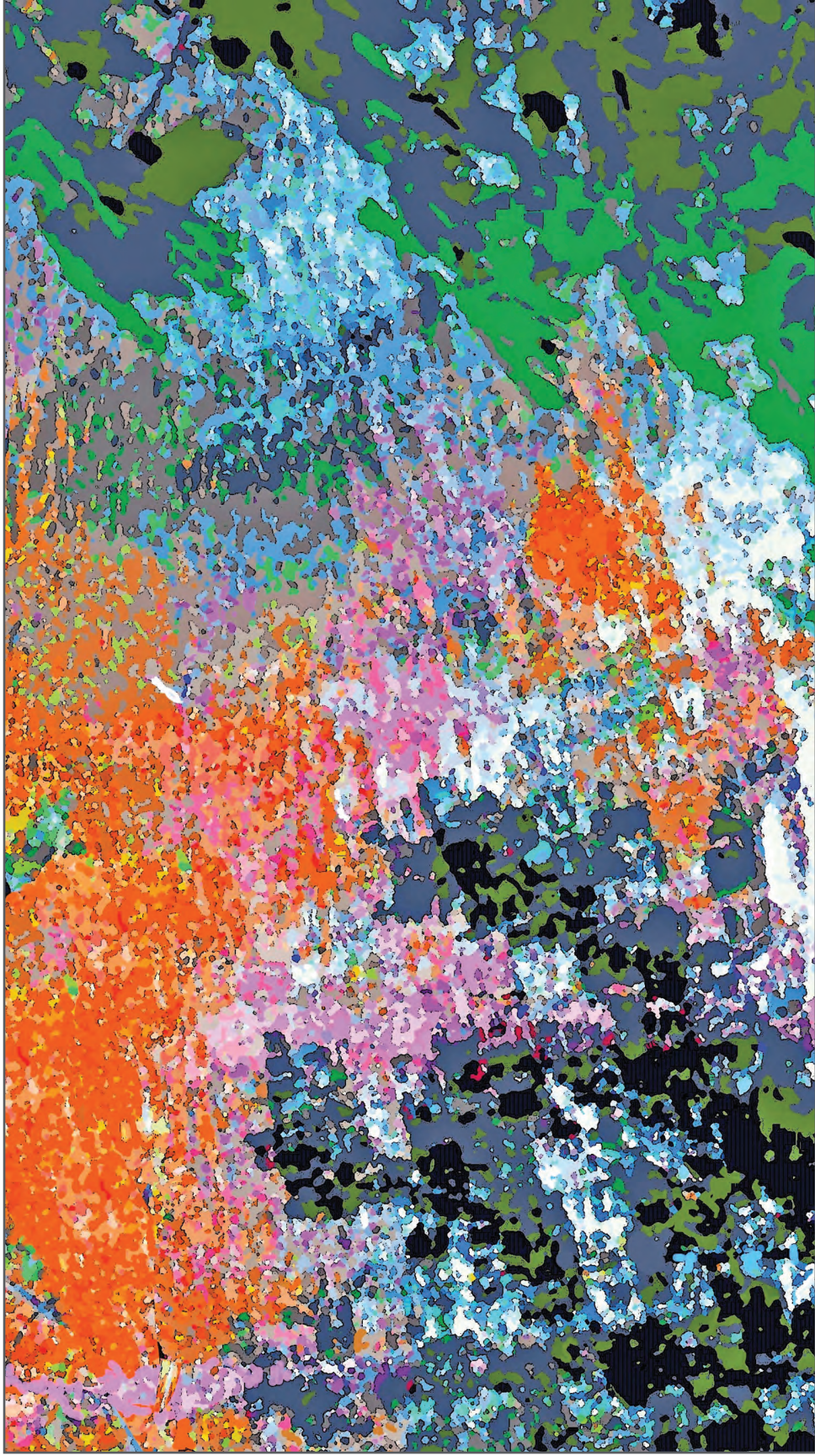




*Unfinished  
Journey*

Earle B. Weiss, M.D. 2021





*Unfinished Memories*





*Unfinished  
Journey*

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# *Preface – Unfinished Journey*

These pages are a continuum of several other lyric volumes I have completed. My motivation has continued essentially exponentially resulting in this my sixth effort.

The essence remains my unending passion to pen.

All illustrations are of my own hand. They live because I simultaneously have developed an interest in rendering my digital photographs into what I have coined as: “Photographic Impressionism.”

It has been a lone, but fulfilling journey. A small number of family and friends have encouraged my efforts. That personal influence alone has made my effort worthy.

EARLE B. WEISS, M.D.,  
DECEMBER, 2020

My sincere thanks to Rob Doray and Tammy Lajoie of Miles Press, for bringing my words and art to life through design and print.

I’m also indebted to Pam Talin at Talin Bookbindery for the beautifully hand-sewn covers she has crafted for my books over the years. Her covers are the perfect compliment to my poetry collections.

## *Poetry Books*

**FADED SHADOWS**, 110 pages, 2013

The Miles Press, Worcester, MA. ISBN-13 978-0-615-0-84938-6

**FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME**, 198 pages, 2017

The Miles Press, Worcester, MA. ISBN-13 978-0-692-90763-4

X-Libris Publishing, 2018, Amazon Listed, ISBN 978-1-5434-7865-5

eBOOK ISBN 978-1-5434-7863-1

**PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONISM WITH HAIKU STYLE LYRICS**,

2014, Volume I & II,

Baldwin Hill Art Press, Natick, MA. ISBN 13 978-1-63173-102-0

**INTERMEZZO-THIRTEEN POETIC LEAFS**, 2018. 13 Booklets,

115 pages, 2019

The Earle B. Weiss Press, Natick, MA. ISBN -13—0-578-60841-9

**SHINKAI-MY SPIRIT WORLD**, 2020, Volume I & II. 116 pages,

The Earle B. Weiss Press, Natick, MA. ISBN-13-978-0-578-74493-3

## *Photographic Impressionism Books*

**PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONISM**, 2014, Volume I & II,

Baldwin Hill Art Press, Natick, MA. ISBN 13 978-1-63173-102-0

**STUDIES IN PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONISM**, 2016, Volume I & II.

Baldwin Hill Art Press, Natick, MA. ISBN 978 -0-692-64317-4

**NOCTURNO, AN ANTHOLOGY OF BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSIONISM 2019**, Three Volumes. Baldwin Hill Art Press, Natick, MA.

