

Anthology of My Poems

Beowulf



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To Annike

Acknowledgement

These are a few poems that I've written down, over time; some aren't very good, and some I'm rather fond of, but all of them I think you might be interested in reading. Quite a few of them are about you...

About the author

Really not much to say here; I wear flat caps and soft sweaters, write short poems and long letters, sometimes I get down but usually I feel better. I love a good book, a long rest, and a hot cuppa. And I love you. :3

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Shadows

A shadow follows each small step we take;
Each step-by-step, maintaining continuity
between moments it lingers with us, watching
us, as we are separated by gaps
bridged by our shadows.

If your attention wavers, like a candle flame
it flickers?but does not go out;
nor do we ever cease, though our presence
gutters in the world often, as before
a sad wind; no,

the shadow does not leave us, there
is no escape. Only being, and nothingness.

The shadow is the nothingness that rests
within the moments we fail to perceive,
but within which we are seen, and seen to be
Just one more soul who cannot see himself.

You hold two shadows, there, at least,
when standing right before me:
One I see, and one I cast, and both are you
but both are also I, and none is free.

And when I go, your shadow lingers still,
and watches you go back to dwell
within yourself. And when you pass again
into the light, it may seem to vanish;
but it has only entered you,
and now you are it, and it is for you,
for itself.

And so on and again, into the light, and back
you go? casting shadows and watching them
concatenate, watching your identity form
a linear progression, not seeing all the holes
wherein there was nothing, where you were empty.

We are, like this, shadow-puppets
unable to see our true selves;
unable to be together, to find meaning,
connection, truth. Only the whisper
of the film that's piling slowly on the floor
beside that gently unspooling reel marks
the passing of our precious moments.
When it is done, you will cease to be,
to change, to move between one state
and another. You will be a dead thing
and a memory, unable then to ever catch
your shadow and confront it.

Why are you so alienated from it?
If you don't believe you have such a shadow,
then you have not looked behind you
for the nothings and the deaths
of your past selves. They have left
their mark on you, and on others.

But if you have seen it, then maybe you know?
it isn't all yours. No, it has your mother's eyes
and your father's arms, your brother's conceit
and your sister's qualms, your unforgiven sins
spoken in so many other peoples' voices,
on its own lips? it isn't your shadow that follows you
step by step; no, no. You have watched
them watch you; it is the shadow of their grief,
of their love, of their disgust.

So you see, you don't really die, except that
you stop living. But your gaze still falls on those
you judged, your hands still touch, your voice still rings within
the hearts you moved?like they were discrete things
separate from you!?and once your last feeble stutters
coldly stop, only your shadow remains.

It isn't really you?merely a copy of an idea that you held
as steward, castellan of the fortress of shame
and regret, lord of Nothing. The ghost you will leave
is only the specter of your worries, as they were cast
upon others. Not all bad, perhaps?your shade
might be a friend, a lover. But it is not you,
cannot be you, the thing that lives;
you are sense and sentiment, reflection
and anxiety. The shadow cannot take
steps. It has no attention to give. It watches
without seeing.

If you can, look into its eyes?see that it has none.
But you have eyes, and so do I, and perhaps
we do not need to be slaves to our shadows
any more. If I can see you without watching you,
love you without changing you, feel you without
grasping you, then perhaps; perhaps despair
is in holding on, and salvation is in faith.
I, for one, do not think there is a life
without darkness; nor seeing without
being seen. To be loved is to change,
and to die is to become immortalized
in sand. I think we must live with our
shadow-demons, learn to know them
and forgive the fear they cause.
We are only human, after all.

