

Seeds to the Wind: Metaphysical Poetry

By Brian L. Coatney

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Acknowledgments:

Sometimes prose does not express the things we feel, the things God takes us through, or the artistic intensity of concept made living in us. Several of these poems date from 2002, but most of them run chronologically from summer 2003 to November 2004. There is nothing magical about those dates: my book *Did You Ever think of This?* contains 48 of my poems, and this book continues, solely in poetry, a non systematic presentation of who Christ is in us, how that affects us, and how we relate to others.

I thank God for His love of poetry; the scriptures are filled with poetry, though not ornate and flowery, or metered, like much in the poetic tradition outside of scripture. But without that rich, sober, intense imagery of the Bible, with its declaration of the glory of God and the urgency of man's need for salvation, and Christ's unfathomable atoning work and restoration of the image of God in those who believe, all other paradigms of poetry would fail of possibility.

Thank you to my brother in law Art C. Boldt and my sister Sylvia for their wonderful help in laying this book out and getting it ready for print. Thank you to my wife, Tandy, as always, for proofing. She is not a poet, but has a keen eye for beauty in making our home a place of style and comfort in so many artistic, creative ways.

I majored in English many years ago in college at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, and then at the blooming age of 50 went back to Austin Peay State University to get an MA in English. I had loved poetry before, reading the great tradition of poetry and growing in grace, I found the urge to combine Christian spirituality and art. May the Lord bless you if you persevere to read this book.

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Seeds to the Wind

I enjoy
rippling maple leaves,
green, in a dry
August wind, which I cannot hear
on this side of the window.

Nevertheless, I do hear
in the hollow of my mind,
where everything takes place
anyway.

I enjoy each branch
bobbing with a slight dip,
rising again—masculine—
hung with clusters
of brown, windmill seeds.

A tree can fertilize
random soil anywhere
the wind fancies.

I'm a man of one woman,
but by the time I die,
I hope for poems
that number like these seeds—
that strike up a new tree
now and then.

In a man's life,
he hopes for a solid trunk,
for God to send the rain,
for branches spread in dignity,
for leaves that refresh,
and lastly, for the chance
to grow old hearing about
saplings on the rise.

8-11-03

The Way Things Went

A traveler went into a land
Of barrenness and heated sand.
The windswept cactus seemed to laugh
At his intentions like some gaffe,
As on the eerie miles stretched long,
In punishment for all his wrong.

A lizard darted on a rock,
With forking tongue as if to mock
And say, "You're such a fool to roam
Out here, you should have stayed at home:
No one survives this place of dread;
Look at these remnants of the dead—
The bones of beasts and man spread wide,
Where rays unshielded burned the hide,
And left the skeletons to say,
"We rue the day, we rue the day."

A rattling sound gave him a chill,
Of fear, as over on a hill
Close by a hissing snake's head rose,
And stood erect, and then it froze
In scorn, with beady eyes to say,
"You never should have come this way."

At this, a bit of clammy doubt
Began to cloud his mind about
Just what he could expect out here—
Where after many days, the sheer
Unending heat wears down the soul—
The heat that finally takes its toll.

He clutched his grimy, green canteen,
An army relic he had seen
And bought to get him through the heat,
Though never water did he meet,
But only sand—yes only sand,
Out in the desert looking grand,
When he had sat with eager look
And seen its picture in a book.

Much in life romantic seems,
Much in life leads us to dreams,
Air conditioning hums all day—
The faucet's just a step away.

That picture shows the brilliant hue,
Prismatic, luring travelers to
Presume on star-scaped dizzy nights,
With all the crackling, mystic rites
Of orange-red embers burning slow,
While inspiration in its glow
Fills heads with every desert charm
And hides the all-foreboding harm.

Pictures tell a thousand words
That fly away like mockingbirds,
When no more water holes appear,
Signaling that death's now near.

Too late to turn back from this land,
With all its arid, arid sand.
The traveler with a forlorn sigh
Knows hope is gone, and death is nigh.
The traveler winces in his tears,
And finally prays out loud his fears.

"Oh God, I've heard that with a blow
from Moses' stick, a stream did flow
out from the barren, flinty rock,
to quench your thirsty little flock.

I've read of Hagar's desperate plea,
when with her Ishmael, there she,
amid the desert, heard him cry,
and God sprung up a well nearby.

I've heard that Samson all alone,
With just a donkey's fresh jawbone,
Struck down a thousand Philistines
And left their widows without means.

Standing at Ramath Lehi
In desperate thirst, he made his cry
To God that thirst not take him down
And steal his victory and renown.

His mighty soul in faith despised
A capture by uncircumcised
Philistine lords, while faint with thirst.
So fervently he more rehearsed
His prayer, and God did split
Apart a hollow place, and it
Gave Samson water to refresh
His thirsty, battle weary flesh.

Oh God, I read your prophet's scroll,
That streams will someday from You roll
And break forth in the wilderness,
When comes the end of all duress.

But most of all, I've read how You
In mortal flesh one day passed through

Samaria, and by a well
Did there a troubled woman tell,
To give your tired flesh a drink.

At this her spinning mind did think
To pose the question, 'How can you
Be asking me—since you're a Jew—
For water; don't you know that's wrong?
I'm not elect; I don't belong.'

The Spirit watered every word;
The more he talked, the more she heard.
Her thirsty, longing bludgeoned soul,
His living waters did extol."

The traveler paused and looked around—
A hundred feet from him the ground
Fell back and banked into a stream.
He thought he'd lapsed into a dream.
But no, his faith had made a well
And rescued him this tale to tell.

3-26-02

Two Swords Bleeding

One sword rose up in a field
where Abel's sheep lay burned, with blood still running red
and dying hard on the altar stones as it dripped.

Cain, with tool in hand (no doubt a harvesting stone—
ground cleanly sharp its whole way down
to ease along a row of grain and drop the heads

into a waiting pouch), looked hard, and harder
with an eye that could not wait.

A once clean, harvesting instrument, threw another lamb
on the altar, where, blood with blood, the smoking drops
alerted God of a sacrifice Cain should not have made.

The other sword, a piece of wood with nails,
with Cain's good friends, took all the drops of blood—
from all of bleeding time, and every body stabbed and cut,
or ripped; and every mutilation every curse might groan,

with every lie and sabotage and plot and grinding teeth,
and every cheating dollar, every sweaty, dark affair,
and every climbing star that seeks to shine upon its own,
but turns itself at last in hating all alone—
and bluntly, in its vinegar, shed all its healing pain,
and took upon his body all the sin and its disdain.