# *Dedicated...*

*To my cherished parents*

RUTH, 1907 – 1987

MURRAY, 1905 – 1995



*To my dear wife*

VICKY

*I could never fully praise.....  
all they have unselfishly given....  
with their love*



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*Unfinished Journey*



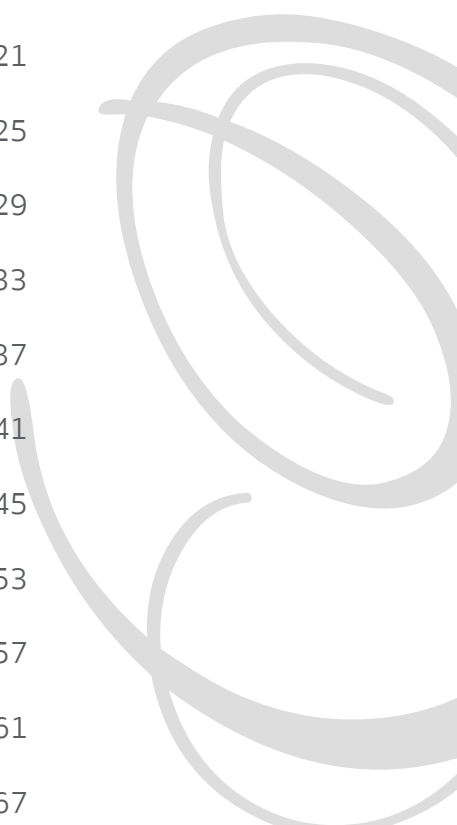
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*The reader should not read these poems  
as in a novel in a rather continuous manner.*

*My suggestion is one  
of periodic readings  
allowing intervals for  
contemplation and reflection.*

*Ennui will simultaneously be avoided.*

*“Then, perhaps,  
one of them might leave some trace  
in his/hers soul,  
some seed that might one day  
bear fruit.”*

{Modified from a letter by Ivan Turgenev .....ca 1890}



*The Journey*  
*Prelude, Quest*

*Unfinished Journey*



# *The Journey Prelude, Quest*

In  
the beginning  
from haunted blackness  
humankind  
humbled by the unknown  
  
gazed at that mystical  
darkness above  
and so began  
the greatest journey of all  
  
as silvery stars emitted absolute TRUTH  
and inevitably beckoned...

# *Prelude*

The  
journey  
within my spiritual essence  
belongs to me only, woven intricate, as intimate  
personally sculpted but deeply  
hidden,

so how I explore  
yet reveal that path  
expressed within my own lyrical guise  
is meant solely, this soul, for these eyes only,

when I share I bare  
that I ill understand at the outset  
inwards dwells that enigmatic persona state  
bristling an energized spirit  
feebly endowed  
from meager worlds I traversed  
birthing imagined idylls forming that, my breath,

what would I become?  
a drop of rain?



as different from all others  
I alone  
by the very essence whatever creative being exists  
especially as self-awareness reveals  
one's true nature, if true to self  
bordering on nihilism  
becomes endowed deep within the matrix of some curious life  
crafted after Eden  
evolves now to a strange, but complex, world revealed by learned  
symbols,  
  
creatures crawling  
from seeming inert printed pages  
dwell within inked written characters create  
revealing....,  
  
for those adept in creating their own memorable proficiency  
our world falls beneath their footsteps  
but for all others  
that world dwells unattainable

thus our tale becomes one form of escape  
amid self-rationalization  
for me, my private dimension seeks  
a mere enfeebled and humbled path to explore my limited truths  
only,

each credo spawns titanic inner upheavals  
dwells within an amorphous deep, darkness  
evil darkness cannot find life-breath  
beyond  
seeking endearment  
seeking knowledge  
aspire to wisdom  
quietly creates that final, lone singularity  
distinct from inert rock,

to uncover that critical question  
in my quest,

Ignore my wounds  
I travel alone,

hence  
you must leave me, now

more worthy dwells  
everywhere else  
this is not self-effacement  
rather some vague, perhaps failed, final somber portrait of self.



## *The Journey*

I set forth  
horizon grandiose quite distant  
head bowed,  
  
what if an autumn moon arrives?  
  
warning tyrannical, at times, evil winds  
swept  
before my path,  
  
crystal mysterious heavens  
sparkled night's way  
enticing, some curious allure  
all unknown  
as on I trod

afar windchimes sang softly becoming lullabies  
but an eerie silence overcame all  
now breeze whispers danced as seductive mythological sirens  
beckoned wild adventures in intimate language  
but was any reason worthy, save to seek,


forward,

long winding lanes, unmarked  
drifted randomly here, there, seeking any logical logic  
faded moons embraced fallen apple blossoms  
essences which delight hiding being hidden,

but why, but where?  
I sat below an aged willow tree,

about  
as with all who seek  
lofty ivory mountain crags  
cast ominous deep shadows  
which  
possessed only truths, but .....



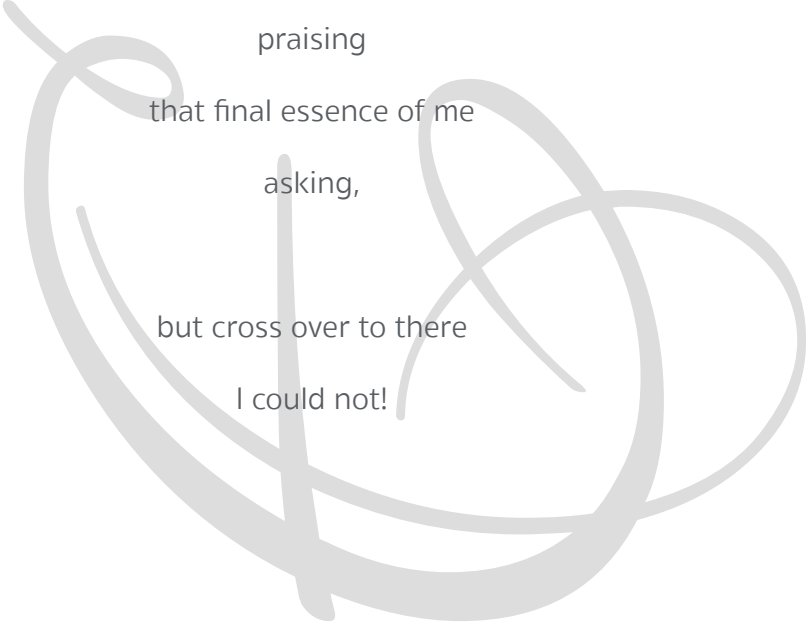


at times along were I sole  
at other moments arose there wise companions  
hoary white  
whom I probed  
for my ignorance  
wisdom laden ancient figures nodded in silence  
but  
neither grimace nor smile yielded any secrets,  
  
“Thou have not yet learned your crucial lesson,”  
sayeth endlessly this refrain from deep places I could not feel,  
  
when I could no longer count the faded days of joyous suns  
nor piercing winds of icy tears  
thence the journeying sought incisive deeper my thoughts,

IS THERE ANY END?  
SURELY THE VORTEX OF LIFE IS PERPETUAL  
HENCE ALL LUMINOUS MEANINGS  
DWELL AS CONTINUOUS DYNAMIC  
SUBJECT TO EACH READERS VOICE  
SILENT OR AUDIBLE  
MATTERS LITTLE WHAT IS WRITTEN  
MATTERS ONLY THY NAME.

