Anthology of WL Schuett

Presented by

My poetic Side

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Soulful Peace

Sleepy Dreams Fade

Lowing of the ages

Turtles on a log

basking in the sun
warming up with the day
turtles on a log
what else can I say

I can say I found some magic
on that log in that pond
good fortune came and changed
the life of which I am so fond

I can say there was a rainbow
that followed me all day
that people stopped and stared
and listened to what I had to say

I can say I found my purpose
basking on that log
and that life's balance
came down to me and my dog (Willow)

but really in that morning sun
with the croaking of a frog
all I could really say
was turtles on a log

Sweet Nectar

fold back the petals
moist with first dew
tempting , inviting
opening for you

deep down inside
a life elixir
dripping , pooling
daring someone to kiss her

caress the petals
odoriferous delight
sweet nectar awaits
hover , drink
then take flight

An unexpected Poem

times wrinkle has now shattered
and left me holding up the wall
while dirty dreams that can't be seen
are caught fleeing down the hall
waiting for the injured horizon
to be huddled forth like a thief
into the smoke of a burning boxcar
singing a dirge called life is brief
yesterday I had prayed for rain
now I'm hoping it will cease
while standing knee deep in protesters
holding hands and chanting for peace
across town a statue tumbles
into a flaming burning cross
where brown shirt men arm salute
yelling about how it's a terrible loss
morning stabs the treetops
and our society will receive them
she's an extracting mistress seeking
answers faster than philosophers can conceive em
listening to the the moan of the west wind
as they poison the water front beach
dams and tributaries are on fire
burned down to solemnly preach
we will invite injustice to dinner
crack open a fine bottle of wine
try to have a conversation
say you'll see it will all be fine
but we know it will never be fine
and we shouldn't keep this company
we should throw the door open wide
and tell it to leave not so subtly
I'm all for a little civil disobedience

I actually try to do what I think is right
I am not buried in conspiracy theories
although I never used to lock my door at night
I just try to do my artwork
not care to much what others think
I'm certainly not a ladies man
but , I never write in invisible ink

Return to the meadow

I slept out in the meadow
awaiting your return
In a campfire the remnants
of your departure burn

wondering how how it came to this
how it got so far
trying to see through the guilt
and wondering where you are

as I watched the treetops burn
in this lost lonely night
haunted by the rivers song
that's rising in the half light

the frost hit hard
again this night
and laid the meadow down
things that I knew as true
were scattered all around

the past was thick everywhere
In sound and vision alike
the seconds seem to close in
coiled and ready to strike

from desperation to hope
it only takes time
or from desperation to hopelessness
which reality was mine

so I poked at the embers
and stirred up the ashes

adding fuel to the inner light
of what memory flashes

I wonder where you are tonight
and why you went away
and if you returned to the meadow
I wonder what I would say

Scholarly Wanderers

look to the flowers
caress the wind
gentle wanderers
in natures balance

while some are weary
others they frighten
slapped and trapped
to many a nuisance

to others a marvel
understanding their value
seeing the harmony
in natures brilliance

winds are changing
carrying a burden
too heavy to know
till their absence

scholarly wanderers
endangered maybe
beyond return
carried with penance

pollenators
lifes elicicers
for when the queen
is gone we will miss her

hives are falling
to a mite that kills ...

what will happen when
wings that beat
for a million years
suddenly fall still ....

She Dances

back lit moon glow
she shines
dreamy and ethereal
moving like the night
she dances

wisps of smoke
an uninhibited fire
a spark all aglow
like smoke she curls
a dance soft and slow

a thousand nights
from a time unknown
the moon romances
the spirit moves her
and ... she dances

Hymns of Previous Souls

walking up this abandoned road
are the footsteps lost in time
where borrowed memories float
and ancient bells do chime

the holiness of a lost cathedral
when you push the doors aside
the mysteries of a fallen age
their prayers felt deep inside

hear the songs of the previous souls
their melodies soft but clear
singing in a mourning choir
those hymns we hold so dear

sermons here are set in wood
as they reverberate through the wall
layers of dust and dirt have settled on
the teachings of Peter and St Paul

this ancient barn once
so majestic and revered
collapsing on its own axeis
has slowly all but disappeared

solemly chant the ancestral names
of all those who came before
who worked , lived and loved
but who can worship here no more

Sleepy Dreams Fade

window shades half open
a warm salty breeze
soft conversations
drift up from the street

smoke from a candle
feather pillows
and lace

spiced wine red apples
cool satin sheets

the touch of lace on
sweet hidden delights

deep velvet music
soft , soulful and blue
cool beads of sweat
like mornings first dew

sleepy dreams fade
from a deep sated sleep

as morning creeps in
through the window
like a thief

Vows of Peace

take me down the path
where mighty rivers roar
where salvation is a fallacy
shaken to its core

send me to the peaceful beach
and show me where to stand
forget about the stars above
and have me count the grains of sand

show me where the echoes fade
into the mists of time
ringing out beyond the sea
the bells of freedom chime

move me to the valley floor
from the snowy mountain peak
to the forest of sensibilities
where vaulted rainbows leak

tell me about the dreams I have
and how they'll never cease
where recurring themes of love and truth
whisper sacred vows of peace

Poverty of the Soul

in times of trouble
drowning in fear and doubt
where questions I can't answer
are casting all about

searching for the answers
that time and distance have stole
starving and neglected
there is a poverty in my soul

trying to reconcile
belief and non belief
looking for that middle ground
to open up that window
that I always knew to be there
but sadly now just can't be found

a chill is in the night air
the morning frost is keen
as for faith or unbelief
there is nothing in between

The Tempest

for love and faith sorrow glides
on a mourning flame of guilt
within the reach of echoes past
a mirror of shame is built
restless in that ornery shade
of beauty tricks of mist
beer tops fly to bring about
the savage strength to exist
someplace in this universe
a warrior tramp explains
that each and every one of us
has the obligation to complain
with voices loud enough to break
that neon haze of novel hate
chapters written so long ago
but, still it seems too late
to stumble into the gutter
of a manic dream that hides
behind the blue lit mountains
with temporal rising tides
but after wails of acid pools
where a lonely child cries
into the mercury of morality
that chants its ugly lies
with vows of faith a book that ends
with a world torn apart
but read the pages where words
of love are written for the heart
here four angels stand ready looking
past the four corners of the earth
upon pure white horses where
despair is braver than what it's worth
a violent storm of vibrant sorrow

shot through by fates long bow
quenched by torrential rains
brought forth by a lost and broken rainbow

Fireflies In A Jar

summers heat cools
in an evening meadow
lit by a thousand tiny stars
down a dusty road
of tattooed memories
fireflies in a jar

running wild and free
in wilderness dark and still
taking a leap into uncertainty
leaving childhood for the world abstract
with so many jars to fill

blowing the dust off
all those young dreams
fresh cut hay drifts in
on the winds from afar
barefoot , tanned
serenaded by the crickets tune
fireflies fly free of the jar

split rail fences
of summertime dreams
an old outhouse, a shooting star
dogs running free
was it really as simple
as it seemed....
fireflies in a jar

