the music of the Spheres;  
And though such music  
We cannot quite hear,  
We at least feel its rhythm  
In the changing of the season.

“Good” then must be love.  
Yet what is love?  
Love is the feeling  
Such as a veined leaf knows.  
Warmed by the sun;  
Flowing with water,  
Filled with life.  
'Tis a spark given  
That sets one's soul aglow;  
Raising it up into  
Beauty's heart unseen.  
Yet where is love?  
Love is everywhere  
But where it isn't.  
For munificently  
He bestows His blessing;  
Is such who so can bless;  
Saying: “Have faith. Be of truth.  
Seek and you shall find.”

Arriving home  
In the soft twilight  
And the thickening chill of eve,  
Tiny bushtits come into sight;  
In and out the bush they weave.  
Twittering like a cricket,

As they flutter in the thicket.  
Lord love and protect it.  
Yet more near or close,  
We dare not further go.  
For there Nature kisses them  
In such sanctuary and repose  
Which only innocence may know.  
Let us rest content then  
In viewing them from far,  
And perhaps one day we too  
May live the calm that they are.

Yonder where the deer step,  
An eagle skims o'er tall trees;  
Of forest crests and wooded hills;  
Ascending to a height  
Only to fall and find  
Rest in each other's laps;  
In slumber deep like  
A black mountain bear  
Taking an Autumn's nap:  
He sleeps where silence reigns;  
Only to wake and rise again.  
Yet while the pines and sequoia  
Are still a coniferous green,  
Oaks, elms, and others seen  
Are shedding leaves  
Themselves between;  
Orange, brown, red, and gold,  
Just as they did in times of old.

But though too at harvest we  
Are now more inclined  
On our own couches to recline;  
With the year more near  
To being run,  
There is yet for many still  
Much work to be done.  
Even among the smallest now,  
Dame Nature herself  
Displays her busy fancies;  
As in the webs  
Of the golden spiders  
In all their fine intricacy.  
Erecting as much  
For pride and for shew,  
Arachne lays on  
The finishing touch  
To gossamer  
Glistening with dew.  
Even wasps and bees  
Will collect a bush's buds  
Gathering pollen that remains;  
While the thrifty emmet  
Refuses losing time

To bring home labor's gains.  
While we can then,  
While we may,  
Be our own hearts  
Grateful for the day.  
And by getting something done,  
Be as votaries who plant an offering.

Not unoften are there places  
Deserted and forlorn  
Not far from where we dwell.  
And did we know them,  
What pity might we feel  
Where life lives but is unwell.  
Once after a rude storm had passed,  
When the sky looked dark,  
Somber and downcast,  
I spied a large, beautiful leaf  
Left in the road to die.  
And could it have spoke,  
Might it too have asked "Why?"  
There are many such like that  
For whom years of hoping  
Have brought no relief.  
And yet strange to think  
How easily might  
Have been healed such grief...  
But for mysterious chance,  
But for odd circumstance.

Was he so blessed  
To compensate deformity?  
Or had he been deformed  
Because he'd been too blessed?  
Was it necessary that they die  
Because they were so loved?  
Or are they now so loved  
Because their death  
Made us cry?  
Oh, for an end to discord  
That destroys!  
Oh, for an end to fear  
That ever mars our joys!  
For if not by fire  
We are burnt to clay,  
Then most surely ice  
Will close our days.  
Oh, for a humble rock to be!  
That we might be unconscious  
For all futurity.  
To not hurt,  
To not be hurt,  
To always be at peace,  
Will not God at last  
Make sharp suffering cease?

Though they dupe our friends  
Us to betray,  
Life's true trespassers  
Are sinister strangers  
Sent from far away.  
Yet though they us  
Into prisoners make,  
The chains of slavery  
Will we ever break.  
For all these trying cares  
All along were really theirs.  
And the sunshine  
Of their false hope  
Forever we forswear.

For many then  
Troubles are rarely very far.  
And even if we ourselves  
Don't in woe and worry languish,  
How cold and dead we are  
To be deaf and blind  
To others' tears and anguish.  
Although some do regret  
Winter's rains and chill,  
It is an apt time of year  
To value quiet and be still.  
And sometimes  
The calm snow brings  
Is just what's needed  
To get a proper sense of things.  
For as farmers must  
Every few years  
Leave fallow tired fields  
So that once again  
They might fecundity yield;  
So the respite  
That Winters sends  
Gives time to heal, forgive,  
And make amends.  
What richer tranquility  
After all is there  
Than a newly snow bound  
December morn  
In which to walk  
And take the air?  
Our very breath we can see,  
And how lovely are the trees  
Adorned with ivory drift  
Of purest white;  
Lit up by frost,  
Moon, and starlight.

Yet for many animals,  
As well as many people,  
This time of brumal "rest"

Is often one when  
When life is most  
Hard pressed;  
To sleep in cold burrows,  
Or lie in damp retreats;  
Or perhaps  
For food to seek  
When there's ever  
So little to eat.  
How must they weather  
Arctic sent blasts  
That on occasion  
Through Winter pass?  
Notwithstanding  
Such harsh reasons,  
Some animals lose  
None of their pluck  
In this inclement season.  
How amusing  
One winter's day  
Was the sight  
Of two brave sparrows  
Formation flying  
Within a pigeons' flight!  
Even our own furry friends  
Some cold weather  
Daring show;  
As when Fido bounds  
In deep downy drifts,  
Or when come morn  
We find Tabby's paw marks  
Trailing in the snow.

