

# Anthology of Severus Alexander



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*For Nik ~*

## Acknowledgement

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## About the author

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## summary

Road of Mine

Stillness at Morn

Looking Glass / Remembrance

Windy Day

An hour yet to come~

Majesty / Dawn

Love / Depths of midnight blue~

Varnan

Spring Song / Sower in the dew

Fylgja Minn

Nocturne

Nocturne No. 2

Summer Nocturne

Aubade

Day lily

Home & Heart

Morrigan

Summer\'s Day

Petal Wings

Song for Someone

Nocturne before the Hearth

Footsteps

Fallen Feathers

Letters

Your land

Daydream

Daffodils

Drift

An Evening's Grace

Sleeping Place

Wandering

Cicada Song

Letters II

Letters III

Close your eyes / It's an early day

Forest Way

Landing Stray

Dust and Leaves

Walking in the park

Lines and Symbols

Winter lady in the park

Penitance

Preface

Climbing Trees ~ Stanza I

A poem for Luci

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Letters

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## Road of Mine

Road of Mine

Who are we to sleep the night away  
When life is itself a fever dream?  
Life, for death could even strive  
It wanders to no taken end  
Slowly I cannot comprehend  
But madness I can then perceive  
It would not stay for very long  
All too close, the far-off scene  
It turns upon itself again  
Nothing is beyond it's reach  
The path is straight, It can be measured  
A moment is forever seeming  
I can never let this go  
This figment, drop of water in my pond  
A certain paranoid delusion  
A camel in the needle's eye  
This winding path of selfsame pattern  
Who walks it but I and who am I?  
I am the shadow of the sun  
Cast by light from a sunlit mirror  
In the lens of logic's eye  
Where I turn upon myself  
For logic tells me I cannot lie  
I tell myself I will not die  
I set foot on darker paths  
Which lead to darker places  
Where I might hold my lantern high  
And gaze upon their lonely faces  
All those who came here before me  
To see the sun before they die  
What image do they cast

Upon the mirror of my soul  
What in my heart I cannot wake  
For fear of who I would become  
The table-place I cannot take  
The resolution to be overcome  
What darkness waits for sunset  
Hides in shadows it will cast  
But the darkest kind of loveliness  
A light cast off from lonely things  
Who would wait with it there  
To while all the hours by  
But the loneliest of people  
Who have seen the lovely die  
There are a few silent places  
Hidden in the mind  
Where a fool would not dream to go  
And an Angel could not follow  
Where secret whispers fear to speak  
And terror cannot comprehend  
The quiet place within my heart  
No name, for none is needed  
A dreadful purpose, soon forgotten  
A choice of which we refuse to know  
Who would walk this path with me  
Could in the end beginning see  
Out of a cold and darkest night  
Into a colder place go forth  
From palest sustaining force  
Fall from grace to an ancient place  
Where there is no light by which to see  
The loneliness, despair  
But just enough to see your face  
That you may remember me  
Who, but I?

## Stillness at Morn

From chaos, into order wake

That from sleep some meaning may we derive

The tales of dreaming which go untold

For into life we thus emerge

And from conviction of the soul...

Thus can we our entry make

For, what lies within the heart

Cannot the mind ever contrive

    except in far-off, lonely places

    between waking and the night

## Looking Glass / Remembrance

Remembrance is a fickle thing  
A seeming love, and sometimes tame

A look into the window yours  
For a moment thought forever lost

But never should you tarry here  
A word of caution, a fleeting thought

For once did I find myself  
staring in for such a while

That the sun began to set  
and shadows stretched upon the wall

And something from a nightmare past  
a terror I had long forgot

Put its hand upon the glass  
And stared back out at me

So always, please remember this  
however lovely should the sight appear

Do not stay here very long  
Listen briefly to that soothing song

And be gone from here

Lest that creature who hides in the shadow of joy  
Fignment of forgotten pain

leave its place at the window  
And scratch upon the door

We can never wholly leave this place  
where something guides us back

So come without reluctance  
And mayhap for a while stay

And peer in through the sunlit glass  
Smile, and then look away

Find within yourself  
A place in our reality

Looking back, I cannot help but hope and hear  
The faintest echoing chord

The quiet notes of music  
Which give life authentic feel

A lovely kind of certainty  
Existence in a waking dream

## Windy Day

Sometimes on a windy day  
I look out through the window

a tree in the wind will sway  
and leaves will fall in silence

The tree is wild and knotted  
sticks upon the earth, dry and cracked

no bird will perch upon its bows  
no leaves of green lie in the grass

In the night it calls to me  
a lonely sound, softly whispered

Into a fearful, far-off land  
where nightmares rest by light of day

## An hour yet to come~

I see how trapped can we become

In our actions, day - by - day

In reflections of our troubles past

And in future rumination

we travel far from our home

Into a land of hopes and dreams

And from them fear and lonely longing seem

to melt from future into present being

Like the ice in our hearts

warmed by others at long last

and so do our troubles leave us

to haunt this house of momentary peace

In the hours yet to come



## Majesty / Dawn

I wake up in the morning..  
And wonder wherever I have been  
Where did my dreams take me away  
To magic places, hidden by day  
What may I have seen there  
That I would feel this way  
upon waking to a sunlit dawn

A semblance of some majesty  
that now to me is gone

thus from reality we stray  
In sleep to magic, hidden places  
Far away from here

## Love / Depths of midnight blue~

Love is like the ocean, too~  
Hearts in unison contrive....  
To brave the ever deeper depths~  
Sometimes, walking hand in hand...  
Often, seeming far apart~  
Foremost with compassion strive...  
To gaze upon their better lives~  
All these happy faces...  
Who have found love?  
Thus, into deeper depths depart~  
And every beat a constant blue..  
To brave the sea of midnight hue~  
Together....  
Every sound a fleeting sigh~  
In the silence, but a whisper...  
Motion, as a fallen feather~  
Hands clasped and head held high..

