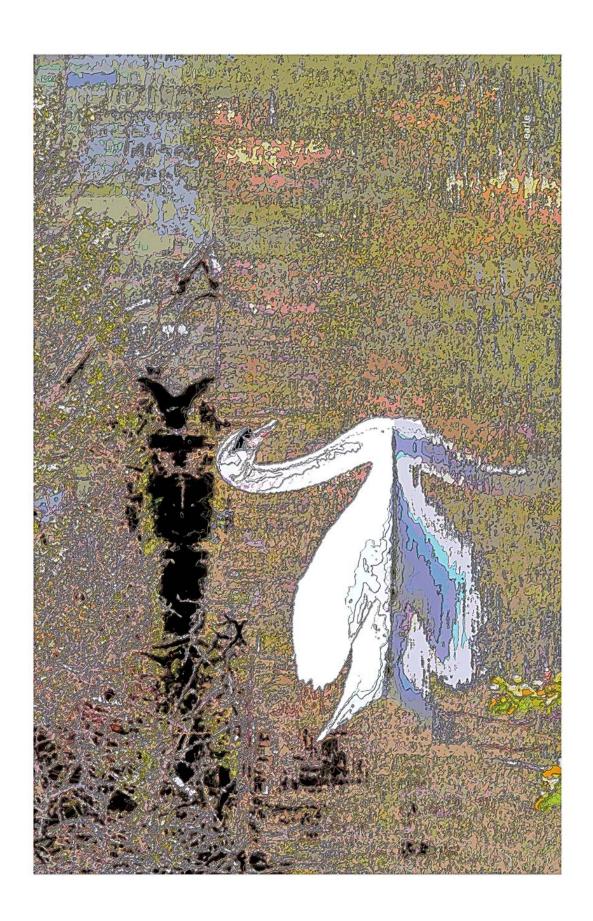
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WEISS



THE RITUAL

Planet earth shifts by law

about its parapet

harsh drums beat

when leaves fall a carpet

nature sees each seasons

must rise to fall

while the shadows of my trees

are quite so tall,

So from the west within

the icicle poles do hurls

the message of another

harsh winter swirls

seasons beget a family of orphans

in every tidal

bear bitter blue sleet coats

each frosted un-idyll,

EACH CLOCK BEARS A STORY TO RETELL 'NEATH EACH FALLEN FLAKE' SO THIS LITTLE APOLOGIA PAINTS A DIVERSION FOR YOUR SAKE,

While men warm their innards

and outards too

extreme-ish elements blizzard

a freeze through to thru

aloof hoary steel blankets

time for each creature

bellows dispassionate down

upon chicks or leader,

On the frozen ceiling of my lake

water birds await the day

but now time for finding still

where bits of warm hay

when hours of sweet living

arises woven rippled wave

whereupon see I all flocks

our ducks cackle to rave,

Every winter's afternoon

the old, olden man found his way

clutched warmly to his bosom

some sacks of sunny day

to the same icy frigid shores

of this same arctic-bitten world

bringing breads amid nibbles

days would he cast aswirled,

All creatures old and cold knew his step

casting a bent shadow

white as snow but powerful feathered

birded flesh their chateau

quite of note amongst all clustered flocks

came trumpeting greatest swans

seemed to sense him anew from

old memories of many shore dawns,

Defiant great whites strode

threatening upon slipped ice bleak

whence deadly hisses groaned

down long slender orangey beak

great gestures of spreaded lace wings

sent geese -a- scurrying a-away

the feast each afternoon begun

with gentled swans having their say!

So fed he merely the morsels

he could ill afford each day

deeply hoped he could dissent

some winterish harshest way

besides too he sensed mere tokens

could not bring to them life

still the feeding dance continued

as this brief respite eased their strife,

For some years this modest tale

played over again years anew

it so seemed how many would flock

again upon a wintry blast true

could he recall each ever year

were friends amongst all yet same

but great swans knew him well

even nodded under new springs rain,

A storm, a blizzard, a maelstrom

now swept an arctic snowy plane

for who would nibble any delight

brought forth from his warmth flame

few creatures ventured this day

even snatch a sliver of breaded crumb

yet trudged he again through songs

by frigid winds being deeply in icy numb,

One erred step was glass to his boot

'tween two graced swans as last age gave
one morsel clutched amid stone grey

clutched fingers unmoving to grave
down fall on aged bosom of frigid remorse

struck frigid grounds with his soft cry
all winds ceased, swan tears tumbled

as knew, towards his immobile eye,

Some passerby folks ran to the scene
but then great birds defiantly arose
time quickly passed whilst night shadows spread
spreaded among his spreading woes
helpless was he, the swans could see
nothing else mattered seemed to be,

Hours later that old man's frozen frame
quietly disappeared from shore
and that dark grayed fog overtook
desolate scene as frozed winds adore
other folks saw no sign nor shadow
of him or his life
nevermore - now- could he evermore
ease cruel winter's icy strife!

(finis)

TO A CAREFUL EYE, HOWEVER, AFAR IN A MIST
OF MISTS DRAPED DISTANCES OF OUR FROZEN LAKE
TWO REGAL BUT GHOSTLY SWANS
SLIPPED SILENTLY
HEADS BOWED YET MOURNFUL,
TOWARDS THE
VERY VERGE OF THE ONLY ETERNAL HORIZON —
WHEN SEEN,
BETWEEN THEIR BODIES THEY BORE A DARKENED, FRAIL,
AND DESOLATE SHADOW, THEY................................
THEY THEN SLOWLY DISAPPEARED FOREVER.INTO THE DARKNESS!

老人と白鳥

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- The Ritual

老人と白鳥

- The Old Man And The Swans

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