Such is but a sketch brief  
Of (some of) the mass of life,  
In all its myriad forms,  
With which the Earth is rife.  
And while in and for  
All Matter's solidity,  
'Tis at last one Spirit  
That governs Life's  
Promise and floridity;  
By Him all spirits  
Are overridden,  
All must do as  
By Him is bidden.  
And despite how tangible  
The physical seems,  
Spirit is the end,  
Not the means.  
For when and how much  
Is there justice enough?  
How far does it extend?  
Of justice,  
There is never enough



To satisfy all demand,  
But that He permits.  
And though howsoever  
Unjust, absurd, or tragic,  
A given day of life appears,  
Yet it never hurts  
To bring comfort or dry tears;  
To stand up  
And vie for what's right;  
Even though surrounded  
And engulfed by Night.  
And when things  
Get too complicate and confusing,  
Look to what it is you are  
Choosing as your good.  
Keep it simple.  
Do your duty.  
Respect in your heart  
What's right.  
Be a good son, father, brother;  
Or daughter, sister, mother;  
And from the murk  
Of irrational thought  
See back to the Light.

## **INSURANCE**

People tend  
to disappoint:  
either they didn't  
do much of anything;  
or if they did,  
we blame them for  
not doing as well  
as they did before.

Meantime, those  
we did not *even*  
want to meet in life  
are killing us.  
So we study facts  
and wage war  
to vanquish  
the custodians  
of present wealth  
and future salvation.

But how does  
one vanquish  
the dead?

I wouldn't  
be cynical.  
It's just  
I don't want

any trouble.  
That's all.  
Oh, how wicked a heart  
must that be  
that doesn't pity  
the child  
born to all this,  
or the good people  
who loved and raised us  
to do right.

Come the day,  
we can't bury  
ourselves.  
So hopefully  
someone will  
do it for us.  
And mayhap  
things then  
will make  
more sense.

#### **LAMENT**

A wind weeps  
O'er an ancient sea  
At the darkening  
Close of day.  
A past that's lost  
Cries out woe;  
Chilled in the breeze  
That echoes thoughts  
Melancholy.

Come then night  
That summons peace;  
Bring forgetfulness,  
Release!  
That all may be silent  
Once more!  
Come oh sea,  
To take life away;  
Away from  
This hapless shore.

As with speed  
Sparrows take flight,  
Take flight oh soul to air!  
Come oh end to sorrow;  
When life's no longer here.

## **DAFFODILS**

What painting or sight  
Can match the light  
Of daffodils glowing bright;  
Breathing fresh as babes,  
Steeped in waters of the rain?

How sad it is  
They briefly appear  
Only so soon to go;  
So little time  
Of life to know.  
Their yellow heads  
Like golden bells  
Seem to joyously ring  
Just long enough  
To announce it's Spring.

After them flows forth  
A flowery tide,  
When white blossoms  
Peek from out from trees.  
But, oh, poor daffodils,  
What you signal  
You can't remain to see!

Yet come the time  
Spring itself is gone,  
I'll remember then  
Days when you were young.

## **HOME**

The world is only so fallen as we permit.  
And if the world is fallen,  
It is because we let it.  
And instead of climbing up out of the hole,  
We confuse our deluded part for the whole.  
You can't say there is no point,  
Because if you do, then  
What is the point of your saying so?  
But evidently your kingdom is not of this world.  
You who reject God, the One  
As either the beginning or the end,  
And instead explain our motivations  
By how psychologically wends.  
However, pray, did a utopian like you  
Ever end up in this world you rue?

After what happened all was quiet,  
And no one was left in the silence.  
At one time it was home,  
And they left abandoning it,

And won't come back again.  
And yet now the house alone  
Was never itself to blame.  
It had for happiness been framed.  
Would that God will love it;  
Now that they are given up and gone.

It sank into the night's sleep.  
Yet the winds wildly whirred,  
Whisperings secret thoughts  
Which only the trees heard;  
Thrashing roofs, walls rattle and shake,  
Battering, rattling at the door;  
Leaving the leaves to shudder in its wake.  
How quiet for a moment it all is  
Until the wind returns again.  
In its revels like spirits who cannot  
Bring good yet who will chide our wrong,  
Vagrant demons lurking  
Where they should not be.

There the poor thing was left;  
Alone, abandoned, still such a child.  
She did know what happened.  
Someone was supposed to've loved her.  
Instead she was thrown away;  
And for me to find her mad.  
So I tried.  
But she died.  
In error, in error,  
Going down, down, down.  
And thus many are forgot,  
Known only to the Lord.

Was life, thanks to evil,  
Ever worth living?  
Maybe not.  
Even so, you are in no position to judge.  
Yes, perhaps you are right in your despair.  
Yet because life is in motion,  
How can you rightly know say?  
Can you know Time the way God knows it?  
While today lies fallow,  
Tomorrow's another field,  
In which to grow and live.  
Fire warms, earth holds,  
Water carries, air lifts.  
Love seeps in.  
Not the way you want or need it now,  
But it seeks to reach you all the same.  
Looking out from the place everlasting,  
And to know those who've died are safe;  
Where no strife can touch them more.

Life as they say is a journey.

You can say this, you can say that.  
But whatever you say,  
You still have to go it.  
We do what we can;  
We can't hold ourselves to more  
Or fuss about what can't be helped.  
And yet there is hope in honest truth;  
Which devils cannot darken or liars dampen.  
Be then in it calm and still as the moon  
And proceed majestically like the stars.

When Abram left the Chaldeess,  
Moving past the desert sea,  
What was he fleeing?  
Could he have foreseen  
His effect on what was to be?  
All he knew  
Was that he was striking out  
To something new.

A new place to live  
Where he could be true  
By all means.  
The ideal is all that's real. All the rest,  
Including even Nature, are its flimsy shade;  
Ever manipulated by others or ourselves.  
Flesh dies, but the Spirit will go on.  
You are not the Light. But be as a mirror,  
And reflect it to others, and this retain:  
Somewhere someone joys in the peace you crave;  
Be patient then your soul to save.

## **TRANSIT**

Birds sing almost  
as soon as they're born:  
each with a song all its own.  
Oh, how like the trees;  
the tall brush growing  
wild on a hillock,  
up, up, up in joyous praise!

And can I myself do better  
than a soft sun  
and a breeze pliant and sweet  
sailing me, under the stars,  
across a beckoning sea?

For animals, the time is the morning;  
busy; singing; flitting; playing;  
They look as if they were  
made for paradise.  
And yet some come to be  
as poor as many people --

living off scraps.