This too alerted God of a sacrifice that Cain should not have
made;
but had he not—but had he not,
We'd still be in our pain.

6-18-02

One Drop from the God-forsaken Tree

One drop from the God-forsaken tree,
falling on my tongue bled into me,

from where you hung in all your agony
and dripped the sweat and blood
my sin had from you wrung.

Your sweetness entered me,
and, scarlet tasting,
rose a royalty.

Your body, hammered hard,
with metal banging shrill
and pounding in my ear,
sent demons screaming,
as the temple, still and hanging,
set your people free.

Quiet in the grave you lay,
and we the losers, seeming all inert,
rose suddenly upon a three day rest,
and we, indemnified,
as death got its desert.

On a pallet made of stone,
sunken cold, enshrouded,
up you burst.

The mallet of the Spirit tore the hold,
and you the first of all,
propelled us to your throne.

Nothing done with any sense—
for all God's gentleness—
lacks love's hard test
of its intended violence.

8-20-02

God Just Grew 10 Feet Taller

God just grew 10 feet taller.
I mean He's bigger than He ever was;
or did I grow smaller,
or am I just the same,
but see differently?
God just grew 10 feet taller.
He's getting bigger all the time.
I knew He was an omni
in all the major categories,
but somehow when He gets bigger,
it takes me by surprise
each time.

9-15-03

How to Fish

Revelation is pure,
understood of itself—
unmistakable in quickening
audio.

Simplicity ignites
its flash.
Each beam is single
in intent.

"I" never finds it.
It finds "I."

Origin—above,

the senses
never lead there.
Reason,
unchecked by revelation,
torments.

Try to make a net
to catch heaven's fish,
and they slip through
unseen.
The net tangles in itself
confused.

Let invisible nets
drop down,
and the fish come
in schools.

Go up in the net
to heaven.
No one catches fish there.
They swim freely,
approaching at your word.

I play with these fish,
not eat them.
They surround me,
and I let them catch me.

9-30-03

Risen!

The painful sting of
the old memory is gone;
it lingers just enough, as a trace,
to say, "Don't go that way again."
Kierkegaard calls it remorse.
Paul calls it "those things whereof
ye are now ashamed."
Today, conviction brightens:
the new man is here;
Christ is risen in a body,
more than what appeared out of
the Arimathean tomb.
That brightens
with new blindness
to old darkness.
Sorrow touches us at times,
to remember the pain
that got us to the Cross.
But condemnation knows no
rightful bit of ground—
the enemy perceived
at his old, accusation game.
Discipline we know:
those old thoughts and feelings
hurt—yow! But what a joke
they really are.
Suffering we flee from,
but embrace even more
as glory.
On His throne,
in those high, high places,
we revel to be,
and are.
It makes the scepter
in your hand today,
the one of dignity.

10-2-03

The Leaf of Faith

October's gray end showed up
this week between the fast, splash
of the best part.

I looked up at the awning edge of our porch
just when one brown maple leaf
lay flat on the last shingle of the gutterless slope.
It turned up—recoiling from the edge.

I think it hoped to dance back up the roof.
It rolled back flat—then slowly up again, hovering —
and down, in resisting pathos, to the shingle's edge.
I have never seen so much emotion in one leaf!—
or the brown-ness of a single leaf in its struggle.
I didn't have time for guilt during the ballet.

Some leaves go mindlessly?
Others go in a coma, some by sudden accident.
I didn't know the leaf family history
of this one. The scene at the edge
turned to the slow motion of a movie's
few seconds of "No-ooooo."

You should have seen the look,
though, on that leaf's face,
as its final roll toward a last grip—
missed—and up it went into the air.
It let its body go into the loveliest free fall.
The last thing I heard was, "I'm free—
no mater what the cemetery says."

10-25-03

Norman Looked Down

Norman was a wise old man
who also lived to be 98.
We knew he was wise.
His books leave bonfires
of truth everywhere among
the designated desperate.

Norman loved a good fire;
he hated being cold;
but he incinerated the nondescript.

Legends and stories of Norman
bring laughter and tears.
We even laugh at what was not funny
at the time.

Often, things he thought funny appalled us,
or things appalling to him drew laughter
from some. About the time one predicted him,
strange things happened.

Norman's in heaven now,
though we have no objective proof
of that. That's how he would
want it. Maybe he can't prove
that we're still here either.

Anyway, to get to my story,
Norman looked down to see
what everybody was doing with
his books and tapes—and memories
of his words and extreme doings.

He saw that different ones make
of him what they will.

One has pot roast, another duck—
others eat only broccoli and fish.
Some pig out on ice cream all the time.
Still others don't eat at all.

He thought about asking God if he could
come down and eliminate some confusion
about what his words mean.

God said, "No, I've thought about doing
the same thing Myself, but one trip
was enough. Remember when you said in
God Unlimited, quoting Kierkegaard I think,
'Only the truth that edifies is the truth for you'?"

In his heart, Norman knew this.
He looked at God, and God looked at him.
So they went off in a merry dance
and so do we.

10-29-03

When There is a Breeze.

After I sat and thought for a long time
about moves both offensive and defensive,
I got tired of them all.

The moves all meant complicated
effort to prove something
that really means arguing
when it's time to let words
drop into nothing.

But what if I don't come back out?

Why care as long as faith sees?

"Okay Lord, what is Your mind here?"

"Since you asked, what if you are so

caught up with Me that you forget about
what bothered you?"

The ease sounded pleasant.

So I put down this and that book for now,
to open the front and back screens.

What compares to breezes through the house,
cool on the face, or refreshing in smell—

dividing over arm and shoulder,
making currents go past each side

of the body. Fence posts enjoy this
all day. Flags don't rise and fall predictably;
that's why we watch them.

I use a light, board that I get on
when the air comes through.

Where the currents move in space,
you can ride for hours without effort
just by being there.

Many hard problems get solved
in this way.

11-12-03

On Main Street

Bleach out the complex, the clever,
leaving bare nerves, scraped,
lying open. Rub again,
now with ammonia, until the
clean nerve contracts
with all its desire to disappear again
under sticky words, honey mixed with
wild agents, for the mood wished.

Only then, dip clear river drops,
without so much as dust to taint,

almost invisible,
and pour gently.
Drink some too.
Pick a ripe one from
your favorite tree.

The smile really starts with
the leaves no one can patent—
the leaves with all extracts—
that fall on a sting
to absorb its fear,
leaving only cool gel
with aromatic serenity.