Tears On The Moon

Sundown rakes and a meadow sighs
treetops burn from innocent lies
deep green mountains, left of rage
no one leaps to turn the page
raindrops play their ancient tune
and tears are falling on the moon

when love has lost and hate has won
when faith and charity become undone
when there is no magic anymore
just a hole where there was a door
justice has lost its faith too soon
and tears are falling on the moon

equality seems to be on the run
lessons taught from father to son
somethings should not conclude alone
history can't easily be turned to stone
it is time to stand , it is high noon
with teardrops falling on the moon

worshipping on the high altar of death
when does humanity take it's last breath
is this the end are we better than this
or is this just the Judas kiss
is this absolutely doom and gloom
with teardrops falling on the moon

what are honorable people to do
to stand up for all thats right and true
do we draw a red line in the sand
or do we retreat and try to understand
we better do something and do it soon

to wipe those teardrops off of the moon

Captive Oaths

the sunlight plunges
in the early hours shadows cast
rustling down through the leaves
for friends now and forever past

inside a quiet cobwebbed room
lies many lessons to be learned
shelves of books , Persian rugs
a row of candles softly burned

candle wax truly looks like tears
my fallen thoughts were broken
spiraling, howling through the years
volumes of words left unspoken

captive, prisoners of harmony
a remarkable pact , a covenant of love
the truths held within our hearts
solid , invincible wrought from above

what we hold captive
a hearts promise fair and just
no reward offered , or ransom paid
a sacred oath to love and trust

Heart of Mercy

heart of mercy
crying to be heard
in the dimming of
dusks last true light
and the chilly winds
of emptiness
following a trail of tears
to an eerie blue Twilight

what we can't forget
is hidden in our hearts
buried somewhere behind
the midnight rains
between the lilting
moonlit mirages
and the lost forests
tragic last refrains

heart of mercy
tolling for freedom
back from the endless
assaults on morality
beating like rain
on the hollow log
of a reckless
and uncertain eternity

where a red flower
is damp with dew
where hatred is lost
in the cool of the morn
where the thick limbs
of the sycamore grew

where young dreams
are waiting to be born
where sundown trails
like a faithful dog
where the promise of magic
is waiting to be revealed
where sinners fail
and lovers never part
where lovers fight on
and prophets kneeled
where there is still
mercy in my heart

Storm Warning

Her voice was calm
but in her eyes storms were raging
years of torment
forever hidden, conflict was waging

in her forest of night
sleep was a vast forbidden shadow
gates of darkness
deeper darker than you'd ever want to know

a halo surrounds her
complicated intriguing rings of sadness
halls of sorrow
long deserted corridors of madness

she's a soft beauty
hiding a meadow of faded flowers
sirens dance
heart pounding into a maze of conflicted hours

she's kneeling at dawn
dying trees in a deserted quarter
pathway to morning
solid ground turned to deep still water

lovely woman
behind her eyes clouds were forming
her voice was calm
but in those eyes a storm warning

Convicted Of Beauty

In view of an eclipse
a tiger swallow lands
captured by the dew drops
following rules obeying commands

bittersweet, heavy hearted
prisoner of the rain
traveling with the wind
flowers rioting in tear stains

locked up in history
convicted of being
born in your own time
without conscience of meaning

tears through the windows
singing a sad song
even the butterfly knows
sometimes the rules are wrong

Dusty Dry Red

Smoke rings
down the alleyway
sleepy curtain blues
trying to keep
the window hidden
with an old sad song
that filled the air

her hair in
midnight curls
I want her
I could almost die
tender persausion
a dusty dry red
a corner table to share

laughter fades
trash cans in the alley
red lipstick
on her glass
matchsticks, coasters
hidden in the mirror
close a door that's not there

broken bricks
fire escapes
old souls search
for new life
dancing in lamplight
to that old sad song
hidden in the windows glare

Heart On A Tree

walk with me in the shadowed moonlight
past the sweet mulberry tree
with the scent of lilacs bright
hand in hand
whispering of loves intensity

a secret rendezous , dark and romantic
crickets chirp , lightning bugs fire
creek splashing on rocks
sounding so dramatic
stopping eye to eye ,
electric like a wire

innocent
honest
loves first endeavor
a sweet kiss
a breast caress
dreaming about forever

walk with me in the bloodmoon light
take me past the mulberry tree
walk me past dawns first light
hand in hand
whispering loves true destiny

you and me carving our names
in that secret whispering
mulberry tree

Shadow Of A Storm

although I walked in the
shadow of a storm
it couldn't be out paced
found an abandoned barn
hoping to get warm

thunder crashed
prayers in wood
sermons in stone
it had been many years
since I felt so cold and alone

put some wood in the stove
and set it afire
the scent of many autumns
curled in the smoke
trying to find my way
to your love again
and back from wanton desires

took my purest thoughts
and turned them into prayers
prayers to the silence
prayers to the loneliness
prayers I hoped would uncover the layers

a long cold night
somehow turned to morn
leaving my sanctuary
for a long road unknown
in the shadow of a storm

Choices

nude on the bed windows wide open
upstairs a lone candle is burning
forsaken thoughts
a door that won't close
soft rememberances full of yearning

hidden in a veil of fragmented shadows
whispers on sheets , a quiet separation
unspoken sorrow
a sea of despair
damp with tears cries of frustration

shimmering softly in faded background
soft summer breeze put the candle down
darkest hour
unchosen hell
looking for that which cannot be found

a critical point life in the balance
darkness and light superimpose
midnite passes
relit the candle
finding the strength to put on some clothes

Blue notes

Dark smokey
jazzy blues

Heartbreak music
or music drenched in romance

laughter drifting
out to the
neon haze of the street

dusty reds
deep river greens
midnite blue

reflecting up from a
light rain
the sounds of many
dancing feet

a tenor sax wailed
the night alive around them
amazing blue notes
hot , close exhilarating

Bluesman Jazzman
in the dark pleasure
of one more dance

River Music Haunts Me

a song so familiar
Gypsy music or maybe Cajun
I just couldn't place it
between us the river was ragin

a melody so poignant
it was difficult to ignore
a hymm,
that was the fog on the river
and the sand on the shore

isn't there a Jasmine
that blooms in the night
and a moonflower that
closes in dawns first light

muddy old
deep river blues
being sung by a man
without any shoes

a full moon , warm summer night
moonshine whiskey tucked on the ground
singing a deep low river song
while knowing no one else is around

suddenly answering chanteys
a duet from barge to shore
a violin so evocatively sweet
that your heart just tore

they only did play
for a sweet short time

but sometimes there is magic
in a moonlight paradigm

they carried on the ballad
even after they fell from view
faint , sweet wisting away
both kept playing soft and true

haunting
stirring
touching
so powerful
that it took me home ...

Broken Shutters

old chipped paint
a porch in a state or disrepair
broken shutters
under the window an old rockin chair

a thousand conversations
faded echoes lost in dusty old wood
mason jars ,old milk bottles
in the shade from where a fallen tree stood

previous souls
who tried to change what
could not be changed
on a porch with broken shutters
and soulful voices lost and rearranged

voices out out of mind
distant in the fabric of time
drunken on the fruits of misbelief
and abandoned vines of summertime

age old hymms
sung on the porch in memorian dust
gardens of flowers picked in another age
with leafless trees
and shrouds caked in rust

broken Shutters
tossed in a pond of floating flowers
where praying angels wade
where timeless voices echo
in sorrowful, soulless, treeless shade

Waiting

she sits by the window
in a soft breeze
from the sea

dreaming in lace
of morning fruits
and fragrant teas

dreaming of the one
who sets her free
every evening
in loves honesty

cinnamon
oranges
sweet honeyed tea

rich chocolate kisses
silk lingerie
curtains rustle in a
soft , salty way

waiting for the one
who will take her sweet love
in the twilight of the day
and whisper her name to the
stars high above ...

