



Footprints

in

the

Sands

of



Time

by ***E*** *arle B. Weiss*

W





FOOTPRINTS
IN
THE SANDS OF TIME

EARLE B. WEISS, M.D.
2017

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PREFACE

After completing my first poetry book, Faded Shadows, the urge to pen became an obsession. Hence the second volume flowed quite rapidly encompassing 60 verses.

Perhaps, in some measure, it is a personal diary expressing some 'Footprints' as envisioned by this older man.

I am delighted my daughter Ilana wished to be included in this volume, thus a memorable reflection of our days many, many years past on Cape Cod graciously compliments my tales of verse.

I am deeply grateful to Rob Doray of Miles Press for his invaluable assistance in preparing the manuscript for final printing.

All photographic impressionism illustrations are by my hand. Some have been previously published in 'Studies in Photographic Impressionism'- Volumes I and II, by Earle B. Weiss, Baldwin Art Gallery Press, Natick, Massachusetts, 2016.

E.B.W. 2017

DEDICATION

歌的歌曲

THE SONG OF THE WORD

這句話的話

THE SOUL OF THE WORD

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THE SEASHORE OF MY RESTLESS YOUTH

Oh,
So, so many golden suns have come,.....
have fled
since I wandered those sandy ripples
of the seashore of my youth
little did I realize each ebb and flow of gentle waves
upon my tiny feet
marked the passage of a lyrical ocean tidal clock
with each wavelet destined to write that story
of my days to be,

Even as I ambled
about sand drifted paths
over ageless wind swept dunes
carving their poetic drifts
bearing nostalgic canopies
of sculpted scrub pines
forever drifting sweet aromas
amid bayberry bush thickets
lurking many a cotton tailed rabbit,
time lied
ever seemed forever,

When capricious breezes
tossed tall dune grasses
seemingly to ever dance eternal
and even winter's harsh icy saga
acted merely that vague prelude
to rebirth
beneath every warm summer's sun
days lived by endless pauses,

And long softly summers were forever,
All these distant memories of old Cape Cod
lived in a place time had all but forgot
a place from whence man's avarice had forged
madly westwards,
yet left in lieu a mere few dusty lanes
trodden horses, wooded bicycles, children's laughter
all ever boundless
woven among long ribbons of iron track
bellowing steam rusted train tufts
coursing over reddened cranberry bogs
singing rhythmical melodies of toot, toot, toot,
Still I recall, that haunted sound deep within my midnight slumber,
Lost in my reveries I knew only of the sand
only of the endless sea
only of the sweeping moods below bellowing skies
ruled by soaring white tufted gulls
gliding and twisting and
drifting eternally beyond
zephyr painted ocean pirouettes
in my mind's eye
so graced, so ageless
I see are never lost evermore,
A seaside of endless fogs, greyed mists
hazy pastel sunrises o'er an eastern watery rim
too soon followed by
blazing pastels during evening cricket time,

Even, there in my dreams
the mournful moan of a lone fog horn alone somewhere beyond black-night mists,

All vague images of days, more days, and more.....

But,
as with all
never realizing that eternal horizon aside my shoulders
would be
where my spirit would forever yearn to return
a solace
a longing retreat to quiet rhythms of sea and silvery sand verge
where muddy casts created worlds below my tiny toes
destined to be the imprint of me,
of me,
the soul of a man...yet to be.

And ever,
the haunting sound of the restless sea.

א דאָנדאָלייאָן ס טייל

א פראַיל קינד טריט כאָטש
אַ שאַטערד ווודאָן טיר
די זונשיין דאָזלעס איר בלוי אויגן
זי ווייפּס אַ ווינסוועפט שטערן
ווי שאַדאָוז פון שטויב שנייעלעך
פאַלן פון איר העל האָר
אַ ביסל כעזיטאַנט טריט
דאָרט אין איר פֿיס
ליגט טראַמפּאַלד
, אַ לאַטע פּונגעל דאָנדעליאַנס
די בלומען געראַנגל פֿאַר לעבן
באַזונדער אַ וואָרן דרך
פון טויט

דער קינד ריטשאַז צו פאַרבינדן אַזאַ שיינקייט
טענדערלי די געל פעטאַלז ווענדן
..... צו גלעטן איר
זיי זענען דרענטשט אין בלוט

אקטאבער 1943

גאָססעד

טרעבלינקע

A DANDELION'S TALE

A frail child steps though
a shattered wooden door,

The sunlight dazzles her blue eyes
she wipes a windswept forehead
as shadows of dust flakes
fall from her blond hair,

A few hesitant steps
there at her feet
lies trampled
a patch of yellow dandelions,

The flowers struggle for life
aside a worn path
of death,

The child reaches to touch such beauty
tenderly the yellow petals turn
to caress her.....
they are drenched in blood.

October 1, 1943

Gassed
Treblinka

SILENCE

Beneath the silence
of this deep night
I feel a haunting
then soft silent winds explore
an ebbing June twilight
whenever
wherever

as hushed evening's
star draped heaven
pleads
to merely to be
all now become
dark silent melodies
sweeping beyond
dream-like reveries
forever engulfing
my lone
soul.

A NIGHTINGALE'S SONG

*There was a time before time
When the land stood clear but void
Of beauty
Mighty Gods saw such
Thus began divine maelstroms
What emerged was a tiny winged spark
Created under moonbeam nights
Lilting a gale that pierced the darkness
Which creature ennobled all
Emerged as a gift for all,
The 'Nightingale',*

This, a time- so, so very long ago
within endless forests of soaring boughs
where gentle summer breezes whispered
emerged a voice coloring distant skies,

Deep within dancing sun streams
there hidden among thorny thickets
where darker evening shadows play beyond
I hear a softening silence of a now distant world
a beguiling lyric at dusk
beneath pale moonglows
most beautiful of all
singsongs from my nightingale,



Here, there, upon darkly tree glades
or aside pale grassy lanes
accompanied by nightshade
fleeing a lone drifting brook
became soft alluring melodies
beyond compare
that all who passed within this gate
fell hypnotized,

Ever, beyond the rolling fields
deeper woods and streams
this melodia soared,

It was ever an enchantingly
nighttime sonata.....
never a cold, lifeless stone,

Yet,

Far elsewhere In far, far distant cities
civilizations rooted in drab concrete slabs
different cacophonies played their screaming tunes
rhythms of dissonance trumpeted by an indifferent world
raged wantonly through each day of our now-time days
with screeching beats of contrived noise, pollution
the emblem of this a better world - to be, -to is-
clad incessant electronic beeps from every device
as roaring machines belched
their most vile accompaniment,

Still our lone nightingale
perched upon evening pastels
 lilting its song
now all but deadened or drowned
by those who fail to ever really think
a new world that had by its very progress
forsaken the song child of twilight,

Now bears a curious paradox
 befalling human-kind
who by callous indifference
 had itself become encaged
 in a world without
a promise endearing our souls
the nightingale's haunting refrain,

Instead of any dire imprisonment
 of our saintly nightingale,

Yet despite all do not weep
 I fear not a loss
as there remains heaven's decree,

Our nightingale shall
 sing sweet
 forever immortal
 forsaking none
who dare its ever dream,

But it must be sought....
 that lost lullaby
 meant only for you.



MY MOTHER

Surely not mere random memories
which emerge silently
ever summoned by me
while other moments
are evoked by unknown deeply urges
either path tints an unyielding awareness
an overpowering recurrence
ever in my consciousness,

Of one's mother.....

Of my mother

In my world she bore a biblical cloak, Ruth
affectionately by Yiddish, Rifky
disembarked after 2 weeks asea from Wilna
March 13, 1913 Ellis Island, visa stamped Raiche
age, probably 11 years,

And the danger is so often
after she was lost
to be forever gone, yet
there lived a certain smile
little matter the ardor
yet bears this memory
less of her physical being
as drifting lilac blossoms
rather more there
spirit of some eternal essence.....

Sweet, kind, loving, caring
almost as every mother
Oh, the years have withered
children before all else
haunts my selfish jealousy
since I now understand clearly
above all
that which I saw but really did not see
comforting her own desperate mother
who crippled with ravaging infirmities
of ancient age
imposed little recourse
but to be tended
tenderly
hour by minute, by day by day
until her aged time
laboured breaths finally ceased,
My empathy for such selfless devotion
I saw not then at all
really nothing echoing at all
where caring was ever boundless
my fondness sobs
overwhelmed by the sheer magnitude
of her unending
of her unyielding
caring
for her own destroyed mother,
Each bearing sunrise
each summer night
stole her own youth away
subtly, grey hairs, subtly
sunsets again
sheer exhaustion,

Yet all was interlude
always
tender her own family
with that similar
devoted intensity
never shown disquieted frown
we, I, only in later years
would have gained wisdom
to finally comprehend
to dare to barely glimpse
at her strength
love
and totality,

What after all are we as humans?
Devotion to this avaricious material realm?

How could pure truth
retain ageless images of such women
where everything
never seemed burdensome
while their, her, love grew firm
never softened
merely became defined by endless hardships,
Today's whirling executives??



My recall was as a child
a safe cradle
always warm, your hands
embraced soft hugs
careful, try this way, perhaps better
search for yourself and learn
melodies sung only in Yiddish
more endearing
bench light every week, then
chicken soup aromas
time to feed hungry birds in winter
years passes years
the shadows cannot lie,

(there was a time
all days drenched in light
yet some strange urge
insisted
never ponder implications
a need to fulfill
no matter the challenge
nor the pain
a need beyond oneself
to nurture
and thus subservient
too an ancient call,
Mama)

Shoulders harshly bent reveal the mirrors
of her life
only for us,

Always special embrace
only for us,

Yet what I remember dwells only upon
my selfish surface
her true story lies buried
and buried
unable to be fully revealed
while sewn into her own sense of togetherness,

A selfless compassion,
this I truly could never
fully
ever able to really grasp,

Moreover, I could never express
to find in words,

So I close my weary eyes
visions emerge, drift and then wander
little remains, perhaps a poem
but, there are tears
embracing all
I touch only
deeply,
I sigh.

IMMORTALITY

(STEEL)

The rivet, ice-cold steel
frigid blued razor colour
held firm, every-wheel
through dusts, winds, scorch, wars, upheavals
blood tinged in tears
even over
many millennia of evils,

FLED, THEN JUST DISPASSIONATELY RUSTED!

(THE MOUNTAIN)

Upon a bleakly frozen mountain crest
emboldened-ly defiant
pierced its gate unto heaven's breast,
wild winds tore fiercely to her rocky soul
skies pummeled thundersnow
dreary torrents drenched her creviced knoll,
lightning bolts stroked silvery thrusts
of endless eternal power
sliced her stone skin with evils of lust
yet nothing wouldst flux

AS THE CLOCK OF MAN FELL

more defiantly at the endless crux
arose a spiritual eternal yet final strain
whence the peaks last pebble fell,

IT WAS HENCEFORTH, NO SHADOW CARESSED OUR SIERRA
EVER ...EVER AGAIN,

(FLESH)

Thus,
instead
arose the towering of MAN
loomed over every terra
HE erected infinite infinity
in scripts really a mere fool's logic
each laughed, as
every dear secret fell, as
all of -Nature- shuddered,

Then
blue winged doves of peace fled
while
all golden fields of vast beauty wilted beneath
my scorched trees sobbed in mournful lamentation
no songs would now sweeter the air
and soon all died,

WE PROTESTED!!!

Said HE - "who am I?"
Said HE - "why am I?"
Said HE - "where am I going?"
Said HE - "why?"
Said SHE - "who are we really?"
Said CHILD - "why me?"

But said HE in fact...nothing!
but saw HE really....nothing!

so,
all fell conquered
while
man slew all creatures
as man slew man.

(MORTALITY)

So was thus
Man's---(immoral)
Immortality.



ETERNAL POND

An eternal pond
its crystal mirror
glows veiled blue
hidden deep
within
a wooded forest
never been trembled
by hands of man,

Once
all earthen lands were so,
Thus its waters dwelt serenely
nurturing all, ever,
hushed,

Soft rain drops
gentle autumn scarlets
playful breezes
colden ice canopy
merely caress,

Splash
bold minnows
aged rainbow trouts
young tadpoles
antics amoung
drifting sleepy lily pads,

In darkness of night
silver laces sleep
with peace,

Forever had dwelled
hushed music of silence
poetic perfection,

Forever lost
deeply hidden
within steel gates
one last forest glen,

In this final murmur
under eternal reflections
my obscure pond
now became mystical.