Meanwhile, a fool can waste millions,  
and destroy life and the landscape;  
simply because he is a man.

I would have thought  
the mountains' height  
of distant gray and white,  
and oceans of fond pines;  
suffused with winds  
and brimming waters  
would have been enough.  
But to one's utter  
surprise and dismay,  
we now are chained  
from going there.

Though founding parents  
left us a land  
where free men might in dignity stand,  
along comes a generation  
that makes a pact with Satan  
and free we are -- no more.

Mind control is easiest with the dumbest.  
And when visions of the spectacular city  
are placed before their eyes,  
They will abandon justice  
And hand over the innocent to wrath.

The wealthy, haunted apartment tower,  
who I wonder would live there?  
Built by a prosperous warlock,  
a solitary dwelling of ghosts,  
overlooking the bay,  
rising up:  
a mausoleum reaching to the sky.

And even I,  
when I'd grown older  
forgot the animals  
thinking myself more wise,  
but in truth darkened  
by time's wiles.  
For in self potentially lives  
the interminable pit of despair.

We were to build  
that house in the woods,  
but did not.  
The old songs we loved  
have flown off to their new abode,  
somewhere afar off.  
Life, one day exalted

in the raiment of the sun,  
later lies in a darkened room,  
dieing, undone.

What was it that was left behind in time?  
The countless lives, the countless stories;  
tragedies, boredoms, and glories;  
times of mirth;  
times of despair;  
moments of truth;  
life weary of life and its care;  
multitudes come and gone.  
Where did it all go?  
What did it all mean?  
How much time was needed,  
after all,  
to pray for peace?

Lonely wilderness,  
where fate descends,  
the trees and branches toss wildly;  
filling us with fear.

Soul is what you *are*;  
your body but its vessel.  
Would that now I could  
at least live in the soul  
and feed off the bread of life;  
like he whose soul  
has gone deeper than yours.  
With cold hearts one can do nothing.

Life is but a day's journey to this world.  
For mortals, each day  
seen through the corridors of time  
is but a flitting shadow.  
You may have it,  
but if so  
you are bound to lose it.  
But lasting is the consolation  
that you tried to help;  
you paid your dues  
and for that reason  
perhaps now in good conscience  
you can at last find rest,  
and go to sleep forever.

For even vegetation sleeping grows.  
The seemingly quiet ivy and vine,  
for example,  
cling to the fence  
dance in the night wind  
and still yet feel  
the rain upon their face.

## NEIL ARMSTRONG

After Neil Armstrong died,  
The wide sky of night  
Shimmered like glimmering glass  
With silver clouds illumined;  
As I walked outside  
To see the moon  
Bright and beaming;  
That orb he tread upon.

His fire's extinguished.  
He's now gone.  
The moon, however,  
Recollects him sweetly  
And goes on.

## TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

Bigger than the police,  
bigger than the government:  
"Heaven" and the Devil.

"Torture – yes.  
Mind my own business -- No  
(I won't do it.)"

Raised by sin to be a god among men,  
"the infernal," he says,  
"is just as good as the eternal."  
Progress can bring us greater prosperity,  
but his devilment destroys all gains.

"But I am someone vexed in love,  
and for this reason  
life must be enslaved."

His peasants once bemoaned  
the fear of being poor,  
but after becoming rich insist  
there is never enough of more.

I noticed  
that if the person is not of the truth  
not only can they not love  
but they can't *really* do anything  
except bother people.

When we read *The Iliad*  
how little we're moved by the gods therein.  
So that I think  
if existence could sin  
it's crime would be criminal spirit men,  
the life force of tyrants, barbarians;



the divine booger men.

No victor always wins,  
and therefore must sometimes lose,  
yet even in losing fight on;  
for putting up with them  
is not worth it.

We promise we won't laugh -- tell us now who you are.

Disembodied voice: "I am someone who gets to be interesting too."

Say again?

"I'm Batman."

Oh, *so you're Batman.*

Sprite: We don't know who he is either (and *we* work for him.)

## **PRAYER**

As often as the moon's full,  
As often does our love shine;  
Waxing and waning  
The rest of the time.

When they threw dice for his robe,  
Of He who's Love's sun,  
What were they gambling for?  
What wasn't theirs.  
They didn't care his loss;  
They didn't know his sacrifice.

Yet did not He crucified  
Know where love was  
When he died?  
And yet without  
Love everlasting,  
What, in the end,  
Is worth anything?

So precious you cannot contain it,  
But would give it away if you could:  
Truthful, devoted, enduring, reliable:  
The pearl dearer than all else combined.

It covers a multitude of sins;  
Lifts the quality  
Of every person and thing;  
It is the final standard  
By which all wealth is measured.

In a seizure, paroxysm, or fit,

Think of justice, peace and harmony  
-- that's it.

For these are God too.  
In a future time you will wish...  
Sanctification through death.  
Decide then what matters in the tower,  
Not the cellar of your mind.

Picking what's good,  
Leaving out the bad,  
Raising the good up  
To cure the sad.

Command me, Lord and Heart  
What it is I must do;  
Life is hard, confusing.  
Let me see the church  
As a child I once did;  
Trusting in, by, and for what's true  
Despite what's evil and absurd;  
Let me seek and find shelter  
In the Spirit and your Word.

#### **A VISIT**

Matter has no unity  
Except in gravity.  
Life however has a soul;  
Its own swiftness and celerity.

Behind her something glows  
From whence she hails;  
That makes her radiate here.  
Yet though through  
A vast sea of stars  
She sails, she goes,  
This world is just a passing show.  
Of her, few really know.

Water and blood,  
In a rushing flood,  
Flow forth from creation  
To end in me.  
On water! On blood!  
Death pays our debt  
And once again we're free;

To return home  
To eternity.

## HOPE AND CAUTION: A Poem for the New Year

*"O man, whoever thou art, for come I know you shall,  
I am Cyrus, who once held an empire in thrall.  
Grudge me not, therefore, this little earth  
That covers this corse; once of great worth."*  
~ Inscription, paraphrased, found by Alexander  
in the tomb of Cyrus the Great.