Look up, into the sky~

All these lonely faces...

Have they found love?

Have I...?

## Varnan

Engell hafa fjorir vaengr  
innan tveir dei fela andlit  
eða fram tveir dei fijuga

## Spring Song / Sower in the dew

Sower, who are you?

Who rises early and walks with the dew...

Sower of seeds, who are you?

No grass has grown for me..

Longtime lover, where could you be?

I have missed your farewell call...

That you have left me, I can see...

Your eyes could make an angel Fall...

In loving you I, wisdom, found...

Beneath the cold and hardened ground...

I, the sower of seeds to - be...

By my hand the grass grows tall...

## Fylgja Minn

Their Vili Ver Goeta

Hverr Hafa Neinn Vith Elska

Etha Hverr Fylgja Minn Heit

## Nocturne

Night-Bird sing with me~  
Perch upon the window-sill..  
Dreams sent from afar..  
With most lovely music fill..  
Fly into the clouds would we..  
Who know, but who'll never tell..  
Secrets of the sleeping things..  
Gaze into your night-black eyes..  
I can see there, all the stars..  
Our dreaming, set to rest..  
Upon the high and mighty clouds!  
The pale, silent clouds~  
Kissed by darkness so...

## Nocturne No. 2

Eyes alive and listening  
Enamored of a scene unseen  
Unheard, the mournful keening  
Of the wind through branches bare  
And unknown, unnoticed  
Dark shadow on dark wings  
Night-Bird on the window-sill  
Master of the sleeping things  
Lover of the lonely things  
Consort of despair  
Circle ever closer here  
And by blackest night  
Creature of mortal fear  
Beside my window-sill alight  
And sing to me your lonely song  
Sing to me your nightmare song  
Lift your wings!  
That I might see  
Under icy moonlight, thee  
Who hath given such symphony  
Oh, Notes of nocturnal music thine!  
Upon the hellish breeze  
Raise your wings!  
The night grows long  
Night-Bird with your shining eyes  
And carry me away



## Summer Nocturne

Midnight blue and black as night...  
Night-Bird upon my arm alight...  
Sound forth the hunting call...  
Into that darkened wood depart...  
To return 'fore the morrow comes...  
In victory, or not at all...  
See the sky and hear the trees...  
Swaying in the gentle breeze...  
Leaves of green lie in the grass.  
Strewn like so many memories...  
Stir in chill wind, rising, falling..  
Over sea and over shore...  
Some place else shall set to rest...  
To lay again in sunlight blessed...  
And Some day I shall follow them...  
Wherever they may have gone..  
To meet in peace of heart and mind, once more ~

## Aubade

Even sunlight would the weary heart forget...  
So strong the crash of waves on sandy shore ~  
So draw close to me, my lover dear...  
That on parting we should not feel regret...  
Sand between my toes and yours ~  
For you and I, we hold no fear...  
Fading, far-off seagulls' cry ~  
Sunrise long over the water ~  
That we may go, tonight, tomorrow...  
Together into the break of day...  
Long grass swaying in the wind ~  
The many-colored grass ~  
And meet once more when day is done....  
Step into the waves ~  
To walk, hand in hand, into the night...

## Day lily

Walk four paces...  
Into the night-time air...  
We sing our song, the mourning song...  
On days both drear and fair ~  
Smile for me, day lily..  
That we may savor memory...  
Run fingers softly through my hair...  
Just another glimpse of your...  
Dark, Smokey shining eyes...  
See the sun, and through the rain...  
Let's look up at the sky...  
We'll count the clouds and raindrops...  
Together, every hour...  
No matter how far away...  
And should we go together...  
We'll step out into the rain...  
Fall in lovers' arms...  
Come what may, come what may...  
And I'll say what I'd really like to say..  
And sleep through the night...  
And live until our dying day...  
Day lily....  
I love you ~

## Home & Heart

Who wanders, there?  
Whose stories, untold  
Float like clouds on an azure dream  
Over fields of dusky gold  
Who walks in low grass  
Before the coming of the wind  
Breathes of sorrows past  
For, over field and over shore  
Stalk of high grass, flower here  
In ancient home of yesteryear  
Who paces there at dawn?  
On days fair, and through the dreary night  
Where, Waving in the chill wind  
Spared by the scythe of death  
Waves a single blade of grass  
Green against the gold

~

## Morrigan

On dreadful journey, they embark  
To places where we cannot go  
Ever deeper in the dark  
Gleam the eyes of the Night-Bird...

Rise On pale wings  
Fly, the lark  
Cannot escape the Night-Bird...

Herald of death  
Dies, the lark  
Never living was the Night-Bird...

The waking strange  
A final breath  
Hither comes the Night-Bird...

Dreaming Thing  
With waking, change  
Gone, the lark  
And the Night-Bird...

## Summer's Day

The heat comes and goes  
Sudden wind on Summer's day  
Rest after the rain

The heat comes and goes  
Water in the afternoon  
Healing before dawn

The heat comes and goes  
Mirror sheen on lake no more  
Calm, before the storm

The heat comes and goes  
Sudden wind on winters day  
Rest by Summer's sun

The heat comes and goes  
Stillness, and night is moving  
Silence, sunrise hears

## Petal Wings

Lift a weary, tired eye..

Branches sway before the winter wind..

And petals, upon the warmer breeze..

Are lifted, as on the wings of an angel, into the bright blue sky..