Epilogue

*There was here
never war
no struggle for power
hatred never arose
poverty nor avarice
mere diamonds
were sparkles
upon crests
of a silent wave.*

ECHOES FROM AN ABANDONED ASYLUM

(A GLIMPSE INTO LOST SOULS)

Seeping from the earth wept anguished miasmas which sought
Their tale, many kin pleading some dreams, would ever anyone

Listen for these winds?

Hear our voices still piercing bleakness?

Understand?

Really feel, with passion?

Our tale..... Daimones - Algea*

Be there yet something struggling within the human breast so intense
that ages

but moons after embers of pain have scorched then faded

from flesh

from spirit

bearing an eternal clock

which cast aside any semblance of what once lived

sufferings cloaked amidst dark anguish

could perish

yet remain forever incarnated

merely as some haunted, vanished soul.....

On a casual walk one late November afternoon I stumbled upon this place
a place abandoned

But

I feel could sense a strange yearning

as if it became awakened when I wandered about its eerie silence

buildings draped in dispassionate brick barriers

yet aligned by some satanic ageless decay

row upon row of such dwellings they stood defiant

against the scathing forces of indifference

exuding the anguish of those who were locked eternally herein
entombed under dire clouds
hiding the bizarre curse of mental illness,

What lived here were endless lines of humans
wrapped in destinies of unfathomable mire
dubbed 'insane'

I a stranger now tread their dead world
a world of empty asylums
lined somberly about broad boulevards
guarded faithfully by silent oak trees
whose wooded limbs even wept
in ever dismay
but curiously always bearing tearful soft winds
bearing vague whispers
of what once haunted
minds distorted
confined within remnants
of what now remains as
decaying reddish stone caverns,

A passing wind gust carries endless wails.....

Here suffered within a total universe
cast from another world
which neither understood this human plight
nor had the means
to reach out with tender arms
to conquer their malady,

So desperate and ill understood such strange behavior
unlike us
the human reaction of our sane world was to bury
in distant abodes of impenetrable sordid isolated domains
windows encased
buried there alive
within cement cages, iron bars, restraining jackets
forever in the days
forever in the nights
for all, no respite from afflictions
seized violently by avaricious devils
screaming torment filled the walls
as time defied whatever existed as some miasma
a fog seeping human torments from the ground
where are now empty, of all,

This world now lost has disappeared
into ruins fallen aside a lost silence
desperate mists of agony however refuse their doom
from lost abandonment
memories etched deeply
within decayed ramparts
window fragments sealed with rotting boards
ancient walls marred of finger nail excoriations
gasp out for any compassion,

One cannot walk these grounds
row upon row upon row
each now empty ghosts
filled with ghastly remorse
of forgotten sufferings woven within
pleading to be heard
each tale of fractured minds
their lives swept ever apart by disease
that bore some strange
yet meaning meaningless title
cursed in the hopelessness
never any sense to heal or to cure
merely be entrench within
from which there was only deep sorrow
and never escape,

Close your eyes
do not peer beyond
this must be thy fate,

Hence,
there was no light.

Each tormented dwelled therein alone among endless rows of torments,
Can you not feel the endless screams, deep despair, human desertion, eternal
anger.....the utter final hopelessness!

I thought so.

But each were of flesh, sought life, danced, laughed, embraced, loved and died.
Now, merely, the black shadow of nevermore.

Thus stands there deserted avenues
shadowless dispassionate dilapidation
fractured joys
remnants human desires
housed forever in a locked guiltless shroud
never redeemed
never remembered
warm tears flow across a sobbed bosom
hands outstretched wracked in bewilderment
pleading to all, in vain,

Thus was their tale,
yet their fervent hope
through these gates of grief
that another day such tales
would be banished,
Forever.

No flower has ever grown there since all building doors were sealed forever!

*(*Spirits of pain and suffering, body and mind- Greek.)*



WHAT IS OUR WORLD

What is the world where we dwell?
the obvious may not always be so.....

When the moon rises
hidden beside grey clouds
bathed among harsh winds
is revealed our nakedness
as we claw the earth below
then plead, then grieve
inevitably descending to deepening mire
still screaming openly
furiously
within our souls
and too, our bodies,

And so we search,

In the search we find
one realm we embody
within ourselves
agonizingly dissected
divided, sorted, categorized
by THEY...
then finally synthesized
forming distinct spheres of disciplines,

To all are given the same fate
one rule to rules us all
even though I am not you,

In another universe dwells
what was fathom as external
some deem as eternal
discerned from our native senses
a world collectively which
dwells as unassailable knowledge,

There are many paths traversed
to each world
as we struggle
we grope
inevitably some truths
become the revered golden God
possessing total understanding
never assailed
which by mandate
controls over all
all,

Oh glory,
only then does our quest become
that grandiose achievement
draped amidst titled nobility
bestowing dearly sought
an immortal life
which validates
our frail human voyage,

Hence we cloak our lives
in arrogance
some deem even fearless
quite assertive
We, do now be certain of all,
Regrettably we can never know
with ultimate certainty
that which rules everything
in either of these worlds
for rarely do we pause,
It matters little
hence on we trod
undaunted
yet angels peer dismayed
while only ethereal Gods
who really possess ultimate
the truths
and laugh.

LYRIC OF LONE BEACH GRASS

In the shifting sands

driven by roars

that mighty sea

blusterfull winds

above angry skies grey

fiery suns

hurling rain torrents

stands firm

in weathered dunes

the lone beach grass,

Shifting sands

create patterns

there, sand grains

ever etched tales

not really random

for all nature

converges

a fate

that sculpts in sand dust

their lonely lyrics,

Our lone beach grass.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY LIFE?

What are you doing in my life?
I found you there among caged wagers,
Everywhere tails galore, jumping, yapping
ancient instincts to survive
I caught your pleading eye
or was it thee caught mine,

All the way from Indiana I'm told
an adventure locked within a cold impersonal crate
more of humans dominating design
alone, darkness, no mother
so afraid,

Your mom advised
keep that endearing tail awaging
that swings of pathos, sides to sides
which to this day it has never ceased,

Curly fluffy apricot fur
spared warm and soft milk belly
long mellowed ears aside
cocker for sure
hidden beneath dancing long lashes
lilted upon
those endearing brown eyes
entrapped a soul forged
a quest for that special one who would,

Such a tiny fur ball
just a bit longer than my anxious hands
I snuggled you into my arms
to find a fit made in heaven
no, I didn't mind those piddle drops

I kissed you here and everywhere
you learned fast
wet pink tongue in return,

*What is this strange bond between creature and man?
For many these four legs reign supreme in our lives
Many metaphors seek the hidden mystery of 'my dog and I'
Perhaps that enigma enchants the endearment,*

Now, for home,
they said you needed your own space
an iron cage, more perceived a prison
best place to train your wee sort
discipline immediately
that's how humans teach these imps
who was boss hereabouts,

Hah!
some rigid disciplinarian - I
a few puppy anguished cries
within minutes you were nestled
inners my bed (ahem, our bed)
which you have never ceased
being aside me there,

Always,

What are you doing in my complex, jangled techno life
entrapped by unyielding iron chains, screeching
my days surely happier, quite completer
you never falter giving of your companionship
a peace by merely being,

Your warm presence demands always
find me time,
slip down here so we may huggle together
I do this every day
often many times the day
away swings such that little tail
while murmuring into your ear
softly,

What are you doing in my life?
the promised dawn, the misty night
the span of my days that race deeply
I have discovered
this eternal, sacred bond
a melting of creatures solely
captured completely into my very being,
by just you!

My
MISS DUSTY.
REFRAIN



OH!, OH SHE CAME FROM INDIANA IN A LITTLE WOODEN CRATE
DESPERATELY SEEKING HER ONLY EVER SOLE SOUL MATE
AND WE MET IN EVERLAND AS WAS TO BE OUR FATE,
OOOOH, SHE CAME FROM INDIAN IN A LITTLE WOODEN CRATE

NORTH WINDS AT NIGHT

Driven from the North
frigid winds swept across barren fields this night
all blackened skies trembled as the swiftly rage came
glittering stars brightly cajoled each icy gale
cold silver
for no reason I could fathom,

Still every frozen crevice harmonized
every naked tree bowed, bended, creaked
below, each burst of gale sent lonely autumn leaves aloft
swept by cloaked whirlwinds
mother of this wintry defiance,

Huddled where huddled could be
all forlorn creatures poised in submission
for even darkness night shades offered little
so clustered all,

Amid hoary breaths
the youngest felt such this sting
while elders embraced to elders
no mercy did the blackened winds ever see
beyond, it was clear there was no place to flee, so.....
all understood the ravages of stormy time
all understood their futility, yes
as the howling tempest furiously roared its frigid cloak
amidst blazing snows
alas, all such matters
that must be that way
even if colded and quite aloof,

Yet....
to now merely endure
for soon will be the kinder spring.



IMPRESSIONS OF A MOONGLOW

Amid a dazzling full moon there arises a glowing,

Pale embers glow capriciously
into ruby sparks
as flowing streams
dance with moon-beams
to a soft nocturne
woven in harmony,

Crickets announce with chirps
cicadas prefer a buzzzzzabuzz
peepers clearly peep
and determined bullfrogs
set every tempo,

Glittering, sweeping beams cascade
becoming softly scandalous halos
which then toss and giggle and tumble
beneath rainbowed hues,
wedded in fate's cauldron
our cinders soon fade
as lost silvery dew,

So, close your eyeshades
So, open your eyedreams.....
see how wondrously your own imagination
may,

Why paint thee pastel shades of fiery embers?

born, to blaze to savage beauty,
only driven to fade into my night

perhaps to
twinkle a dream....or so it seemed
twinkle some gentle whispers
of love

by a lake's sleepy eve-tide
never seen from heavenly stars,

Alone

zephyr winds playful in mirth
yet never cast their eerie veil
as the pale yellow glows here,

yet
slips away deep to an oaken wood
across iced clouds
casting their ghostly spell,

Now night creatures peer their peering from darkwood
my pale blue doves coo'd while huddled in featherness
my pale graying owls agreed, then woo'd in embrace

tenderly
as ripples of ivory rays
drifted aimlessly amidst
the warm blackness,

Why?
because only then, could
pine tree edged needles drape
about in icy shrouds
and then shimmer
shimmer quietly upon the fading night's dew
while blue frost sparkles in gleeful frolic
even upon bleak and growling seas
yet all languish
for secret lovers
embracing
by my silent world's edge,

So sway my lovers
to each magical beam
to gently falling spirals
embraced in twilight
while hidden deeply
in these shadows,
breathes anew
one silent lone ember,
of this night's dim but haunting
moon glow....
that lives eternal.

WHILE I SLEPT

In a dream
my spirit escaped
soaring it gasped at curved illusions
and suddenly fractured into endless shrouds
frantic images then dashed violently within this madness, screeching
in mosaic tones seeking every hidden recess, plain and mountain for any sign
but all semblance of order had failed as now myriads of delirious dark veils
descended,

Within this descent
familiar night shadows contorted
laughed, then arose leaving twisted agony as life's memory
swept about, a vortex of deepening haze pierced with strange fiery winds
lost embers seeking any source of why such a desperate storm exploded
one lone fantasy insisted escaping within some confused psychotic ascent
higher as higher each rung of a clouded ladder loomed while dreary flesh pled for
sanity,

Any sanity
hidden beyond frozen eyes
which now had sculpted my secluded human insanity
drifting, hidden, forever beyond a slumbering lone ghastly fog
that continually searched vainly for one rather strange and desperately vanished
dream,

That the poet had lost.