Beneath the strata of sorrow  
Lie streams of joy in moving rest.  
But to reach them needs a power  
Known only to the wise and blessed;  
Streams pouring in quietest peace  
Far from despair that does not cease.

Yet to sound to what is most deep,  
One must strive towards the most high;  
In bleakest shades to seek the light  
That beams from Beauty's concealed sky.  
And with faith, hope and charity,  
Allot Justice with parity.

To effect *this* we listen within;  
To hear the counsels of our heart.  
Guided by Reason veracious,  
Conscience informs us where to start;  
To do right by others as we  
Would have them do to us is key.

Do not do unto others that  
What you would not have done to you.  
Is this so hard to understand?  
This too difficult to construe?  
All morals we can comprehend  
When we've made this maxim our end.

Though blind, we have capacity  
To see good by the rays of truth;  
Eschewing deceptions dark  
And insisting on honest proof.  
The flame of love shows us this way:  
That from night we'll be led to day.

But alongside beckoning love,  
Reason, conscience must e'er abide;  
Watching our steps as we proceed  
Lest we falter, slip, and slide.  
For dear as are all affections,  
They need logical correction.

Moving a head to the future,  
Life is a light on a wire,  
Sparkling forth on its way.  
And we must join with that fire;  
Else into the dark void we fall;  
A mere speck lost in the great all.

But for more than bare surviving  
We need to keep ourselves going.  
For despite boredom and mourning,  
Towards beauty we are flowing;  
There, for those who love and pity,  
Awaits the end, felicity.

How the would-be great strive for strength;  
For supreme might; beyond compare.  
Yet will they the poorest protect?  
No, the impoverished can't be spared.  
Too weak animals to defend,  
Yet sway of empire they'd extend.

How strong and puissant is he  
Who, when it comes to innocence,  
Their safety cannot guarantee?  
He's but a slave of evil;  
Miserable in doing good;  
Impotent to do what he should.

What good is human dignity  
That can't insure freedom from fear  
For the animals on God's earth?  
Someone is needed to lead Life here.  
And truly to be human means  
To save children from cruelty's fiends.

Secrets there are that would some shame.  
Oh, that people knew the sad truth;  
Of what hypocrites believe;  
Who have money but little ruth.  
They trust sly Satan as divine,  
And can't tell God from Frankenstein.

Yes, to Heaven they'll look in awe  
A sky filled with angels seeming  
But one built on incessant tears  
Of babes not spared their false dreaming.  
Such is the crime ever hidden.  
Would that of it we could be ridden!

True, we need Contrariety  
In order to have harmony.  
We need a Counterpoint for Good.  
Yet must this foil Evil be?  
Who needs wars when there might be games?  
Why should numbered deaths measure fame?

Fair competition and merit  
Go hand in hand to prove what's best.  
Who brings more good the more earns it;  
Who works hardest deserves most rest.  
Yet blood and hate what need for these;  
That bring not true wealth nor true ease?

No honor's there in sport not fair;  
Nor real fame for fraud and liar.  
No success for a tyrant's slave;  
The Devil reaps the most of his hire.  
Free are they who in honor vie;  
Not the cheat, nor the cowardly.

Of that which philosopher's tell,  
What for the struggle in this life;  
In what's the famed dialectic?  
That lies and truth are e'er at strife.  
Such are grounds of all contention;  
At least such as one might mention.

What kills happiness is falsehood,  
And in verity does Life live.  
Yet con-artists get the most gain;  
Rather than they who work and give.  
Ban then the secrets and lying;  
For from these comes all the dying.

Underlying monsters of old  
Are facts of truth by us unknown.  
'Tis in night philosophical  
That the darkest of fears are shown.  
For weeping woes and dire terror  
Thrive best in rational error.

Morals are not learned from angels;  
Nor ghosts as we sometimes hear it.  
Character is by parents taught;  
Martyrs and the Holy Spirit.  
E'en animals are more well behaved  
Than spirits from the sky or grave.

A spot bleak, muffled in darkness  
Lay shrouded in oblivion;  
Till one day it came back to life  
In the warmth of the vibrant sun.  
So too does Christ their lives renew  
Who love Heart, Logic, and what's True.

After Time's tolls and exactions  
And the suffocations of hell,  
We are raised not by abstractions,  
Theology, or magic spells,  
But by Faith and Duty alive  
To Christ; who will our breath revive.

Were we in Heaven that is real;  
Were we in God's eternity,  
There as often as the wind blew  
There would always our music be;  
With rests and stops to set the mood;  
To joy forever in the Good.

## **NO GOD, NO SOUL**

No God, no soul;  
no soul then no God.

If no God, no soul,  
then all love is vain.

All that's left a thrill:  
one day gone;  
never to come again --

unless as something vain.

Only unrepentant liars  
insist on this,  
suffocating  
slaves of hell.

But for those  
who breathe Honesty  
and Reason's air,  
God, soul, and love

are well.

## **YOUR VESSEL**

Concealed deep within  
is a taper unseen  
that underlies all  
intensity of emotion;  
as if to douse that flame  
were to snuff all feeling:  
that for which  
unthinkingly we yearn;  
that which we pursue:  
The soul's epiphany,  
a spark trembling  
interred inside;  
like Pythagoras' fire  
at the universal core,  
but instead  
sounding invisibly  
the depths of being;  
filling you throughout;  
a frightening tremor;  
knocking you senseless;  
disorienting with fear,  
yet lifting ethereally,  
an exhilarating ecstasy  
and uttermost peace  
all the same,

but which you forget;  
while spending the rest  
of your days seeking:  
calling it love,  
calling it rapture,  
call it what you will;  
though it have no name.

It's gone, it's lost,  
and yet go on you must.  
Truth, love, happiness,  
pure, distilled, refined,  
Where again will I find thee?

Here are riches that have  
little with money to do;  
that elevate so high the spirit  
they go unseen; unfelt by masses  
and yet who as individuals  
once knew the radiance and hope  
of a child's expectations.