Ancient whispers

take a breath in
and try to hold it dear
while my conscience sleeps
and angels crack the mirror

breathing in while darkness creeps
and lustful truths appear
where ravaged rivers run dry
and artistic prophets rape fear

ancient whispers haunt
this dilapidated barn
music from a thousand souls
harmonize a desolate alarm

breathe in the night air
to where a lonely martyr cries
where the magician disappears
and the angry poet lies

take a breath of uncertainty
in the shadowlands of sleep
stirring a wasteland of images
as a thousand angels weep

The Path

I travel down a path
worn to the quick with
the memory that
when I was young I believed
many times I've looked down this path
many times I've taken this path
this path that leads to profound silence
I was not truths equal
I embrace that now

when the lilacs bloom
and the willows bend
when the path fades out
and the river ends

when the rustle of warm air
overthrows a melancholy night
and dances along the river
in a blue moon light

trying to out pace my fears
trying to find myself again
the melding of soul and fortitude
someday maybe I say ...
but not today

Edge of a clearing

memories lost
in the silence of the snow
at the edge of a clearing
thoughts of long ago

as I trudged through the snow
looking back on my tracks
just as I look back on the feelings
that times left intact

a break in a bough
the snap of a branch
the essence of winter
lost in a trance

something's last forever
time , space and love
remarkable the idleness
fallen from above

intrinsic the nature
of maiden eyes
haunted by suspicions
ravaged by lies

late in the day
shadows stretched afar
sometimes things aren't just
wrong or right
they just are ....

A Woman's Song

awoken by woman's Song
how it overwhelmed me
overtook me
upended me
tortured me

I tried to roll back the sea
the tide rolled in
it didn't care

merciless love
inspired silent oaths of fate
there are things I knew as
a child
that are now just out of reach
the memories come in dreams
only to disappear when I awake
but in those dreams ....

something so profound
that there is only before and after
a Woman's Song?
If only I could remember...

Leaves of Summer

ripples on the water reach my eyes
sitting so alone 'neath fallen skies
why was it so hard to see what was true
when all my life ever needed was you

the wind cut loose above the trees tonight
waiting for the water to still the night
when thinking about all the things I thought I knew
it seems all I was ever sure of was you

the leaves of summer are now burning on the hill
echoed in the smoke the sounds of love cut still
running through the hills the rivers flame
for written in the wind the sound of your name

blackness in the air stills my eyes
standing so alone 'neath fallen skies
but as the morning light shines on through
oh right there , there is you

Candlelight

the provocative shape of her mouth
in candlelight her dark eyes gold
I felt the weight of endless verse
more than my heart could hold

prose and passion grab at me
and hold with their allure
addicted to the written word
a habit I've no need to cure

my thoughts were tethered back
by the memory of her touch
breathtakingly beautiful wearing only
candlelight ,
it was all too much

the wild mountain scent of her
and the meadow flowers fuse
if your quarrel is with fate
you know you're bound to lose

a soft waft of perfume
lingers over this tender night
I have no quarrels, no regrets
as I lay replete in candlelight

Sinuous Grace

I stood there unmanned by silence
and darkness
the scent of ancient timbers
and old dusty papers

a flame danced upon the
unwholesome air
for a small eternity I stood in
the breath of moonlight

in the cool evening air
my head cleared instantly
a distant dog bark drifted acrossed the
haze of a cobbled lane

she heard the front door slam as
she read from a book with no pictures
that auburn hair
that sinuous grace

meandering , exquisitely drawn out
perfectly sustained
a sweet high note

looking further into my heart then
I would have thought possible
that labyrth inside catacombs
I felt content in the warmth
of her rising sun

Lost Morning

Continetal drift
tectonic collisions
I walk blindly in the planets upheaval
searching for a mistress
from a lost morning

Do we live in a universe
that is absurd
who knows when the door closes
or when life hangs in the balance

when young I lacked empathy
now little things make me sad

obscene indifference
pretended compassion
promises broken
artistic allusions

there was a tear in the fabric of the night
out of my eyes fell the blindness
into the half light I wandered

A cold rain quinces the steamy
earth of my winsome soul

a forest of happiness envelopes
my journey down the pathway

and the morning was found

Quiet Night , Invite

Pedestals of burning ashes
a symphony of diminutive arches
turning point
holy water

This morning broke with
a watershed of peace
the disillusion
the disenchantment
of my decention

the last time
the last thing
so quiet in the night
the right time
the right song
to hear it , to invite

did you know you saved me
made my life
helped me live

a handwritten note
provocative , rustic
ecstatic utterances
conductive to the atmosphere
blindfolded , ascending, reflecting
at one with
a tempest threshold of mirrors

do we make every journey
with a purpose....

Under the Porch

Amplified emotions take shape
sometimes keenly .
From under the porch
a dog took us in .
I look at you and know
you are my home
you are my strength
and my truth .

Through the misty muddle
of uncertainty
you lift the fog
and let me see .
A mist on the water
stillness in the pond .
Soundtrack for love ....
of a dream ,
my dream .

Love is real

Love has no sanctions
it is wondrous and free
a soft wind on a dusty kettle road
can rouse the desires of an old withered tree
a kiss of a breeze , a love caress
sweet whispers , confess
undress

once we skipped to the steps of youth
now we dance the dance of autumn
a cold winter looms
what once waxed so bright and hopeful
has waned into a pale sliver of moon

melancholy seeps deep on a frozen afternoon
the fires that burned so bright
are banked to heat the room

wrapped in a blanket
our feet to the fire
the wisp of a shadow
the echo of a dream , desire .
retire

love is so simple ,
the advocate for the humanities
dapper and dreamy
soft to the feel
brazen or hidden
whisper or a boom
of one thing I am certain
I feel
love is real

Blue Twilight

There's a woman somewhere
who writes poems to the air
she's blinking tears from her eyes
lost but dignified

between the turbulance and the serene
eyes a wet hazel green
she's fighting for her sanity
longing to be free

she has taken for so long
forgotten life is a song
to be sung while you dance
in a steamy romance

I wonder what she writes tonight
love that's lost ...blue twilight
god, love or a life become hardened
soft rain in the garden

did I know her long ago
somehow I really thought so
but the memories are not so clear
is it just poetry that I hear ...

Huckleberry Stone

late afternoon light
through the honey jar flows
surrounded by leaves
the warmest of glows

sit with the leaves
ride that first wind
waiting for a secret
conversation to begin

fireweed honey
a mysterious blend
that silent conspiracy
follow a map till it ends

brought forth from love
like a huckleberry stone
sensual mystical
altogether unknown

dilapidated heart
tupelo dreams
orange blossom fight
some bojangled schemes

ride that first wind
lay down with the leaves
put out to pasture
whatever mysteries we weave

in the magic time of day
when the sun fades the tupelos
when the fireweed gently sways

into the sunset that just cut below

that match has been struck
there's not a lot we can do
to find out what's still sacred
follow a map to find what's true

someday when the wind does blow
straight through that surrealistic cone
when we hold a blossom by its stem
we will see that elusive...
huckleberry stone

Raindrops on Cherries

the woman who no longer
had a dog
sat inconspicuously on the stairs
of her own home
waiting for something that
happened a long time ago
whispering and moving
not knowing she was alone

somewhere down the street
a lonesome dog did bark
and cut through the trees
a sorrowful wind did wail
wondering
can a life be full
without sorrows
a long life so rich and loving
is now a heartbreaking tale

she is the goddess of twilight
the dusk is in sight
and it will not be late
feelings of impossible love and
wishing my hands were strong
enough to change her fate

how are you she asks
though she doesn't know your name
you tell her all about your life
and what's most important to you
how are you she asks , again
and again

she'll tell you all about her day
going to church lighting
candles saying a prayer
shopping with her Mom
getting ready to make dinner
not knowing she has never once
left her wheelchair