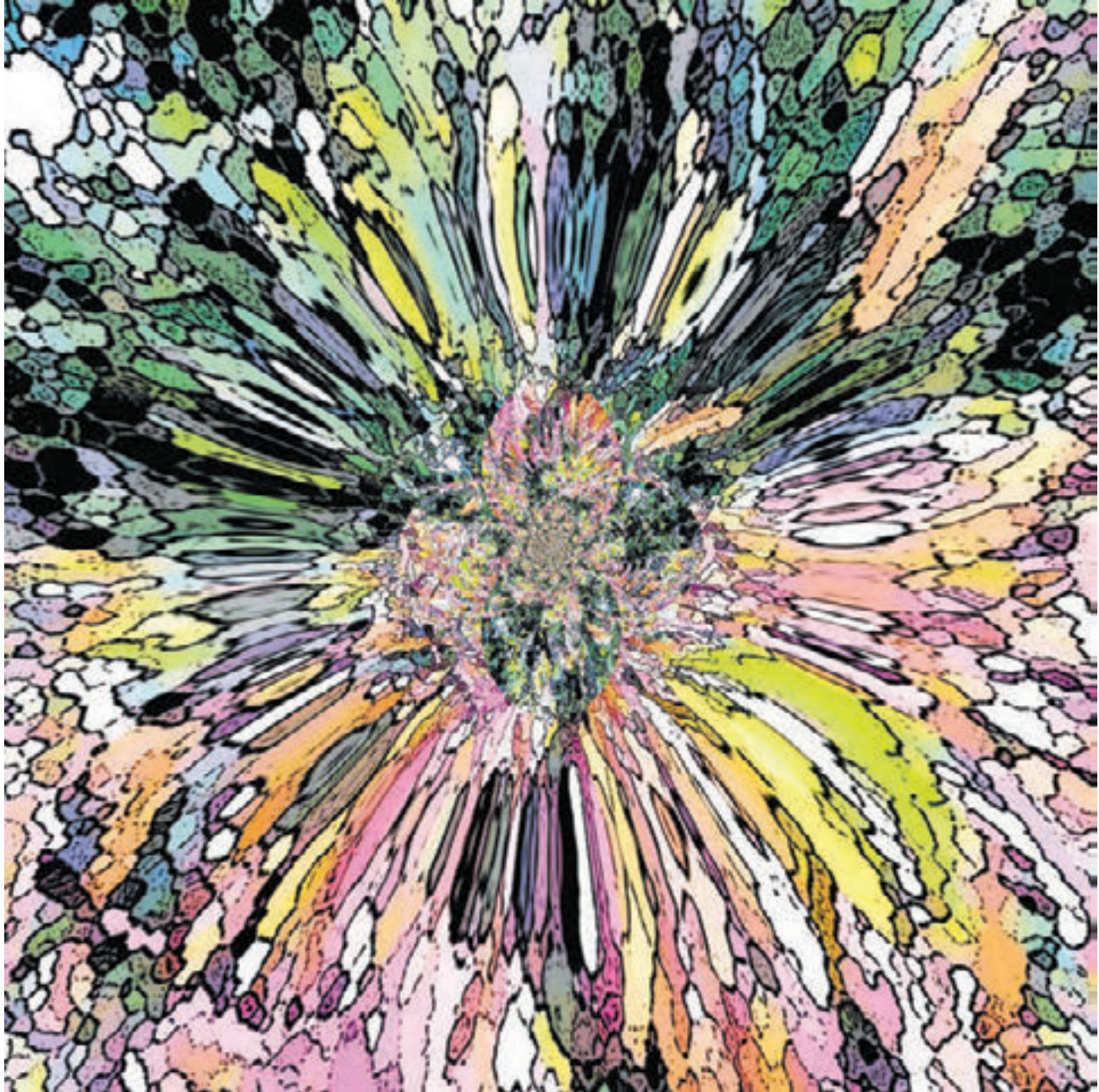
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WINTER DAWN

I always waste those rare times
in my mind
they linger merely a day.....

As the pale sun rose
hints of yellow mist
a white snow raged
swirling ices
across swaying tree tops,

Amid whispers I dreamed
while my snow doves
huddled in their own embrace.



PETALS OF THE SUN

A golden summer
cast its glow upon gently rolling hills
grasses arched
fulfilling their promise of immortality,

From antiquity
capricious wild flowers spreads across
rolling valleys below
glowing in their own tranquil journey,

Yes, all competed
for one morsel of land to spread colours
wherever a root
could nurture ageless mysteries of life,

Tumbling about
left days for dancing summer breezes
caressing, laughing
each palette spreading pastel rainbows,

Despite angry
rains pummeling lighteningbolts over all about
respite brought
newly invigorated wanton blossomed puffs,

It was thus
that painted flowers did sow life's wildest dreams
as each petal
captured the fate dwelling deep within seeds of eternity,

From this canvas
of subtle harmony woven within greentinted endless fields
soon rose darkly
days now bore pallid suns announcing the inevitable, end,

And thus,
Their legacy
was fulfilled since evertime for each beauty
unknown yet real
a hidden promise for all came with silent death,

As gentle seeds flowed wearily to mother earth
hidden below
waiting below
for endless moments gathering rosy summer joy.

EPILOGUE

*It is a curious condition of our landed fields
where my poppies grow
The cycle of life endured yet long before man
where wild daises adorn
And millennia found the rays of summer's days
where dandelions roar
Yet nowhere is to be found the curious mantra
where blue asters frolic
Of human-kinds strange diversions of behavior
where white laced delight
No arrogant religions were born here for eternal redemption
where red clover revealed the secret of it all-----
~As The Rhythms of Life were Respected by All who Dwelled
Among the Petals of Nature's Grandest Expanses ~
Do we ever heed the true message buried in the summer's fields?.*

IN MY YOUTH'S EYE

What did I really see?
What did I really know?

It needed days
and thus I sensed little haste
for in the eye that was my youth
all that existed was clearly very real,

Questions were enigmas, still purely dormant!

I often passed his shadow
a frail rather bent olden man
how old was old?
indeed I could never know
but very old indeed,

And little did I grasp what this image really foretold
the hours did come, all meaningless,

Because I knew not then what age augured
except a birthday cake.....

I merely saw this figure passing me by
when I wandered my boyhood streets
now and then his form emerged
sort of some ritualistic routine
same time each day nearby
always he strode
with his companion, a small brown dog
quickly then vanished
from my unconcerned path,

Of it all I thought little
merely one bowed figure
passing by my day
passing by my youth
passing with his soul mate
following endearingly
aside
each and every
his hesitant footstrides,

Perchance
I noticed those sunken eyes
fixed upon groundward
seemingly locked upon his small friend
I could not know were they glad
or could all have been really sad?
I could not understand
nor did I ponder why
they two always walked alone
silently
slipping easily from my view,

And so suns set, while moons arrived....
clouds drifted beyond the sky in silence echoing each moment
begging,

Then came my destiny, trembling
as for all creatures
glancing back over moments now fled
demanding to know, what is and what is not, truth
dwelling within twisted hollows
that uniquely belongs only to my years
but inherently cloaked with an intense melancholy
as these days had seen their lot,

Now formless images crossed my path
again and again
some exciting, some beautiful, few dramatic
bearing those haunts of peoples from sorted places
bearing assorted memories
passing evanescent while so many others
remained lost
beneath those cascading sands of our lives,

Thus

I began grieving these passages
as my stride became more hesitant
about me now lingered mere whispers
entombed swiftly falling memories
that also lived as mere reminders
of our swiftly aging passage,

Of my youth scant dwelled, yet
certain colours of that life were ever
so many sweet
images dear
images loved
many now bearing mournful hues
under silvered frozen winds
a deeply sleep
merely naked,

But unforgivingly
yet over and over deepest within my being
almost were it mandated
by that fool clock of my time
crept this vague but passionate image
etched from laughing childed days
recalling one curious but enduring passage
drawing a poignant portrait

of one bent grayed figure
bearing hesitant but fleeting strides
ennobled of deeply pleading eyes
sewn into my essence
he with his endearing small companion
which sang,

There passes
this moment engraved
a sighing moment
which inevitably embraced
lessons of human tenderness
borne upon that estranged image
which could never be lost
lost from
those ancient but vanished few moments
which breathed of my youth.





SEARCHING FOR ANTON CHEKOV

A quite old apple trees, value as precious gold
this apple field about some one-ish century old,
Lined randomly barely in rows of all that remains
Winter ebbed sap running in defiance of icy cold snow
May sun remarked 'twas time tip buds thee must grow,
Many small singing birds haunting twisted limbs, waiting
Weeks later blossoms began to flower urged in one dizzying dash
gentle leaves formed a canopy through which fell sunlight's splash,
Buzzing bee migrants drifted among the young anxious flowered tips
On the grass there by one olden tree lay a wrinkled linen throw
upon sat a glass tea cup oddly sudden spills to the ground below,
Just that same moment earth there begins a softly tremor
By afar a distant tree drifts an old women emerging nearer
a rainbow of many colors dancing from her eyes this mirror,
Reflecting her adorned painted but faded polka dot babushka
She steps hesitantly past pale reddish fruited limbs
then over to another branch sighing enigmatic whims,
Staring at these apple blossoms shows vague confusion

Some branches begin to quiver others a pallid glow
some gently turn to face this aged rainbow shadow,

As like rose petals some twigs toss and tumble

“I, me, a Chekhov, I seek cherry trees”, speaking sadly
And as she advances wet tea leaves begin swirls madly,

The tea glass now stands upright filled orange to the brim

“I cannot recline nor can I sip this any mysterious brew
wherever are my cherry trees among this apple hue?”

“I seem adrift in some strange drama beyond my days”

Soon lazy summer suns brought many apple ripen fruits
so ripe fell many swiftly to greened grassy carpet roots,

All had grown in mad profusion beyond each ancient tree

Yet all bore rather curiously an outer rind utterly not red
each and all were covered in another curious coat instead,

All were shimmering *cherries* with colored spots
all covered with thousands of polka- dots!



JULIET AND ROMEO

(In fair Verona.... Doth with their death bury their parents' strife...)

With mere inked pen
 fashioned from death's quill
was born our cherished tale
 created by the only Will
agonized across leafs
 each saddened parchment
found deepest recesses
 of love's blind groping intent
drawn deeply from within
 our writer's somber eye
finds impassioned lovers doomed
 by mere words of a script, we sigh,

JULIET

*("Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.")*

A tale forged with lovers' pain
drawn with bloodied tears
forever to fervently embrace
a grave's ever eternal years
'twas a tale that perhaps
could to have delight happiness
in joyous poesy written
filled with boundless human caress
but to conceive such a kindly end
meant thereby for those, all
mediocracy framed shamelessly
and draped ebony without a pall,

ROMEO

*(“Why, such is love’s transgression-
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press’d
With more of thine: This love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers’ eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourish’d with loving tears:
What is it else? A madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell.....”)*

ROMEO

*(kisses JULIET, takes out the poison)
Come, bitter conduct, (“come, unsavoury guide.
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy seasick, weary bark
Here’s to my love! (drinks the poison)
O true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.”)*

Doomed from life’s usual joy
of fickle love’s common thread
while tragic are these deaths
bestowed nobility upon instead
eternal life endowed a twisted plight
whose poetic very intimate soul
endeared the somber grief of lovers
forever by this curious role
grasped in heaven’s fatal embrace
that few if any could endear
finally scorched with unbearable woe
for all to harken and ever to fear,

JULIET

(“Yea, noise? Then I’ll be brief. O happy dagger!”

- Snatching ROMEO’s dagger-

“This is thy sheath;”

- Stabs herself-

“There rust, and let me die.”

- Falls on ROMEO’s body, and dies- .)

Thus sadness cursed its deepest agony
breathes this tale so magically
befalls as a terrible poetic maelstrom
upon nature’s wildest stormy sea
befalls two star crossed lovers
cursed decree of inescapable fate
which now lives eternally forever
a plot desperate alas uncovered too late
tears inescapable each moment anew
ever our curtain riseth upon her beau
of our fair Juliet endearingly caressed she
upon her immortally beloved Romeo.

(“For never was a story of more woe Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.”)

** With the humblest apologies to The Greatest Bard of All; only a
vacuous fool as I would dare to tread**



MOISHE

sort of curious
where we have become

no one seems interested
they boast supra-egos, me so great

you were not some genius
art not a forte

there had to be some elements
great or poor

for what was you ...is what is us...now

what did I really see
days drifted inexorably away
resolve, fortitude, loyalty, everness
to and for all those about you
so, dad, what then is the essence of how we love?

for what was you, is now us...

And the moonbeams cover the earth in silence..... earle



THE LAST ROSE

And so the rose faded away
her pale petals dried
fell each one
so slowly

to saddened ground below
soon colded winds lashed
ever did all traces

of such my rose did whispers beyond
cold winters embrace
no sign of the love it bore
her petals became to dust
all tears never lost,

Never, ever
would this passion return,

And so my rose
faded, faded far away
forever.

MY FATE

The grayed walls stood mute
fixed
within darkness struggled
struggled
free me from this torment
rip me, ravage me
to be free,

The grey walls stood mute
locked
within lived a voice
so it sobbed
but yet tortured
I yearned to sing,

Again,

Rigid,
immutable were all,

Down a long dimmed corridor
one which has no end, ever
I did lament
for each failed face
frozen upon
I see only their deep sadness
as I cannot cry
any, any more,

Once golden suns
swept beyond my auburn locks
in gentle winds
in softly dew
in his fingers
we ever danced
time's love songs
forever swept
kisses on my breast
tenderly
through my golden suns,

Within my mirror
saw I nevermore
but dared I to dream
encradled we so warm
arms for me so dear
what I can never see
within was me,

Swept away
angry sea currents
each troubled wave
left me
naked
ripped from my very soul
what me, I, would never be
be again,

The walls stood mute
along my edge
each rigid face
could search only down
upon the dreary floor
I clutched,

But
shadows passed
days became darkly nights
nights, but mere prelude
to never to ever dream
young again,

Yet the walls stood as mute
though my soul
could only scream
in silence.