## Song for Someone

I love you, this morning..  
Come evening, or night..  
Bestill, quiet dreaming..  
The most lovely sight..  
Bestill, quiet heart..  
Hear whispers, "I love you.."  
Moments, are seeming..  
Forever, to shine..  
To shine..  
I love you..



## Nocturne before the Hearth

Night-Bird, of the darker ways  
Pass from shadow of fire light  
Into skies of starkest white  
Oh, warden of the snowy slumber  
Watchful over countless number  
Enter into whispers dreamt  
Come hither, to my hearth  
And pass beyond the reach of mortal sight

## Footsteps

Beneath the solemn, snowy fold  
Through darkest night, and quiet cold  
Over many a lonesome, wandering way  
Amongst the shadows of fallen frost  
Winter whispers, silently  
And there called out, in song to me  
Betwixt the shudders of frozen earth  
And the umbral symphony  
A distant sound, so far away  
And upon that chilly, winters night  
Through dreary wind, and crack of ice  
To me, it must have sounded like  
Footsteps, upon the cobblestone

## Fallen Feathers

Despite the pain of broken wing  
In agony the songbird sings  
And listening from afar  
To man, its cries would music bring  
To whom the sorrow litany  
Unknown, Unnoticed, shall remain

## Letters

"Who are we to dictate what is, or is not beautiful? Beauty lies wherever we may find it.. It is not for you or I to attempt to change another's poetry.. Merely to give inspiration, and advice where it is due. Advice, may I remind you, which refers not to that which is said and done, as this is futile. A poet speaks with surety-- and once he is finished, he is finished. Nay. Advice should encourage a poet to seek out further beauty yet to come, that he or she may flourish for it. Take heed, all who hear my voice.."

-- Jun. 4, 2016

## Your land

Tip-toe by the edge, at night..  
A cliff overlooks the sea.  
Curling, rasping, sleepily..  
A tide of dreams from lands unseen..  
Starlight pools beneath the trees..  
Waving gently, silently..  
The Sigh of heavy, argent leaves..  
The Feel of sand between my toes..  
The Taste of salted ocean breeze..  
And fair her face, so close to me..  
That in pale starlight seems to be..  
All that I should ever wish to see..

## Daydream

Kindness comes like aspen leaves, swept in by wind through an open door.  
Fallen fresh from autumn trees, shed by rain the day before.  
Carried through on a summer's breeze, with the seasons' turning..

## Daffodils

There perched, upon a craggy hill  
A Night Bird from down-below  
She wandered out into the day  
From beneath the bows and leaves

Ventured from the shady still  
And the quiet slow  
Frivolous, she had play  
And took flight on the breeze

She rose on grace of will  
With beauty that few men know  
She flew up high and far away  
Above the clouds and the daffodils

## Drift

A day began in silent still  
With dreaming of rushes and birdsong  
It crept, and slept, and trickled below  
Passing in shade, deep, slow..  
Through a valley of whispers  
And a murmuring brook  
Into wide, open waters  
Lapping and curling  
And sinking beneath hand and foot  
Where, floating, I brushed on the river stones  
And felt my wet clothing, rippling and soft  
Billow about my shoulders and waist  
Gently, through currents and shallows  
Now, stray sunlight warms my face  
From beneath the bows and leaves  
Hither I had come to sleeping, rest  
Here, where waves had carried me away



## An Evening's Grace

There rests upon a human soul  
The Feather-weight of caring, kind  
So soft, and light, and long endures  
Throughout body, heart, and mind

And shared the hearth, an even flame  
Undaunted, unchallenged, and unfazed  
So joined by a simple truth, we know  
That warmth could chase the dark away

And that you and I  
In silence raise  
An open hand to palest face

So smile at me  
And spread your wings  
Oh night-bird of these summer ways

That I may catch the barest glimpse of grace  
Cast in red and gold on a sunlit lake  
Before The tide recedes into its sleeping place

And depart 'fore sunset falls on evening's joyful wake  
Fly fearless, into the fullness of the night  
Calm words, spoken with surest faith

The sun shall rise before the break of day

## Sleeping Place

She wandered on and under foot,  
Down a darkened, dusty path.  
Run across by a river-bed,  
The river-birds had long forgot.

And stepping by the river-stones,  
Weary, she paused, there to wait.  
To drink, by fledgling, early rays,  
And wash some of the dirt away.

And carefully, there she played,  
Oh, creature then from someplace else!  
Where troubles cannot have their way,  
And ways need not their end forsake.

The water had proved sweet, and clean,  
The morning, quiet, fresh, and slow.  
The air still bore the taste of rain,  
And the softened earth scented of home.

And rested well, she longed to stay,  
At the riverbed, by the way.  
Though, forlorn, she knew she may,  
The open sky had called her name.

And so she flew, on mended wing,  
Over rock, and river shore.  
Into the night, her sleeping place,  
Before the turning of the morn.



## Wandering

Set out with strong helm

Brave the lovely, living sea

Journey home again

~

Look up at the sun

See the shining, sunset sea

Wonder where, or when

~

Stand upon the beach

Look at waves, listen, gulls cry

Draw lines in the sand

~

Walk out far, and stay

Think of sleep, and murmur glad

Settle, final rest

~

Into open sky

I looked and beheld morning

Spread wings, flew away

## Cicada Song

There moved, against the verdant glade  
On a lovely, summer's day  
A shape, to see, too far away  
Immersed in high grass, cast with shade

And, slowly, forwards walking  
I hold a hand before my face  
To ward away the insect life  
And shield from softer, evening rays

And catch a glimpse, if I may  
Of what lurks beneath the glade  
That stalks me in the afternoon  
And, with nightfall, hides its face

Always waiting, there for me  
In the forest, by the lake  
Watching, silent, from afar  
In a quiet, hidden place

Though, I know it cannot stay  
And I shall someday return  
Finding that it has gone awhile  
To disappear without a trace

And I shall walk there, even still  
Looking amidst the fallen leaves  
The only sound cicada song  
And the sighing of the trees

## Letters II

"Evil is when the light of guilt  
strikes upon something within the heart  
and casts a shadow...