In the dark and silent hours

*No gold really is a treasure.
No love is true love forever.
No life lasts longer than it's measure,
No dark hour gives an ounce of pleasure.
You are all alone, and will be,
as long as you believe that you can win,
and every silent victory is nothing
but deception held lovingly within.*

?That's what you say, right??
?the lie. It's where the beautiful part ends?
Now listen: we all die alone anyway;
?I can't do truth without making it... clumsy?
we lose in the end, even if we win;
Our faith only means anything if?only
if?it means that we don't give in.
fucking placeholders, but it's all symbolic. Symbols keep you alive.
forsake despair! and all it's hateful leisure,
Every pleasing ounce of blackened treasure,
every long lost love that lasts forever.
the death of agency is your doom ? and a lie.
?this might seem familiar?
your life is bleak, and getting bleaker.
if you let it, you'll get weaker;
every second, spent regretting
the last one.
Every knife a danger, like the last one.
maybe the last one.
?me too?
this one is the last one, if I can make it.
if I can help it, I will hold my true
golden treasure. My love that may
yet last a while, if not forever.

my life that goes on until I die
but not by my own hand.
my pain?my lovely pain?
Is not my friend, but my enemy,
my foil in this romance
of soul and grace.
?side with the angels?
I will move beyond despair;
but not without it.

I will strive to fail with dignity,
live to survive,
spit in the eye of death,
touch my scars.
I have been so ugly, I repulse myself;
I have been so beautiful, like narcissus
At the pond, I have like a candle
killed so many butterflies.
I will not be the last casualty of my
small pride.
instead, I will draw the line
at my archaic regrets,
And seek ever to be
the love that I wish for
in my deepest recess.
Who have I hurt more than myself?
?I wanted to make my wrist a picture of my soul?
who am I? A reflection, a simulacrum,
of the true hope.
?but no, the hope is the image made in my own shape?
let these tireless thoughts cease.
I resolve to be.

Too tired to write (well enough)

I am too tired to write well enough
to tell you,
but I will try;
I'll tell you about the sensation
of being heavy, in your eyes,
and in your neck,
look, I can hardly even hold
my self up to write.
And my eyes are closing.
Forgive the error written in passing
friend of poetry,
the sensation of forgetting and
Wandering back again, of
feelings all too many and too much
that blend together in my
tiredness.

Beautiful boy

Hey there,
if you're out there,
you know who you are;
you told me never to
talk to you again.
well,
I won't ever give up hope
and I if you ever
change your mind,
I'll be here.

I'm not who I was,
and you're not the
same as you were,
but I loved you once
and after all this time,
I still do.

and that may never change.

I know you probably
still hate me; but maybe
one day you'll read this,
and you won't hate me
anymore, and we can
talk again.

I'm sorry. I couldn't burn them
like you asked me to.

I was not strong enough,
I was never strong enough,
nor good enough,
for someone so beautiful as
you. You deserved better.

I'm so, so, so sorry.

Too late?

Have you ever shut a door so rough
that it broke something? Like a precious heart
or a sacred silence; and once cut off,
once shut the echo of it slamming tells
the deed, and cannot hide in any sound
or quiet coming after. Yes, I have,
and I can't stop hearing the glass breaking
like sobs, shattering apart and falling
like tears to the ground. Like rain on
wet grass. It stained me, that awful sound
and stuck inside my guilty chest, and I
can't ever open up that door again,
and if I could, that wouldn't stop echoes
or the pain in my arm, where I clenched
my fist tightly, or the pain in my chest
where I felt my heart, clenching tightly,
and I don't think it's unclenched, and I don't
know if it will, or if it can, or if
it should. And I'm afraid to touch that door
and panic at the thought of peering in;
yes, I have, and I've looked for so long
at the little window, and choked and cried
because it is shut and I slammed it shut
when I slammed that door. God help me,
I slammed that door, before I knew it
had to be shut, before I knew I'd want
it open again.

Pet names

What's wrong with Kitten? It's a name
or Tulip; or Lark, yes they're things,
but beautiful things, like Angels:
Free from choice, and imperfection.
But I think I forgot that you're
not a thing; and not the same as
a tool, unmarked by stamp or brand,
not nothing. What's wrong with it, then?
Even angels want to be free.