“Non vitae, sed scholae discimus.”

Learning and wisdom  
are riches we toss away  
once we have left school;  
growing up vexation to pursue;  
in search of wealth,  
honors, respectability  
and ending up  
the enemy of poetry.  
Innocence is cute;  
to know them is to feel them,  
and if one cannot feel that way  
one cannot know them:  
echoes of the past;  
of wished for calm;  
a calm once known.  
In the cool green shade  
with love alone it sits;  
in the memory of martyrs  
and the darkening pall  
of a weeping shadow  
that remains indelible  
on the dim landscape  
of centuries.

Warmed by sun,  
the golden moon  
sails forth  
into frigid night;  
over trees  
that have been old now  
for hundreds

and hundreds of years;  
while a spirit pours  
through your soul  
like clear, clean waters.

Why then did you leave it?  
Uncherished, unadored;  
hankering to be a giant  
that to eternity looks  
like a ridiculous dwarf?  
For the vision of beauty  
that the soul can hold  
is worth immeasurably more  
than all the lust and glory  
the whole world can ever know.

### AN ODE TO MUSIC

In the dark hours  
Of an early *May* morn,  
When the breeze of *Spring*  
Is dulcet and fair,  
Love makes even  
Stars more bright  
And gives roses  
A sweeter air.

Then, come promised *Day*,  
The trees and leaves  
Seem more vibrant green  
And life itself  
Is more lovely and new  
Than ever before it's been.

And yet this will last  
But for a moment;  
For *Nature*, though joyous,  
Is but an ephemeral,  
Fleeting thing;  
Since evil usurped it  
Long ages ago,  
And made *Earth's*  
Loved hope take wing.

So is this world  
Then the end of all  
*Beauty, Love, and Truth?*  
You know friend it is not,  
Since *Bethlehem's* holy birth.

And yet the promised *Heaven*,  
Where is it now;  
Who of us can say?  
Except such who



Bear their cross,  
And in constant  
*Faith* do pray.  
Only these and the *Innocent*  
Are more blessed than they  
Who yet can treasure within  
Sweet *Music* 's celestial din.

### **TO A SUPER HERO**

His armor gleams a golden green;  
His masked brow is dark as night.  
None is more quick, swift and fleet,  
And he scarcely fears to die.  
Few there are him can defeat,  
Yet still and alas -- a fly!

The universe is very big!  
How far, how close we are seen  
Oft seems to decide our fate;  
When others judge what we are.  
And yet all alike are great;  
Whether insect or a star.

You don't believe me, this I know.  
You sore suffer from neglect.  
You're too ignored, unwanted.  
But you ought not feel so gray:  
For who's more ta'en for granted  
Than Sun or Moon on any day?

## NEC IN MEMORIAM

Unknown to most of the world,  
prior to many a dawn,  
much of the army wakes  
to the smell of wet green;  
of morning fresh dew  
or of rain left behind  
in the onrush of the night;  
to run, to drill, to follow duty.

Left behind in Fort Knox's halls,  
an old, dusting photo,  
black and white and framed,  
hangs prominently on a wall  
of the first, it is said,  
killed in 1965.

Left behind in years of hurry,  
He died before  
so much storming for causes  
then and later.  
His smiling picture  
since has hung,  
silently fading,  
days and nights;  
honored, yet unknown.

It's all past history;  
that now and for most  
seems rather,  
seems rather meaningless;  
but for him his life.  
And yet his life  
...His life?  
A life for what?

Perhaps someone wept for him.  
If so, for how long?  
In any case, he floats down  
to us draped in shadows,  
simply another abandoned in time.  
Perhaps some passing soul  
remembers, perhaps not...  
in pursuit of today,  
in setting out at morn.

## THE FUTURE HOME

The moan of a once sad hour  
subsides in the wind  
of another departing day.  
How like an ocean surge  
now that faint breeze sounds;  
like rushing waves, swirling tides;  
gusts of surf once more ride the air!  
Roaring, yet trembling,  
some long buried grief,  
some long lost yearning,  
resound now -- as if from afar;  
as if from a hidden abyss  
of forgotten yesterdays.

It's as if fervent love  
had died, and its ghost arose  
volant on sunset zephyrs:  
a descended life yet still living  
in the pity of the present.  
The sadness of life, you know,  
I have felt; even if  
it was not mine alone:  
hopes disappointed;  
dreams gone to ruin.  
Is sorrow, I wonder,  
yet felt in the grave?

Oh lonely wind,  
Who will soothe  
your sighing groans?  
Where will you find home?  
There's no place like home.  
And yet if that home is  
swallowed by the sea  
and all are drowned,  
where then is home gone?

Sometimes we think that since  
the world's died so many times,  
it will no doubt will die tomorrow.  
Indeed, perhaps it is not  
even here anymore to die:  
too hot or too cold,  
too full of strife, too dirty.

It was still a beautiful land,  
even in time of war:  
red and purple evenings  
over swamps of insects and snakes,  
a plateau of reeds with  
tall waving grass leading  
to a lethal jungle.  
Quiet beaches became war zones;

and whirlwinds carried fire from the sea.  
the distant rumble of jet streams  
rolled out the thunder of destruction:  
metal clanking, bursts of flame,  
the screams of men and children  
heroism and brutality beyond  
human control or reckoning.  
What, in the end, was it all but  
the nightmare of individual  
and collective sin materialized?  
The many native martyrs;  
The soldier, from home or abroad,  
though you may have died  
for no seeming reason,  
you did so beautifully  
whether you wished to or not.

Yet certainly  
it was no place  
for Andy Williams,  
happy television,  
or innocent visions  
of love and home.

And the present  
that once was tumult  
has now become  
the past in peace.  
Our hope, our wishes  
our spirits stay,  
though the spinning world  
continues to runaway.  
Before long, all will gone.  
All the more reason  
to cherish it before it is.