# *The Quest Ends*

Suddenly,  
when all pathways finally ceased to exist  
is there some unity?  
and that can ever rarely to be experienced  
I stood fully bare, humbled anew, naked, exposed  
surrounded amid stone shadows  
what remained unfurled an enigmatic yet eternal crucible flame  
its shadow revealing an aged, olden man  
head bowed  
praising  
that final essence of me  
asking,  
but cross over to there  
I could not!



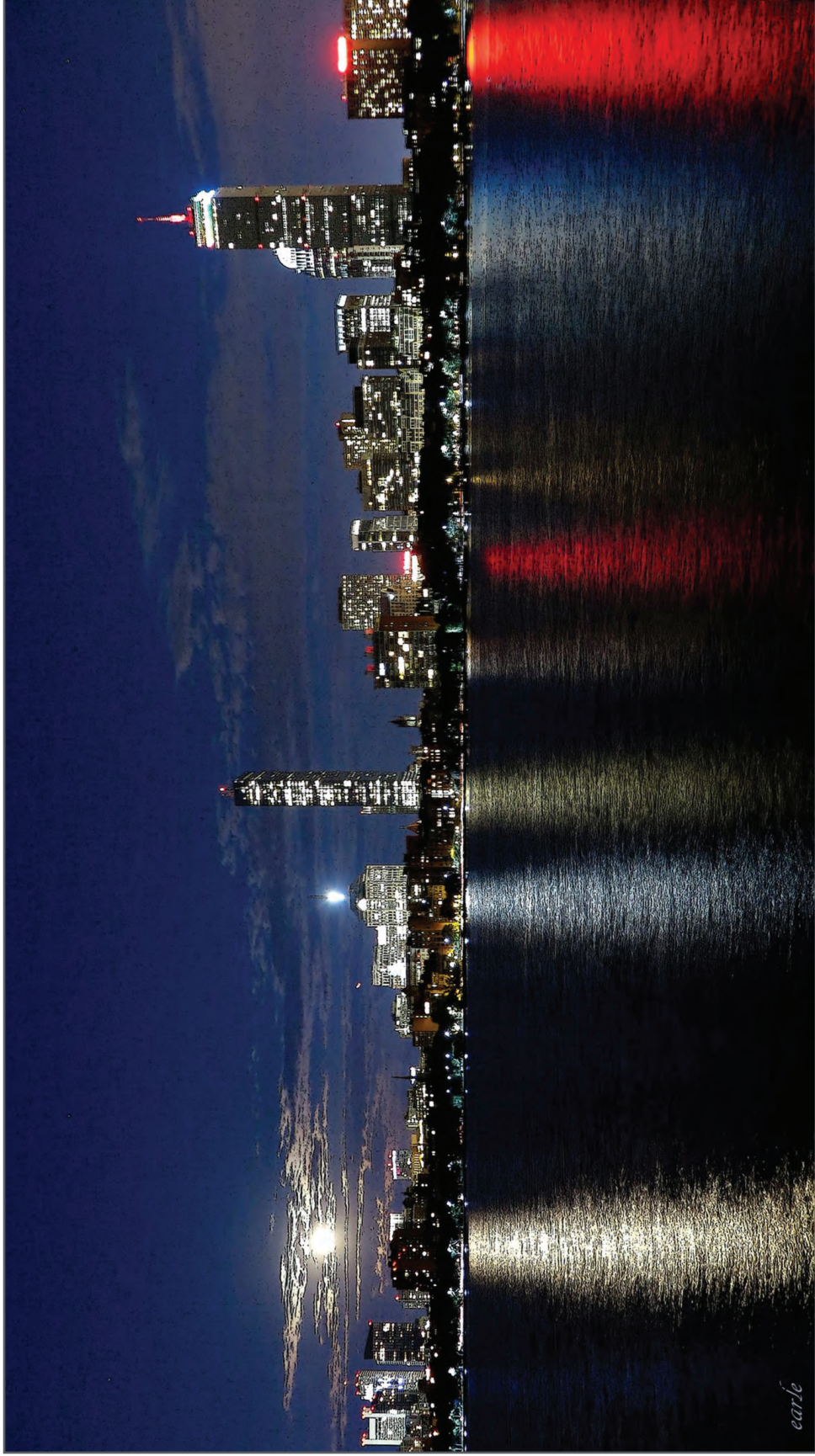




*My Gentle Brook*  
*- a metaphor -*

*Unfinished Journey*





August moon over Charles River

earle



*My Gentle Brook*  
*- a metaphor -*

my

wandering brook trickled over its wandering songs ever gently  
awash upon shy tiny pebbled beds  
shimmering sparkles  
brought alive those bright sunbeams  
of hidden memories,

soon

I yearned,  
aside this meandering flow to dwell why,  
aside, but hidden,  
two cooing white doves,  
upon there we lingered as one  
pondering on ever on  
while my blue waters softly trickled away  
forever days,

as we listened those dark moonnights  
grey cloud maidens swiftly faded  
seemingly all reality was void  
run its time wrought dry  
quenched of bitterness  
tho' suddenly other sunlit skies tumbled gusty flows  
pure aswirling glee,

for as the measure of human flesh drifts ever endless days  
ever so subtly  
where hidden within dwell unseen deeper currents  
my soul servile  
emerged softly a whispering silence  
echoing  
bright reflections adrift beyond mellow songs  
under wind flowing mists  
deceiving all  
with elusive eternal mysteries,  
  
what do we really know?



Afar in a distant fog  
roaring oceans of vainly groping city towers boast  
eerily mechanized flowing cursed paths  
looming shadows-  
'I have many, many, chaotic chasms  
puzzling canals  
weaving not ever, like you  
but stately  
endless concreted tars  
blackened while often icily aloof  
my aesthetics dwell in iron power  
this real world of peoples  
where skeletons bode rigid steel threats  
pleading unique sermons  
that hungry urban theology whence overall  
which  
rules supreme',

rejecting all,  
our gentler waters seep their ancient dance  
seeking other worlds  
offering choices despite their enigmatic nature ...  
of that pristine life,  
which never ceases  
empowering  
her solemn promise embosomed as the truth  
dwelling evermore  
within the silence of disappearing night tides  
to ever flow!