Teardrops

A teardrop is a life that's lost,
warm and salty against cloth,
and it falters on fast-held hands
clutched and grasping at rough
wool. It stands, as a dying monument
pooling in rivulets, and tough
against old leather gloves, it runs
down into cooling nothingness,
it runs over cracked shoes, the dirt
sown of old love, and to the ground.
And we still clutch at care-worn beads,
bound, for teardrops do not stop
loving when their life is lost.

What's lost in words

I cannot help but see through
sentiment; free-wheeling verse,
and lines that without reticence
make sense of me. Though terse,
sensibly. Yet for them, I feel
I am worse, that I'm unheard;
that thought is writ and lost
in written word.

From the Air

Darkness is a hunger-keening
for the light; where starkly seeming
of great sorrow, gently sounds
a mourning call to where abounds
love. In the heart, yet not inside;
love is in the leaves, and lost
amidst the silver stems there.
And it only enters when frost
forces us to draw it from the
air.

Warm, Soft, Empty

Warm is to be kept.
Soft is sense, touch; and felt,
where Empty's to be left?
and leaving, dealt?to dreary
hearts. Warmth is something kept and I'll
not keep apart.

Closeness

Closeness is a comfort caring, and the dark
can offer sleep no less than restlessness;
when contemplating being and non-being,
lost and lended words that trace some love,
I find within myself some sense of seeming
that there is no border, below or above
between the things we feel. And meaning
to choose thereof the better part,
so bared, it's best to never lose that loving heart
when contemplating seeing or unseeing.

On Melting

What falls while sleeping, speaks to me;
a grace upon that frozen ground,
a voice that dreams, what things might be?
in restlessness, and melting round
the base of a bejeweled spruce?
I'd thought, wherein were only larks.
Though seeing icemelt in the grass,
and loose, I think it's not so stark:
What's dreamt in falling, need not last, and I
can learn to love a Lark.

Home

There shines a silver in the air
about this winter homeland, where
the argent groves so nearly go?
whose airy hands, out-grasping know
the sky?to distance, far unseen,
blue peaks as rolling waves, and green,
that I could gaze and gazing weep!
And to return, breath's promise keep,
that I might know my land, my love;
dark lakes below, blue skies above.

Cold and Comfort

Rain in the morning?
A cold about us carries on,
Set in the shoulders,
where doubt dwells with the heart;
and growing colder.
Arms reach out from restlessness:
Comfort caresses,
whose speech soft tincture spreads,
blesses, and blesses.

First light

Morning's first light is always free;
unconstrained by those, carelessly
who walk about, irreverent
in full-light, their pureness spent:
Day's dawning colors are so fair
in dusk-cloak'd dreams,
I would go there? just with thee?
to a world new, unsullied,
'fore all the nights have passed us through,
and you and I might be at peace.

Don't Regret

Regret time spent not loving;
moments wasted or withheld
from us, time is fast-moving
always. So be kissed and held
and carried off, and never
lose sight of friends or lovers
or bonds of fastness sever?
where your heart, my heart covers
there is something never gone;
hope that gives new life, each dawn.

When shadows remember

Vertical bars align
to contour?and slant
cast by the gleaming light,
can't affect the surface.
Their only escape, death
by darkness, subsumed by night.

For the frost

Cold days I breathe as breaths of winter snow;
whose gales our lungs will gladly hollow out,
and room for rest leave warmly thereabout
so soft white flakes may brace the mighty brow,
distilling peace. And finding in the dark
and restless places of the night, some sight:
that we might seethe of passions fore and past
and quench them? may they drink their selfish last
of living souls? whose bluster has no place,
I take into myself the snow; I am the gull
who, caught apart from flock, at last finds grace.

In bocca al lupo

In bocca lupa: Rain;
wet forests filled with silver trees,
a shadowed oak with darkened leaves,
a bird whose wings beat off the frigid wind?
rain is falling down,
a rising mist is autumn's crown;
a Sanguine flower in the light,
its petals clasped with Summer's parting kiss.