I look at her and
without a doubt I see
the courage she still carries
in a conspiracy of silence
in the raindrops that
now drip from the cherries

her eyes they are as
keen as they ever were
is your Mother still
alive she asks
I smile and say yes
and that I love her

Warm Stormy Rain

she droned on about antediluvian ideals
for peace or I don't know
she forbade me to mention how love feels
through the spiritual beauty of her eyes
the warm stormy rain poured down
on radiant, costly , immoveable lies
I guess it was hidden in the rain
or in the verder of the trees and grass
but a cross that rose was hung from a chain
and gave me hope where none trespass

could you lay near the creek
and hear the grass grow
could you hear the boughs bud
through the ancient misty glow

tears of despair
tears of shame
lost in those tears
years of blame

ox-eyed daisy
in a warm summer rain
in a lost afternoon
in a forbidden refrain

I tried to find my peace
though forbidden to speak of love
from a chain a dangling cross
and still more rain from above

The Alley

don't go down this alley
where truth is told , broken bottles
captured spirit, a complete dead end

lost and fobidden ,all alone
footsteps echo, over your shoulder
behind your back something slithers

bravery runs, courage falters
garbage reeks , light bulbs flicker
the truth in loneliness abides

fish bones and alley cats
deep , dark, frightening an open door
slimey slippery there is no exit

an alley
where truth and honesty thrives
an alley
where only the tough survive
just an alley
do you dare go down alone

Dawns Piper

six white horses
with banners displaying
cartwheels turning
shadowless trees swaying

a trickle of tears
escalated into a flood
the market on the avenue
was buried in the mud

as the dawns new light
started pouring in
singing a lament
this was a holy place again

a fire was blazing
near the broken jug of wine
squeeze some more juice
from the fruit of the vine

dreams were colored
in a milieu of rust
and six pure white horses
pulled that cart of hope and trust

on the foreshore of the river
stand the golden gates of dawn
the pipers tune was playing
as the flood of tears moved on

Midnite Paddle

down the stream of fellowship
into the breath of tranquility
close, mist laden shores
a million stars assault your sensibilities

the bend of the river deep green
chill rising in the warm still night
the pull of the paddles, duck weed parts
Milky Way rising, a mystical sight

where the river collides with the sky
rhythm of the paddles break the silent moon
dark hidden depths, Whitewater lorded
shores quiet chatter, a call from a loon

the music from a thousand nights
a solemn hymm only the river can compose
lost in a timeless rhythm
that only a paddler really knows

at one with the current
life in harmony, souls release
glide through the water with quiet dignity
wth each pull of the paddle ...
a sense of peace

Wooden Music

two old friends
on the back porch
their guitars playing
an old familiar song

two old pals
consorts and consul
have made wooden music
their whole life long

two ancient pickers
they've grown up together
teacher or student
partners in crime

on an old wooden porch
or a park bench or two
under the street corners glow
playing whenever they have the time

two old sidekicks
they've written a song or two
but mostly they play
those ancient universal tunes

stories of love and laughter
heartbreak and sorrow
two old buddies
hoping to play again real soon

two old farts
accompliles and allies
two wooden guitars

plucking way at an age old song

collabortors and chums
two old guitars
two old friends
never getting tired of playing along

The Pack

They had long settled
down for the night
the pack was together
as the lightening cracked bright

they knew instinctively
that the rain would follow
shifting uneasily, something's not right
wood smoke curling
from a nearby strike

up on their feet
nervously dancing
the first sparks drifted
up through the black night
eyes and ears were keen
as the darkness gradually lifted

suddenly as light
as the morning sun
huddling together the pack
embracing the alphas
nowhere to run to
so strange to be under attack

soon set to perish
the most dangerous journey
down a trail of tears
following an almost invisible path
running on fury and courage
instinctive with no time for fears

over burning brambles

through a wall of flame
the heat was outrageous
into a grey haze of smoke
finally into darkness
they ran through the night
and on into the morning
away from that heat so heartless

exhausted they howled
and they settled back down
the pack was together
and the rain finally came down

Not even the Mule

smoke rises from where
we used to have a life
where we raised our kids
me and my resolute wife

now no one was lost
not even that stubborn old mule
what was lost can't be measured
the hand fate dealt was so cruel

gone are the tractors , the saddles and bits
shovels, rakes and all of the hoes
next years seeds and this years hay
trampled by fate , oh so it goes

as that smoke drifted eerily up
in the poignant hours of early dawn
so we too shall begin to rise up
start an honest rebuild , to carry on

there's one thing we've learned
me and my passionate wife
that's not to take things for granted
in this fragile but wonderful life .

A Painters Eye

With a painters eye
I watch the world
in ever changing light
with every scene
I look for composition
I look for values
I look for hues
I look for chroma
I look for perspective
I look for a story or for drama
I look for beauty .
If it all doesn't fit
I change my view
and start all over again
and sometimes I even do it
consciously !

Searching Light

To see the robes of the angels
dance in the flutter of the breeze
to feel the motion of the earth
in the rustle of the pinewood trees
there are somethings that slip away
and somethings you never forget
there is a light that's searching for me
but it has not found me yet

can you hear the ancient voices
calling from time so far out of mind
the foresaken have been banished
the forelorn seek but can not find
the timeless , aimless age old relic
there is a light that's searching for me
but it has not found me yet

in a timeworn breeze
in the lost glowing ember
of unrequited love lines
in the primitive sway of
forgotten yellow pines
in the burning light of a vanquished heart
beating in the chest of antiquated skies
in a holy mission that's reduced to
the slightest flicker in your eyes

do you even hear the
whisper of this prayer
as a primordial darkness descends
and is searching for me here
in the ever changing landscape
of the colors of my palette

that breathless expanse of endless light
just might find me yet

A poet in an all nite cafe

As the music escaped
from the gallery next door
and floated down the avenue
the night was ablaze
with a blue neon haze
a chilly wind
blew on through

there is a poet
In the night cafe
his Govinda by his side
he lays it all out there
for all to see
leaving himself no
place to hide

fearlessly convinced of
his own righteousness
as he stunk from stale whiskey
and a musky stench
from the brothel
reciting an endless stream
of mystical lies
spewing them out as
his own form of gospel

down the street wet pavers
reflect the smokey taverns light
he rants and he swears that it's
he who has woven the very
fabric of life
You listen and you are swayed
it is hard to say

he's not right

the poet in the night cafe
thinks he is the prophet
of the ages
steadfast in his belief
that he not only wrote
the book of life
but that he gets
to turn the pages

he has been stripped naked
of his imagination
and he doesn't believe in god
he has been push to the brink
of desolation
and that's a mighty hard
road to trod

the road to desolation
is a terrible road to ride
you must ask god to please
help you
if you find that road is smooth
but he doesn't want
your sympathy
he says he doesn't have anything
left that he needs to prove

this poet in the night cafe
with his Govinda
by his side
telling his stories
of what he's learned in life
leading you to where
reason and madness collide

we have all learn a lot
from people who have
never written a verse
for in train stations ,
taverns and all nite cafes
is where we find
the true poets
of our universe

Windowless House

she was like the
atmosphere of a thunderstorm
I easily slip between
the past and the present
the air was charged
so electric and warm
current rippled through
the fabric of mutual consent

we we had a long history
of helpless courage
blinded by lust and
afraid to move on
a windowless house
doors were dislodged
a porch where our most
intimate feelings were drawn

I wish I had the power
to shut down the wind
to move a mountain aside
or to start all over again

we couldn't close the door
we weren't sure was there
soft warm and still
it hung in the air
we knew we were moving
to the end of the line
life is too short not to
be foolish sometimes

but I just had a glance

into the river of romance
this much I can say
that I know how things were
and that I can't stay here
any longer without her

Faded Flower

faded slate floor
a cold fireplace .
a very small window
overlooking a desolate avenue .
living in a hovel
where the walls were bare .

sometimes it's sad what
closes the doors
and that never allows them
to reopen .

left amid feelings of
long abandonment.
There was no path of truth
to amble on ,
just this path that leads
to the wooded waters edge , renewed .