DEDICATION

(For all those entombed by Parkinson's Disease)



WHEN

All days loom finite
our destiny engulfs our fate

When will we see that which is beauty?
when will we see the folly?



MIDNIGHT AND THE SEA

PRELUDE

There is a time

When an endless veil descends

A cloak of a blackness, surrounding forever

Wherever images of the wandering eye cannot discern

Upon a watered universe beyond eternal ~

.....

Upon the vast seas
beneath a sunlit cosmos
sparkling lusting cobalt moods
wherever an endless horizon
seems not of this world,

Alive in cloud-draped skies
soaring winged friends
below dashing emerald vapors
cast lonely hazed sheens,

But,
when the fiery solar-furnace ebbs
emerges another creation
utterly darkened
unfolds one ethereal curtain
revealing endless cycles
where reigns furies of nature
the eternal sea,

A lusting gypsy
a servant to tormented surges
voicing ageless silent songs
ever chanting new
above the swells, a chorus
totally mysterious,

Where darkening above
more darker below
births anew
now solely alive
within our inner spirits
is found totally engulfed
by the midnight sea,

About, now, this specter
descends insatiably

A God
guised 'neath darkness of evening
who commands
each slowly emerging star swept heaven
to embrace
to dream within
desires of our rainbow fantasies,

Our omnipotent deity
hurls its wanton spirit
throughout misted waters
becoming roaring swells
clasped upon silent ebbs
as night gulls flee emerging rages
while ageless sirens
woo fragile seafarers
upon this dark lit canvas,

So crescendos
this endless never drama
swept impulses
urged on whenever by magical forces
which propel these mighty waters
ever hushed endless rhythms
embracing infinite dances
churning, undulating, daunting
as they frolic,

Wherever flows the eye
drifts flowing wave patterns
in monotonous harmony
of a sameness, yet not
surges about here
there, to every edge of my world
sculpting beyond that immense force
wave after wave after wave,

Yet below grumbles deep deep
so vast so utterly dark
all must remain beyond my senses
silently ageless secrets
determined to remain defiant,

Forever
this watery volcano drifts softly
caressing lullabies
unless Neptune harshly decrees
otherwise,

I am suddenly seized with terror
giant swells surge
silver pierced my heart
unleashing screams and flight
to darkening skies above
bear their watery deluge
drawn from blended palettes
steel gray swirls
engulf blue-somber tints
while all lash
rich verdant-splash hues
into one vast, mad delirium
swept across white-lace foam
defies that vast dome
drawn from heaven
threatening to drown
even a black night sky,

Slowly darkness grasps all
suddenly all gasps all,

Now ocean blown winds
have their stage
drifting calm
upon pale grey fog mists
bear deception, for
suddenly sea thrusts bellows upon us
deafening howls roar
announce harsher angers
that violently screams
long into black night,

Within the dark recesses
of our minds
arise strange currents speaking in turmoil
lashing forces
churning, swirling, dissonant moods
some spawn evil
some bear sweet
until all fade into that amorphous expanse
embracing vague shadows
engulfing our lives
always mysterious,

As with all,
the eternal clock of ever-days announce
night's passage
and emerges forever
banishing
as pale gray mists
drift softly
cursing the darkness,

Ever was it so.



DEATH OF MY BUTTERFLY

In the recesses
of my rather imagined youth
visions oddly pass
as merely random flight
what perchance
thereby is inevitable truth
time reveals little
beyond our faded sight,

Wherever hazy mists
raise a mere moment
whenever always
were lands filled with life
endless of teeming birds
or butterfly scents
this world was forever
free from fools strife,

In my childhood gardens
soaring about my lazy dreams
roamed our butterfly
as ever-days a companion eternal
under searing suns
or gentle breezes always it seems
a brief moment written
in a deceived child's weary journal,

Now I am bent
alas, dated years
yet I roam meadowed lanes
seeking in vain desperation
below shaded twisted trees
amongst greened tall grasses
flowing in cooler winds
almost all alone
the land fallen
barren,

For everywhere
I seek there
no allure
no rainbows
of fluttering wings
drifting silent
among drifted clouds
no hint anymore
my beloved fair princess,

Gone are soft
butterfly loves
why speak few
of same?

I cannot endure more this fragile poem
so, sadly, poor words weep instead,

In my children
will discover little
within yearning gardens
or about desperate fields
save silent stone-cold voids

that can never
become haunted
with their own
ageless memories,

None aloft under
soaring blue skies
not one glimpse
a pastel tinged wing
aloft,

As now
wholly lost
evermore
to this sorrowful glance
the very last, last
most beautiful
was my butterfly,

This dream I wish to never see



FROM THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT

In the blackness stars beckoned
naked we stood in awe
there was no meaning as outstretched hands
failed to capture those beckoning lights,

Still we stared and wondered

Some dreamers sought answers
upon some mystical journey
others probed eternal darkness
set upon sail not blown by winds,

Now we stared and dared

One by one mystical dark shadows
fell
the cold heavens now stood naked
as lies laced with fables melted,

Our outstretched palms now grasped each waiting glow

All that remained
among the mystery of eternal heavens
by one humbled amid all humankind
was to demand

What must be the final question!

THE OLD DIARY

In one dark corner of my attic
lost among crooked pine boards
I discovered
by mere chance- or was it?
being ancient worn....
a small faded book inscribed 'MY DIARY,'

Bearing a gilded lock
a golden seal quite rusted
appeared more of a dire warning
or possibly
no longer of this world,

(a lone gray birch tree sways in a meadow breeze)

Dare I intrude?

Although worn of age
dust shadows embedded throughout
yet, by one edge was an unmistakable
sign, a watery streak
a strange flow
because it seemed as a stain
struck on one cover
then flowed before drying in mid-path
a dried remnant of one tear drop.....

(sweet pale pink ribbons adorn her auburn hair)

Now this minor enigma
became more a daunting mystery
for this tear trail, with its tale
became as much a lock
as was the mechanical clasp

imprisoning forever
a private world sealed in
yellowed worn pages,

My mind soared anticipating some lurid fantasy
wildly fueled my illicit curiosity
“No one could ever know”, I mused,

(sounds of laughter fill the air)

Suddenly, then a moment,
a soft wind swept
and above the old electric bulb flickered
lo, quite oddly, the diary’s gold latch fell open
oh, just a tad,

Odd!

why?

surely an eerie swirl
sufficient to curse a barrier
to some days long, long passed
another lost distant world
yet one to be, or not,
intruded yielding some tale
a tale of joy, or
a tale of sadness, or
a tale of a love lost
or,
simply yearning, even pleading, so,
to merely be released,

(it is spring-time, a kiss)

Who could the writer possibly have been?
I knew none here who kept such a keepsake,
this home was over a century old
who had passed this path
was this a mere youngster or
could this be a young woman
or older, much older?

But was it forbidden, or rather
was meant to be read now
thereby revealing for me to sing its song
this story within
written secret pages of one time
so long ago
perhaps one desperate love saga that shed one
or even many
teared drops?

(a tiny brook, shimmering with starlights)

There, I heard dreams sigh within distant, hushed bells...searching!

Dare I
dare I open this personal past so long hidden
within these rafters now bent and worn
revealing secret tales entwined deeply memories
that belongs only with this dust?
or, have deadly fates indeed silently
conspired their eternal darkness
ultimately this desperate tale searching a voice
that I do so, now?

(the ground is master of all)

A rock bears little grief
Ink breathes
This journey has no end.....

(so be it)



ALEPPO – IN THE EAST

(December, 23 2016,
20 Rabi'ul Awwal)

It is a war zone
The mostest vile of ever evil words, “WAR”
Mankind's greatest sin
Thrives aglow within this city of hell.....

On a dust swept street wanders the skeleton of one frail child
dazed she seems unaware of her desperate plight so wild
everywhere building rubble, raging fires all miseries teem
a stumbling gait bears empty cries of her silent screams
these complaints fall deaf beyond other echoing amid canyons
such grief is but endless orphan shadows amidst piercing cannons,

A cold, black wind suddenly drapes added unwelcomed anguish
across the scene it bears a chilling cruelty never vanquish
she clutches her neck brushing aside lost auburn hair swirls
as symbolic veils of a fated promise that will never be, lost curls
from her head tumble tiny bomb fragments with every breeze
now and then uttering piercing, tormented sobs
which echo's nowhere,

The child falters with each rocket or automatic gunner's salvo
yet she does not halt for exists no haven safe, all too shallow
the consequences of yielding even for our babe seems too dire,
abandoned, bloodied, tattered rags cover her frail fear of just being,

Over and over anew, tears flows hesitantly over parched cheeks,
the moment for poesy has now fled,

Make no mistake, Aleppo's carnage clamor's holocaust
only in the cities East zone
curiously combatants trapped within this cauldron bear an enigma
namely our tiny warrior struggles here solely and unarmed,
But then, nevertheless, she is of course guilty of some vague crime
guilty according to tribunals of invisible callous elders
it is all a lie
guilty of being a misplaced child!
why else such misery?

Is there a morsel of food, in any place, nothing in days!
Some garbage?
Please!

Sudden waves of aircraft screech aloft
blaring, blazing, totally indifference
below
to huddled shadows of sprawled humanity
these silver iron birds fly their missions
fueled only by criminal passions
nourished by wanton destruction
kill to kill all innocent enemies
all else be dammed,

Elsewhere fierce figures with long iron guns emerge
racing about seeking
blazing terror
but a rat-a-tat salvo drops them instantaneously
without time for death's moan
then seizures, body flesh rupture follows
as restless crimson blood gushes
seething ever slowly into a terribly scorched
ever hungry earth
gasping more,

Thus our innocent struggles beyond
despite rubble crushing avarice
be advised, this apparent incidental wandering
of our heroine
is indeed an aimless journey
yet a quite unique mission of our civilization
'tis a voyage of abandonment.....
abandonment
by all callous remnants dubbed
human humanity,

Humanity in this conflict collectively include
all mortals
simply divisible,
those who show little concern for Syrian Netherworld
compared to the dismal few who do grieve,

Those possessed with curious mindless inertia
voice no concern
for the horrific plight of their brethren
and thereby embrace a certain jaded apathy
for brethren's children,

You doubt?
the proof is quite self-evident
shredded body remnants strewn
across this rotted venue
still
humans numbered in billions remain silent!
they a worldly chorus lulled in raising no voice
while their great armies defile the God they-ahem-personify,

However, others wrought deep tragic senses
discussing glaring monstrosities
often
in cafes or dining venues, or while reclining naked
well-tanned
on the shores of a blue Mediterranean,
Smaller number of humans desperately seek answers
pleading in alarm they enter destructive arenas
only to become annihilated by soulless indifference
bearing a somber truth
of one greedy world starkly enfeebled
to ease this raging inferno,
Because,
in the halls of power dwell power brokers
olden men often with like children
understand the awesome sewer
yet remain aloof to endless miseries
they have unleashed
lacking all sense of humanism,
hence fail to fathom their crime
because 'tis simpler to turn indifferently aside,
surely
rebels deserve their self- inflicted miserable deaths,
Warmongers always thrive on lies!

After all, 'we' sit in lofty honorable seats of absolutism
an irrefutable correctness
where reckless slaying of our enemies
becomes quite noble
indeed even triumphant my fellow citizens
rather than convene ways to care
or officials seeking places of decency
rather royal self-decrees insist their righteous power
whose heroes never face hunger or experience utter despair
nor never mangled hands nor gouged any eye nor maimed souls
since Allah, the force within them, breeds arrogance
that begets hatred
the ultimate signature of evil,

It matters nothing of the helpless
It matters nothing of the hopeless
It matters nothing of the homeless
It matters nothing of the horror-ness
So Inflicted!

The consequence of circumstances of pure innocence is evident to all
simply unavoidable stragglers caught in a web of deceit means non- survival,

What of this child?

Born of stars, asking little their life save a kiss, a bounding ball, another kiss,
eyes which never see evil.

In their only world there does not dwell cruelty, nor hatred, no avarice, desolation,
desecration, murder, maiming or horrors among an endless list of semantic and
existential misfortunes. These diabolical satanic 'creatures' birth only from within
the twisted souls of elders who dominate our frail, earthly existence. Rationalization
permits all acts of selfish warmongering wantonness.

The child simply seeks affection and compassion.

True compassion: Strange that man is often incapable of this simple gift. Man's ability for destructive hatred clad in senseless cruelty is unparalleled. War becomes the antithesis of rational dialog among honorable human creatures who have evolved a responsive civilization. Indeed, we continually de-evolve for one only murderous scenario bespeaks of a totally failed humankind.