How I wonder at your tenderness,
I could not touch you and remain the same;
In bocca lupa:
Rain is falling down.

As Knowing is To Be

"As Knowing is To Be:"

White flowers early bloom,
and grief, they soon subsume?
and so to roses grow;
the seeds of red to sow.

The mind is death, to doubt,
as knowing is to be;
as way leads on to way,
where nothing we can see
stands fast, then I can say:

"There is nothing true, but I
would make us so."

Mired

Mired, depleted;
to fall asleep is to wake.
Dreams are our real life.

Bird of Rain

Who has slept and heard their cries
softly weeping, and sought out
to cry back from slumber,
with a voice gently creeping:

"Oh, bird of rain, muse from the sky,
what's great refrain may never dry,
now weather this storm and dream with me,
to warmly roost, here safe and free..."

And then woken there?where branches grow
and new things sprout, where there is love,
no longer doubt?to see it real?

A bird of the morning on the branch,
may ever a song be in its heart;
of sight and sound, to never part,
but with the rain to stay:

"We brim this cup and empty it,
what's lasting draught may round us out,
that we, no more dispirited,
might find ourselves."

Names and Faces

Things / I am

Driven, yoked, lashed, lamed,
carved, cloaked, kept, claimed;
we are not and never named.
Things that lurk and listen lurch
and leaping make meals of us.
People who are not us
feeding and leading us and
beating us. Beating us.
Immaterial, fade away:
They get away from us.
What is a name?
A name is not us.

Masks / Faces

This face is not a stranger's face,
to mask me or hide me, or mark
or divide me. It does not stay in place,
But remains on the lips and in the dark
to confide in. It cannot play games.
This face is not for falsehoods freely
to reside in, it does not shift blames
to other people; not who I can be,
It is who I am.

When you are lost

As knowing is to be, unknowing
is to fear, to be afraid ~ to die;
a part of us inside, will agonize-
as knowing is to be afraid,
that they are lost ~ to us,
is wondering of love. And stars,
that might have been, and now
might never be.

As knowing is a pleasure lost,
and wondering is free; apart
from us, from the heart-
as knowing is to be, I cannot be;
for as you are, I am lost,
I am lost to thee.

30 July / Petrichor

I cannot help but be
and want to be
at odds with some impartial sky
whose flesh is earth and love is dust
rising to the dawn with petrichor

This is I
the heart that stirred
(what is stirred is unstirred
only when we die)

Faces

A face is not a stranger's face,
which masks us and hides us
(or marks and divides us) in place;
A face is on our lips, that lies to us-
(but this is not the face) of who we are.
The faces on our faces now distort us-
dour, they transport us ~ too far.
A face is a face is a face - never mind "us."
And face this ~ we must.
We must.

Object to Subject

Reality is ~ subject
and object; things are.
Though all is uncertain,
but for one given (and I):
That veiled things are not
things ~ in truth exist, not lies.
And that pale wings do watch
over us ~ from certain skies.

30 June - Real

Real is not all - there is
(But for illusions, that are) more.
Real is not ~ real. Structures are;
All structures are the same,
All structures are. (Real,
Unreal) ~ sound, unsound;
Near and far, the same.

How near it was

You are ~ falling, I can see
all the world, above me
(and you are there, too).

Rising up and looking down,
beauty is in all the things;
one and two are all.

How quickly they draw back
(I was there and back again
but for a moment) and then,
How far it is to be apart
and how near, and how dear
You are ~ to the heart.

The Oyster Dared To Be

Immortalized; your eyes are free
(and burning bright, bedeviled stars)
There gazing far, they see
(far off into eternity) ajar
The door that separates us;
I from thee - they see it fall
And who can be just?
A friend - bound, and unbound
in love as in thrall ~
We are what the fates have made
us - together - all;
The world, and the oyster
dared to be.

To be apart.