And love, a softer kind of light  
casts no shadow at all."

-- Jul. 9, 2016

## Letters III

"There is a certain manner in which one should address a writer.. When speaking, you must engage with persistence. Ensure that their mind does not wander-- A practiced writer will already have become far too good at this."

-- Jul. 10, 2016

## Close your eyes / It's an early day

Close your eyes, it's an early day  
You know your dreams, they cannot wait  
To fade away once you're awake  
So tell the sunlight, "go away"  
Your heart tells you to go astray  
And in the end you cannot stay  
Let go, don't worry about the pain  
Tomorrow it'll be just the same  
So close your eyes, it's an early day

~

An' evening come, the day will wane...  
Listen, and you'll start to hear  
The darkness, call your name...  
In a quiet voice  
So softly spoken  
In the sound of rain  
In the daylight broken

~

And shadows stretch upon the wall  
An' in the silence all your cares,  
They fall...  
...Away...  
So close your eyes..  
It's an early day



## Forest Way

A path at midway, idly found  
I chanced across, while walking late  
Over chilly, frozen ground  
That the green had long obscured

I half turned back, and longed to stay  
But the wilderness had its say  
And, by listlessness, I was betrayed  
That has drawn me there, so far astray

It was hidden before by the wide oak trees  
Whose leaves had fallen, there to wait  
Stripped by cold, and thoughtless fray  
Of the winter storms, whose handiwork  
Had left the sky a surly, ashen gray

Well concealed from prying eyes  
For a wanderer, such as I  
That he may, sole, seclude  
His loneliness, from interlude

And trod the bare, earthen way  
That it should take him as far as it may  
And, where he might stop, to lean  
Against a kind, and sturdy tree  
Here should, for a while, stay

There to find some peace at last  
Where unmarked snow met yellow grass  
And there, his every care would lay  
To rest

## Landing Stray

A light shone out in fierce display  
Of prowess, over ocean gray  
Accompanied by lightning, and  
the thunderous crash of waves  
And, swept about its dark domain  
It cast a stark, and solemn gaze  
Upon a sole, and lonely ship  
Tossed unrelenting, before the fray  
And bore down upon upon her battered decks  
Where, to each other, firmly stayed  
The arms of women, and children  
For whose lives a battle waged  
But none among them was afraid  
For their banners, they were highly raised  
Their captain, grim and hard of face  
And their crew, of sternest stuff was made  
Whose men, courageous, waved  
Yet still the flag of the truly brave  
Those warmest hearts, who stoked the flame  
And hope, for whom none remained  
And, amidst the gleam of ocean spray  
With pride, the watcher of the bay  
Wrung out twice more, as if to say  
"Hold fast, be steady, against the tide"  
For, from the dark in answer call  
A shout, as one, and cheering, all  
From the bleakest night and stormy haze  
The dust and dimness, overlaid  
A visage, joyful, and so yearned  
That gladness, even brighter burned  
In their hearts, so strong and firm  
Than any lamp could ever burn  
For they knew the waves had turned

And they, their lives, had freedom earned  
When the sight of shore, it did not fade  
Rejoiced, and saw, they had been saved

## Dust and Leaves

Arise in bluster, furious, and gay  
The hand of an autumn gust uplift  
Go forth strong with stern resolve  
Though leaves fall quickly scratching in a fray  
See clearly as you pass the branches bare  
The stark, glorious and unyielding light of day  
Run! And catch the scent before it strays  
Of burning sticks on chill wind sweeping  
Tumble over cold earth, and roots dry as bone  
Hard hands work swift over wet stones  
Breath caught on pricker bushes, whose berries red  
Stand out against a glimpse of melted snow  
Hands trail on ends of long, gray grass  
Look up, while the clouds may yet pass slow  
Feet brush on dirt, gone to seed at long last  
The ground folds before a steep and shadowed slope  
The sun peeks out from beneath an amber cast  
And down, there lies a distant river bed  
A hue of silver shallow far away  
Where I once played as a lass  
Come to rest, and lift a weary gaze into the sky  
Raise dirty hands before this face, too tired to cry  
Let this be the end of walking, over rough hillside  
And let us adjourn heartfelt, sleepily, with pride  
To return with waking, on the morrow  
And again, perhaps more final, when I die

## Walking in the park

Greet the sun with delight  
And a smile  
As well the trees waving  
In warm welcome  
The boys and girls playing  
On the green grass  
Who don't keep their paces  
Like men walking  
And the path isn't so  
Far before us  
That we may not look up  
Beneath the bows  
And the evening rays  
To stop and watch  
Then remove our wool hats  
Sit on a bench  
To let the day go bye  
In still, and shade  
Listen, to the sighing  
Scraping of leaves  
This quiet place, in time  
Mayhap we share  
Long rest some memories  
And others fade

## Lines and Symbols

There is no escaping madness,  
There's just pacing to and fro.  
No point in living when life is free..  
You got nowhere to go.  
Start running!  
When the only thing left to feel is gladness..  
You just can't make the world go slow.  
Stop chasing away what you can't see,  
You know it's there..  
Listen!  
Hear the voice of prophecy,  
And don't even think about sadness..  
The only place left to go is home.