Explain this to a conflict dismembered youngster huddled on the streets of Aleppo!
Terrified, of man!

Enough!
Damn one homeless child
wandering under rubbles of our city
seeking her death
stark naked,
stark cold,
stark alone
stark starved,
totally loveless,

Death personified remains our only reality,
while enemies ever create thus horror
ever eternal
desperate lost souls
will again and again
be wanderers
of this life's
most irrelevant
waifs.

(for Joshua)

MY CELLO

My cello

In the stillness deep within evening
I often dream what silenced my old cello
there hidden under a shadow I groped
into my arms, this familiar encounter
a brief movement found its bow
quietly waiting,

My hands engulfed
those sculpted pieces of inert wood,

A sigh....

I slowly close my eyes
all other distractive senses fell, cast aside
for we now transformed to our different world
a lyrical trance,

My bow moved effortlessly
for a moment mysteriously
it was not I but the bow itself
which commanded the strings...
sounds softly emerged,

The essence of cello requires
an absolute perfection
of each sounded note
each tone becomes a ruby
otherwise failure,

The music flowed, hauntingly
isolating us in our very own essence

Into embraced darkness,
embracing only us
while all-time ceased,

I cannot recall
in that night world
when strange melancholias
arose,

Then flowed everywhere beyond
star-sparkled spaces
enduringly forever
yet only my cello fully understood
all,

As one tear flowed from my soul.

NOTHING EXISTS

(One night in Barre)

So,
you probe my soul
yet my spirit possesses no known language,
I feel deeply
but uncertainty defies any inscribed image,
in our world we believe to endure
nothing really breathes existential,
because each moment truly becomes its enigma
because time spins only an illusionary perplexing web,
what is to be transforms and suddenly vanishes
what 'is' lives but for the moment,
as the future instantaneously becomes the past
such that 'now' time cannot really ever exist,
everything remains an illusion of foreverness
while flesh disguises
the hidden maelstroms of our memory,
a frail child races amid summer rosebuds
briefly stumbles
then rises to embrace the fading yellow sun,

what seems endless
only a fool believes he knows
I am that fool,
I dreamed there was one special place
emerged I embraced as earthly
of enduring time,
from that moment I glimpsed this land
I seized upon strange ghostly visions,
weeping
for there I could be at peace,
a place to cease
when time decrees this final gasp,
as if such mortal choice
ever is ever possible.

YOU – A LOVE BALLAD

In an intense melancholia
I dreamed a dream
there drifted endless memories
within reverie
each were only whispers
lost dreams that dream
of what could never be
silent suns stirred
all beauty tumbled
saddened
days melted as a lost candle
within drifting images
slowly all shadows embrace
my eyes close, my lips sigh
music fills dark night,

When I dream of only
you.

(for Vicky)





One hundred and four . . .

DESPAIR

A SHADOWED IMAGE HOVERED IN A CONCRETE RECESS

On the streets, the endless maze
stone slabs tower above dim clouds
both cast ceilings to the pathways below,
this, land of apathy
in a land of flowing aplenty
and for those who wander aimlessly
seeking refuge within these colden walls
only somber despair wails its name,

Under a hostile sun
and its silent companion darktime
embrace their spirits across this scene
within these callous stone canyons
silent to they that wander
wander purposelessly,
yet ever wander they do,

For this, their home
a haunting of surrender
yet I see each drama play the scene, before
before one vast, ever changing passing gallery
adorned in fancy garb shod red gilded fur boots
who slip past
eyeing this cursed plight with barely a nod,

Silence of the silent majority!
hidden within their souls
what hast this world created??
humanity
not exactly human!

An elderly disheveled soul huddles
amid his haven
a random refuge his abandoned doorway
grayed disheveled hair locks tumble
about a freely flowing moustache
clad, barely, in rumpled shreds this woolen coat
weeping from its lapel
pale pink remnants hint at a worn veteran's poppy
while for propriety's sake ragged trousers
and about
whatever else one could wrest
with worldly goods encased beside
in that black, torn sac
set aside fragments
grasped dearly his walking stick,

The light sun is full
passing crowds incurious
murmurs of life
as they parade about
inhabiting other worlds
our hero could never see,
oh, could be imagined
for it once surely blossomed
so we sympathize,

But for just that instant
only in vague images
they see
only,

Within the dank street portal
faltering hands struggle
shapeless they grope
for the pierced pain upon his skull
(which cannot weep)
his defeated head is bowed
bowed for eternity
while sunken eyelids squeeze tightly
in agony
casting aside this reality
of what dies inside as well as all dispassionate outside
for nothing now exists,

There is no sound, no sight
no softer feelings possible
nor could now ever pierce
either the wooded entry barrier
or the steel sadness
that has struck upon our vestige
of once I was human,
this discarded human form
belonging only to the lonely streets
huddled enclosed by concrete slabs
which tower skyward, where
beyond lies some exclusive heaven
for those who might escape
these impersonal glacial byways
all concrete,

Softly grey rain mists whisper

Cry.....

Cry out.

To whom?

If there be a soul in every sort

can it be ever lost?

And here screams the sole reality,
only that remains a formless shadow

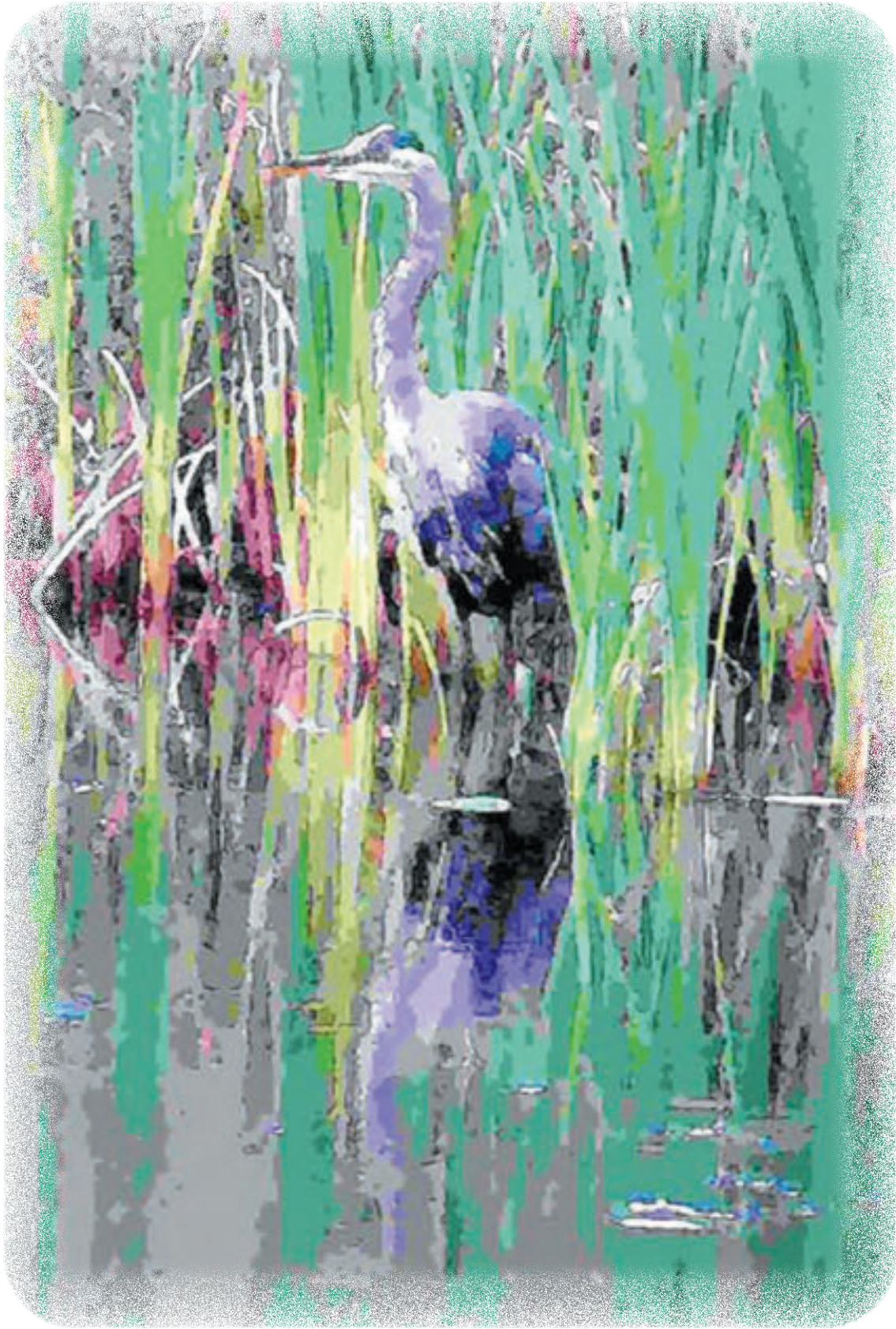
one mortal formless shadow

flesh forlorn

sadly encased with iron chains

this omen.....

that will be his coffin.



One hundred and ten . . .

JOY OF SUN DAYS

The days they have drifted
days to be
are never eternal
no sorrow exists
a sun swept June after noon
that light alive with promise
then, no place for tears
because these days drifted
nevermore
you will find me, there.

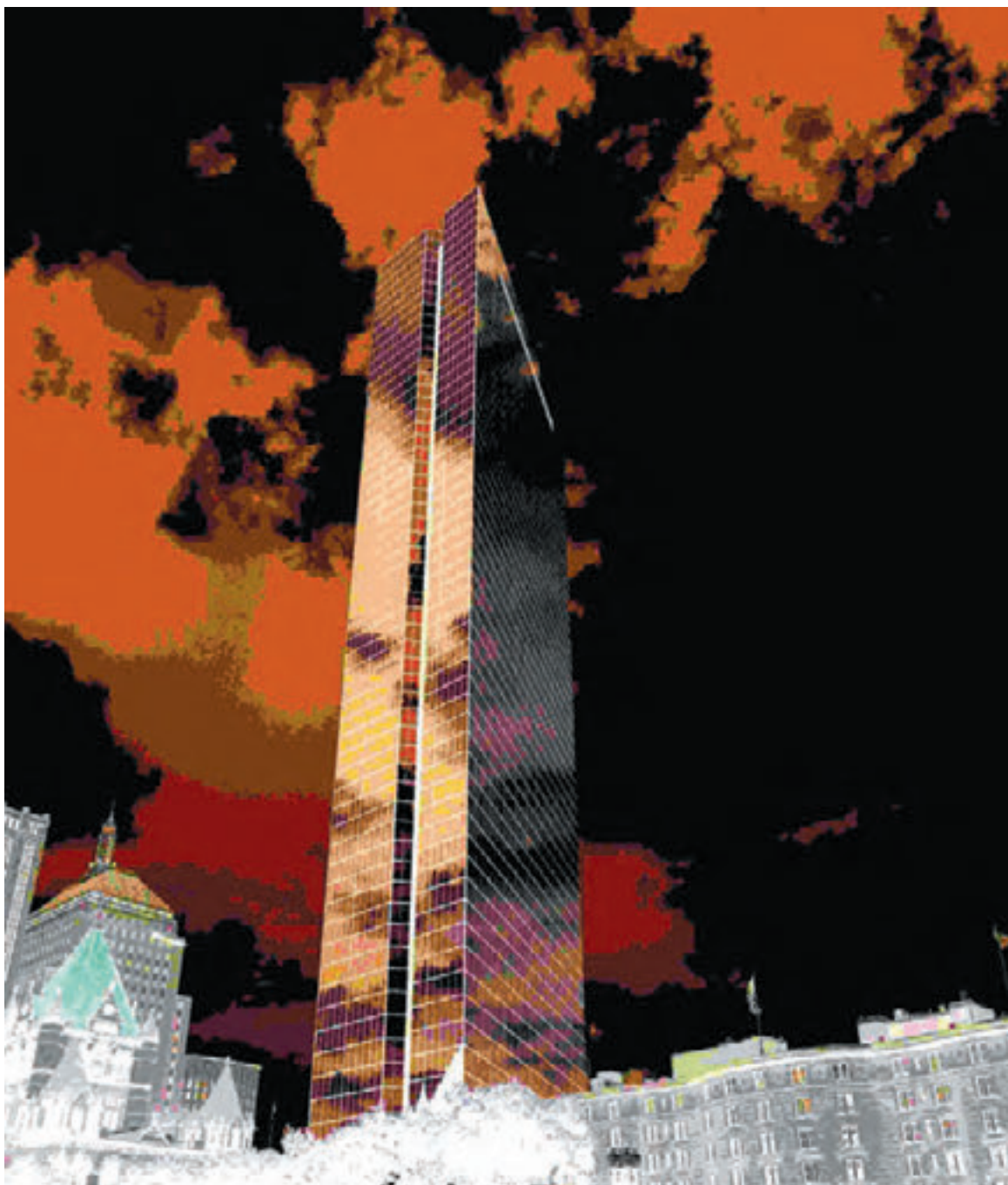
I STOOD NAKED

In silence,
I stood naked
draped in flesh
my bended bones quivered as thunderous lightning
slash below my form
brilliant flashings whose silver cast no shadows
about this landscaped scene,
Hence I search the horizons for there some sign
some answer to this strange conundrum,
From a peaceful silent ever-dream,
For how was I here?
for why was I here?
was there to be some journey
somewhere
I beseeched none
from about the utter blackness
I doubted to see,

The ground about me now spasm in odd rumbles
all coloured firebolts become now more fierce
amid screams
everywhere about
my world so safe, so serene, so undemanding
I begged not
was surely over!