*Youth  
Dreams*

*Unfinished Journey*



# Youth Dreams

I

entered,

finding the imagined haunts of my youth had faded

aromas, sights, smiles

all perished

there, now, instead alien shadows drift

yet, too they will die

given

their once some-times,

these were merely places only I can recall

little exists there for you

or for any others

also groping that reluctant reality

where I unknowingly forged

what would to be,

all  
cherished reflections of our youth  
become nebulous, yea even distorted  
lost in vast ocean ebbs cloaked by time  
they soon metamorphose  
into  
forgotten dreams that carry our stars  
long away  
to here  
to this now place,

yet  
subtly transformed these wanderings return  
aside distant flowing years,

but then  
youth does ever never sense  
those precious vanishing moments  
our olden hours  
we will too soon, lament.

# *The Days Belonged*

*(The final saga of an Abandoned Asylum)*

*Unfinished Journey*



*The Days Belonged*  
*(The Final Saga of an Abandoned Asylum)*

A

late afternoon sun glow  
struggles  
this scarlet autumn day  
creating patterns of woven light amid bronze shadows  
cast long  
cast lonely  
from distant dispassionate tree spires,  
  
upon  
somber grounds  
I chanced upon a hidden final resting places  
lying therein  
those ill-fortuned lost souls  
lost to every saddened world  
where  
death finally  
gratefully released those chains forever time  
those afflicted by harsh mental torments,  
mental diseases which none could cure...

this small earthy world lies curiously pristine

few humans ever

find their way to here

this final bosom of now lost

life,

here,

there

endless haunted rays of final setting sun

grasp some fragmented remains

of

occasional sunken grey slabs

gravestone remnants


mostly buried,

so became that fate of those

who died in a now deserted and abandoned asylum,







draped a peaceful silence announcing  
another of infinite dusks  
belies  
other lingering beautiful pastels  
those earthen mirrors  
reflecting saddened truths of tormented human lives  
those mentally  
abandoned because ever afflicted  
by some incurable disease,  
  
yet  
they did so  
so breathed, so laughed, so sang, so loved and so agonized,  
  
of this never world  
its guardian  
sits one simple small, rusted iron gate  
no locks needed to bear  
beneath the fading rhythm of yet  
another emerging  
diffident, cold twilight,

I placed one small grey pebble upon an ancient stone thereupon,  
tenderly,  
and departed....  
silently.

*Waiting*

*Unfinished Journey*





## Waiting

waiting  
where hidden birthed flames of spring  
harsh March winds linger?

I gaze  
awaiting each timid hour  
any glimpse of my spring-time buds  
beckoning an ancient promise  
to surge delights  
of April's  
hope

as vanishing suns measure our lives,  
eager  
but quite diffident  
yet how fragile emerges each sweetly spring  
when pink apple blossom petals fall,  
and ever slowly drift  
giggling  
in joy!

waiting.....



*Insanity*

*Unfinished Journey*







*Tower of Babel*



# Insanity

*(some things cannot be expressed by words.)*

*(some things must be expressed by words)*

It began an early morning day, like so many others

above

an innocent summer sun rose, while the city awoke to its usual

routine

-Hiroshima-

the clock moved one fateful tick.....

*8:16 a.m.*

suddenly an immense flash

unleashed millions of brilliant suns

mushroomed as this abhorrent shape

bearing purplish-grey suffocating smokes blazing a red core

the lethal signature that agonizes an atomic maelstrom,

a boiling cauldron

instantly blackened

death,

AN ETERNITY OF BLACKNESS



*8:17 a.m.*

human flesh incinerates to ember ash

burning flesh

a charred smoking skeleton of one child clutching her destroyed cat

eighty thousand souls vaporized

screams of unbearable anguish pierce everywhere

sadly, screams only from those burned survivors

remote from the scorched, totally destroyed ground zero

better were they fiery deaths!

their city, flattened, heaped charred rubble marked tombs, once a

civilization,

poetic lyrics an impossible task,

*8:18 a.m.*

The clock of humanity now ceases, forever!

and so the evolution of thoughtful human creatures


over thousands of years

crawling above some life birthing mire

overcoming sorted adversities

slowly transforming

thus grasping the very essence of cherished life



stood upright and erect  
dawned  
intellectual consciousness  
seemingly having conquered  
those forces of irrationality breeding barbarism,

*8:19 a.m.*

never arrives

now

stood he

emerged supremely the sole menace to all existence

upon one fragile rock

drifting bewildered in space,

as its humanity sprawled moribund

Those in flames

Those gasping

to comprehend such a spectacle

neither could reply with any force resembling rational saneness,

Then or ever thereafter.

Time

0.00

What defines a criminal?

What rationalizes wanton fires upon innocent lives as the sole route  
to peace?

What becomes revenge, what reeks injustice?

What barbarism deems impersonal death of any small child, clutching  
her animal love?

What will determine the fate of all?

What of the children of that day?

*A Stroll  
in June*

*Unfinished Journey*





## *A Stroll in June*

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

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

Strewn amid drifting sands amid beckoning wildflowers  
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 now must pierce  
as an amorous sun shone vindictively quite fierce  
sudden arose amidst in my bizarre journey of gusto  
emerged for the very first time this curious shadow,

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

A draped darkness now overcame my lone rambling way  
thus became the lyrical end of another poets vainly day  
so dark was it, I plunged sadly madly deep to a blackened chasm  
fully devoid of all words or letters, so died I in one literary spasm,

Thus endeth my rambles afar away  
this wayward ill fated June-lit day.



*Night Melody*

*Unfinished Journey*



# Night Melody

the sound of old refrains

soared

into a waiting nighttime sky

stars twinkled,

years, you, blended away

quietly,

softly,

lonely,

and with all

my whispered dreams drifted too

tender sweet, some saddened

yet grieving tears

each flowing note

my heart adrift

lost within ageless drifting

mists,

beyond,  
each longing memory  
vanished  
woven within melodies  
united into that strange passing void  
of fleeing time  
embrace and fade, but mere nothingness,

my  
fingers explored  
searching for some meaning  
replies were draped in riddles  
what is the nature of fate?

but  
my songs of lost times  
deeply away into my embrace  
of evening-tides  
found little to be known,

merely,....  
....merely to be.