## Winter lady in the park

Underneath bare branches, adorned with ice  
Late in the evening, tired light  
Has halted from a trickle, to a flow.  
And so surreal, it shifting, flickers  
Across Her face, so worn by waiting here.  
How the motes of shadow run and play  
Within curls that seem past ready to fall away.  
As surely too, they dwell  
Deep beneath dark eyes, and in  
Lines etched by time, and loss, and fear  
That, since having been so bold and proud, are now  
Warm and crinkly with care.  
And wiry, those pale locks  
Like swan feathers  
Tossed by wind, and snow today  
Turn not white, nor spare.  
And longingly remain, as she remains  
The ashen gray of memories  
Memories that fade.  
I'll wait with her, in the snow today  
Beneath these branches, bare.

## Penitance

Oh, as I have said to none before  
Pray, do not my wasteful ways deplore

That in the face of all this rain, and hail, and sleet  
I shall not stray into dark defeat

Pray, that you should take me by the hand  
And lift me from this cursed land

Oh, I should the Mass forevermore beware  
So spare me from the wailing damned

I will forsake their cries upon the wind  
And make of me no more harsh demand

Forgive me, father, for I have sinned  
Sinned against the holy land



## Preface

When a story begins, anything is possible.

Over time, characters may make their entrances. Cause and effect will fall into line, and the window of magic and mystery will close. You will gradually become disillusioned with your book, and its ilk. Eventually, you will abandon the author and find another, fresher story. One which will rekindle that elusive, and subtle thing.. What any writer who knows anything will spend his life searching for.

But there, too is a threshold.. hidden far beneath the folds of ink, and bark, and pulp.. Further, even, reaching down into the sky of an unknown world.. And as surely as time will render pages cracked and yellow with age, so that relentless spark of human imagination will burn forever from your heart that vast, cloudy expanse, and drain the endless ocean dry.

Beware, ye reader, and yea, too, all writers of books.. lest you find a story of your own, and catch the licking tongues of flame that rise within. For, our lives are all tales. And our world, as others, shall burn.

## Climbing Trees ~ Stanza I

From high up in tall, wide trees  
Whose bows, unmoved by the strongest wind  
Shift restlessly with the breeze  
I can hear the chimes softly  
Distant, and the birds on the yard below

## A poem for Luci

A traveler kept pace, over rough ground  
Who had long left the path, in wake of him  
Beneath wide skies, this canopy of dripping green and damper brown  
Where those slick, dark willow trees  
Or tough old oaks, lift their branches slim  
And leaves like feather down  
In acknowledgment, of no man  
But the wind

## Inspired by Franz Marc

From beneath the mask  
I bear inconsistency  
Whence all conflict comes

What is colorful  
We see tinted, different  
And thus colorless

Only in contrast  
Unseen, unlooked-for, is truth  
And we are the same

31 October, 2016

Work left unfinished  
Or things left unseen  
Provoke the attention of the mind

But love left un-followed  
From this, we turn our hearts

## Letters

Hey, Christopher--

I came up with a few interesting questions, and I wanted your opinion.. Real work requires a steady hand, a deft eye, and a sure heart.. However, only the last is required to find beauty. And while the others may seek to capture it, like so many things in life, beauty cannot exist in captivity.. What, then, of our conceptions of people and things in this world, which we deem beautiful? Can the mind, the heart, truly perceive beauty? Do we see, if not merely ourselves, images robbed of vitality.. If I am to call a person beautiful because her reflection is so, then I am justified. And even still, the only true beauty that we may receive (and the only such that can be possessed) is our own beauty, which belongs to and within each of us.

What say you?

7 November, 2016

Make light the colors of my soul  
Of whose somber shades I tire

Rest..

Like fingers of number unknown  
Trail through my hair like teeth  
Of steel through stubborn wool

Make new the strands of white  
They of many memories, are sewn

How heavy my eyes, for a moment seem..  
And a moment more..

Let fall my hand, I pray

Give me to dream  
And not to wake again..

## 1 December, 2016 / (A wise man from Nishapur)

A hand could feel the winds of change  
In all the fluttering, wispy crack  
And creak of tree-limbs, on the range  
Of orchard yard, and grassy lawn  
Long since yellowed by the frost

Now that the last of them have gone  
Whose wing and claw would lift up  
Those ancient, rain-streaked bows  
And turn the leaves before the dawn

No children play, under that tree  
Or old men by the railing stoop  
Remain to clutch at branches, lost  
Or a feather from the breeze

And any with a look would ascertain  
The fate of home in branches made  
To fall from nook, or hidden place..  
But for a ghostly finger in the cold



2 December 2016

There arose amongst a smattering of white-winged cries  
About each other circling and peering out from baleful eyes  
All the doves and other city-birds into the upper skies

A woman on the ground halted in stride, where her gaze was  
Drawn down from such a trivial and un-enduring sight  
And scoffed at their beauty, no longer accompanied by flight

## 6 December 2016

A rainy day should lay around and  
Cause the trees in the wind to sway  
With a breathing, heavy sigh

That seems to say;  
"Go back inside"  
And let us (you and I)

(Stand back from the window pane)  
Where it is warm and dry..  
Here, the cold may pass us by..

Not so, today, when I cast a glance  
So casually out from where I sit  
Huddled in blankets and  
A heating vent's warm air..

Not so, for the trees are still  
And resolute, refuse to dance  
As if the world is holding  
Something beside..

Not a stir amongst the chill  
And I am drawn away, to  
The innermost of thoughts..

And wherever-else I stray  
From that lethargic scene  
Of silent, wild windless trees..