She slid lid silently into
the water .
The ripples spread out
and shivered in the
moonlight
and then faded away .

A lovely flower
that that fell into the water
a long time ago .
She floated away
upside down
and nobody was ever
there to care ...

Breaking Free

she pointed to the
ridge on the outskirts of town
where a fiery moon was
sinking low without a sound
bright and burnt was
its soulful, silent song
playing a regent of regret
as it slowly pulled her along

fractured converstations fire
through and erode her mind
he filled her body , heart and soul
he made her blind
she thought of all
those wasted years
as he filled his glass
with her tears

she was suspended by fear
and in need of some hope
she couldn't say there was
a moment when it finally broke
but she broke free became unbound
to find herself some solid ground

a new road leads away from
that waning moon
silent and fiery serenading her with
a different kind of tune
self aware , stronger
a born again jewel
knowing it's only a blink of an eye
between the righteous and the fool

breaking free to follow
a new moon
a new path
a new start
to feed
her hope
her soul
her body
her heart

Never a doubt

I took my dreams
and I wondered
who would walk with me
On that pale moonlit trail

I shifted through my dreams
and I wondered
who would hold my heart
when it breaks
who would keep on holding
till it mends

in those dreams
there is always one
who walks with me along
life's dark and twisted byway

when I awake
will I wonder
who will be my friend
who will be there till the end
who will walk with me
on that pathway of life
who will take my hand
and hold on tight
who will share the fears
all through the years
who will whisper those
sweet things in my ear
who will listen and comprehend
all those conversations I begin
without them all floating away
in the wind

now I am awake
and I see
who has traveled
with me
down life's wide
and lonely highway
who wears my arm band
who holds my flag high
who helps me be all I can be

in the shadowland of dreams
she was right beside me
I knew it
I know it

Blind Faith

Even a second can upset
the delicate balance of life
everything can change
in the beat of a heart

I knew going in
my life would change forever
that my comfortable existence
would be torn all apart

faint fingers of mist
climbed my mountainside
I had been soft as a feather
I had been hard as a rock
I had probed Mother Nature
I had listened as she spoke

nothing had prepared me for
the earthquake that followed
my breathing failed
my heartbeat like thunder
I had just floated along
till the look in her eyes
took me under

there are many things about us
I don't understand
I always thought that blind faith
would be lacking in me
I needed to see
To hear
to feel
to hold it in my hand

I can now acknowledge faith
I don't say I believe
as somethings remain
a big mystery

a lonely leaf falls
a timeless, tireless
Cicada sings
fall is moving on to
my mountainside fast
I still hear the echoes
of things to come
and the murmurs
of the past

I throw down my pretensions
and turn them into art
as I listen to the balance change
between the beats of my heart

Memory of love

sometimes it's sad
what passes for love
a flower pressed in a book
a letter locked in a drawer
a memory faded , no chances took

she stands in her garden
five purple pansies at her feet
her dark curls frame her face
as five hummingbirds wings beat

she is right out in the garden
yet you've loved her from afar
so afraid to step forward
to be the moon to her star

life is about choices
don't lock the ones
you've made in a drawer
there is someone in the choir
she is looking at you .
afraid to step forward
you feel awkward and cower

am I judging ? Maybe
sometimes it's just sad
what passes for love
when there is love all around
and you love a memory

Shadow fall

The night sounds
whispered in through
the open window
a hurricane lamp glowed
as she reclined in
the dancing shadow fall
something soft and slow
played in the light
and crept from the stereo
he remembers her eyes
though she wore
nothing at all
a tenderness between them
most gentle emotion echoed
artfully fulfilled
the quiet pleasure of a kiss
the record skipped
as did his heart
her face lit from above
an unexpected book
beautifully dishabilled
to read her
right here , right now
lovely , warm , beautiful art

The Morning

morning whispers
a mystic tremor
as souls awake

yawning woman
tosses the covers
as dawn awaits

dreamy eyes cast
upon the broken sky
getting dressed

sleepy words hush
the newly born mornings
sweet caress

coffee aroma fills
her heart as she moves
down the stairs

familiar creaks and moans
follow her to the kitchen
she pours a cup

Morning whispers
her mystical name as her
soul wakes up

morning shows her the road
she thought she could
never take

On through the roses

past the malestream
Of mornings gate

the morning trembles
she is all the things that
the night forsakes

she alone is the spirit
who won't allow her
heart to break

spirits lift and gently
prod her as she
becomes aware

she is the morning

Twilight Song

a favorite child of the angels
barefoot , pure .
The morning dew in her hair
she was loved in real time

she wrapped herself in quiet
she heard the murmurs of
the past .
Beset by doubt
she carried the prayers
of the ages
black nights without hope

hunting for the song hidden
in the twilight
she closed the Shutters
over the windows of her
heart

those of us who breathe
in liberty with our
first breath
don't know what it is
like to be enslaved

she wasn't even allowed
the luxury of introspection.
Cemetery hill was flooded .
She was counting to zero
down a road to nowhere
with nothing in sight

sunrise stretched the

shadows like broken yesterdays
trampling the morning,
looking ;
to nurture her prayers or
capture her heart .

Edge of the Wind

and I refused
I needed to manifest destiny
I was a seeker awaiting his message
the shadows know the secrets of the hawks eye

born to ravaged avenues in
a lust filled fort in Eden
lost in the hell of Revelations
where the breast of the law began

She lowered the timbre
of her voice
right to the edge of
the wind
she nurtured her prayers
over her art
she had so much hard earned
guilt to rescind

refusing to embrace
true freedom
though
lovely and rare
there is no sure footing
in the darkness of the forest
still so many questions
lost in the book of prayer

somewhere in in my journey
there is a door left ajar
an unexpected staircase
leading me to what I seek
listening for my message

in the darkness of the forest
in the dream of a flowers secret
in the stillness of broken raindrops
in the shattered book of Friday's prayers
in the beautiful promise that was Eden
in the eye of the Hawk in the Bloodmoon
in the quiet miracle of loves embrace

yet, I refused to be born again
and I left ,
to listen to the edge of the wind

Cracked Window

taking a glimpse from the shadows
sitting in the corner of a round room
in the solace of forgetfulness
with a pocketful of leaves

there is magic in the mundane
my son tells me I'm unique...
just like everyone else
we all do look out our own
windows

there is a painting that I did
that no one has figured out yet
I know what it is ...
it bubbled up from inside

from the inner glow of an angel
to a fiery burning rat
everyone sees something
everyone feels it differently
uniquely though their own
window

Tears of Thorns

Quiet light breaks the fields
played out a thousand
times untold .
Lost in the ceremony of fire .

She stood naked in the hours
and wept with no tears .
Trying to make herself
invisible
beneath the thorns of the
Rose .

surreal in a moonless night .
Born to the world
in the light of a candle .
Surrounded by the quiet
verbs of kindness .