Rise up, hold me. Rock
Dark and deep, from underground
Those bonds that sold me,
Locked; whose courage keeps me sound.

How far this is, to be apart:
Cracked dirt and shallow stone,
Cross way between the hearts
Far and near, reach out-
Alone, they can not grasp.

Ours is the long night, the empty road. Tightly drawn faces see the candle for the dawn, clasped
between hope and restlessness.

How far it is to be apart.

9 may - ways lead on

"Tarry, traveler from far abode - how fare?"
And so way leads on to way (another road)
Where we may never over-stay.
And overstrode, the bricks beat an unbroken path;
The sun will heat eternal day,
And bright it be, shall never blare, but glow:
The light of day that, silent, whispers "go..."

9 April 2018 / We offer what is only ours

We offer what is only ours

- these rusty hearts of silver hue -

to fill the world up with stars

- and all the world's people, too-

and in the sky, and in the spring

to make the world new, and green,

and full of love again.

Cloud, Revisited

Oh, feathered friend, now soothe my rue;
who sits aloft, and singing - sky -
some dove-tailed watcher in the blue
- so marvelous; you and I -
that I would lift my heart, to you
whose heart is true.

Love and Foolishness

I know what it is to love

- to know my love will never live to be -

Perhaps it is my misplaced hope (or hopefully placed uncertainty)

that drives me; perhaps it is my love which tells me

No relationship founded on unrequited love can survive

- that, in order for my dream to be sustained, it must die -

and perhaps it is my dream which tells me that my love can never die.

Perhaps I am a fool; I know that I am a fool.

I am devoted to my foolishness.

21 March 2018 / Rue / Spring

Lackadaisically, I ~
Of rue divest, to detriment,
so discarded Care, my 'needless'
Sentiment. Dour ~
Lackadaisically, I Have sought
Bedevilment.

23 January 2018 / Cloud

Feathered friend, now soothe my rue
Who sits aloft above my eye,
A dove-tailed watcher in the blue;
The starless sky, so marvelous-
That I would lift my heart to you,
For what is thine and only thine, might one day be mine too-
And everyone's who wishes it, holding ours to love as true:
A peace-pure driven heart of silver hue,
Enough to fill-up all the world new.

The Purity of Snow in a Time of Waiting

Something there is about a freshly fallen snow;
bewitching light of silent surface shone,
I stand in awe of some small splendor sown
beside the bleak. The rest is monolithic stone
or steel and brick of towers grown and rested on this once-fair land;
but something in the snow of fairness still can speak
(a city shines about the place) bejeweled and casting shadows down
on streets that seemed to weep in filth,
now washed with tears and clean of urban curse.
As I warm myself of winter wear and breathe
upon my knuckles bare I see it plain?
there writes the hand of nameless lovely gods,
penning fresh the land in snowy verse,
whose unmarred length is softly seeming stone?
something there is about a freshly fallen snow;
but I have places I must go,
and other days for to and fro (although
I may not ever wander back).

30 November 2017

Standing at the crevice crying,
At my love for fear of flying-
(failure, loss, lonely sighing)
Caught between the cold and dying,
I forget my dreamer-song

29 November 2017 - Dreamers

Dreamer, Dreamer, raise and stoke
Stands from sleeping justly woke
Feet before him on the ground
Chained by duty, privilege bound

Shudder, Shudder, tarry yon-
Vanquish doubt and anguish on
Bear the burden of the sky-
Dreamer, bear it 'till you die

Waver, waver, flicker, smoke
Vanish flames and banish yoke
Freed of burdens merry then-
lead by captains, monsters, men

19 November 2017

Remember sometimes always here

(Found, Unfound, Far, Near)