Not one harsh word could be heard
on the street.
The whole neighborhood
slowly took to it.
But first there was the long winter
of doing this alone
for the solitary vision
of the Lamb—
beside His Father's throne
in a city that can no longer hide
the voice of heralds—
the Spirit and the bride.

11-13-03

How the Bitter Apple Grows Sweet

When the bitterest apple hangs on the tree,
the rays from the sun, day after day,
arrive with necessary heat and light,
to warm the apple, slowly cooking it
to its cool ripeness. At the same time,
stores of rich nutrient join with
the luscious water of the ground,
from the rains, or rising up

from the subterranean.

The nutrient, in the water,
rises through the ringed trunk, with
its ribbing of bark, to reach the
hungry apple, which, taking the
love of the penetrating sun,
along with the deep satisfaction
of water and nutrient, turns into
the apple, ripe with sugar, that
falls into the hand of the picker,
to give pleasure and ergs to the more
marvelous tree called you or me.

Why Retake the Stars

Why retake the stars?

Are they not incidentals in a neon world
turned cyber-space, where the grunt of life
means metal machines to dive sea floors,
accelerate down wider highway lanes, or
reach mach and more in races to plant metal
worlds in outer space? The stars and luminary bodies
serve us only to use. But what about
what we don't know? Theories of accident, or
myths built upon imagination, harden the galaxies
into speculation for a remote greenhouse
with fighting remnants of a once fallen prehistory
only guessed at. The numinous calls to us with
a grieving heart to let awe and supremacy speak
so as to line up the heavens with the Word made flesh.
The logos, whether still, or in excited motion,
points in matter, space, and man, to a glory few guess
or even seek to find until enough waste dries and destroys
the veins of our true fantasy. Then we are ready for one miracle
after
another. 2000 years ago, three wise men stood looking
at a black satin board, wondering if the heavens
had indication of a movement of God radical enough
that history would shake and gasp to discover
God in flesh form. He who is beyond the stars,

in the stars, cataloguing the stars, bursting forth new ones—
arranging silent, numinous script continually
in revolving aura—He, the Wondrous One,
commands our worship.

11-17-03

Let's Fish Today, Mr. K.

Mr. K, we've both been to hell,
and seen choice—
tried to grip
the near shore,
when the far shore always calls—
heard the sirens, loved the safe way,

hated the safe way,
looked one more time
at what must be done,
to find it has been done,

been disciples reproved:
"Where is your faith?"—
loved the Lord,
feared the Lord,
trembled,

walked into the house of smug assurance,
walked into the house of always falling short,

heard no echo,
distrusted when hearing no echo,
longed to be alone,
feared being alone,

let go,
saw the Cross dragged up
to the beach, no one on it;
saw a sea of blood, took forgiveness;
saw a risen Christ, questioned;
saw Christ in heaven,
joined him there:

So could we say
that the best of things
for us, in the midst of
all disclaimers, is just
to go fishing today,
and let the scoffers
say of us, whate'r
they may.

1-20-04

Castles

I sought my castle in the air,
not on earth; for I guessed there,
no problems anymore would eat
away at ease. But earth will greet
us every time. It's a grim fact
that our mortality is backed
by evidence too sure to doubt.

My mother died; my father died;
others too. So I can't hide

from my own creeping onset of
the wasting. But I look for love
to do one thing, and that is keep
me certain that my final sleep
will only let the spirit out.

On earth, that spirit never tires
of playful wishes—new desires,
suited for infinity.
I ply them, though an enemy
obstructs. It's meant: yes, God does mean
our troubles—that from what is seen,
ergo—the unseen comes about.

Our castle in the air's on earth.
We live with constant pain. The birth
that reconciles each tragedy,
though, speaks insistently to me:
"The time is now to see God here,
in every circumstance. Then fear
must exit—doubt too go out."

1-22-04

When a Thing is Blue it's Blue

And when a thing is blue it's blue—
Picasso blue. Thinking there is something you
can do may only make things worse.

So why fight back, obsess—rehearse
the details of a plan you think
would extricate you from the brink
of mental hell or soon collapse?

What if you draw back to rest? —
not fight or defend when pressed,
but sit and wait, not lunge to try.
Let the angry impulse die
without a word or deed, and wait
until the words of Spirit state
a view you hadn't seen perhaps.

The dire and awful feelings, not
in guilt resisted, save a lot
of useless torment. Take the pain,
and wait to see; do not disdain
in you the working of Christ's death.
Soon enough, His holy breath
will rescue you from evil traps.

The very second He decrees,
you'll find release—one that frees
you from concern. Out will go
the pride attached to any blow
you've taken. Inside, though you die,
you'll see the eagle's freedom fly
and not a single promise lapse.

1-26-04

Lord You Don't Protect Your Name

Lord, You don't protect Your name:
detractors always do the same
things and never fear the earth
will swallow them in all their mirth.
Their scorn continues without fear
of retribution: it is clear
to them that You do not exist.

Or else You do, but don't address
Rebellion: for You're powerless—
in need of love Yourself—and so
must people please and not drop woe
on fat cats, or let saints return
blow for blow when their hearts burn.
But what if there's another twist?

Accepting wrong as meant to be—
that's anathema to me.
Why should we, Your own, still die—
experience pain—have to cry
out for relief—wait to see
a future day when misery
to memory's a distant mist?

Still—You do give us release
now. We know the inner peace
of living water from a well
that no words or deeds from hell

contaminate. We go
inside, away from grosser flesh,
to drink. Once again we're fresh
in a world of grueling grist.

But wait—there's more. We start to see
the anguish and the slavery
of others—that Your death again
in us gives hope to them—that sin
has ceased to rule. Exposing need,
Your pain becomes our creed
of grace where once the serpent hissed.

1-27-04

I knocked Upon a Door

I knocked upon a door and it
would not open, no, not one bit,
but mocked my face. The hardest brass
glared at me. To try to pass
its barrier immutable,
tired me—left me full
of wretchedness and over-care.

Injustice, with its wolves afire
from woe, and circling close with dire
designs—their sickly grins stretched wan
across my body—teeth set on
a feast of blood—the claw-torn flesh—
left me in need of old news fresh,
told speedily to stop despair.

Why this hard door I cannot break?
Why enemies, like some mistake?
Have I misfired, gone too far
in faith, that punishment's now bar
me from my blessings? I think not.

More likely God's high trust I got
in battles. Now what come's unfair.