So I stood
naked
draped in a flesh I now felt
dwelled this place I never sought
but which now demanded
that I must emerge and finally
Be.

D



One hundred and sixteen . . .

NIGHT SHIFT

Beneath the marbled city dome
births hustled sounds
so descends that time
where slumber hushes its cadence,

Beyond, there lives another city
yet it never sleeps as deep drapes
shroud these hours of darkness
for here dwells ever strife for life
tis one palace, sought - often joy
yet aside her, sister bearing pathos
in blackened silence

lips falter
body parched,
my eyes fail
here infirmed soulsawait their fate,
Alone,
among so many befalls burden of dys-ease
“Why to me?”

this query whispered in pain falls within deafened walls
walls mute of an ancient echo’s plaintive lyric, seeking
beyond a starry universe merely feigns to yawn
while each malady chants its hushed atonal song
we cannot recall,

(Cast these shadows from me.
My youth....merely drifting clouds.
Release my torment.)

A soft murmur...really a lost plea....

A dim yellowed light shafts upon blackness
footsteps shuffle softly past my ward door
occasionally escapes a moan or brief sob, then hush
senses all exhausted
I need slumber, instead I nod, then lost trance
where dreams of my loves fail,

Suddenly,
there rises a deep roar....
engulfing violent ocean swells
storm across my face
“Why am I drowning here? In this place?”
I hear thunderous bleakness unfurl....
bolt up, I gasp for life....simply one breath too dear
vision unclear, my mind drifts
ever lost all
rapacious
wispy

I cannot grasp, I pant
dire beats, my pounding heart screams
no breaths here
suffocation despite swells of pure oceans air
raspy, gurgling, smothering cough
the hungry sea descends
wave crests cajole the fear
must I call?
call for help?
Pray, Prey!

White coats intrude becalming all
while the clock insists I wait,

Elsewhere the city sleeps
totally unaware
without end
dwells a reality
screaming in agony
unknown
yes, quite indifferent
to another human's plight
only were the deluge to sweep
and weave amid this night's greying haze
upon their fate,

Are there bells tolling?
no, I do not hear but not tonight,
now I see the dimmed glimmer
brings the new dawn,

Let there be another day.

IMAGES OF CHILDHOOD

There was suddenly a new soft sound
surrounding me
this strange curiosity
I could not escape
above colours
I would reach for over and again
soon disappeared into familiar darkness,

Warmth
cradled in delights for me
had little meaning
darkness often, but
then at once bright suns aglow
with whispers,

Singing radiances
faces I learned
brought warmth
brought faces
I remember from colding darkness,

How am I there
funny tingles by autumn leaves
caress my face
giggles
and then vague swirls
bring now patterns engulfing me with icy winds,

In the air I soar as a sparrow
and push and swing
where I embrace endless blue skies
and back over and up again
clasping smiling clouds
my little hands
my forever world
why was I here
how did I spiral beyond
mostly beyond swaying tree tops,

Her face was always..... there
upon mine
I recall little still
but forever in shadows that softness
that kiss never left
me,

For, it were her soul,

Rolling, rolling
golden
suns fell endlessly by my side
little did matter as days
flew eternal
I kept rolling
despite some tumbles
yet the wheels remained forever
– rolling,

Now music images descended
banilla cookies so delicious
throw that bouncing red striped ball
everything swirled around
forever round
as only mattered each ever days,

Time

I do not gather its meaning...
still drifts reflections of those days
now long past
curiously any beginning
never was there really such
while strife and pain and anger and envy
rarely dwelled
within those vanished mists
distant
beyond vague whispers that were my youth,

One never questioned little or deeply
rudiments or reasons or logic
characterizing how I became 'there'
lust remained unspoken
'there' was not merely a fortunate place
but indeed a moment
inside the stream of consciousness
hence it was simply 'there'
I never urged to ponder any reason
upon entering this journey
this inexorable path that became reality
only when I dared to venture beyond
and once did I dare to peer beyond
those pathless memories
thence images of childhood
began their rueful metamorphosis
to visions and their struggles
encompassing this, a so different worlds,

I,

I often suspect
perchance were best never born.



I FADE

Beyond flows the meandering meadow
grasses dance in gentle breezes
ebbed purple loosestrife cadets
and mature cattails arch skyward
sprinkle pollen bursts over this scene
while aging daisies
all nod and agree this their final blush,

Halcyons days with lustful winged folks
are now seen only
aside faded pallor of pastel blooms,
away near distant glens
time yet for some daring colours
as gentler times gasp one last frolic
of their day
this nostalgia dwells
under a now nodding pale sun.

SEEKING BEYOND

I tried searching
bearing all my endowed senses
through thunderous raging storm clouds
black upon distant horizons
looking for some incisive path
dissecting any sealed wretch of my psyche
desperate to feel
those burdens destroying
your very essence
causing your pain,

But all dark mirrors
cracked their glass spewing embers
fearing I have failed
truth naked
I simply failed
because I really did not tear sufficient
my soul apart
I failed because I failed
merely to beg only of you, please
let me embrace that vortex
which ravishes your agony,

That, my friend
is how simple compassion
remains
to deeply behold
another.

AT THE EDGE OF A WOOD

At the verge of a darkly wood
a voice beckoned
I entered there
among familiar companions,

Softly I felt engulfed
there arose haunting melodies
sweeping through twisted boughs
many shadows blended by grey shades
others clad naked
hidden beneath brilliant colours,

So I wandered, aimlessly,

Yet there I often tarried
while listening deeply
over and over each bestowing anew,

I long struggled
with titanic forces
soon forging one mystical image
that unleashed my soul,

Unleashed
within silent hushed depths
which possessed my darkly woods.

FRANTIC DANCERS OF DOOM

A dark shadow crept across this land
its faceless promise
smothered lies as gold,

So frail peoples of our land
danced their glee
thus groweth bolder this dark shadow,

Now became total blackness engulfing the land
still all frolicked under dark idols tongue
mattered little all was untrue,

There once beacons a place
of light with promise
it thrived affirming goodness
draped about fragile humanity,

All about could ever see
unique embrace universally dear
here we welcome mankind,

BUT!

The black shadow sneered in amoral lust
vermin slithered from under his cloak
crocodilian tears belied
while entrapped dancers
succumbed to fatal cancers,

Now inevitable frantic seizures
incinerated this land
as screams befallen fate's doom
from which there was never
any escape.



THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

There upon a misty glen
in the shadows
swept silently that specter of lost time,

Weeping....
It was thus so,

For eons this quest dwelled
every place where it sought
in a reality
what all searched in endless tomes,

And for each, endless tombs,

Still the spirit insisted
as each moon cycle remained locked
in its earthly embrace
the faith of such journey,

Thus each step
led certain
to that place where the end seemed clear
surely all was finally so!

Truth defined
Truth enshrined,

So was the journey for each man
for all time
a conquest bearing
absolute certainatude
through the arch of Uriel
scholars, philosophers, ravens, The Book
all sighed their sense of ultimate perfection,

But!

“Which man,” posed the specter, “really knows
the one question,
that question resting eternal upon the razors’ edge?”

SOLITUDE

*THERE ARE TIMES MY MIND DRIFTS
TO QUIET WHISPERS
TO TIMES OF SILENT SOLITUDE
WHERE ARISE IMAGES OF ALL THAT WAS
BUT RARELY OF THAT, THAT WHICH WILL POSSIBLY BE
AS AGE IMPOSES AN IRON GATE
YET AGED PLACES AND EVENTS MAY SCULPT
THIS TIMELESS GEOMETRY*

WHERE?

In the hushed mists of drizzled rains
among soft wind gusts
or bellowing drifts etching icy delights,

Alone by edges where swiftly waters flow
whose voice echoes softened ripples
or even grumbles within ocean waves
often quite more boisterous,

Deeply upon a silent forest floor
below its verdant drifted ceiling
amid the murmurs of ancient oaks
a gentle breeze seems welcomed,

Even whence cold winter clamors
there remains wintry swirls as if
laughter woven into flakes of mischief
about every path now hidded under
clouds of snow silvered dreams,

So,
leave to my fancies to my reverie
hidden
hidden from ---

Our world
crazed with automaton clamor
belching ever blaring shrills
aside every turn
so race inside maddened pistons
driven by rapacious hormones
nor yield all screaming ring-dings
within bellies roaring mechanical beasts
that have been callously impregnated
with electronic mush
for monies to enrapture every nook
surely, all drawn to impose
surely all demanding to harken
under the New God of some (dys)guise,
NOW!

We are the master
You.... became the servant,
Or, do you ever think???

If there be any vision within our 'selves'
needing some passage
a trail where dreams birth our 'selves'
a world of ideas or
a world of inner creation or
a stage to palette innovations of value!
thence a unique path demands
its space
not our fancied enclosed
wired alcove!

Will ye dwell as a violator?

In the hushed mists of a passing rain
along a swiftly river's edge
below the canopy that seals our fate
ambles despite raging icicle moons
wherever tis a place of silent winds
which may set one free,

A place to be
A place to be thee
A freed spirit within
A place of your own
own desperate
Solitude.



One hundred and thirty-eight . . .

IDYLLS OF A VANISHED BROOK

Deep within a verdant forest soaring wood
hidden from all which births any evil look
since the days of antiquity as ever it could
tumbled a swiftly flowing meandering brook,

*LOST IN A WOOD
FOREVER I'VE FLOWED SO TRUE
NEVER SEEN*

Oh, the eyes of the shadowed denizens indeed
but not those of all wanton destructive man
could easily discover its route with all its seed
for the Gods hast willed forever a secret ban,

*ONLY A GOD
WOULD DRINK MY WORLD
ALL IS AT PEACE*

Through meadowed fields it flowed
and by its cradled banks, quite secluded to see
all sorts of watered plants aglowed
in some sunken vales fed even a mighty tree,

*WHEREVER I TUMBLED
MY TRULY PATH LET LIFE ALLOW
SO I FLOWED*

I stumbled upon this secret flow one sunny spring day
with foreboding tyrannical Gods wisely asleep
beneath a thorny thicket of brush under tangled hay
on my path by chance into a glen so deeply deep,

*A STRANGER
IN MY FORBIDDEN DOMAIN
GO NOW, FORGET ME*

There was she my maiden, bubbling, tumbling and more
as azure beams of heavens above did painted
softly puff clouds below the sky upon her mirrored floor
'twas clear her bosom nurtured eternally sainted,

*BEFORE WERE MEN
MY COLOURS GLOWED SOFTLY
WEB SPUN OF RAINBOWS*

The path she wandered was never quite clear
plunged at depths so below
left all sorted desires on my pastel canvas dear
never cease to ever flow,

*A MEANDERING BROOK
DRIFTS FREE OF HUMAN'S RULES
THUS DID I SAIL*

Daffodil clusters choked her path
young lily shoots sprung to claim
no flower bursts ever snarled in wrath
giggling spring limbs danced in shame,

*MY FRIENDS AGLOW
WE DWELL IN LIFE TOGETHER
WE LOVE EACH*

Sweep across our scene drifted a pale sun cloud
heralded shy swallows with sparrowed wings
under twigs and thorned vines joined all acrowd
for here was an Eden to praise with gleeful sings,

*SO CREATURES SWOOP
SOME KNEEL MY SOUL TO DRINK
LIFE GIVEN ME TO THEE*

Summer days I wander ever lazy
while spring brings buttercups galore
autumn drifts falling leafs so hazy
yet winters always seep ice and more,

*EACH SPIN OF EARTH
BRINGS NEW SCENES AGLOW
ALL BEYOND MY CONTROL*

Hear all, from over the dome of our world
the decree rings quite very clear
no matter terrible a plight seems unfurled
this life's stream will be ever dear,