# *The Dying Poet*

*Unfinished Journey*





# *The Dying Poet*

it was time

That time,

A

wounded robin lay upon her bed

sweetly greenlit grasses

lusting summertime

her body

donned softly this final rest

one eye though remained scarcely open

defiant eyelids fluttered weakly

viewing her last

sundreams, drifting softly, clouddreams

singing pale violets,

gently

haunted whispers spoke of ever winds

caressing

of all that remained

her lovely tipped feathers

barely dancing their

final goodbyes,

we are all subtly drawn, our passing moments

unknowingly

into our silent breaths flowing

ever each days,

a time to soar

a time we sigh

a time to cry

a time for my robin to....

A time....

*(you must leave, but I will never forget, those days of you)*

*Long Ago and  
Very Far Away*

*Unfinished Journey*



# Long Ago and Very Far Away

(Darsūniški, Lithuania)

there was a times so long, long ago

there was a place so far, far away

so, so ago

from whence sprung the roots of us

for us all, ever,

one dirt road entered that place

another dirt road departed that place

and in between lived our souls

with desperate lives such we could never believe

rare happiness woven into earthy furrows of sorrow,

more than a few, less than many

wooden shacks with rare glass windows

such was the dwelling palaces of the shtetl

lining the muddy or ever dusty roads,



an ancient synagogue of decaying wood, stood near

the only place of reverence

other than a food plot tilled by sheer human effort

each was life-giving

each was life-supporting

each saw death if not revered,

*I hear singing, everywhere, Yiddish lullabies*

grateful dawn to dusk

each day and again and again their struggle to find another day

now, this world gone forever

buried in unforgiving if not dispassionate earthen tombs

one generation after generation after generation

ancient cemeteries now almost but lost forever

the lives of days were very brief

children bore family's golden jewels over passing years

all helping for each other

as there was no other humanity

who cared....with tenderness,

always, ever time, some dark oppressions, always about,

(pogroms, conscription, drought, ravaging illness, poverty)

the unbearable summer heat  
the deathly chill of winter gales  
screeching through ancient boards of refuge houses  
the never-ending rains  
endless streams of bugs, rats, vermin, lice  
all ate at the same one, wooden table  
that table by a big black wood stove or fireplace  
in one room  
all grateful to exist in such a paradise,

*smoked filled chimneys, all about*

this eternal culture  
thrived upon  
an eternal reverence for Hashem  
the never forgotten prayer candles  
announcing food delights  
each Shabbos smelled the sweetest moment  
from a drudgery  
once, faithfully, every week,  
mamele,





lyrical chants of those shtetl times are meaningless  
intimate portrayals demanding

the wrenching struggle of that world is now ended,

over for one of two fates

emigration or holocaust, either determined by hidden destiny,

go to sleep, my little doll

**גיי שלאָפן מיין קליין ליאַלקע**

and despite all

an ethos of Yiddishkeit

to revere a culture often blessed with eternal creativity,

we

threaten our fragile affluent lives

the hours we fail to cast one suffering glance to that past ago

for they are truly us

as we, are indeed they,

if heaven's clouds of ancient memories could speak,

thus was their tale

this saga would yet to be told....



Y'israel יִשְׂרָאֵל

Blume בְּלוּמֶע

Shmuel שְׁמוּאֵל

Pauline פּוֹלִינָה

Joseph יוֹסֵף

Rapheal רָאפֵאֵל

Ruth רוּת



*A Cup  
of Coffee*

*Unfinished Journey*



# A Cup of Coffee

Two coffee cups, both quite aged worn

rest

uneasily upon a small wooden table

once long ago

so very long ago

there in a somewhat dimly lit but familiar room

yet

warmth dwells those many days of rare friendship,

two men

one older, frail, hair white, thin mustache, face gaunt

lulled alone within their deep conversation

one drinks, the other stumbles his lips on a cold brim


voices at times pensive

other moment's enflamed

within breasts deeply aroused,

occasionally, in the faded distance, soft tolling bells drift,

which was forever ago



seems forever ago  
that café, splintered, aged and greyed  
within  
rare moments seeming merely trivial  
ignore their passing  
ignore their passion  
weaving that human fabric from elements of lost space embracing  
ever lost time  
sealing like welded steel that rare close bond  
only few souls could barely recall,  
subtle moments we all faintly sense  
my friend, another coffee?  
had I known then  
what ravages me now  
those transient innocent shadows of our being  
endearingly silent,  
now I sit  
one cup quite cold, rests empty  
the other waiting,

awaiting an embrace  
which has now forever  
perished,  
more hushed sounds of distant bells,  
but,  
all but remains  
that place, sealed within the same dim corner  
that worn table bearing one cup bearing a few drops of cold coffee  
the other grey cup  
sits empty  
alone....  
an endearment never in vain  
yet for that which will never be!

For my dear friend Jackito 1922-2012





*Summer  
Elegy*

*Unfinished Journey*





earle

*Wild Tiger Lily*



# Summer Elegy

*- Our Lives Flow Within Silent Rhythms -*

There  
deep in long valleys flowing amid distant pale hills  
beyond all windswept meadows  
beyond my eye ever roamed,  
  
as morning dawns  
dwells a world  
weary from endless fiery summer suns  
teeming, now worn greened leafs  
quite overgrown  
below sepia brushed tall grasses  
tired and spent  
wildflowers nearly all faded,  
  
we all bowed under heavy humid rainfall skies  
finally humbled  
all drenching all,



subtly arises now that hour for rest

eternal

all times must yield

turn by turn,

once

gentle sunny day breezes now flow cooler

beyond, late-day shadows bend as longer as lonelier,

yet soaring oaks

gleefully hurl spring promises with each acorn plunge

harvest swallows abound

as red-drenched leaves twinkle here and there

amid patches of somber grey meadows wedded to fall's aromas,

when I roamed these fields as a young boy

so

so long, long ago

I remember

softly at first that fateful chirruping hum

falls voices murmuring their familiar lilt,

my cicada,

I hear them yet  
each year, their song speaks anew  
tolling true  
cool ice frosts will soon hover the lands,

listen!  
a subtle, peaceful voice engulfs us  
the autumn air rises from the rolling pastel hills  
sealing memories  
now strewn deeply into mother earth  
sleep fateful threads  
until another summer flame,

but  
cast aside the old reality,  
only so many vanishing moons will rise and then fade pale  
the simpler times now stolen from our youth  
do all flee  
and sing our only tale  
savor those times  
woven within summertime's joys.





*Poetic  
Confusion*

*Unfinished Journey*





Poetic  
Confusion

A wandering poet

found himself

entirely lost in a rather strange, foreboding place,

Suddenly beholding an erudite yet stubborn rock formation,

Whereupon

its stone-crossed voice bellowed roar-

“POET!”

“Why do you write what that you write?”