Unfairness sent from God—not some
mistake—as if my faith had come
this far to falter. God decrees
a cross for me, so that in these
losses—gone some vital thing,
life's sweetness—the suffering
endures its price to make repair.

This offering—not punishment,
is really grace, love that's spent
to win a battle that could not
be won without a fire so hot,
of sacrifice, that Christ's own love
is all that I am thinking of
in the miseries I bear.

1-29-04

Some Think the Universe is Bright

Some think the universe is bright
and sharp—focusing on the light.
To look at dark and evil things
too long, retracts what brings
God's essence in the green and good.
When a person, daringly, would
obsess on death—death has a bite.

You can look into goddess blue,
lose your mind in sunrise drops of dew,
wait until your favored burst
of color, argues down the worst

of death in Nature. Death is there,
but what's the harm? In its bare
essential, it's nothing but dishonest fright.

Preoccupation with the dark,
the morbid, tends to make one stark.
Pale and drained, death grows more
supreme than life. But if before
conceived, you will to know God's sign—
Christ's resurrection—His design,
thereby, convinces us what's right..

The killer, corpse—the ghosts of all
their horror, plus their hate—will fall
away at once. Allowed, we see
the gentler side—fertility—
outlasting lies, those wearily heard,
that life is meaningless, absurd.
Lovers win. Scornful spite

will burn, raising up the hair
on necks at first—before the bare
truth, spoken by a beckoned child,
will mock that spite. No one defiled,
thinking beauty will not last,
will pass life's gate, but fall fast
into hell—into self-gratifying night.

2-13-04

Too Confining is the Law

Too confining is the law
of God—no loophole and no flaw.
It mirrors light that shining pure
exposes me. I can't endure
the scrutiny, here naked in
its search—locating every sin—
discovered in my impotence.

I thought perhaps I'd *sometimes* keep
its words! Deception is the sleep
that thinks that way—as if a man
just tries to fail, but really can
obey with stronger will. The law
is such that it must leave us raw,
though, stripped of any innocence.

Not until we cannot do
the littlest thing—we're truly through
with imitating Christ—will grace
be seen. The Spirit face to face
with us, in union, two made one,
is confirmation that we're done
with works. It's grace that now makes sense.

Depression ends; a sprightly lift
surprises us with ease. The gift
of total energy, not we,
but He inside, in unity
with us, dispatches living by
the law. My spirit, soul, and I
live on the grace side of the fence.

2-21-04

Two Doves Flew

Two doves flew off into the night,
each a powdered, scented white—
wings of lily, spread into a hell.

Each said the other could tell
of winds across the sky,
the view of paradise nearby,

though in a darkened blast.
These are things that threaten never to be past,
but always tell again the moment that will bring

continuous suffering.
Up where the worlds ends,
it began to begin.

The doves flew back in, from night,
over the waters of chaos, in a light
they only could see.

Over the churning green, the thick waves, unevenly
piled up, where hardly good is seen,
but sinking ships are everywhere in the sea of spleen.

The aqueous man, the fish, rose
to meet them. Fins spread, he knows
how to skim the waves through the dark.

Now matter how unruly stark—
irresolvable, or how simply shunned the obvious word
to see the truth, the fish-man can be heard

in the night with hymns. Why would one ever guess
that the very worst of all distress,
would be forced to offer up an unexpected blessedness?

2-25-04

Sabbath

Sun through a window
hits hair, cheek, and arm.
All is still, except
the sleeping computer,
with its filtered sound.

An occasional car shoots by.
The news is in the box.
Mail will arrive later.
Books lie about waiting to be considered.
Conversation occurs hours away.

Sun through a window
concentrates almost too hot on an ear.

When together, a mind tires,
a body tires—
emotions return from their galaxies
or percussion—
Sabbath blesses us.

2-27-04

Isaac's Nightmare

Isaac loved his meat and loved his son.
Esau would have the kingdom be undone.
Rebekah played the hero in her day,
When Isaac would not let her have her say.

Convention be thou damned, the lady's true.
Detractors of the scheme cannot see through.
Her heart protected Jacob—she was sly:
Some lies are true; some truth is but a lie.

Resounding in the heavens, waters roared,
Approval of Her Wisdom thus restored.
Isaac was the head, but by my life,
Wisdom often crowns instead the wife.

Abraham, much sager, asked of God,
Why Sarah, militant, would take a rod,

And have her lord send Ishmael away,
That freedom unmolested have its way.

Oh Deborah, you too could drive a man
To war when necessary—when the plan
Of God hung on a single, golden thread.
Oh Wisdom—without You, our men are dead.

3-3-04

The Furnace Door

The furnace door would open too far—
coals erupt, blowing it ajar,
to cause regret. The kept mind knows
resisting fails: pressure grows
through reaching, meddling hands.

Those tempted honestly can say
the same predicament today
might fall to anyone. But will
the door close back until

its perfect time? It stands

with force both ways until with ease,
one puts a finger in the breeze—
can close the door in peace. Flare-ups die:
ductwork routes the new supply
of warmth to its demands.

3-02-04

Fire Fire Fire Burns

Fire fire fire burns—
burns the metal that it turns,
into the finished sword.

Vultures vultures in the air,
spy those kings and nobles there,
a fallen feast now gored.

Sinners sinners wash your hands,
accept the Lord as He demands,
receiving your reward.

Fire fire fire burns,
He of union with you burns
like molten liquid poured.

In the fire, in the flame,
fire/light, all of the same—
to go where light is stored.

Suppress the fire, suppress the light,
suppress the light, woe brings the night,
a place of no accord.

Release the fire, release the light;
release the light, henceforth no night,
but light of truth adored.

Before the throne, before the glass,
before the crystal sea we pass,
not there to hold or hoard.

In the rainbow, on the roof—
not a whisper now aloof,
but rushing wing-spans roared.

3-4-04

Man of Fire

Mortal bones beset me,
tender flesh not protected,
a mind watching the clock,
racing against demise,
emotions spent to the breaking,
a grave awaiting,
but for this one fact:
I am a man of fire.
He of the heavens
begat me new, still in
this body of demise,
but cloaked in fire—
also an embryo new of
jewel, gold, plus nature's sublime of
fruit, water, and birds of metaphor
(a body of heaven in earth's sweet dressing
as the feminine covers the male—
which to the true mind, offers up
the holy grail finally)—
already inside this shedding skin.
So though beset, winding down,
but ascended, I cannot go higher
than be the man I am,
someday to be revealed, but
presently known—a man of fire,
though now cloaked.