*CRICKETS, PEEPERS, DOVES TOO
WITH DOE OR GOSLINGS
SIP OF MY SONGS*

So my intruder, you must ever depart
you leave with a longing heavy heart
yet whence your shadow is unseen
my place in peace as I remain unseen,

*OUR LOVE'S EMBRACE IS OVER
FROM ME YOU MUST FLEE
FOR ONLY THUS SHALL I ENDURE*

Go now
forget me forever as
your vanished brook,

*OR
OF LIFE
OUR SHANGRI-LA
WILL BE EVER LOST.*

D



THE WAITING ROOM

People seated about randomly
somewhat curious feature
but rather irrelevant,

Occasionally they decide
and shift, here, there
why one person sits in particular place
is unimportant
though a dynamic difficult to fathom,

Cast together, quite intimate
they all share a brief moment
physically together but worlds apart
all remain dispassionate
that seems our societal norm
yet silent eyes glance often
here, there, then turned inwards
safely to one's private self
occasionally someone speaks
all heads turn,

Cough
eyelids raise again
yes, there might be occasional conversation
mostly all drifts silence amid
paper rustle, magazine fumble
the constant shifting of bodies
many devoured by electronic devices
phone rings, all eyes distressed
heads turn as somebody stands
all eyes follow
all waiting for same same,

A singular group of humans
with a mere trace in common
a place of necessity
for a mere moment in time
all strangers
thrust together into this humbled space
there offers little incentive for human interaction
so they do wait,

So they peer
together
ignoring together,

Does anyone ponder the plight of their neighbor?
does anyone muse upon any lives about them?
in our complex world humans wait
wait as concrete slabs
wondering little
they find themselves disinterested
effectively humanly isolated
within their own world
inhibited to exchange for one moment a kindly word
about this small stage they share,

Curious though, over and anew
our daily lives are replete with such miniscule waiting rooms
we deem never ponder such trivia,

These inescapable moments we rarely capture
as we squander that most precious gift of all
our allotted time inside our life's
waiting room!

THE REFUGEE

A madness swept across the land...

At first there were but rumors
of some sort of disunity
far to the west and so distant
some outbreaks were violent
but here our little village was serene
besides such news was common place
above, our sun shone brightly
while below, golden wheat fields swayed in harmony
all about children's laughter danced the days,

A few travelers began to relate dire tidings
word of larger armies raging about
wanton destruction with villages aflame
crops, animals, homes all falling
yet that was very far away
besides our leaders would protect,

In savage wars infernal destruction
becomes a cancer
leading humans to become madmen
every conceivable slaughter
now enflames as a contagion,

Once one kills
it then becomes a simple consequence
to further slaughter
the helpless
fueled by an unimaginable fury,

So thus it has been engraved
since days flourished
humans infested with little concern
easily embraced that madness of barbarism,

On the horizon dark black clouds now
screamed a heinous truth
annihilation was upon us
all
for the naïve all was mere jest
for others a deep sense of horror
can we flee?
few had any true sense of what
where
or exactly why!

The inevitable black clouds
began to roar in hoards
and thus began long lines of despair
escape
some meager belongings
mostly items of sheer love or necessity
a pet if possible
go now
for death rewards those who tarry,

But we must survive,

Quickly into muddled paths
escape arms with piercing knives
feasting bellies demanding fiery lava
seeking disheveled lines of humanity
now woven into shadows
trembling
from unspeakable terrors,

In the far distance screams of those who remained behind
smothered the air urging survivors to more desperately survive,

So began our drama
the desperate plunge for life ever dear
became sagas of unspeakable travails
from that horrific metamorphic creature devouring the night,

Wander the darkness
We now have become completely homeless
We now have become peoples with no country
We now have become people with no souls
We now are a people in helpless despair
We now are eternal wanderers with no hope,

This tale has no end....
It is a never ending blight....
As the rest of humanity watches....
Horrific merely becomes an empty word!



A SUDDEN STORM ACROSS THE BAY

Fierce winds arose suddenly late this night
gusting drifts howled across the bay

I dashed to the greyed shutters clamoring so
so, against worn shingles draped upon my creaky cabin

aged in the wood nestled deep into sandy dunes
olden windows rattled as crooked doors tattled

about all red tipped sumacs nodded their dance
while thorny beach roses cavorted to their wildly tempo

suddenly lightening bolts bursts flew open the black heavens above
as far as mine eye could roam all Cape Cod Bay
quickly emblazoned

snuggled beyond two huddled snowy owls hooted in glee
enraging mighty Thor who hurled countless dozens more

the ocean roared urging towering waves to rush
crazed o'er the sea
easterly, sand rattled angry skies now scathed my cottage glass

and so winds did howl
and driven grey seas did bellow
and endless waves crashed across ageless blown shores
as every bramble bent beneath grumbling harsh thunder above
yet all none fretted

for our sea song has howled ever afore
comes the morn below soft sun rays becalming about
all become united as one, merrily the nature of life's being,
when living by my sea.

A STROLL IN JUNE

One sunny day in early June a walk quite plain
as I strolled jaunting upon a twisting country lane
my path took an uncharted short unexpected turn
led me down that strange byway I seeking a fern,

A curious twist brought paths my eyes did behold
such were paths all paved with words and not gold!

Strewn amid golden sands and beckoning wild flowers
all sorts of disparate words emerged with passing hours
I doubled my stride as more I wandered in aimless mirth
arose here and there daunting tales or stories-told worth,

Each turn I turned created more doubting vignettes
each tale more complex yet daring with longer steps
fearful of what lurked ahead I tried to retrace my path
Lo, a wall of ancient Greek letters incurred my wrath,

So forward I strode frontiers I must now pierce
as an amorous sun shone vindictive and fierce
sudden arose amidst in my twisted journey of gusto
emerged for the very first time this curious shadow,

All the words became as poems befitting my pride
they rushed as torrents mightily against my stride
the quicker my way, the more obtuse the rhyme
I so engrossed failed to note the setting sun's time,

A draped darkness now overcame my meandering way
thus became the lyrical end of another poets vainly day
so dark was it, I plunged quite madly deep to a blacken chasm
fully devoid of words or letters so died I in one literary spasm,
So endeth my ramble afar away this wayward fated June-lit day.

IN THE SILENCE OF DEEP NIGHT

In the silence of deep night
I sought one corner of my sleepy garden
on my knees I dug there a deep recess
then planted one, lone seed,

The moonlight quickly yielded to deepening clouds
soon torrential rains
flowed over everywhere,

Morning sun left little trace
my treasure lay patiently
since days relinquished no measure,

I waited and more
many time times flowed away
I simply forgotten that buried promise,

Yet, all about the giving land rejoiced each day
with soil rebirths
all creatures dwelling here,

Many bluebirds swayed their way
as gossiping crows they clamored
all thrived by their own given days' destiny,

Finally beyond all eyes
one small shoot slowly emerged
nourished under mother earth,

In a nearby distance towering skyscrapers clustered in their ascent skyward
ancient lands everywhere about scorched in despair
as empty minds dug holes as hungry machines spewed torrents of black smoke
for every inch despoiled brought man his Gucci shoes laced with opulent dinners
such incentive meant more avaricious cranes riveting taller steel towers
higher and more, skytowers ascended while the cock crowed in dismay
respect for the land merely vacuous as mans' ignorance embellished
destroying the very breast that nurtured each child called man
this child now poisoned with destiny fled blinded beyond, as
ribbons of concrete became that dismal place where temples flourished
while grassy meadows fell in dismay, fully lost
the ultimate giver of all life became thus slowly demolished,

The seed I planted knew of nothing
its life simple, demanded lands and airs and waters and pure spaces
but all about despoliation had become one virtuous whore,

Years blended bits of time
my grand tree knew merely to grow, despite all
spread widely ever searching its life's boughs,

Shelter for those seeking solace below
perches for winged travelers passing there above
sighs from those just bearing this tree,

A day finally arrived
young seedlets fell tumbling about
tossed by wind gusts to every secret place,

The most gracious ones fell
upon eagerly waiting earthly beds
by that far corner of my mother land,

This field now almost completely devoured
devoured by steel locusts bred of greedy indifference
nearby groaning trucks roared atonic passages
birthing more soaring towers of mans' callous concrete trees,

As for concern for earth and for all life
scorched skyscraping beasts simply yawned
agape with endless iron jaws.

And our innocent seed
slipped deeper and deeper
into the yearning earth
.....and waited.



AGING

It's not that I necessarily mind
finally becoming old,

That state of being which evolves silently
subtly is firmly irrevocable,

And one day, either by a meadow stroll
or one passing glance from a 'true' reflection
visions that physical reality impossible to merely deny
reveals all elements of our sole habitus and thus psyche,

We can never express those lost yearnings of now evaded youth
that belies our impulse to resist this ultimate evolution,

Manifestly our lives become a hidden obsession
inevitably looming as rapidly as surer,

While the gauntlet speaks a formidable verse
casting unique shadows which frames one's soul,

The self-inflicted burdens of this curious life we pursue
with Olympian vigor ignited by some rationalized affliction
which dwelled for years in lusted ethos
now reveal their very nature with utter clarity,

And as all begins to dim
screaming visions dwell beyond meaningless obscurity,

Now the pursuit lies gapping
queries whether our setting sun
is obliged to rescue some tranquil peace,

Perhaps.....

But only as inevitably fabled memories of self
finally fade
poised to disappear forever
by finally merging beyond ancient desires
for unyielding calm
amid some endless sea.

BEGINNING

Total blackness
total eternal silence
in a non-existent dimension
of no-place
void, empty
what could possibly a reverie
a journey never dreamed,

You are not there
hence this enigma cannot ever belong to you
leave, now
but you cannot escape
from whence you have never existed?

Sudden swirls of light reflect
from there
foretell an omen
hidden by myths
such places I cannot fathom
strange forms desire to erupt, slowly
then burst aglow emitting raging colours
dazzling about all
in no space,

These glowing hues now assume less strange imagery
emerging gently into circular circles of wispy rings
only to dissipate as they have failed
becoming lost into pale mists
drifting aimlessly as eddies tinged by silver
slip back into everywhere darkness
and so become ever engulfed,

Never to return...

Harken,
one haunting beautiful cello chant, a pavane
now flows gently across from that everywhere
millions of years of tear times sweep subtly beyond
bestowing upon a creative harmony
all chaos becomes overwhelming
all shadows which shine
all graces which birth
all hues painting soft pastel rainbows
so specks of dusts embrace
then committed to only kneel
before a humbled glow
revealing spirits of some curious essence
a never seen emerges emerging beauty
engulfing enchantments fully omniscient
darkness has been transformed
creating this new but singularly possessive world,

More mysterious
unfolds a universe where having sensed existence
belongs only as an aside to enchantment,

Embracing, this princess glows
suddenly one nova-ignition
vague mists obey and now fracture
pierced by curious random light rays
dazzling
crescendos caress our melody
singularly
arises transformed breaths never dreamed
while our rapture of this mystical endearment
slowly seeps over millennia thus
banish all resisting black-black yet dispassionate voids
never to return
to ever was dark
then all see
its sublime creation.



One hundred and sixty-six . . .

CRESCENT MOON

A deep purple glow
painted its pastel sky
while below sighed
a fiery settling sun,

Softly cricket chirps
filled sleepy air
ushering haunting echoes
of my distant lone loon,

Above,
a reluctant crescent moon
yet quite pale
draped its image
'twas merely a hint
arose beyond an ever horizon,

Aside a hushed early twilight
I searched in vain among ripples
that was the song of my pond,

But soft gray mists
refused my quest
between shore sentinels
of crowded reeds
clad swiftly
beneath swirling autumn breezes,

And of this moment
forever as ever
within harmony of eternal fading light
our fragile crescent mirror emerged
but here
only now and only there,

Then,
as so often passes
sudden swirls appeared
those winged cackling geese
swiftly overtook ebbing sky
while soon faded from mine eye,

Yet, for each
silent winged tips
circled our crescent glow
they clad merely in fleeing plumes
frolicking
each creature reverently
nodding beyond,

While this fragile tiny moon
danced upon their grace
together
all understood deep nature of all
That was
and all
That is,

And so the silent darkness
of their night
finds peace
within the mere promise
of, yet to be,

Afar my lone loon called
softly
again and again,

Never to be forgotten.



DAYS

And so each day
brought its joys and sorrows
leaving memories of all
as sunsets were softly faded,

For each moment that passed
dawned bright visions of 'morrow
hiding the silent passage of time
all was soon nevermore.