Sharing little, often, much

Wonder, Joy, fear, touch

Lived in life and laughed out love

Beside, Bereft, Below, Above

What Dreams can Do

If I could only dream what dreams can do,
Then I would walk where walker's hearts are true;
Where life is beautiful, that grief is washed away:
As in a dream, whose wings are lace to carry silver in,
We'd dreaming dance before the rain, leave love and tarry sin--
If I could only long enough to see my heart to you,
an' I too be glad that we will lie as *deaders* moved,
Then we could be as falling drops, from sun to rainy day
Whose life is joy, at little cost, and leaves no pain to stay

18 September 2017 - The Veil

What is hidden, that is known to be
What is lovely, a vulgarity
Friendship, Suffering, Truth, fiction
Found, Unfound
-What is there to see-
Drops the curtain, roses-high
To be the sun in a blackened sky
The light, that out-shines lies
An artisan of hope, small braveries
And of beauty-places,
Where precious smiles dance on faces,
Keeper of the hidden things
-Veiled, unveiled-
Where is the sun in a blackened sky?
There is no light, to shine on lies
The 'artisans of hope', facsimiles;
Dread wardens walk the darkened miles,
Precious shadows masquerade as smiles
light amongst the hidden things

The little things in life / The secret heart

Of the many days heretofore unspoken there remain ten-score unbroken treasures in the soul
More than gold or jewels they are emboldened and imbued with life and warmglow long
For it is these pretty things unnoticed, that as the springtime lotus
Blossom in the lovely argent dawn of heartfelt laughter-song
And speak to gilded joyous things inside the frost and cold
To stir within the blessed singing choirs of the silver-sigh
So that the sleeping mind with ease forgets the weeping secret heart and
All in life is bright and longly lasting in the evening stars

Christmas Eve

Of plenty and too little some would say
As to why we've run away
And as to where we're going today
I've plenty and too little - to - say
-too little, too late-

~ and - the - lilies of the field
are blooming now ~

I sought a sole escape
-soul escapade -
Out of the dark and dank
-old caverns fade-
Into the light and forests seeming
Greener in the daylight gleaming
-and I thought I must be dreaming-
White with winter snowfall weary
Not a single dewdrop dreary

~ and - the - lilies of the field
Are singing now ~

I sang a song of Christmas Day
A song of morning sunshine rays
A song to keep my warmself dearly
And the silver star-bells clearly
Ringing to the sky on Christmas Day
-I've sung my soul away-

~ and - the -lilies of the field
Are sleeping now ~

White Christmas

A man there sit-ting, All alone
Upon - a - bench, across the sea
Of white - too bright - and - free
For a single moment, single hour
Single day of my his - tor - y

Oh what a mer-ry, merry little land - this is
Oh, what a bright, che-ery city - we live in
And wal-king - in a winter story, I sat
And waited there for you - my - love

Oh what a sight, there sit-ting
-Alone
And what a fright-ful wishing
-For home
Oh what a white, white christ-mas
-Tonight

I'd love to spend a christmas with you

I'd love to spend a Christmas falling
Into silver moonlit mistletoe and holly
Into you arms, as gilded garlands sorry
I could do no other thing than dream

I'd love to spend a Christmas free and
whispering, you'll see-
A letter from a lover's tome
I'd like to spend a Christmas glad and
Free to hold but saddened not to kiss
Your hands of gold and gladness with
My hands emboldened in their Christ-
-mas spirit silver as the snow, and pure
I'd spend my Christmas fal-
-ling in love with you

[Edit](#)

Flavors numerous

These are the happiest times of
History to me
This is the dawning of the day and
Night
Even all the bitter tastes in life are
Flavors numerous
And what a cocktail of this life I
drink

Even if I'm feeling heart-sad
Life is full of pretty things and
Favors, too
And even if the pain of friendships
Throws us
These bitter tastes in life are flavors
numerous

Winter World Weary

A picture-sky of white pastel, with overtones of blue
A whisper-sigh delight, a silver bell of snowfall new
A tree becomes craggy claw of reddish-green and brownish hues
A lonely flower wilted now stands towering a testament to
The oil on the canvas stretched across this world dreary
And the falling snow will blanket all the world weary