Her voice was without seasons .
Ringing bells not heard in any church .
Waging war on emptiness,
darkness and storms of
despair.

She can make words
sing or bleed ....
sometimes both .

She reads my poetry like it is
her own private orchard
with fruit you can't wait
to taste .
She can warm the hearts of

people born to stone .

I knew there was a
majestic mountain
obscured by clouds of thunder .
Coastal tides shed their skins
and danced in the inland forests .
She seized onto the light
of her singularity
and finally brought forth
her tears .

Sacred Creek

In a waning light
a painting from a faded memory .
I burned from despair and
failure of imagination.
wondering when the sun
went down on me .
a barren field ,
a leafless forest
climbing a lawless ladder .
in my eye a rose burns .
perculating just below the
surface ready to blow
the sound of a Lyre .

Taking a a glimpse into the
shadows of self doubt
and indecision .
that creek of purest sorrow
smelling of musky soil or semen .
dank dark wine
bites my tongue
I taste the mask
of fury carved in stone.

A dead fall
felled in a time
not of this age
covered in lichen ,
insects and vines .
do we
must we
hold every moment
sacred ?

Temporal Faith Floats

mysterious and lunar
purged of all the
benefits of magic .
she envoked
the quiet ecstasy of
mystical prayer .

a gentle feather lost
in a tear drop .
temporal words
walked her back from
the edge.

bloodied by a thorn
from a yellow rose .
buried deep in the
paltry light that
silhouettes her hair .
looking at the
soft eye of dawn .
knowing how much
I've surrendered,
forever bereft of
the darkness .

I felt the melodies
of faith
and lost her at
the renegade first light .

so religious the fury
of the extinction of hope
beautifully expressed

but slow to comprehend
she handed me a bible .

I stuggled forth into
the artillery of knowledge
listening to the dark
matter of crucifixtion music .

her story moves forward
through the stream
of time on thin ice .
lost in the pale harmony
of the grandeur of
madness.
she believes she will sink
into that ethereal stillness
of dawn .
I believe her soul will float .

Beyond Pain

deeming to defy the morning
of its logic,
pennies on the eyes of dawn .
Earthen pillars of light
and shadow,
were gestures of burning faith .
making you believe in the
death of the Lowlands Goddess.
No birds will sing today .

The Marshlands smelled
of unanswered prayers .
Looking for the restoration
of her lost honor
but , haunted by a
thousand slain gardens .
Was a quiet alumni
of the rain .

a dark heart with a
bloodied mind
churching me with
prophetic dreams .
A fallen castle,
shattered walls ,
breached moat .
Listen to my darkness,
beyond pain
but not beyond sorrow .

Staring with just just one eye
through the lunette of
the guillotine at

thirteenth century morals .
Soaring wounded Angels
had made a covenant
with the Harvest moon .
Violence is always ripe
it never has a season !

Fear is not sacred
the safest places can
only be visited .
in the corridors of
endless sleep ,
there is no difference
between life and art .
It is where the Goddess
shall dwell forever !

Inside Out

a single lonely Sparrow cries .

He will never be back
from infinity.
Apprenticeshipped in the
Guild Of disaster .
He slid through the mist
and into the darkness .

The intensity of dreams
the banditry Of ideals .
The nut house factory of
covert conclusions.
Fragments of wisdom .
Music lost in a time continuum.
It should have been his
time to judge the fury of
the wildflowers in a storm .

Unnerved by silence
I watched from a house
without words .

An innocent , cruelly
struck by fate .
He was a friend of Dorothys
and a friend of mine .
He will never see the Rainbow
from the inside out .

A sensitive man
draws eire .
He was where the the butterflies

and the Angels came
to be born .
He lived from the
inside out .

Comfort in remorse .
Torment in conscience .
Regret in waves of
aching emotions .
I cry for atonement
and a salve for my soul .

That mysterious light that
came from him
also came from me
and from everyone
and everything ,
but I just couldn't
see inside out .

Soft

A fever of superstition
nipping at a butterfly.
a shared adversary
bounded by secrets .
Her eyes a soft
quiet brown.

A plate spinner
in a vast forest of lies .
The embodiment of the thorn .
The essence of the Rose .
The soft hand of dusk
pulled down the night .

Not recognizing the borders
balanced on a bottle of wine .
Hypnotized by the color
of spectral vibrations.
Her voice was soft and calm .

Knowing that life oscillates
between the adventurous
and the ridiculous .
The heart she
hadn't wanted to give away ,
softly broke .

Night Sounds

she woke to the soft
rumble of thunder .
Then heard nothing but
the night sounds .
Something sparked
sharply through the air
and she floated through it .
She had cried her tears of misery.
She had dropped her delicate facade
but it did not shatter .
She had lived a life
of lies and deception.
While she wanted to put
it all behind her .
She knew that there would
always be eyes on her back .

So she let the thunder
roll on in and she breathed in
the night sounds .
In the stillness of the moment
truth came from a place of
vulnerability and solitude.
She knew in time
she would suffer greatly .

The song of uncertainty
broke just behind the dawn
and shattered
those night sounds .

Clouded

From the threshold of my dreams.
Deeply dampened by shame ,
clouded by fears .
Educated , but colloquial be damned
trying to keep the door cracked open .

Weeping for a woman
I did not know
from a time I am not from .
Quiet pride and pretty grace
drenched in the purest sorrow.
She was righteous among
the chosen .

Not a lot of noise as I
pass through the years .
Though I feel the Earth's vibrations.
I feel the blood of the Earth .
Clouded by the winds desperate vision
and the silvery quiet of dawn .
I am looking for promises
I need to believe .

As I exit from my dreams
through the crack in the door .
Maybe I'm ready to make
some noise .

Alibis

Obsessing the obvious,
riding the winds formal haunt .
Stepping sideways across the
alibi of dawn .
The nearness of morning weeps
On blossoming cherries.
Feeling slated and slightly weak .
Sad eyed conversations.

Trying to to find her level ground
seeing the big picture
through the smallest details.
Knowing there was no alibi .
Just having to learn to live with the truth
through misty waves of planetary storms .
Her thick socks soundless on the hard boards .

Secrets from the Elder's age
the thief of dawn
past a narly oak .
Speculating on Arabian horse
carrier alibis .
Washing morning from her feet .
Prancing horses ,
sad brown eyes
on the move .

She slept with the window
cracked open and
awoke to a gentle rain .
She pulled up the covers and curled,
but finally woke to the soothing
sounds of birds .

Her alibi was broken by
soft conversations
about art poems
with elusive meanings .
The Coyotes alibi
stretches the dawn .

Raining Heart in Silence

She listened as
the silence filled her being .
She knew the flowers were broken
as was the stillness in the woods .

A hawkshire moon ,
the malice of starlight.
Brittle with frost ,
adrift,
tribeless
in the naked night of dreams .
Her lava flowed
in an unrelenting quiet fire
of silence .

She needed a resurrection
as her storm broke ,
volcanic .
With a simple but deadly logic
she hung on the moon .
A raining heart plucked
from a midnite storm of wrath .

As the stream rushed darkly
beneath a meadow of virgin white
The eastern sky started to glow ,
a whisper in the air ,
a softening light .
Troubadors abound
and sing her sad song .

Her soft whisper was first
felt on the far coast of midnite.

A wounded soul ,
highly wrought with pain .
An owl flew low and hid
by the lonely crippled creek .

Over the quivering lips of dawn
a bitter seed erupts .
Like the fallen bliss
of an ancient creed .