There is plenty for all  
of us (and animals too),  
to be happy and free,  
Why then are we not already?  
Because there are hearts and minds  
still prisoners of darkness.  
And not mere death, but  
murder grips the globe;  
For the devil hates with rage  
peace and beauty he cannot own.  
Liars, the cowards, the misers,  
hypocrites sell us out to him,  
and thus we suffer the plague of Hell.

What will it take to make us all whole?  
This, they will say, is the problem,  
that is the problem. But get rid of  
him and that rids us  
of nine tenths of them all;

whose cause is self-pity,  
whose cause is false pride,  
who never ceased invisibly  
in our midst to abide.  
Will you ever go on forever  
suffering his whip and his chains,  
His famines, his pestilence,  
and anarchy insane?  
Or will you at last fight  
join together, fight,  
and with him be done;  
so that at last we can  
have a true happy family  
and a true happy home?

The soldier perished in battle;  
the martyr died for the faith;  
the innocent was eaten alive,  
and nigh infinite others to name.  
But for you and I  
it is different;  
and those who wallow  
in self should survive.

He who seeks the true  
vision of beauty  
seeks it by way of the truth:  
for no truth, no true beauty  
and if no beauty,  
then no truth is worth seeking.

Is pain everything?  
"No, but all pain me is."  
Are you everything?  
"By no means."  
And yet God, by faith,  
is more than everything;  
who pours the balm of love  
into sunken crevices of pain;  
till our suffering and toils  
will one day in the end  
be made whole again.

## A SONNET

If banned had been the world  
When hearts were ever moved,  
Then despair had never been  
In a world not made for love.  
Yet even if this world is vain,  
Is love vain and useless too?  
Not if it o'er leaps the world  
And beats for good and true.  
For even if the world thrives.  
Hearts still yet can give.  
Even tho' you succumb and die,  
Yet beauty still will live.  
Your beauty then e'er maintain;  
That dying love may live again.

## GRAVITAS

*"...not hospitality heaped for Polymedes  
but empty earth on the parched Dryopian fields."*

Despite all the good,  
despite all the bad,  
neither stops the days;  
time proceeds  
without them.

And we joy and grumble  
along the way.

As much a tragedy,  
as much a celebration,  
life is a journey  
we must go on.  
It isn't worth living.  
It is worth living.  
Yet whether or no  
you must go on

and go on.

Mind chained in darkness,  
body bound by time,  
how much anyone  
is embarrassed by the past;  
how much anyone  
has some shame.

If you died, then lived again,  
how now would you live?  
War less and learn more;  
for if you learn,  
onward and upward you go

if not, then further down.

If God's kingdom  
is not of this world,  
what is beauty here?  
What is beauty  
in a world that rejects truth?

*"Whoever hates me  
also hates my Father."*

If you knew better  
(and perhaps you do),  
Beauty doesn't need the world.

Comets, and stars are above  
they are right outside my door  
but they are also in my heart,  
they are also in my mind --

In a safe haven  
away from the sea,  
on a still shore  
of a soul yearning,  
but not fully filled  
with wisdom.

We all judge,  
but Who finally judges?

Who placed the earth?  
Chance?  
Or if not, did He chose  
the exact location,  
the exact coordinates,  
of each view of the heavens  
as seen from every land?

Wherever it is rare,  
take me there,  
take me there.

Where diamonds are framed  
on translucent air,  
tell me where,  
tell me where?

Where one place  
is everywhere,  
where all are freed  
from heavy care,

teach me there.

## ILION

Many years since have sped,  
And still the siege goes on:  
Some fights won, some fights lost;  
E'en so, we've yet to be undone.

But how long can it last?  
How much more strain endure?  
Age takes its silent toll,  
And we no longer are as pure.

Even old friends we blame;  
See fault where once we praised;  
Wishing ill whom we loved;  
Fretting with fear of future days.

Doubt starts to cloud the mind.  
Whatever was the prize?  
Youths now are not so hale.  
New waters of illusion rise.

Would shame were burnt away;  
All cankers of assumption.  
Would we were wise as grey;  
Not weighted with past presumption.

"They've left! they're gone!" it's cried.  
It seems we've won the war --  
While from a turret's seen  
A wooden steed left at the door.

Can such gift be trusted?  
Yes, most seem to agree:  
There is no foe in sight;  
The enemy's put out to sea.

Some doubt, but they're ignored.  
Who can reject relief?  
Who succor can despise?  
No more then of this woe and grief!

And yet tho' the citadel  
Still yet fall,  
Go let them tell it  
Wide the world.  
The body's but a shell.  
Only if, please Heaven,  
A soul may live,  
*That* no man need tell.



## ON FAITH

Safe, secure. But for how long?  
Our life is ever moving;  
Not least than when unseen.  
And with so much unknown,  
What mind can justify  
Its scorning pride alone?

A life all too brief. And so,  
In retrospect, what of it?  
Is any dark so pitch  
There is no longer light  
Enough to illumine  
And draw it from the night?

The pageantry of ages  
Of queens, kings, knights, and sages,  
Where now is all that gone?  
Where now are all their homes?  
Under cypress shadows,  
Beneath majestic domes?

All doomed to die. Yet surely,  
Somewhere, there is a spirit,  
A power, to honor  
Beauty all times and years.  
And if less than heaven's,  
Enough for heaven's tears.

Well said prayers bring forth and down  
Treasures glowing like rare jewels;  
While memories of deeds  
Of daring and virtue  
Will ever taste as fresh  
As welkin falling dew.

Patience is a holy gem  
That vanquishes every sin.  
And the end of sin brings  
Liberty, trust, and peace.  
Oh, that we'd sin no more  
That joys would never cease!

What reason to despair of  
The might of justice and of right?  
Joined e'er in faith and love,  
Will we not at last be free;  
When we see others  
Not as they seem,  
But what they can,  
Indeed, will one day be?

## **DID YOU REMEMBER?**

With frost at my feet  
and silver stars in the sky,  
even the bleakest cold  
can bring a joyous  
quiet and calm.