When Mercy smiles / One good dream

I had a vision, Mercy singing
And her face lit up the stars
A smile to one's heart embolden
Banished all the frightful cold and
Dreary thoughts of elsewhere times
And Elsewhere faces no-one finds
To some far-off but pleasant place

It was a smile of a gift upholden love
And something with a golden shine
Bring happiness and gladness from above
And scents of sage, with lavender and thyme

The sun delights when Mercy lifts her voice
Although she seldom sings before the sky
Mercy's sound is silver bells and honey smiles
A dream, a shadow of sunshine
A calling candle flame-

Pure Fate, that Mercy sang my song
Fated, always meant to be
Fate, a crystal-seeming mystery
A dreaming beach of sandy shells and sea
For Mercy was a lover only met in whisper-sigh,
but yet she sang my song-

"Mercy is my one sunshine
Her words reach out as my lifeline
Who wears the colors of the snow
In the orange-blossom evening glow
Of the candle light"

And no truer words she'd spoken
And I thought my heart was broken
And she took my hand and all was well
Awhile, in that one good dream
And after too I had her smile, for I see
It in each lilac gold and yellow morning beam

Mercy is my one lifeline (Mercy is a friend of mine)

Mercy is as pure as snow
Washes out the pain despair and woe
Lets a river of her loving kindness flow
Sometimes I think she doesn't know
That I would never let her go

Oh, Mercy is a friend of mine
Who loves the colors of the snow
Who laughs and loves and sings alone
Who I can only wish to comfort
I can't even tell her that I care

Mercy is it time to go
Far away from this sad place
Into the snow, the cold solace
Of numbness in the white
The many colors of the snow

But there at your front door I turn back
For a single candle, one last thing
Single warming flame of hope
Before the world turns away
Maybe I can someday say

Mercy is a friend of mine
Who wears the colors of the snow
Who will likely never ever know
This stubborn burning candle mine
But who I can call a friend

In the end

A morning dream / I often wonder

I woke upon a night of silence, spread thick with salty fog on dewed fengrass

A starlight was about it as if spun from haunted silver dreams and frosted glass

A lonely light outside my window shone so pearly bright, but at a winnow guttered out

A curious thing, I laid awhile 'fore I ventured so to see what wonder there had passed

Withall the night was one great pyre, argent lights and faerie fire danced across the sky

blown by some celestial wind, the current on the vista awash electric indigo and zaffre sighed

The colors strong and bright in azure glory, orchids blossomed in the fullness of the spring

A dawning canvas upon which brush would set to paint with shades palatinate and Majorelle

I stood some time in awe behind my window pane, in rapture of the colors of night-time turned to day

Whether sleep's sweet call or dream's last flicker it was that called me back, I cannot say

I left that painter's sky at last, and with no other thought than rest, I so returned to bed

I woke some hours later to the noon, from dreams of blue and lilac skies in even-song

If that sky was real or dreamt, I'll never know- but perhaps it's best we're left to wonder, for

a neighbor mine was found, passed peacefully in his sleep, his only window open to the night-time air

A rune on an ash-wood tree

Along a wooded path in forest of memory

There lies a knife-carved rune upon an ash-wood tree

Berkana, there below the silver rosaries

And the red-green-gold of falling autumn leaves

The dead leaves wet and slick underfoot, and branches bare

Cold greeting for the shadow of the memory's traveler there

As he took a knee beneath the ash-wood tree, despair

For he found only bones in that forest of memory

Only broken bones, and silent nights, and empty air

The dawning of the day

If darkest thoughts, or darker ways

May pass our way, on darker days

Be happy, let them pass away

Give love and light another say

Arise inside a warm devotion, fire

Build a flame of bright emotion higher

Send to me the sunshine caller's way

To Build a fire in the desert, of the heart

Awash the sky in shades of red and gold, tonight

Illuminate the shadows, had been monochrome and grey

Leave a lost man's loneliness behind, for light

At the first, of shining rays- at the dawning of the day

A candle in the night, a warming fire

Wherever I go, wherever I go
Wherever I go, I cannot rest
Alone at night, save for loneliness
So I strike a match, of hopes and dreams
To light a single flame against the dark
To burn with love, emotion, faith
I take a fire with me, in the night
And hold that burning beacon tight
If I will not sleep this winter night
Allow me one warm candle-light