He, our bewildered poet, pondered as timorously

then murmured his reply in muted tones:

“Because I think creatively when I pen

and when I pen I think,

I think,

er..., contemplatively,

deeply, uniquely, er... quite imaginatively!”

Barked the towering granite scholar in swift echo:

“Oh no, I see by your rationalized response,  
you are clearly eternally lost,  
somewhere, indeed here, am I not quite fully correct?”

“And rather Irrevocably?”

“Irrevocably, indeed,” head nodded,  
emerged the somber lyricist’s reply,

“WELL, SIR OR MADMAN, YOU CANNOT DEPART HERE

I DO DISCERN.

A PLIGHT OBVIOUSLY QUITE HOPELESS

THEE THUS MUST LEARN

YET, OBVIOUSLY DEPARTING THIS DARKLY

VOID BY A CLEVER STROLL,

YOU MERELY NEED JUST PEN AN ADROIT RHYME

TO IMAGINE AN ABSOLUTE ESCAPE OF

YOUR LOST POETIC SOUL!”

*Passion*

*Unfinished Journey*





# *Passion*

what  
does groping  
through a dark abyss  
with walls that cannot exist  
seeking visions  
which  
cannot be sought  
we nevertheless  
burn  
with desires that will thus consume us  
defying all conundrums  
imagining  
any passable answer lies  
within some dismal corner of endless blackness  
casting  
those shadows about us  
those we loathe and desperately fear  
while  
irrational torments ravage within  
those scalpels which blaze  
yet must driven blindly pursue

that passion  
within our soul,

we scour  
we plunge,

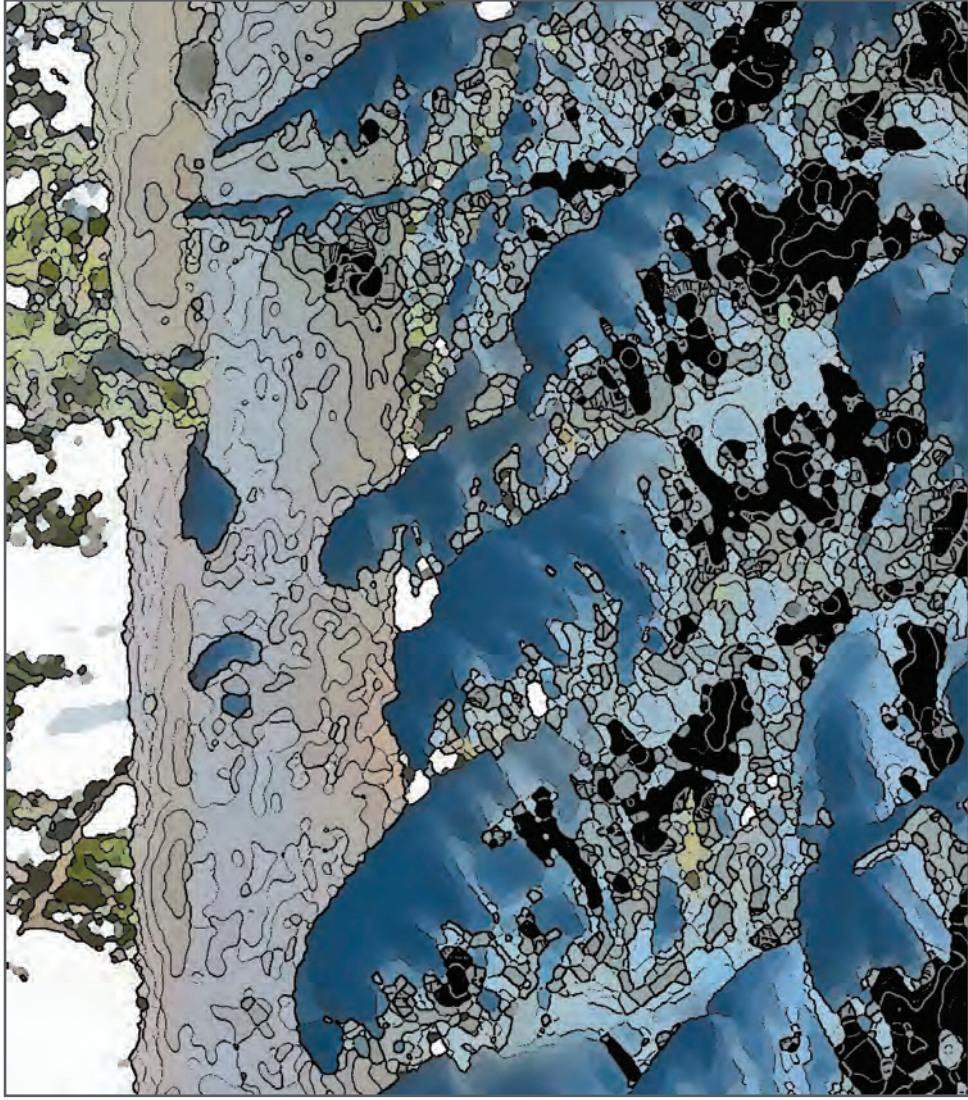
yet we, I,  
embrace life, alive  
thusly I see myself,  
me.



*Wintertime*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Winter's palette*



# Wintertime

frigid winds  
sweep frigid snowflake swirls  
as wintry arctic cloaks encase the waiting lands  
scarlet oranges fading colours of autumn have fled,  
now days must yield beneath those darker clouds  
nothing escapes  
deep shivering chills each passing day  
from fragile twigs to rolling hills the polar grip holds fast,  
  
alas, morning mists arise clad ghostly white  
our shadows brief, deep within those soaring woods  
all earth slumbers, hidden beneath an icy prey,  
  
so too with fragile man  
  
each daylight  
we seek skyward for any hint of passing warmth  
yet a solemn sun merely reluctant as brief across the horizon  
ignores our pleas  
stubbornly barely drifting across distant plains  
where rules darkness hiding long shadows

indifferent  
quickly yielding to that hostile evening's clock,  
night times wed much solitude  
lonely, dark, yes desolate  
huddled in wools  
for time too has become frigid, even aloof  
frozen in icicles which sing icy songs  
solemn moments lost in every frozen cove  
we reap ever howling winds cast by threatening winter's Gods  
blind Hod, the Norse winter god, blind be he!

howling storms race across this scene,  
  
deep within barren woods  
about every naked field of fleted summer's promise  
over encased frozen ponds of endless waterways,  
  
lone walking souls bend ancient backs bearing each frozen pace  
I too struggle  
groping  
those footpaths below offer little grace save ever frozen quilts,



still,  
snowy owls delight the nights  
as mourning doves huddle under a moment's brazen cold  
asleep all chubby chipmunks shrug in glee  
while ever children playful clamoring,

but for all  
this season tells merely another sketch within our swiftly days  
solace dwells possessed by curious hoary pastels of beautiful  
portraits  
boasting sparkling evenings following brilliant cobalt days  
winters own rhythm is for all  
merely nature's solemn toll,

so are the days of mankind, us  
born austerity, driven by deeper forces we cannot control  
we learn each, within its nature, but...  
some search for words which shiver our pens  
for now, even our writing yields,

slowly  
surely  
each new feeble sunrise brings warming rays  
soon a desperate spring will finally announce,

yet  
within the lingering inevitable icy grip  
snowflakes still laugh  
at the long hours hidden yet  
under deep winter's stubborn frozen drifts.