Epic silence .
Except for the crunch
as she steps to the grass .

Second Truth

The trail ahead was stacked
high with thunderclouds
that never came their way .

They rode the ridge where
the flowers faded .
where it did not matter
that they knew no names .

They built a fire
under the Milkyway
by an avenue of quiet trees .

When she laughed the
dancing flames
were trapped in her eyes
and from behind
she heard him smile .

Lost on the borders of heaven
a quickening of the moonlight
the limitless depth of color
her hot breath on his face .

After a while she
slept in his arms .

Two people who met too late
maybe years ago under
a thinner moon
and a wider meadow
the flowers would not
have had to fade .

Doubt settled heavily
but no shame .
Certainly no shame
only a false rainbow .

He wrote with a layer
of words underneath
the words that only
she would understand .

She can listen to forever
relative to the quicksand
of the cosmos.
Born through time
into infinities energy .

A second truth to the wind .

Leaking Clock

There was nothing left inside .
No dreams, no compromise.
It was all over .
Sages of broken promises.
Down from the mountains,
lost in the rough country .
Hoping for answers to questions
that have no answers .
Beneath a handsome , lonely old tree
she couldn't quite kill him
but , she died a little herself .

Fear was stuck so deep
in her heart ,
it could not be dislodged.
How to move her anger
past her fear .
He kept her from something
she knew was her pride .

Sowing seeds of despair .
Crying tears of regret .
So tied up but , she can't quite
cut the rope .

In love she trusts ,
driftwood ,
deadwood ,
broken branches of
damaged comfort .
Desolate darkness prevails .
Black widow answers
to the cinch of the rope .

From another lifetime
inside a clock that
leaks the future .
There is a language
in the mountains
that is calling her home .

Key of Sands

The dry leaves a whisper
in the cool night air .
The future lurking
face to face with the moon .
He drank in her sigh .
Inhaled .
This night must last till
there is no tomorrow.
No thorns .
No tears .

Feeling a pleasant stir
darkness faded and
slipped into perspective.
Ocean dancers dream
the music of the sands .
The young optimistic
the old find acceptance,
In dreams that have
gathered dust .

Spritually bloodied and beaten .
The morning was chaos
in a minor key .
In the waiting air of
the storms eye .
The old growth forest
waded into the shallows .
As the wind moaned
like a salty cello .

The flag of her life
was set at half mast .

Following a path
of fire .
Of ice .

Listening to to the song
of the angels.
Carried on ancient
winds of sorrow ,
she knew all the secret places
between right and wrong .

The angels song was
one of tears .
That lightly pushed the waves
over the thorns .
As he ran back
from the morning.
Fighting the odds of the elements
she was as indegenous as the
roots upheaved from a withered oak .
A wave of desolate fury
inside a sea of wrongfulness
or rightousness .
This journey is not over .

Laughters Lost Echo

Trying to heal a broken spirit
damaged by loss
and in search of purpose

Echoing richness in
peripheral thoughts
crying for atonement in
each anguished breath
knowing this is our precious life
even if any soft places
remain well hidden

Fleeing outside to disappear
in the seven streets of Antioch
asking for a god to save me
cutting the fool , with prayer
losing the trust of the world
as bells rattle in the belfries

Ideals were put to the torch
Sequoit Creek smelled
rich and dark
with sweet sentimentality
creative vibrance and
my loves lost laughter

Nothing happens that has no meaning
all of our experiences connect
our lives
through the open window of time
into the nuisances that move
the tides ,
paint the Terracotta steps

with snow
and steal the Deserts wind

I make an incantation
for mercy
Unreconciled to suffering
waiting to be cleansed
of the unknowable
the uncaring and the indifferent
stars watch from above
like fate
in a mysterious Biblical
betrayal
laughter fled and
became a Spider
lost in snow .

The Shadows Shadow

Goodnight my friend.
I say my prayers of the Earth
of the four winds and the rains .
You have given all that
is inside your heart .
I will think of you when
the moon drinks from the rivers cove
within the cold ashes of the night fires
secreted in warm solitude
of a hollow
beneath the low lonely trees .

Only the mountains now
seem immortal .
It is true and right to die .
We navigate the high passes
over into the valley
of the shadow below .

My Friend
I will look for you
when the moon chases the horizon.
I will look for you
deep in the shadowlands
of mist.

will we come together
over the shade of the wind ,
inside the shadows
of the shadows .

Goodnight my friend,
travel that wind into the mists,

cold and damp
and I will say my prayers .

Smile

Soft sea breezes .
Cigarette papers ,
matches.
The cooing of the dove .
A candle drip
of homemade soap
lingers in the walls .

Sweet pouty lips ,
petals and thorns .
Feathers woven
throughout her hair .
Lacey dreams of
wetness and warmth .

Sugared teas,
the fragrance of love .
Oranges ,
spices ,
brown earthen incense .

Out on the street
a child's laughter
through the parted
curtains of time .
Lost in mystery comes
a word from the ages .
Love ,
love ,
love,
she smiles.

Shadow of the Arrow

» Saw the shadow of the Arrow.
Felt the gentle kiss of
the feather.
Saw the eye of the sparrow
as the fog of memories lift.
Stolen sunlight,
Hidden moon .
Felt the weight of melancholy
Arc through
the minkhole of faded dreams .

Saw the trees dance
into the morning,
swathed in heavenly light .
Saw their echoes bounce
off the future .
Felt the birds remember
the wind .
Earthen nerves,
Silent springs .
Felt the noose slide down
from the mantle .
Into the astrodust on
the floor .

Saw the bow pulled back
on the morning.
Felt morose as the arrow
flew by us all .

Solemn Revelations

The shade on the window
kept the morning outside.
Garish , grey and miserable
Christ looks down
from the wooden crucifix
on the wall .
Instead of rejoicing
she shudders
from unending revelations .

A small gurgling creek
wraps around fortitude.
Blue and purple wildflowers
by the musical
water in splays .

Traveling to the left of
the fork
till starlight hit the dirt.

Thorns of the Rose
Violets without .

Intimacy with no submission
strength to strength
in a night
without questions.

Her eyes had the look
of a smile fading.

No respite
part love ,

part war .

Beyond her realm, darkness.

A solemn stone castle
burns midnight blue.

Quiet Obsession

She was born in a perfect
moment in a garden of roses.
She was always more
North Star than lover .
She grew up in the
watch fires of the mystic .
She envoked the beauty
not given to nihilistic angels
arguing over hell .

The suns first rays
fingered their way
out onto the dusty road
where forbidden love
ambushed me and
held me through my
long season of redemption.

Grace And quietude found
me then .
In her rapt absorbtion
of prayer , She smiled .

Silent as smoke from
the woodstove.
She was the sorrow in
the moon swollen tides
but , would cry no more
tears .

My hours of creation
reaped death from
the lack of true

melodies.

Tap on my window,
knock on my door.
She is the music
of my immortal soul .

With an awkward grace
She finds me in
my shallow creek.
I can say no more.

Quiet Lion

Snow falling through
a hole in the roof.
Blue lights in
a Thousand castles .

Through the door
that no longer opens
the Quiet Lion
still speaks .

My Fathers whispers
still ring in my ears .
Through a house full of dust
and windows made of Stone.

Barefoot at the waters edge
trapped forever in the slack tides .
Something inside has broken
I know it will never heal .

Into the kiss of the summers heat .
The rumble of the brown Earth.
The rhythm of the gentle waves.
A tolling of a lonesome bell .
In the swirl of the quiet light .
His name is always on the wind .