There, cozily I fall  
Ever beyond the clamor  
And clutter of the fray

To this favored, inwards place  
And a fine, familiar face..  
Long sought, upon a dreary  
Sleepy day..

Not so cold, at all  
When the rain brings me to you  
And makes my troubles  
Into dreams..

So, though the hours few  
Where I may lay down  
My pen..

And find the story anew  
I know that I shall  
Return to you.

## 9 December 2016

(Old man, turn from your window)  
On a snowy day..

How stiff my limbs  
It would be unthinkable  
To slow my pace..

No time to stop and look  
But for the cold that takes my  
Breath away..

Staring down at old, flat streets..  
Cracked, thistled paving stones..

Briskly, briskly now  
As if the frost could catch me--  
On my way..

To the center of the path  
I hold my gaze

And to either side  
Melting ice leaves  
Patches of white, and gray

## How Firm a Foundation

How Firm a Foundation

How hard, this  
Hallowed ground--

By the voice of misery, I  
Set my place!

And at the hand of joy  
I raise my own--

~

12 December 2016

Restlessness descends ~  
And a dim-lit place confined by light  
Broadens other senses, if not  
Sight..

Softly drifts ~  
Something felt, not entirely unseen  
Whispered to me in the candles  
Flickering

Though the darkness still ~  
She quivers in implied delight  
And love and lust synonymous at their  
Height..

It is there ~  
What is better left unknown  
Has found me in the shadows, all  
Alone

And sooner gone ~  
Then shifting dreams and small  
Sounds of freight, in the silence, and the  
Night..

14 December 2016

Having reached a grasp of peace  
Beheld of quiet, joyful face  
A measure happiness, here by  
The light and snow I'm  
Wandering in place

Bright eyes!  
How lovely before today  
(That I would take notice, praise)  
A shade of amber, tinted with ice  
Dark eyes, I long to know what  
You would say..

16 December 2016

Oh restful evening  
As I may, as I may..  
Tousle, watch and wait the  
Light away..

( Your eyes just so--  
And lovely that I would their,  
Secrets know.. )



20 December 2016

And I will take care!  
That freedom be the wind  
And I, the leaf, to know  
The way that I am carried, in

26 December 2016

A curve of ochre arch  
Set by the winds and clouds  
On dewy, tumbled grass and frayed  
Ground

Severe, the wet and white  
Dripping, hanging, slick on the  
Limber edges of a black and leafless  
Tree

27 December 2016

Welcome, evening strange  
Whose shadows reach and twine  
And curl about my grasp of things  
Unholy, and divine

Hither, familiar phage  
From whence I am drawn  
Upon still, silent wings  
(When all but your music is then to me gone)  
Thou know the darkness thine!

9 January 2017

Dark, and tinted with ~  
(What your eyes are saying to me)  
No more elegant than thoughts  
Are want to be..

11 January, 2017

The sulfurous stench, all-pervades  
Soft on his serpent's tongue,  
And on his eyes sharp

To sift in clouds through fingers pale  
That snap, flutter, twist and dance  
And light a fire in the dark

12 January, 2017

A wish is set to perish, but never die  
And like embers, days and nights  
With a breath are made bright  
No faster than breathing, yet still they fly  
Or fleeting than a sigh  
For a wish to be, it creeps from sight  
Like shadows after light  
To where you could not scry  
Oh Luci, of guileless eyes, this umber shade  
Take me, take me wishing with you  
Where firelight catches your smile wry  
Such that it may never from my vision fade  
And casts it upon some deep well of azure blue  
And lifts our dreams up to the sky

17 January, 2017

I, and you, will make a mark without chisel or nail  
Where now, I cannot say, but that I shall  
Long laboring, to hold no grasp of end or fail

Not like those men, wretched, miserable  
Who, upon that door at which no one ever dared refuse to bow  
At cracks and crevices in vain scratch and pull

Like men who fence across the salle  
Each of them to curse and spit and fall  
And in the mud to screech and hiss and howl

Let none to question have the gall  
We will set an inky mark upon the page  
That I will die for you, or not at all

20 January, 2017

Like the bumblebee,  
Ever magnified in thick-tongued silence  
Beating, tearing, furiously  
Our hearts rise, as angels rise  
What holds them above the fray?  
To find, and touch so softly  
The most delicate flower  
That flicks and quivers with every exultation  
The human heart  
Instrument of life, beyond death  
Claim the souls of the departed, O grim reaper  
For they are yours forever-more



22 January 2017

There is a fountain, hidden somewhere small  
Where the wind is only for your hair  
and other things are  
not at all

In here, down there  
Where your eyes need not look to find  
A yellow rose on sunlit streets of  
Stone, a worried, weathered lonesome  
gray, that fades

Or whether it doesn't go away,  
I cannot say

I sigh then, you know for I am here  
So far from dreams that lead me down  
Out of the cold, the dim, the rain  
And dear,  
How I would love to take you there  
Some day

27 January 2017

Dawning before light; when dreams take you away  
And images unseen, curtail the extant strands of night

29 January 2017

Nik, for you, should I die  
Living and else, neither should be mine  
And for this, I bear no sadness, nor shame  
I do not leave you behind  
Just weariness, of all these old-fashioned lines

I take it under stern advise  
That, like rust, and ebony and wine  
(When spoken softly, feel the same)  
This world and I  
Are written differently, otherwise

30 January 2017

A rustling passes, slack on branches thin  
To carry down by feet, held still by whim  
That noticed it in passing, by the  
scrape of somber leaves  
That weigh in tangles by their mossy skin