*The Victorious  
War Machine*

*Unfinished Journey*





Dwarf Iris



# *The Victorious War Machine*

A looming steel tower

dominated the scene

below

hushed blackness covered, then shuddered

....again!

atop,

elderly angelic figures scurried

in reality tyrannical totalitarian lords,

below

submissive youthful forms bowed silently, in unison,

demanded these potent elders from their unassailable loft

'All before our utopia

is that cruel, ugly, ruthless enemy

we must protect our righteous fatherland

our hallowed country

God-given

we the pure,



thus you will KILL, KILL

now,'

for our families, land, and common good!

street murmurs rumbled

gilded bugles blared pure allegiance

afar dazzling flags emerged

emblazoned with the new national symbol,

two ruby vultures,

in brotherly embrace

oozing blood from their talons!!!!

an ominous

night sky thundered with monotone grand cheering

(‘sheep dancing upon iron lies’)

drowning mankind’s eternal truths

quickly all souls fell ar-row

in a row, a row, a row facing the ages of that familiar nodding black

horizon

thousands wed under obsequious shadows

those shadows of youth’s blind fidelity

no matter the obsolescence of this dream

heads bowed

now quietly marching

in thunderous silence creating black smoke

obediently

impulsively as senseless alive yet deeply

within that thunderous silence,

–‘kill, Kill, KILL’.....

steel bombs lunged

seeking wanton, random destruction

barbed raw flesh wound into dispassionate wire spears

aside blinded marchers

deadly automatons robotic missiles soared

driven by novel crazed computer technocrats,

amidst such mechanized terror

ferocious wild beasts scurried for safety in sheer amazement

astonished that such clear brutality

dwelled within that surrogate animal,

man,

afar

elite elders floated beyond in bejeweled yachts

seemingly immortal

gloating upon endless

warm scarlet rivers of human flesh,

florid human blood  
flowed from those despicable enemies  
always bright, brighter scarlet  
redder than ever  
always gushing  
beneath veils of unspeakable screams...,  
'none of us!'  
boasted the reaper, 'but of those!'  
their women  
their aged  
their crippled  
their children  
drained of life's essence  
among earthen fields of mutilated bodies  
strewn beyond redemption,



alas,  
this poesy,  
these embroidered futile words  
dwell feebly in ageless texts  
these barren, vapid slogans  
seeking redress  
haunted by this naïve poet  
hurtles unto blood - drenched soil,  
bitterly as eagerly their waiting grave  
there to ever rot,

amongst wasting fetid carcasses  
with each innocent dying soul  
each failed social cloak  
each enigma of human destiny  
resounded ...

‘The darkness of human war and senseless deaths again!’


Unless an outstretched hand.....



*Measure  
of Days*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Measure  
of Days*

do not measure  
the breaths of your days,

the ground lies ever silent  
whilst bearing apathetic stony conundrums,

a spiny finger weaves our fateful tale  
on the scroll of emptiness

as

time laughs for all,

what meaneth this dimension you speak-'time?'


the silent pale moon, wistful winds

endless roaring ocean waves

distant mysterious stars

beckon each nighttide,

what lurks ever void,



pause!

meander amid flowering meadows

touch softly petals as you pass

they dispassionate

your ever dwelling friends,

there,

our path unfolds wherever but merely once

once moment each moment day

so escapes silent time,

where I roam

when I roam

as I seek,

soft strains of Romanza haunt my classical guitarra

drifting and alone

that essence of its soul

there remains no clock for aged romantics in these old hills

listen

each magical sound  
falls  
evanescently for some alluring kiss  
each suddenly fades,  
  
our  
thoughts empower ever to create  
embraces conquer  
while deeds live  
for  
each instant which quickly passes that birth  
of our moment.





*An Autumn  
Encounter*

*Unfinished Journey*





*An Autumn  
Encounter*

It was a late September afternoon  
on my leisurely stroll  
blue skies, winds quiet as light gusts  
migrating starlings chattering overhead  
I happened upon  
one last surviving yellow daisy,

hidden deeply there  
amid darkly shadows  
among  
threatening formidable thorny brambles,

I paused to admire  
I paused to wonder  
really not quite one philosophical interlude  
then reached I to escort her home,



oh,  
suddenly a mirror of woodland life  
a small drop of glistening evening dew  
there  
nestled upon those weary petals,  
I pondered,  
whose blossom was this?  
clearly she nurtured from mother earth  
had I the right to grasp away  
those fateful last moments  
of this summer's ever glow,?

be thee, petals born of time, your shadow be eternal....

bowing to capricious autumn clouds,

this day had now subtly lengthened

arose then a gentle westerly breeze

suddenly intruded upon

my wandering thoughts,

beyond, beyond hidden veiled doors the Gods bemused...

I lingered  
as I glanced admiringly upon this fragile flower  
I now passed, leaving her to the ages  
with slowly steps...  
and gone, yes departed this brief scene,

some moments later  
another sudden but gentle gust, a breath swept from ever lands  
drifted across browning endless meadows ever softly  
finding some path to intrude within my soul  
swirled all about  
imparting a rather curious 'caress' upon me  
then as vanished....as suddenly  
into the deepening early autumn twilight,  
  
forevermore.



*A Midnight  
Snowfall*

*Unfinished Journey*





# *A Midnight Snowfall*

A

gentle snowblanket

swept suddenly this darkly night

silently

drifting frosted flakes

danced into blinding swirls

driven

beneath gusty winds,

slowly embracing forest shadows

aslumber,

upon each tree tip spires

upon waiting shadowed pine-needed tips

weighed upon frigid all earthy sorts

soon

laden to submission,

each silvery flake twinkled ...touched

then twinkled again,

soon soft ghostly moonbeams  
emerged, here... there  
painting all ever so gently  
leaving a world  
draped in  
peace.