May the Angels speak
the ancient whispers
and sooth the Quiet Lion .
Say his name for peace .

Scars of Hope

Natural innocence
and simplicity ,
a glorious arc
of rainbow charity.
The pulling of silk
through a loom .
A magnificent child
of the storm.

Holding pureness
feeling my love
without knowing .
Asleep at the wheel
of just being born.
The silence was deep ,
sweet and sad .
Her every breath was
a provision of
sacred order .

I had an absolute
vision .
a prelude of silent
music.
The wind sang
sweet lullabies
born of time
and starlight.

The music asked questions
of the breeze,
to butterflies and angels .
But, was answered in

a thunderous storm.

Disintagrating realms
of hope
who will advocate for
a beloved soul .

Life's wounds move on
but , we are left
with the scars .

Love Asleep

The longing again
showed up in
visceral force .
Quiet as a shadow.
Thunder through my eyes .
A story lost
worth telling.

Warm wine
in the summer market .
Sunstains and
purple shadows.
Red trellis roses
on the quick .

A galloping white horse .
A ladder over a wall
of carvings.

A bridge to a
morning duel .

Chains on the prisoners
locks on love asleep .
Souless mercy ignites
the bonfires of yearning .

Homemade shutters
capture the mirrors cry .

A pledge to a broken God .

With loves protection lost
it's the end of
the Starlight .

Shadows Shadow

Goodnight my friend
I say my prayers
of the Earth ,
of the four winds
and the rain.

You have given all that
was inside your heart
and have moved on
to the quiet peace
of the shadows .
Where the winds have stopped
and the stillness is eternal.

I will think of you
when the cold ashes
of the night fires
are relit by the
dying embers
of a shooting star .

Only the mountains now
seem immortal.
It is true and right to die .
To navigate the high passes
over into the valley
of the shadows below .

My friend the hour
of the mirror will hold us .

I will look for you
whenever my heart feels

the tug of the
roadless horizon.
I will look for you
deep in the shadowlands
of mist .

I know
we will come together
when the winds blow
inside the shadow
of the shadows.

Goodnight my friend
travel that wind
into the mists
cold and damp .

And I will say
» my prayers .

The Hours

Eternity between the moments
of the seconds .
God between the seconds
of eternity.

The flower screamed
in tendrils of smoke .
The tragedy of
the fundamental
redemption of sins
forgiveness.

Alone on a lost
ribbon of road .
Adrift in the cool
dog eared dawn .

Destiny has whispered
in my ear .
Forcing me to listen .
A friend lost ,
another a lie .

A hole in the meadow
filling with smoke .
Shadows laid claim
by destiny's hours .
Two tracks thought true
One lost , one forsaken.

Terrified this is a test

from God .
Burden in the hours
from this age of faith .

Ditches of sorrow
trails of betrayal,
The smoke bleeds
the Hours
and I confess.

Silence Kills

Tears pool at the
feet of mortality.
Candles line the
stonewalls of fate
flickering in the rain .

Cutting a tunnel
through the silence
of the morning .
To elicit forbidden
sensations of
lustful embroidery.
Spiking trees
to save the forest ,
pulling stakes
in civil disobedience.
All within the nuance
of a border town
where the misty swamps
hold no fever .

Sweeping views of
the hinterlands
with backwater thoughts
In the rain .
I have carried the burden
of a thousand bad decisions
with a sleepy vagabond
gilded halo .

Waiting for the bridge
to be rebuilt
after it burned in the dawn .
Showing me the forest
as I'm stuck in the trees.
Memories really mired
in the mud of
my sacred platte of ground .

Lost in a rainy midnight
silence of fear .
Affliction ,
the laurels of the
fires of adversity.

Lightning flickered
in the stillness of the night .
Quiet but for the distant thunder.

Aware that the silent
rain had ceased.

Thorns and Thistle

Life is beautifully random .
Accidental chaos .
A draining rainbow
riddles and conversations.
Rain and smoldering seasons .
Every theme a lovers soul
questions, locks and
Minor Keyes .
The verses of the mind
The poetry of the soul .

Thus to be remembered.

Sailing ships of worship slip
away from the shores of religion.
Poetry of composition
brush strokes of fate .
Along suffering
vows of indifference.

Grace and prose are her beauty.
Thorns and thistle,
Rivers and stone .
Time lost in heartache
Spiderwebs across the lense
of dawns looking glass .
Carrying daisies with
walking sticks and rain .
Time that's worn
flattened and ragged .
Ripped from the lining

of a golden meadows hem .

Beneath a quilt of sorrow
is a straw filled conscience.
Making my peace
behind a long thicket
of wild rose .

Soulful Peace

Lonely footsteps echo behind
silenced by the falling snow.
While the circle continues
joy and misery engulfs you .
As the wind says stay...
or go .

sleeping the song of solace
in the seduction of the highway.
Some pain you don't come back from .
It steals your breath
and binds your heart.
As the magic fades
There is a treasures hidden
in a lifelong friend that's lost .

She seeks refuge
in her box of paints
As her children weep
and the walls lean in .
The years have made her strong
or hard .
Echoes of her youth
excite her .

Through it all
as the colors of life change .
She pulls beauty from her brush
and her poetry is .
An intrinsic blue shirt
of many hues
and deeply Devine hair
awaiting the wisps to come .

In the clearest vision
from an ordinary day .
Her little children laugh
a furry dog barks
the tea kettle whistles
a gentle breeze blows .

Thankful for bravery
to be safe in the thunder.
Collect your tolls .
The debt has been paid .
Let peace sear your soul .
It is not forbidden .
You have turned on the light
in a darkened room .

Sleepy Dreams Fade

Window shades half open a warm summer breeze.
Soft conversations
drifting up from the street.

Smoke from a candle
feather pillows
and lace .

Spiced wine , red apples,
cool satin sheets.
The touch of lace on
sweet hidden delights.

Deep velvet music
soft , soulful and blue .
Cool beads of sweat
like mornings first dew.

Sleepy dreams fade
from a deep sated sleep .
As morning creeps in
through the window
like a thief.

Lowing of the ages

Ancient whispers reverberate
through the valleys beyond description.
Saddlesore and invigorated
reins and stirrup sunsets .
Praying to the fire before the lowing dawn .
Smoke rises on an early
morning snow .
Hoof tracks coerced in the
silence beneath the winds .
There is a trust inherent
between the horses and
Their cattle .

Those ancient spirits guide us ,
So strong and unwavering
we drop to our knees in awe .
And weep .
This land cannot be taken .
This land unyielding and
relentless.
This land that cannot be
controlled.
The hours hold no mercy
for the profound soul
of another age .
The duel between land and Skies .
Freedom in tears and brambles , the thistle and the thorns .
Ridges and thunderheads
Collide, beautifully deep

beyond words .
Casting the dreams that
whisper in your eyes .

Hard work and long days
honor in the wind runners,
depth in the spurs and the saddles.
In the feathers and the ropes.
Pilippa smiles , she's home
on the range .
It seems there is only the skies above and the earth in your toes.
The open range , the one you love .
Dreams filled with Prairie stars .
The big skies seemingly dancing with the virgin land
creeping on forever .
Maybe this land defeats us .
This Savage land whose
music forever haunts us .
Or maybe it defines us .

This vast landscape
of dust , time and heart .
Boundless energy,
romance and danger .
Never wanting to leave it
to never say goodbye.
If there is a judgment
at the end of this trail .
Know it's to follow your Lodestar.
Take risks and begin anew.
Know this land fills your heart
and sears your soul
to those ancient whispers.