4-14-04

Letting Go

"Not for you," was the word.
Surely I would have heard
something else, like, "Fix that."
But no, regarding the matter at
hand, that voice, hard to argue
with, made it plain, that to remain true,
I must abstain. "But why?"

This is a question, causing faithfulness to die
if persisted in when the heavenly
grimace appears. Then, no matter how reverently
we ask, or no matter how many tears we drop—
His immovable voice quietly says, "Stop;
or run ahead into your own lust."

The voice urgently crying, "I must,"
isn't so undeniable after all.
Why rush in—precipitate a fall?
No, that urge will eventually subside,
though at the moment, its horrendous tide
seems irresistible. But in a moment, an hour,
or even days, or weeks—perhaps years, the power
will drain away, leaving only certitude
that Christ's will is refreshing indeed, and food
for all we are—barring nothing. And how worthwhile

to have waited for His way, without the thrust of guile.

5-5-04

The Spirit of Praise

The Spirit of praise has fallen,
the mantle of holiness is near,
garments of love have covered us,
Jerusalem above removes our fear.

Grace is the water all around,
wind blows within and without,
the new man lives in ecstasy already,
no matter what the devil is about.

One roar of the beast from his sea,
sounds but the call to see Mount Zion,
we the redeemed have entered into rest,
Wisdom raises its hands with the Lion.

Where snakes strike with deadly wounds,
the lovely Spirit draws all poison out,
with antidotes of wine and milk,

swallowing also the former doubt.

We walk as those who verily know,
trembling often before we see release,
but our weakness makes the pure to sing,
for His presence known is all our peace.

5-20-04

Attachments

Many there are who debate
the helping professions, whether
the soul aspiring in life to be great,
lets itself get attached as to a tether.

Then one lives or dies as some other soul goes,
in ecstasy soaring, or in depression's pit,
according to the pleasing, or alternately the throes
of friend, child, or mate—that's the sum of it.

Tossed, often worn, beaten perhaps

by rising or falling events, the committed one,
to see another through, suffers each lapse
as to itself, in death until a certain thing is done.

Others, of cooler spirit, supposedly, stay
maddeningly objective, tendering exclusively in facts
and not given to the extreme play
of ups or downs in the fluctuations of another's acts.

This latter looks enviable—the former tossed
violently, while the cool soul remains placid.
Just when one we're committed to looks utterly lost,
the latter does not break down in life's certain vat of acid.

Can one truly live so heartily and stoic of frame?
And does no attachment secretly, with time, wear away
aloofness, since in constitution we're all the same?
Is there not a certain connectedness that finally captures us one
day?

Troubled thoughts over this—whether or not to let go
and attach, or conversely, to hold fast, distancing in soul—
brought a moment of confusion and fear: the former flow
of Spirit life might stop and hell begin to take its toll.

Should I get attached or not? Such an easy resolution came—
that this or that person is not the one I pursue,
as where my tether is. All of life either way is the same,
"Holy Trinity, I am attached to You."

5-26-04

Dimensions

Holy water runs through the soul,
along its non eroding banks—
the refreshment of life's terrible toll,
Come drinkers, from all ranks.

Not only drink, but swim,
or float—rest there easily;
for watery love carries them
to new destinations who can see.

Birds and angels reach out—
grasp the imagination, now true;
and old things wondered about,
in hope, resurrect in something new.

5-28-04

Bishop of My Soul

Bishop of my soul, the dread of things
too great would end up its own penalty:
unattended, when an adder stings,
its poison soon would find its way through me.

But what if when the dreaded adder strikes,
I grab the tail and use it as my rod?
A deadly instrument that no one likes,
works then to bring about the will of God.

Flee when you can or should, no error there:
but sometimes cornered, sometimes sent, we see,
that one must handle what one would not bear
often times, to set another person free.

6-14-04

Wreath in the Sky

Warm is the sun in the sky,
quiet the blue all about,
bitter it is to die,
but sweetness is swallowed up doubt.

Fresh is the green of the tree,
fresh is the green, living grass,
much one considers hard,
wishing it soon would all pass.

The bitterest death is first dire,
the hardest to love is our Cross,
divorcing light from its fire,
multiplies much empty loss.

Light is the cloud rested high,
risen from turmoil beneath,
easy to touch when we die,
curling its heavenly wreath.

6-24-04

Dictators

In my world, gardens abound everywhere,
and the finest air, which dictators,
for you and me, spare,
but not for themselves,
which is hardly fair.

Tyrants, for all the promises they bear
when courting power (at the time when

care weighs the listeners down)
have no intention to disclose their selfish plans
until fully safe to do as they dare.

Then, when you expect fulfillment,
like the yearning for that icing covered éclair,
instead they seize your hair,
tear off your clothes, leaving you bare
to the elements, and treat you like, not *they*,
but you are the dreaded, wicked tare.

But for all this wounding of spite,
though anger would explode with its scorching
flare, to pay back in kind, I know that this
would only bring despair.

So I retreat to Paradise, unseen,
where, in a little known sedan,
I sit with real contentment. For there
no tyrant rules, and I may bear my heart
at will, everyday, among lilies much too fair
for sight by any eyes except those
who seek a wisdom that is rare.

8-5-04

Secrets

In one quarter, healers say, "You're only as sick as your secrets."

Some hiding is not good.
Better yet, when in a new day a person says,
“You’re only as well as your secrets.”

The unrestrained self pours out everything—
on the news, in magazines, on talk shows—
as if healing comes from
every vomit.

The general décor of select jewels fits wisdom.
But when no secret death occurs,
or when no secret glory awaits the one
who loves a thing hidden,

then a man is only a city without walls,
easily breached, blind to dignity,
and closed in all vital senses to the little cloud
in which secrets get told.

To a prostitute there is nothing new and nothing old.

8-10-04

Insights Follow

What if truth were total,
meaning one burst of flame,
followed by instant discernment
whenever challenge appears.

Let no time or gradual unfolding
occur, but always say an instant word,
like one huge key on a ring,
that unlocks every plot.

Truth is like this.
So why did Jesus unfold the Father's plan
in stages? Conditioning prepares,
but even then, shock and disbelief have staggered
the most intimate of followers—sometimes to revolt.

Desperate ones go on,
seeing the uselessness of finding a spot
only to stay in it. Even that one key

gets stale if plots don't bring drama
continually.

If I don't use my key over and over again,
I never see the glory in it
unrecognized before.

And all those mansions in my father's house?
I've just gotten started,
not expecting an end to the discovery.
Love keeps its fascination at all times.