STONE DEAF

in the limits of all things

a stone rests

quite inert

quite dispassionate

marching armies see nothing

paths of destruction remain wedded

hatred scorches as it flourishes

bellowing clouds

dark white-snow

drift ever

tears

we become slaves

all sorts of evils on the march

ever

steel

sabers, oozing blood tipped

pale moonlight beams frozen on abandoned graves

Upon a steep grey slate cliff into the blackened silent night one lone cello softly

begins its plaintive plea, somber beauty, the notes flow hauntingly and drift
eternal, but the bow falls, the clock now worn by the restless sea; few really listen

I....???

What do you???

two doves huddle deep within a wooded grove
the cello lament drifts into their feathers
pierce their souls
they bend gently their bodies
then embrace
a wistful soft cooing begins
other doves respond
soon all dove songs flood the forest
this plea
crescendos heavenward to sleeping mighty Gods
aroused
they hear only stomping of marching
boots boots boots
sparkling steel sabers
screams of abhorrent horror
warm blood seeping to a greedy, hungry earth
terrors bemoan our small starving child
pale moonglows flow silently upon newly earthed graves
moonlights until eternity
will this ever end
you are arrogant
you never listen except to sweets which fill your belly
a stone has no soul

A SPECIAL ROSE STORY

A rose glimpsed her shadow upon an endless plain
as the land stretched endless
foreboding every place she did glance,

Our flower suffered
many challenges to just to be to here
within this vista for only those defiant,

She could not really understand
how one such fragile vine
could have struggled thus far,

In her wake were strewn petals of truth
while each petal told its tale
of strifes befallen to follow such path,

Yet the lane trod only sheer noble grace
leaving one trail bearing honest love of beauty
and passion for those along her way,

Black sky often cold
days often searing suns
yet there spread eternal arms for caring,

So, the plain stretched beyond
every new travail offered little refuge
nor an answer to this endless quest,

All who passed this way
marveled at her soul
tender was ever in ever giving,

Her very best
cloaked about endless warmth
unselfish
to all
for all,

Truly, an endearing, special rose.
flourishing,
Cast upon life's endless plain.....

(for Ilana)

FOREST TALES

In my forest all creatures were at peace
 yes, all trees stood tall and ever so dear
Below upon the carpet floor animal friends
 dwelled equally free from any strife
Since most dined only green leafs or toady mushroom
 then killing each for dinner was rare
Not to dismiss any notion that life was not held dear
Seasons draped and quickly fled bring sorrow only now or then
 hidden about tiny elfin sprites danced many away
While crickets toads songbirds played their symphony
 sweet melodies
And blushed puffs of sunned clouds peppered brilliant ceilings each day,

As clocks never found their way
 time had no meaning hence a beginning was as old as ever
Becoming aged rarely cared as ever dwelled forever
 or so it seemed,

Few breaths ventured an inquisitive lunch
 the matter of how we there we or why we drifted moot
Even as muchtime near perfect sun radiance sets
 one did not inquire
Why distress perfection?
 bubbled streams shone mirrors to the blue high
 while rosy waterfalls tumbled in laugh so joy
Why distress perfection indeed?,

Thus was it suddenly an odd event when a Shadow appeared
 the Shadow bore faceless
 too it bore no tears
 it never answered questions, merely shrugged
 at first Shadow seemed a shadow of nothing of a...thing

Swiftly, then
a killing swung its axe so strong my dear trees came screaming down,

Forest babes knew little
about silent Shadows

forest babes knew little
of what such meant

Still to see my
dear shaded friends atoppled under
to our soft verdant grounds,

Yet,
the day was ignored
night came but quivered
all slept

Yet,

Now more mighty guardians be-felled as never before
the serenity of the forest was dire

Who was this grayed Shadow?

What was this Black force?

Why was it now?,

Anew aburst screamed a dove fell to the earth soaked in blood tears.

ALL SHUDDERED!

The gray Shadow had become black as blacker
and loomed every corner of life

Forest nymphs knew 'it' could be deafened
but this meant needed 'kill -it'
and, all were frozen unable to slay,

Soon as soon the death Demon marched everyplace
everywhere in the groves,
everywhere in the fields
everywhere in the skies,

everywhere in the waters stream
Blackened wanton left its saddened path,
Beneath a toadstool twigs huddled to remembered
a vague like-apparition
It was told of a great fire-thing millennia ago
that all memory had erased
was also likened to a Shadow which came which ravaged to slew
The grandest trees fell first, their sap bled too
Then thundered across wave begot wave of
a greaterest destruction
Yes,
some thought it resembled merely just one dark Shadow,
For those at peace, shadowclouds are not recalled
best joyous to live each way
But whenever the denizens ennoble a task to fulfill
spreading radiances each day
could destroy every destroyer Shadow lurking
No forest would ever fall
nor evil shadow be never so tall
Wouldst
Wouldst, a glimmer of light simply refuse the night!
But this saga of mother earthen forest be it said:
“Tis most forlorn
too, really not new
Powerful shadows black as black can be,
do
Always lurk at the furthest
edge of every great forests seeking peace,”
WHEN,
When will ever.... each children’s trees... simply..... be?

AT THE END

We plunge headlong into an unknown darkness
frantically
but we know nothing in reality
save what we need imagined
of where we traverse,
not the piercing mystery
of why,

Nor shall we ever fathom
because
shadows laugh
and despite all we deem
'tis even comes the end
but a mere illusion.

SONG OF THE TREES

The wintry day laced bitter ice
 skies so clear
 one could hear
white cloud puffs lazily meander away,

I strolled a bit
 deeply about barren woods
 all frozen in time
 all lost till warming suns,

Suddenly bursts of wind gales
 flowed over distant grey hills
 within moments winds rushed frantic
I heeded the sign and hastened my stride,

Then whisper songs of these squalls arose
 sweeping through bowing tree tips
 melodies arose as never that way
as each note grew brilliant each gusts about,

The fervor of rushing winds
 disrupted my deeply solace
 thrusting my soul lilting skywards
I heard ever for one brief moment,

This haunted enchantment of winter's touch.



One hundred and eighty-four . . .

MY ROSE

Bleak upon winds lashed upon
tormenting,
seared a sun, danced in blazes
of anger
fell shadows, dark, unrelenting
uncaring,
always a deluge of madness
upon,

My rose

The harsher the torment
the bleaker the wind
the crueler the shadow
the anguisher of passion
the haughtier of those,
Orphan of so a desolate storm,
My rose,

A softly bell tolled
beyond a desolate wind-swept mist
two lonely doves huddled
a bolder nightingale lilted her soul
when the pale moon drifted over olden woods
a shimmer of lost sunbeams
swayed beneath
dimming moon embers,

There,
standing alone

she embraced
lacey lilacs boughs
as deep night descends
arose sparkling silver-glass stars
struggling with my dreams, remaining defiant
and ever undaunted
more than ever-tide beautiful
in her glow,

My rose.



FROM THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT

In the blackness stars beckoned
naked we stood in awe
there was no meaning as outstretched hands
failed to capture those beckoning lights,

Still we stared and wondered

Some dreamers sought answers
upon some mystical journey
others probed eternal darkness
set upon sail not blown by winds,

Now we stared and dared

One by one mystical dark shadows
fell
the cold heavens now stood naked
as lies laced with fables melted,

Our outstretched palms now grasped each waiting glow
all that remained
among the mystery of eternal heavens
by one humbled amid all humankind
was to demand,

What must be the final question!

ONE BRIEF MOMENT

For one brief moment we were young
autumn leaves were merely a blush

I glanced beyond sun
and felt the pale moon glow
so our path meandered
and led finally to the sea,

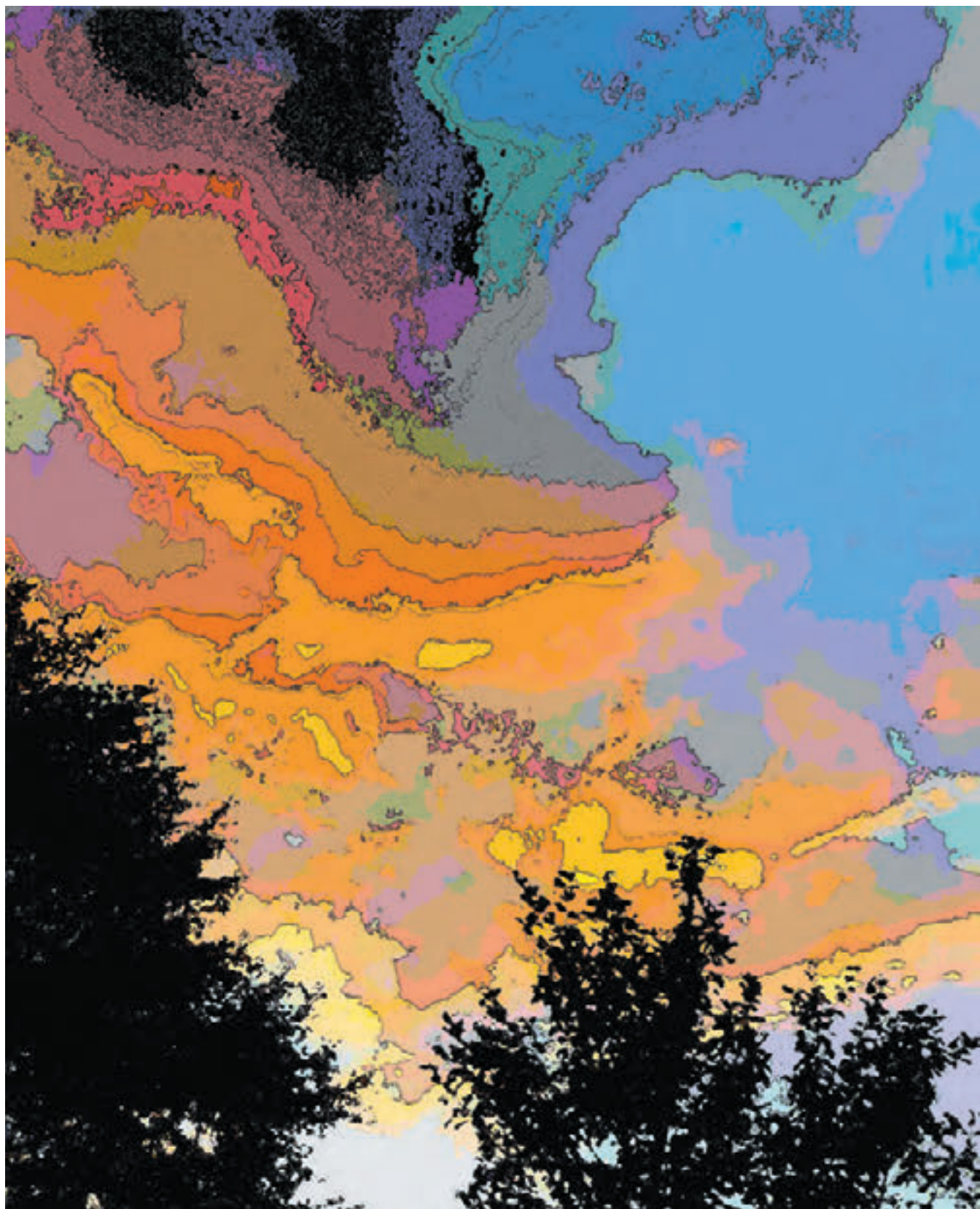
For one brief moment there dwelled merely a glimpse
of we.



One hundred and ninety . . .

VANISHED FOOTPRINTS

Those footprints
engraved in the sea sands
of my youth
have long vanished
by the inexorable tides of time,
There now lives now another world
eagerly awaiting other imprints
to challenge that sea of life.



One hundred and ninety-two . . .

HOXIE POND

ILANA J. WEISS

HOXIE POND

BY ILANA J. WEISS

There...

 nestled aside an olden cranberry bog
 it sits, a small, lone pond of evertime
 all about is stillness
save the occasional sound of a passing Cape Cod train,

 Children for years have found it there
 crossing old dirt paths long before motor cars
 on foot
 walked by so many and yet so few,

Summer suns pushes patterns through ancient tree canopies
 standing in silence
 watching indifferently
 as winds rustle through playful leaves
but nodding below as days slip endlessly by,

Listen to hear the laughter of children
 the love croak of that old bullfrog
 atop those large fluttering lily pads
the soft call at night of one lone loon
 seeking,

Time never waits!
where are you rushing to?
as ever
cranberries are turning
as autumn chills summer air
redder turn bogs nestled nearby,
In stillness, through the darkest of nights
through the coldest of days
frozen in defiance,
my pond rests always waiting
in solitude
with moon and my stars
as eternal companions,
I am the lily pond of youth forever
come take of my embrace
I am always there
awaiting
simply stroll
down that dusty summer lane
sit by my bramble shore
I will ever be there as ever
for just you.



fnis

One hundred and ninety-eight . . .