You don't believe it,  
but we are often forgetting  
of so much good that abounds,  
including feelings of the past;  
forgetting what once was;  
as if it never were.

Take for instance,  
that at some time  
all birds play,  
all birds love  
or would if they could.

Or when in rapture  
of a radiant world  
our eyes at night are touched  
by infinite lights  
of planets and stars  
journeying through vastness.  
Think how many countless of them  
can touch us through our eyes!

And when all will have died,  
and all those stars come  
crashing down;  
both victims of injustice;  
the guilty, the indifferent,  
what all will remain?

Who can guess tomorrow,  
or of change not dreamt?  
This life is not nearly long enough  
to learn all we need to know;  
except this,  
that all this  
great word and vast expanse  
must lie under and obedient  
to the loftiest soul.

For what but the soul  
knows beauty?  
When the body breaks down,  
as it inevitably will,  
what's left but the soul?

And to the wise,  
and in the pure light of truth,

there is no picture;  
only an overwhelming peace  
that survives  
both life and death.

Christ the martyr.  
Our peace built upon a cross,  
And someone willingly suffering it.  
If not Christ, someone,  
some innocent will,  
you know.

So that  
though you were away,  
though you were away,  
I kept your memory safe  
by trying to do good,  
whenever, that is, I could.

### **IS NO THING SACRED?**

*O God I that such a world as this,  
So beautiful and brave,  
Should be of all our fondest loves  
And dearest hopes the grave:  
That in one bitter hour a blight  
Should change its glorious hue,  
And wither beauties, which no showers  
Nor spring-time can renew!*  
~ from "Welaway" by George Hunt Clark (1809-1881)

*If anyone supposes he knows anything,  
he does not yet know as he ought to know.*  
~ 1 Corinth. 8:2

~\*~

Oft have drifting dreamers,  
whether wandering the night or day,  
looked wondering to the moon;  
As if from off on high  
some secret would be told.

Yet when that moon surveyed them,  
what from above could it see,  
but travelers to oblivion;  
tapers so ephemeral  
that, even to ghosts,  
they seemed hardly shadows.

Life as we know it  
appears indeed  
but a vapor or a flame.  
And yet why does it  
move and goad us so?

Could it be love?  
And yet if love gives hope,  
Why does existence burn?

Colors once full and bright  
are now faded, dull to the sight.  
Those houses, those trees,  
those forests those mountains,  
that sky that a mist wafts over --  
all of these could disappear.

Could? One day will.

Treasures once longed for  
pawned in an hour's poverty;  
A tomb effaced by time,  
its occupant unknown;  
All is as fleeting as a wave  
That lifts a weathered vessel  
battered by storms' blast,  
striving to survive.

Knowing joy we fear to die.  
Knowing evil we fear to live.  
The earth,  
with her raiment of clouds,  
lets in the sun  
where and when she will.  
On fortune who can depend?

If things were but a certain way,  
we would be all right.  
But because they are not,  
we stumble into agony  
and breath scalds the living.

Youth taught how exquisite life was,  
and right and wise reason  
how life should be  
surrounded by happiness,  
beauty and peace;  
here to sing songs  
that would never die.

But then spite filled demons  
(call you them gods?)  
with bribes, threats and tricks  
commanded us honest truth forsake;  
to wage war for gain;  
that life might be buried  
under ugliness, pain, and woe.

There are times we think badly  
of what was once thought so wonderful;  
because it could not withstand time or evil.  
But it wasn't that the thing or the someone

that wasn't good or more good no more,  
rather we could not face time and evil.

Yes, he carries heaven with him,  
she carries heaven within her  
but in this world,  
heaven by vote is banished,  
and only faith will raise a heaven's wings.

Mark, faith keeps better  
the more constant you are  
in doing good, in charity,  
patience, courage:  
it was these that give love power  
and what cool the aching burn.

What then surpasses passing life?  
Justice, Truth, Love everlasting:  
For no work of art or creation  
can ever exceed  
the beauty it reflects.

When you can see your goal  
on the distant horizon,  
life can start anew.  
When you know there is a light  
that can illumine all darkness,  
then glory again can be.

Now how could God save  
so many people?  
Bother saving animals?  
Repair what is so pitifully wrecked?  
Change time as if it had never been?  
How, I say, could God do these things?

Such we can scarcely guess.  
Yet the greatest thing  
anyone ever saw  
was someone lay down his life  
for friends, nay, even  
those not friends.  
And that some that was seen,  
that someone was very God.

## **EASTER 2016**

The time was sublime  
-- whether or not you were there.  
Or most very sad  
-- whether or not you were there.  
A past mourned because it is gone,  
Or mourned because it is here.  
What then is the past? Here or gone?

It seems all we ever gain  
Must be given back to time,  
But we have this consolation --  
Time too gets all our pain.

Why is it some things  
Are so perfect?  
Why are some things not?  
Why in the world  
Are the two joined  
Ourselves to vex?

We cannot always escape  
Disappointments and woes.  
Yet these can be made less  
By choosing rightly.  
We have it in us to be happy,  
But they will not let us be so.  
Let us go forward notwithstanding,  
Knowing what we know --  
What is dead of the living dies,  
But that which lived truly  
Will ever truly live.

At least, good heart, believe it so.

Way up high,  
Above the tree tops,  
Over the clouds,  
Beyond the sky,  
In a dream land that never dies  
There is (or seems) a higher good.

But how do we know *this*?

Who can know what others feel;  
Whose lives we do not live;  
When death comes unexpected  
And tears are a surprise?

Now our own time, in any event,  
Is less than it was before.  
See to the body, yes.  
Yet to heart, mind and soul first.  
Whatever it is do it right;  
And ever live today  
As if it were your last.

We hear the moaning of the sea,  
Whispers of regrets  
For what might have been:  
Wings fluttering,  
The crackling of steps,  
Wandering through space  
Past the firmament,

Spanning the breadth of existence.  
Time pours endlessly into tomorrow;  
While from the cliff tops we gaze forth,  
Pondering sorrow and fate;  
Yearning for the power and strength  
That will release love eternal  
And free us from  
The terror of this world.