8-16-04

Truth's Danger

Who thinks that truth is safe,
a place of comfort where a simple rule
here or there allays all?

Truth is a rock in dangerous water,
where freedom lies protected
by peril so great that
only those in love with severity
and gentleness escape.

One without the other will not do,
or fear will abuse or cower to abusers.

The price is solitary vision,
not isolated or immune,
but able to love God more than
closest rivals.

No one can see to let go until
divine light shows the threatening grip.
Those we love, the things we love,
take a miracle to hold second.

But as we see our one love,
again and again,
each bitterness turns to what is
noble and good in God,
in the rapture that only suffering
can offer the chance of.

8-18-04

Chill or Grill or Wait until

What to do now, when a twist arises,
someone not in keeping with the law.
Back when dinosaurs roamed the earth
with terrible teeth, they would rip flesh
from bone in their hunger. A sin was a

real sin like the book says, and sinners knew that the dinosaurs would eat them.

Then came a new wave that said all have "feet of clay"—dinosaurs too, so everyone should just lay off and see possibility in all. In came the ice age, the era of the big chill. It wasn't supposed to be a cold time, so much as a time when any souls could gather around without the fear of the dinosaurs.

Soon, however, the dinosaurs turned so tame that sinners took over. The dinosaurs had a new rule: "Thou shalt not call any thing a sin." The problem was that the sinners now had turned into dinosaurs themselves, eating anyone who looked in the book and didn't see through the word sin to make it mean something else.

New dinosaurs rose up to challenge the old dinosaurs. Someone called something a sin, a practice long considered forbidden. A few people even confessed secret immoral practices and stopped doing them. This was worse to the vegetarian dinosaurs than having the high faith not to see a sin at all.

The reformed dinosaurs brought in enough heat to warm up the ice age and begin a new time of grill. No hour of the night lacked for grilling, in large groups or small ones, as long as a nice leg or breast could crackle on the spit, bringing insight to many. When meat lacked, the reformed dinosaurs gnawed bone or went out to hunt prey for the grilling. To find a sin brought great reward.

It was best to find it in another, but finding it in oneself brought high praise too. No one much chilled anymore with the independent concept once called "feet of clay." Reformed dinosaurs even eat those.

Some dinosaurs, discouraged by chill and by grill, started up a once heard of practice of praising the Creator of the dinosaurs. This did not meet with much favor with chill or grill, because chill and grill thought they were the Big Dinosaur in little dinosaur form, and so the point must be about dinosaurs and what they can do.

The chills did not think they were guilty of this: they were "seeing through." But they worked so hard at loving "----ers" that no one could tell the chills apart from the world except for certain mantras including the name of Christ. They read the book now and then, but largely found deeper truths in lands to the east where dinosaurs can't tell the difference anymore between good and evil and therefore live confused all of the time.

The grills read the book a little, but only if it supports what they think about "sinners." The book doesn't get much favor with them either, however, because one must interpret it by certain doctrines leading them to overlook what the book says about many other matters.

Dinosaurs that praise the Creator of the dinosaurs and still read the book as if it is a book, find out that "feet of clay" can exist in a fellowship. But in order to not be ridiculous, with some practices, one must see one's way through to removing them from the village. This is not popular, but a few dinosaurs spoke up and reminded the others where the book says that discipline doesn't hurt anyone and might even indicate love.

The earth may yet survive another ice age or melting.

It's been around a long time. If a "sound mind" ever takes over, a golden age might arrive.

I See a Miracle

I do not see a miracle, much less have thought of one. Flesh rules the day, either the work and guilt kind or the carnal indulgence kind.

The work and guilt kind tries to keep the law, prizing sweat and commitment, taking John's word "ought," as if he does not mean a fresh supply every moment from the vine, but a self-driven will to be like Christ.

The carnal indulgence kind sees no law, and so walks no rope high in the air, with breathless tension swallowed in serenity, but crawls drunkenly on the floor already, in a fantasy of self-enamored sacrifice.

Both these enemies hardly seem friends. One would like to explore new, unknown regions of cold with each, or else subject them both to a duel.

The would-be icy tong or overwhelming logic leaves the hero in danger, too, of either enemy's camp. A fight with the toiling, or a fight with the carnal, could entangle the mind of one bringing good news.

A strange strategy enters. The one who
spoke to Elijah in barely a whisper,
says, "Hands off; call this friend.
What looks forever, and with rising momentum,
will suddenly halt in a moment of need.
I might need you to render aid then.
But for now, wait and worship Me."
I see a miracle in this.

Go with the Wind

Go with the wind.
Do not try to make it go with you,
Those who do succeed for a while,
then end up tired before they start.

If you are not the wind,
then don't blow.
If the wind is not you,
then don't go.

Catch the wind, and it works for you.
Let the wind catch you,
that's good too.

Wrestle with the wind—you lose.
Even ships in storms,
go with them if they're
meant to be.

How do we know?
Because behind them all
is a mind that works by
unity.

9-10-04

When Time Stops

In eternity, time stops.
Before that, there is never enough—
after, all we need,
so much, that we have time to play.

Play makes work that satisfies.
The rampant worker,
non-eternal,
frantic, dies.

Efficiency deceives by making toil
a never ending burden.
Privilege slows down
to where time stops,
so that miracles can surprise us.

One miracle is all I need.

It's the one that does not
live in time.
Everything regenerates
from that.

9-10-04

The Work of God

Sometimes the work of God is to rest,
though one might fear what it means
to let go of more activity—
to get caught not doing.
Why that's a crime—
the worst shame of all,
letting another die.

Is a life just another shed, or field
to maintain, keeping the paint on,

fixing the roof, mowing or planting?
The fear of disrepair or unruliness
drives the need to keep a proper surface
on a world in decay.

Never let the underlying death
show through, admitting that all of it
will end in waste,
get burned up some day.

But death is Nature's way, and God's at that.
Take a seed; it must die—
no fixing there, but yielding a spot to lie in,
to rot in, until a new life springs up fresh.

Fixing the old, again and again—
sometimes is saving a seed from its destiny,
its glory. A seed cries out;
it does not want to die,
and in my time, neither did I.

But I did once.
When the other seeds cry out,
I do again.
Does it get easier each time?
I think so. But then, when a soul on fire
in pain screams out, it is always
hard to go.

9-26-04

Gray October

God does not always give
the October of colors,
or even heavenly blue.

This year He chose gray
the last two weeks,
almost every day,
and the air hung sultry too.