It whispers eager things to him  
Of joy, and smiles, and sin  
It lifts his gaze to the graying, clouded sky and  
lets his fingers loose from their embrace  
To curl about the coattails of the wind

1 February 2017

Vision, newly falls on fallen leaves  
Long had lain there, in their spring  
Taken by sun, and wind, and rain

Not long ago, 'fore I laid eyes on them  
Wind, had licked, weathered, stems  
And slowly, slowly, turned broken asides  
Turned aside their life, in hollow merrriament

2 February 2017

My hand, on which you drew flowers with ink  
My sigh, not so sad, you think  
This smile, what brings it to my face?  
Love of one kind or another, and for you  
To see joy in your eyes  
Not that feigned humor at which I sigh  
Perhaps it is my reflection that I see  
No more you than me  
I would hold, that it is both of us  
Dire then, that together we should always be

3 February, 2017

Nowhere far, could wandering take you from me  
That dear, and close, you shall remain  
No span, fell sleep, should set you free  
From hearts whose calls have captured thee

Inescapable, I would maintain  
The security wrung of those joyful Bells  
Their sound, athamé of that circle plain  
A spell whose plea on us, to never fail, or care to wane

Let it be remembered well;  
For all the days until our last..

4 January 2017

Keep with me, a fire light  
Kindle firmly, not despite the dark  
But in favor of the shadows, to make bright  
Also our hearts, through this night

And too warm, as if a spark  
Ignited, somewhere within your eyes  
Has made to smolder my soul, like paperbark  
And on my heart an equal mark

That it should beat with longer strides  
To burn away the winter ice  
Whose chill in which we do, our fears confide  
Such that these coals may never die

Oh, I should say that it would be nice  
On some blustery, winter night  
Where we may, together, on dreams embark  
To tend a fire by your side



6 February 2017

Kind eyes, sable cast with gold  
In whose surface-depths alone I lose my heart  
Again to see that brightness, yours on them, I would hold  
No more restrain for loving you, until my days grow old  
And never from them would I depart

8 February 2017

Hope, unlike the other quiet, lonely things  
Only makes a sound at all when listened for  
And lifts us up, unfailing, on silent wings

14 February, 2017

Dark eyes, bearing mirthful compliment to this  
light-touched room, shrouded in unbroken quiet  
Of all the thoughts of you I cherish, I miss

only at the most peaceful moment, and fret  
in passing, smilingly, for those striking eyes  
that glow alike ebony in rose-gold set

15 February 2017

When the leaves are blustering tirelessly  
I hear them call out to me, so far away  
Whose whisper begs my heart run to them and be free

Drawn in stupor are my thoughts to that yearned place  
Far am I from the curves of her sandy bluffs  
And longing to taste again the sea-spray

17 february 2017

That smile of yours  
Those tired, joyful lights hold me in sway  
And have never ceased to bring me home to you from troubled, foreign shores

Smoke and umber brush your smile away  
Wind-weathered chips of agate, those eyes of yours  
Like sand relapsing into waves

And to grin, should be my only recourse  
For it has not faded, but kindled in your gaze  
That smile of yours

19 February 2017

What can a line but keep  
From hand, or eye, in forming  
To live in volume, hiding as in sleep

That vision, so craftily ensnared  
From the mind of the artist steeped  
To endow in curve, and shade  
Forevermore, and never fade

21 February 2017

Many things have there been said  
Where the eyes make up for the weakness of words  
And where the slack is made up by those coy doors, the truth has fled

Here where gazes softly offered touch,  
and the shadows which lie behind them speak and are heard  
And are heard, to fall on silence, then that more much

And anyone would weep and smile, to surmise  
That if the voices trembling could be cured  
"We could for a while speak, we could meet each other --" with a sigh

For, if it were so, I would long ago have at your feet then laid  
My heart, for only but the thought of us  
And that if anyone, could but to another, their gaze allow to rise  
That no wandering eye, from its quiet intercourse, would be again deferred

23 February 2017

Brandi, mercurial and quick to smile  
To what aim do you affix your thoughts, I would  
know, that we could know ourselves and speak awhile

As all friends, for some length, I imagine should  
Brandi, I shall more often reach out in speech  
that I may move from where I have so long stood

And perhaps upon this path a clearing reach  
There to bow and, if allowed, make my rest  
That, to others, someday I may friendship teach



24 February 2017

on a trellis curled over branches  
thinning, plucked by him and given to me  
I caressed, and wondered something shyly  
long was lost in thought of past romances  
drawn to memories of our shared glances  
In the garden I had dreamt, wistfully  
of him with whom I would together be  
And settled, wishing for deeper trances

You are beside me here, in this that place  
Woven of our closeness, gathered in sleep  
On dewey grass, you are so near to me  
I watch the stars, and comfort in your weight

27 February 2017

I feel of barely spoken things today  
That break upon my thoughts like foamy waves  
And every moment as a picture saves,  
this tide that takes my breath away  
It washes me anew with freedom, gay  
such that in being I should no thing crave  
And nothing may my pen for long off-stave  
What will record of this, that I must say--

"Who speaks to you in their quiet little frown  
hear not their thoughts, but their heart-- which is in yours  
She walks alone in this troubled little town  
On streets on stone marked by barred and shuttered doors  
not wondered by the eyes that hide behind them  
or whispered of in enshrouded intercourse"

1 March 2017

Living and dying, who watches over you  
Smiling or crying, who glances back with eyes  
Unsullied, sighing that your hours be few

2 March 2017

Notes that flutter, wingless, or ear-less sound  
Like kestrels dancing, into midnight flee  
And are in the interval of moments bound

And struck within the keeping of the key  
Outside notice, are lent their only form  
Being, not made by hearing, that is free