“In my little soul-boat,  
I will take to sea;  
Trusting to angels,  
While I slumber  
Upon the broad expanse of the ocean;  
Flung about by winds and waves,  
Free of man,  
One with the spirit of God  
Which encompasses  
All wild immensity.

“Bird of peace, the Holy Ghost,  
Blesses us with calm serene and joy eternal.  
Holy books of wisdom, of ages,  
Rest upon the altar of the earth.  
Cherubim swell on high in far echoing  
Voices, hurling through the stars;  
One endless ethereal throng:  
Seraphs with wings of sparkling gold,  
Rich green or bright red;  
A sky bright of hue,  
A deep clear blue;  
Rays of light  
Shooting across the clouds  
Transmitting the glory of the Maker.

“Sweet Holy Maid that prays at our death,  
Oh, radiant is thy purity,  
Pure and precious is thy glow,  
In ecstasy on high,  
Yet weeping for our sins --  
Mysterious unknown, faraway.  
But the poor saint, naïve wakes up  
Gathers some bread and feeds the poor:  
All for the Mercy,  
All for the One,  
All for the Love  
That watches  
And conquers all.”

## TRANSLATIONS

### “Pervigilium Veneris” [The Night Vigil of Venus]

From Latin by an anonymous author of probably the 2nd or 3rd century A.D.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved and each who loved let him love tomorrow.  
Spring new, spring now melodious, spring is the birth of the world.  
Loves unites in spring, birds marry in spring;  
Tomorrow love couples among the shades of the wood;  
Interweaves lively in a cottage under myrtle branches  
Tomorrow Dione speaks the law sustained by her throne sublime.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

Then life from above foams the sea into a mass;  
Dark blue amidst the crowds, amidst the two legged and horses  
Dione makes waves about the husband of Imbros.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

Herself flourishing purple she paints the year's flowers  
From her breasts arise the West Wind's breath;  
She presses warmth on muscles, herself moisture's splendor,  
In the breeze of the Night whom she leaves, she scatters wetting waters.  
Look the tears sparkle quivering from their falling weight;  
In drops headlong the small orbs delay their downfall.

Look! modesty and beauty bring forth majesty  
That fluid which wets the serene stars of night.  
In the Morning the damp robe falls loose on maiden breasts.  
Herself commands in the morning where the virgin dews wed roses:  
Refrains Cythera from warmth; subside kisses of love;  
Subside jewels, subside gusts, subsides the throne of purple.  
Tomorrow the blush, which dress conceals the hidden fire,  
Of the special marriage, unashamed, forbids not release.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

The goddess rich bade the nymphs go to the myrtle trees:  
With the boy [Cupid] as companion of the girls: it could not however have been trusted  
For Love to be idle if arrows struck.  
And so, nymphs; he placed aside his arms, Love is at rest.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

He is commanded to go defenseless, to go naked he is commanded  
Not with bow, not arrow, nor with fire to harm.  
But, even so, nymphs beware, because Cupid is beautiful:  
In arms all the same, when Love is bare.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.



Venus arranged that modesty be sent to you virgins.  
The thing that together we ask: yield, Virgin Delia  
That the grove will be bloodless from the havoc of animals.  
Herself she wanted to ask you, if chastity has turned aside,  
Herself she wanted you to come, if virginity is fitting.  
Now you see tribes of dancers in revelry at night,  
Gathering in company to go through your dances,  
Flowers among the garlands, myrtle leaves among the cottages.  
Neither Ceres, nor Bacchus are away, nor the god of the poets  
Hold back, all the night is awake singing:  
Dione reigns in the woods: Delia, you must recede.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

She decrees flowers from mount Hybla to stand at the judgment seat of the goddess;  
To the guardians she declares the law, and they sit Thankful.  
Hybla, showering all with flowers, whatever the year brought,  
Hybla, the height of floral dress, as wide as Aetna's fields.  
In this country girls are torn from the spring,  
All within the grove, all in riches, all inhabit the mount.  
All are enjoined to assist the boy and mother differently,  
She directs girls to hide nothing and to trust in Love.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

And the young and flourishing are led from the flowers' shades.  
Tomorrow she goes to Heaven whom first joined marriages,  
Father of all who makes Spring the wedding time of year:  
Into the nuptial vessel flows the husband's joining stream,  
From whence the mingled breeding of all grows into a large body.  
Herself the pulse and heart of penetrating spirit,  
Hidden within steers the mother of men,  
Through sky, through lands, under the seas,  
On their steady course she sends procreation  
Commanding the world to know the ways of birth.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

She herself carried over Troy's subjects to become Latins:  
She gave the Laurentian girl [Lavinia] to her offspring [Aeneas],  
From whence the Branch of the Romans afterwards arose;  
Created the mother of Romulus and his brood Caesar;  
And soon gave to Mars the chapel of the chaste virgin;  
Herself forming the union between the heirs of Romulus and the Sabines.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

Pleasure nurtures the country, in the country they know to Worship  
Himself Love, the boy of Dione; the country bespeaks his birth.  
Him, with the land born, she receives to her bosom:  
Rearing him on the delicate blossoms of her kisses.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.

Behold now under broom trees the lambs unfold,  
Each careful to hold to the marriage agreement.  
Beneath shades with their husbands, behold, flocks of sheep:  
And to sing and not be quiet the goddess instructs the birds.  
Now the talkative swans of raucous voice are obstreperous on the water:  
The wife of Tereus [Procne] under the shadow of the poplars responds,  
Such that you think love's emotion is being addressed by the voice of music,  
And you doubt she complains of her sister [Philomela] concerning the [i.e. Procne's] barbaric  
husband.

She sings, we are silent. When my Spring comes,  
When will I become as the lyre, so as to abandon being silent?  
I ruined my Muse through silence, nor has Phoebus [Apollo] regard for me.  
Thus as Amyclas, when they were silent, silence perished.

Tomorrow let him love who never loved, and each who loved, let him love tomorrow.