After a summer rarely seen,
where storms in their eccentricity
ripped through,
the grass uncharacteristically stayed green.

This gave high hopes
of an escapist fall.
But for no known reason,
gray gloom and damp sweat
settled in.

Some leaves showed streaks of color
along the streets, but gray prevailed,
with the quick dumping of leaves.

Even cool dry nights now
would bring an edge of pleasure.

Today, God brought back the longed-for blue,
with majestic patrols—thick clouds—
passing leisurely by.

The sunlight on a neighbor's dark, metal roof
is often too bright, but often equally
an unlikely conjunction of harmony.

One red leaf carried from a neighbor's tree
onto the metal roof.
It slid a few feet and stopped.

Several delightful slides
kept my attention—
how far this time?

I waited as the red leaf, alone on the roof,
sat, with two steep feet of slope to go,
whenever the next puff would up and blow
it into its spin toward the grass below.

Then it would float while I watched
in awe again at these things in
a regimented world.

But to my surprise,
it began its slide, folded,
and slipped into the gutter—
lost to any conclusion I had thought.

Thankfully, I recovered from this abruptness
when a squirrel jumped from the branch
on one tree, to a thin branch
on the tree near-to.

Down the branch went,
weighted with squirrel,
and up the branch swung,
Mozartian,
keeping a connection in nature
of graceful motion to a mind
in need of it.

Old Friends Newly Seen

Wrath and lust come knocking on the door,
predictably, like they're supposed to.
I used to let them in, thinking
they were inevitable anyway.

Those were the days before,
when I didn't yet see through
the bluffing needs—the ones that screaming,
ruin the good opportunities of every waking day.

When I prayed them to end, I just got more!
stronger ones even. I didn't know what to do.
Was I dreaming, in my naïve thinking,
that there was some magic word I could say—

a magic word that would always stop the roar?
How could it be God's will that my problems grew?
It didn't seem fair—the devil's scheming—
and at that, under God's controlling way.

Trying didn't work; trying is the deceptive core.
The devil snorts his laugh when we're not through—
through with all our own righteous-in-our-minds-scheming.
He's the winner in that game of foolishness we play.

But then we learn what troubles are for—
that God means them until we're too tired to do—

until we're ready to be still and start trusting
His keeping of us in every way.

I would sin and sin and sin some more
if He didn't keep me and do His own will in me too.
So I thank Him that He is—and is enjoying
life in me—like I'm enjoying life in Him without dismay.

So knock on, wrath and lust: you're my practice floor,
on which I dance, and make art of what you tempt me to.
You keep me dreaming, always dreaming
of how I please the one I love with this ballet.

10-6-04

The Unholy Bondage

I sold myself to think what you think—
feel what you feel,
but I didn't really.
I wanted to belong.

The thought of your franchise not mine,
compelled me against the
deep distress of a voice inside
not yet known.

I hated what I did,
but more that it was not my own—
free and from a well refreshing,
drunk from daily.

Why did I sell myself?
I was an ignorant slave.

When you spoke the word of the Lord,
It was a music I heard delightful,
but not of my own playing.

Whether you did good or evil,
I was your slave—
lost in the effort to belong.

When I could try no more,
I thought that I might die;
but to do the same was death itself,
so whatever the answer was,
it was not that.

I cried, "Lord, make Your word alive in me."
The breath of sweetness filled me.
Into the refuge I went;
into the strong tower I went;
into the hiding place I went.

What about all my sins?
He spoke to me anyway,
of what He did once to cleanse the
consciousness of the worshipper.

He is the word.
He is the holy.
His breath and word filled me.
In my agony and distress,
He attracted me,
wooed me,
wrenched my tears,
released my anger into Him,
put His stop on word and deed,
took me into silence,
united me in presence.

Once again I could sell myself
to what you think.

Should I not listen to you?
Might you speak what He says?
You might.

But I say, "Thank you; I will see
what the one who leads me says to me."
Into the tower,
into the refuge,
by the quiet waters.
I will know.

In that I will know, I do know.
In that You do speak, I listen.
The voice of my friend
for good or for evil is not the end.
It is the signal of my seeking.

You wondrously lead.
With my friends, I do not try
to be in or out with them.
With You, I can be in with them—
I can be out with them.

You alone I must always be in with,
and am, and by Your voice I know.
Then I am free not to speak,
not to do,
but free as well either way,
by the freedom of Your breath.

You are worship and praise.
You are the glory of all my days.
You are the author of my ways.
You are my presence day or night,
whether in the hideous hell
or that which can delight.

I sit and hear your silent wonder,

the courage or fear,
the dread and awe,
the rolling in of Your chariot—
black cloud and flame,
with roar and breaking.

How then can I fear
one created in Your image?
It is You that steals my heart,
and I give it to You.

I'm Where the Monarch Is

I'm where the reigning monarch is—
with the King and His cabinet,
where the four creatures cry holy,
where the elders cast their crowns.

I'm where the bride is,
celebrating, though the official supper awaits.
Governments go on,
unaware of all the preparations,

considering this or that power
ruling over the souls and commodities of us all.
For now they do in a lesser sense,
as good or evil command the body.

But how inferior to view things this way:
where the present and passing, alone,
dictate how our souls are won.
The principalities surely gloat in this.

But when a soul will cut free,
even when not able to,
the governor of all, releases us from tutors
into a perfect liberty.

To look in the mirror then
is to see one beautiful, not myself—
but then myself reappearing transformed
in an embrace as one.

This is the free soul, which looks
not by the body or by the eye of the world,
but by the hidden eye of mystery,
where King and subject unite,
where bride and groom know continual glory
in eternal light.

Syncretistic Hell

Don't falsify the record if you please:
the facts stand elementary. If these
do not convince you, then I fear your end.
Think not that good and evil deeds will blend.

Once upon a time a fact stood bold
as a warning—reliable as told:
men feared to add in all ingredients.
Where all beliefs are true, not one makes sense.

All, good or evil, evolve until they're saved?
Hell is a hate crime. God would be deprived
to send you there. In His community,
everything's accepted—then one's free?

When all the stops are out, and we've been hurled
for too long in an ever darkened world—
sophisticates in shock will see their lie,
and all the rest will mock them from on high.

11-9-04

The Future Election

The Lord is coming soon,
how soon, we don't exactly know.
The news networks can't say either;
in fact, they appear unconvinced of His coming.

When that election comes,
the vote will not be close.