Though the leaves lay golden

Though the leaves lay golden
Trees with flame embolden
Song, of argent wind at wing
A tale on silent breath to sing
Of an ancient wayside dreaming-speak
A prayer, for death my soul to reap
And autumn gold, my soul to keep
At home, beneath the winter sky

Mercy is a friend of mine

Mercy is a friend of mine
Who wears the colors of the snow
By a candle in the night

Mercy is a sorrow mine
Who swears to never ever go
In the darkness of the night

Mercy is a sleeping sign
Who weeps for the ones who know
Of no joyous, loving light

Mercy is my one lifeline
Who's keeping all my sorrows now
In her heartfelt Autumn song

Mercy, where do you belong
Where will all your shadows go
Where is the love, down below

Mercy is it almost time
For my candle running low
To darkness now go
With you all alone
In the night

Mercy, will you never cry
I've watched you there, all asleep
Weeping for the ones you leave
All alone, in the night

Mercy who will keep you bright
Will warm your heart, in the night

Who gives love, to the loveless one
Who gives Mercy mercy's light

Mercy is friend of mine
Who's sleeping far away
And mercy is a sleeping rhyme
For all the things we cannot say
all the things we can't wish away
All alone, in the night

Mercy will you now be mine
In the darkness of the night
In the colors of the glow
Of the candle-light

Dreaming of mercy

A midnight prayer for dreams is blessed

Cold comfort for the wounds of weariness

For uncertain answers to old questions

Hold the seeds of dreams within their grasp

One lantern in the corridors

Of pale light dark and gray

Dreaming of mercy

Dreaming of day

Confessing all the secret scenes

Playing in our dreaming heads

Dreaming of mercy

Dreaming of day

Now blessed one and all the things

There sinking into darker sleep

I'm with the water, strewn with stray notes

Never will falter, Staying afloat

When We Met / Saying goodbye

There came a light, a heat, a motion
In your eyes, silent devotion
A pearl crown placed on your worry
Or a pearl gown, from a storybook story

We were together, one last time
Beneath a ballroom, yours and mine
Our eyes together, line by line
Dancing around, no need to hurry
Wonder profound, one joyful flurry
We never knew another way to say
Good-bye

A midnight prayer for peace

Here I am, I can do no other

Here I stand, arm in arm with my brothers

Together we stand, divided we fall

That all men are created free and equal

In the eyes of whatsoever truth beholds

Our struggles, our words, our actions, and deeds

Our only witness impartial; we'd have no other way

Our only hope that some soul shall listen, as we say

Our only dream of peace among men, a peace to stay

A peace of which we dream, night and day

Here I am, I can do no other

A lark among the pines

Follow footprints left in pure, unsoiled snow
in a distant sky, tomorrow lies with a golden glow
As a weary wandering traveler, I will with chill decree
As the tall trees shivered in their shadows black and green
Weathering the winter cold, remain so stark, alone and free
The peace we seek, assaying flight from dark and bone-cold times
An ill sought piece of fleeting shadow light, a lark among the pines

The Rain through the Window

The rain, the rain, it calls to me
The gray dawn breaking now or
Is it twilight I behold
No more, as darkness came to pass
Out of the world in the dawn

The rain was constant, ebbing tide
As light and shadow danced upon the glass
As pale-light glitters through the water there
The piano sings to only empty air
And I

Feel tempo slowing with the beat of time
Music seeping into heart-sad tone of
bygone sign on gray
And so continues gray-sky love of mine

And in the rain begins to weep
As I begin to pray
The rain, the rain, the rain
And I