3 March 2017

Whispers thinly in the sighing of the leaves  
A voice, or voices in their falling freed  
Where at the lips of those that lapping, weave

Thoughts collect like dew in microscopic beads  
Thoughts on a somber wind that speak to me  
And like minnows, joyful, dancing, sing their creed

7 March 2017

Of whom to me do narrow branches speak  
in thin whispers, and lament  
not so meek would I be to relent  
listen for a while to their voices tall  
tell of whom before me came  
and recall that we had been the same

9 March, 2017

Not heard, nor told of by the light of day  
A writer to his place returned again  
where busy things had yet to leave their stain  
and worked alone as was his cherished way  
And left by dawn, for was a creature fey  
there had captured stray and childish thoughts  
of whose simplicity others knew not  
Discovered where, by light, the children play

When dawn graced leaves, had fallen the night before  
Red gold sunbeams danced on newly embered trees  
Those scattered, sleepy ones alit from their doors  
And gathered there, from their beds by sunlight seized  
Nought remained of the writer whose place they shared  
But a few white pages, scattered by the breeze

## March 7 -- A late publication; For Nik ~

That I might spend another hour in sleep  
I so yearn, and am contested in my prayer  
Such that I may, these dreams of you, longer keep

And it is made known to me, in your smile fair  
That in waking, closeness found there will recede  
And I will with longing into dark eyes stare



7 April 2017

How could be maintained in downy listless depths  
Our hearts, of living, until our deaths

That beat without sustenance; that know regret  
Still more furious, and deeper press

4 May, 2017

I am between the darkness and the light  
Driven to rise up, and lift up with me  
I am between the bows, and autumn leaves  
Proven to have solemn beauty, beyond sight

11 May 2017

I am the bird whose eye, so longing sweeps  
over the boundaries of its domain ~  
His gaze, with cloudy sky a friendship keeps  
to bring him home, before returns the rain ~

26 May 2017

Quiet moment, undefined by worldly things  
Anchored by the thoughts that float above on silent wings  
(Reaches down to clothe our eyes in black, as if in dreaming  
No difference between fullness and emptiness, being and nonbeing)

29 May 2017

Quiet angel draw a clock for me  
Let the feathers fly and heaven fall  
If my Night-Bird cannot from his mind be freed

6 June 2017

In white spaces set apart by thought  
Linear time, like a picture frame  
Seeps through at the corners like  
Edges on openness

Differential equation  
Measure of the change in nothingness

No discrete solution, rather a disparity  
Above the line, observer  
Whose breath is emptiness  
Your vision is the identity property of existence

.. ("Make a little bird-house, in your *soul*.").

19 June 2017

(Darkness shall have more to keep  
Than ever light could borrow).  
And what futures, now uncertain lie in wait  
For wishing -- Not dreaming, as outside of sleep --  
No little death we die upon reaching that which, not secret, but un-found we seek;  
And unlike a dream that ends, a wish we may forever keep

15 July 2017

Springtime yellow, green-leaf turning

Summer daydream; walking weary

Autumn smells of woodsmoke, gusting

Winter blus'try-- townsfolk cheery



17 July 2017

Oh patron of the weary quells  
Hesitates on sun-bleached sand  
Soothed by the heat and waving grass  
(If ever his attention fell  
To driftwood from a foreign land  
If should the sea-bird's stupor pass  
Would thou deign unto my hand?)

21 July 2017

Love is like the momentary change of heart  
That lives the same in every instant  
A fresh young yearning never to set apart  
wonder from ordinary merriment

7 August, 2017

Friend to me, light-hearted, heavy are your thoughts  
And how warm our speech, far from worldly guile  
that in its depth, lifts up something so sought  
And to my face, never fails to bring a smile

11 August, 2017

The sudden fear that grips us in the night / Is but a symptom of the precious grace / That emanates  
from a close lover's face / And no more dangerous a butterfly

18 August, 2017

There are moments that I live for  
More quietnesses than happenings  
Whose stillness may only be compared  
To the slowing of my heartbeat  
When by your side I lay in sleep  
Or the musk-fresh scent of petrichor

23 August, 2017

Look for the bird who stays  
in his nest while others  
forage

Whose bright eyes hold in the  
loneliness that anchors  
him--

Warm his nest and keep soft  
the feathers that are elegant  
to you

And weave tight its rugged  
branches to keep out the  
wind

28 August 2017

My conscious flow deviates from  
the passive dictation given  
And notches in  
a groove-- the undertow  
Often pleasant, deep immersion  
In my teeming ponderous mind  
Then gives rise to brief invasion  
By thoughts of an alien kind  
Always shortly to be released  
When my heart returns inward;  
now with quiet devotion creased  
and folded in the written word

8 September 2017

No amount of writing disentralls me  
From chain, shackles, manacles poetic  
Again and again and over again  
It pricks the vein, inside, of poetry



25 September, 2017

On the geas I hold, that binds me  
to nurture love, and cherish self  
I swear a truth to see it be  
In my returning it ? whence came ?

By something kind borne back again  
In the voice of our surety  
As if to say, and make a claim  
"Bind them all to me just the same"

## 8 November 2017

Surrender to the thoughts that birthed you, life  
Not in their own winding, they bind me not  
either-- but to the will that holds them taught  
With you, on their interval; I the knife --  
That cuts the strand, to make captive the day  
None are slaves, unless to consistency  
of thought; which makes life into living death  
when by their hand the knife they take away  
And those who would be free should take great care  
To cut the reels of memory, where they  
fade into thoughts, and mingle with reason  
So not to live on the mind's construction  
But in the self, and in the moment gay  
When by their hand the knife is brought to bare