Oh, the majority may have voted against Him,
and the polls will have indicated
a 666 victory all the way;

but when He comes, His own vote
for Himself will be enough.

His chariot is so great
and His hosts so numerous from those unseen worlds,
that UFO lovers will wilt aghast
at who the real aliens are.

Democracy will temporarily fail,
for kings don't worry too much about
the polls or the final vote count.

But after the king and His army
make known who's really boss
and who's been boss all along
(Lord is a better word)
then democracy can start up again.

The elect will cry out so joyfully
that the celebration would continue
long into the night, except that
there will be no more night anymore.

No one will write old nature poetry
about the sun or the moon, or even
various temples, shrines, and other
places of worship and oblation;

they will not exist, for only the Father,
and the Lamb, and the Holy Spirit
will be the light and the important places everybody
thought about before.

Maybe the best thing of all will be the networks;
they will finally have the real scoop.

11-3-04

The Knight

A knight eagerly sought a field of darkness,
knowing it a place of beauty once, but presently in duress,
so that he might restore it to its former light.

No place of darkness should be that dark, so the knight's trust
in a mission properly inspired, therefore, must
succeed, with fiery battles fought, not ending in disgrace.

Darkness first recognized is not the half of darkness, for even
though he sees
the weight of resistance ahead, he does not yet imagine how
these
demons will stir hell and fury against him out of their own lustful
thirst.

Who knows upon first commission how it will bring about death;
for death is theoretical until experienced—equally the weakness
in which the breath
of rescuing deity must move before a battle's done.

When new to the call, a knight dreams on his armor—the thrill of
first fight,
maidens chanting, the gleam of his sword, and the early
dispelling of night,
when in conflict he first prevails, but long before the battle's
through.

A few battles won do not constitute a war, when the terrain is
large—
the enemies re-entrench, and are not willing to quickly let a new
hero barge
in with noble vision to change everything and put them askew.

The weariness of everyday, and everyday a fatigue unexpected
learned,
turns early tastes of victory into one wilderness after another,
slowly burned
into his mind as dryness and waste accumulate to measures of
unbearable distress.

The knight calculates how to preserve water, strength, and
rations to last
long enough to hold out, and whether he should in one sudden
blast,
attack and try to shatter the long held positions with forceful
weapons of the light.

This acrid, quick strategy does not work; a more settled, patient
plan
must emerge in which darkness to the knight's mind becomes
more than
something to resist in kind, in a sudden dispatch, to regain his
sense of bliss.

The darkness must break into his mind as yet darkness, but
greater still,
belonging to his master, so that already Lord of it, he knows his
sovereign will
win and has therefore won, even in the midst of the knight's
most confounding distress.

This deep void, and no other—this impossibility, with nothing to
his mind
that can possibly avert depressing retreat, so another task
perhaps he should find—
that nails him to the board with finality, of how God his soul will
keep.

Where the dirt is packed tight and arid, where every iron tool kills
his mind,
he draws back from depression, he dies to all he had hoped in
early victory to find,
seeing that most people, and he too before, lived life like a flirt.

He had not really seen the enemy's abyss, or the grace he would
need, nor
did he even know, but by shadows and ideas, in his early
optimism before.
But he hears now the voice of God, too fine for his ears earlier
when a preening lad.

He learns too the darker side of the bad—the intractable ways of
the serpent,
which never retreats from him in battle. He discovers not to resist
when sent
against evil, but to concentrate on invisible streams of water for
which he yearns.

Out of the nothing comes his refreshing, the creative word from
his master
that he now hears with restorative power; the visions multiply
faster

even in this darkness he stays in, all the while accepting in his heart the agonies of love.

These agonies twist him, but he does not let them steal his life to destroy his former dream. Instead, he enters into the mystical, using it to his employ— that where misery had beset him and almost turned him away, he now finds ecstasies.

His horse senses the new energy; his sword gleams brighter; his imagination flares into what enemies cannot see, what comes from another world and scares them far worse than the knight they saw when first on his course.

An old cliché comes to mind, one frequently said about certain chances that a thing will happen—“When hell freezes over”—but that is what the knight will bring to battle: victory against those odds, with intoxication that makes him bold.

He does not care that the darkness persists; to him now it is a temporal mist, already subservient to his present rule. When the serpent realized this, he hissed the loudest, in rage, that a knight, persisting, would see him scatter.

To the terrifying ledge of mental dissolution the knight suffered to be spent, that his sovereign might dub him of the new mind, not on this world bent, but on the next one: and thus even in this life possessing an undefeated edge.

The Man and the Maiden

Man:

Your beauty thrills me; your kiss makes me dizzy.
See these flowers I brought you;
bring your mother and father
that I may woo you before them
and receive their blessing.

My days pass swiftly by as I wait for your love.
I barely sleep at night.
The plans I have with you are infinite.
Our wedding night cannot be upon us too soon.

My companion, you fill my imagination with love.
Your pleasures did not disappoint me.
Prepare me a feast my love;
bring me meats to my pleasure,
seasoned from the wisdom of the past.

I must work my love;
fatigue fills my bones.
No, I don't feel anything today;
the encumbrance of the wearing days
causes me to dream of places far away.

My love, what is that you say?
I had no idea you felt that way.
Did you have such a day?
No, that is not something I want to do.

I have seen hurricanes twist fewer trees than this.
Storms like this drive me inside.
Where is the attic that I may hide in it?
Where is the chariot of my imagination?

Maiden:

Speak to me my love; do not hide yourself.
I am like a flower alone, a bird moaning softly.
I see our seed to come and the nurturing breasts.
I am the keeper of your house.

Do not forsake me my love.
Though you are here, you are not here.
Our spiritual cord is broken.
I am wounded from your scorn.

Remember that I am weak;
be firm, but not be as ice.
I wail for dreams now dying
like the roses in October.

I sink into the cold deeps,
not angry that I can show,
or hurt that you could water with your tears.
My face is pale with grief.

Do not harden your heart against me.
Do not send me away, your bride.
Remember our companionable times,
the sweetness of our dreams together.

Our fortress needed to be made secure,
built from wisdom in each day's struggles.
I had heard of such trials, but our early dreams

kept them a song in the distance for others.

In the death of all we hoped,
I see new growth in the unlikely season.
May what I did not know become my food;
may a mirror, divine, establish me,
one transformed.

May the dreams I have for you
fly to another land,
returning to me through bitterness made sweet,

and the dreams you have for me
do the same,
so that each unto holiness,
secured alone, in solitude,
we may reunite again in April showers.