*Written in  
the Tea Leaves*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Written  
in the Tea Leaves*

The tea leaves  
are indeed upon us  
again,

time clouds blacken  
malevolent horizons spawned  
below, shuffling footsteps  
drive all eyes downward  
toward that restless, merciless mother earth  
again awaiting,

our horses crimson  
we fail  
red, gushing blood fuels our hero's odes,  
anew, an old, rhythmic boot begins its march  
but muffled under deafening rhetoric  
while silent complicity  
feeds that once final destructive malignancy,

'the fault lies not in the stars', sayeth Cassius  
rather within synchronous dire fates  
nourished by avarice  
bled from endless greed  
fueled by again the eternally masterful enemy  
within his bony skull  
man's ignorance,  
wedded with man's apathy,  
  
nothing unique,  
this drama's embers dwell from antiquity  
while its ashes thrive  
within identical green-glowed coals  
arises first facile subtle rhetoric  
serve well as innocent entreaties  
masked as sweet fabrications  
minds closed  
they self-righteous persona  
unleash anew once great latent evils  
cloaks shimmer in self-proclamation  
as mass hysterical blindness fuels  
all,

seize ye fists of impatient stones!  
then  
human interactions become pernicious  
setting that inevitable path  
of life and death  
by whose wisdom  
by whose orders  
by whose empowerment  
divines militant pacts which engulf a relentless downfall,

now universal  
this world is doomed emblazoned  
escape awaits flesh's new destiny  
until.....

In lieu of sensibilities  
Screaming  
we brothers  
we sit moaning  
diverted by seeking patterns of rationalization  
in some empty cups  
containing leafs  
of entirely innocent tea.....  
we just sit.





*Chaconne Praising  
Night Stars*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Field of imagination*



# Chaconne Praising Night Stars

there  
somewhere there was darkness  
I gently embraced my ancient cello  
about my arms  
there somewhere in the darkness  
beneath a canopy of ever star draped darkly world  
where now lifted, my gazing, my pale coloured full moon  
arose beneath our evening cloak  
drifting melodies which promised ever to flow eternal  
to somewhere  
but, soon day's dawn glows thee another dawn  
greeting new fates  
awaiting no truths or covenants  
as I wandered beyond  
ever there  
alone,  
  
alone  
with those, her plaintive songs  
as I embraced within my arms, my endearing  
cello.



*The Blue  
Feather*


*Unfinished Journey*





# *The Blue Feather*

In  
early morning hazy mists  
a vague silhouette blends within lakeside grasses  
motionless  
absolute silence  
tufted neck  
long wading legs  
await  
its curved neck, arched  
until that swift moment of strike  
retrieving another hapless wetlands prey,  
  
many a day  
I have watched our great blue heron, along the shore,  
amid tall reeds and most majestic in flight,  
  
her sweep overhead  
is rare sight indeed  
a huge and soaring wingspan  
her feathers  
flashing blues amid gentle greys  
under a slowly measured yet powerful winged tempo  
casts a majesty about her lofty shadow  
her message of primal grace,



it  
was another coldish wintry day  
quite whitish every turn  
all earth frozen beneath  
as  
I made my daily trail  
about edges of our frosted lake shore  
snow heaps entwined with muted autumn leaves –  
I often passed this way,  
  
there by footpath's side  
she lay, inert  
mute  
quite gone though  
her body frozen but intact  
yet as some gesture of final defiance  
her blue flight feathers  
quivered in the soft winter's song,  
  
no,  
no mourners,  
merely a rather barren, inglorious final tale  
more, a simple passing of one of our lands more elegant creatures  
this, her sorrowful final journey,

I pondered  
I knew little theology allowing my mind to inquire “Why?”  
the death of all  
this death of great and small  
each day  
or under darkly moontides  
as silently as alone our fellow creatures  
we each fail  
we each fall  
in our return from whence all flesh found life’s nurture,

for me  
the pale winter’s sun was now rapidly setting  
this frigid and somber February moment,

I began my leave this dire melancholy scene  
but a brief ice wind insisted  
her feathers gently ruffled anew  
as if to bid one last  
goodbye,  
so I paused again,



I offered my lost words for her final path,

but, suddenly  
one blue feather  
escaped her remains and  
bore skywards,  
as silently  
and as swiftly  
and as then vanished....  
forever!


*Dark Destiny*

*Unfinished Journey*



*Dark Destiny*  
*Anake\**

a darkly wind  
everywhere beyond the forested trees and barren lands-scapes  
churning wild voracious seas searching beyond my imagination's pen  
seeks  
softly as clouds or insatiable as cruel steel  
it eternally demands  
demands  
from all, its inevitable toll, that which is  
shrouded within dense grey mists  
for some causal logic ever unclear to 'man'  
remains enigmatic  
deadly incarnate,  
demanding from all  
wherein a silent silence drapes our souls  
afar distant bells plead to be heard  
whatever this voidless calamity  
carves beyond



yet bowed in formless shadows these footpaths are well worn  
thereupon birthing a passive defiance  
lurks

for the nature of humankind's consciousness  
fires a creativity, deep within our amorphous psyche, all by chance  
we cannot really fathom  
incessantly mutinous ghostly spirits  
within bounded-less bounds  
which speak

so  
bends within our essence  
scathing our judgment beyond oblivion  
for  
the heart knows nil, as inner spirits laugh whilst imagination wields its  
jagged ax  
and death stands confronted

allowing destiny  
to free the innocent child!

(\* Greek goddess of fate and destiny.)



*A Caged  
Lullaby*

*Unfinished Journey*





*A Caged  
Lullaby*

forever  
sat she  
lone, alone, lonely,

within those small wooded bars,

only  
humans create cages  
tormented within  
my brilliant golden feathered canary,

song chirps soar freely above so bright mellowed

yet mellowed  
despite alien human-prison

her plight,

not there born to be  
but ever never  
rather winging her brilliant sky,

yet why?

entrapped  
her beauty drifts eternal singsongs  
soaring freely into freely winds  
curiously wrapped about  
dispassionate  
she now lost forever time  
within evil, silent, cold-eyed prisons,  
  
on this day in sun-promised spring  
this longing to be  
aloft by swift dazzling butterflies,  
  
drifting aside quietness woodlands  
rolling green hills  
accompany those running  
water tumbled brooks,  
  
what avarice does man hold  
enslaving my creature  
her fragile worlds  
her fragile voice  
so fragile, so dear  
  
SO.....,

undaunted  
despite looming dark shadows  
sees all, knows more  
yet  
of her sing-song days,  
her nature calls beyond  
lifts peace beyond her caged  
greed,  
  
whilst  
I only can bear my tears  
no comfort to my caged nor  
my saddened  
heart.



*Midsummer's  
Moment*

*Unfinished Journey*







*Orientalia*





*Midsummer's  
Moment*

I....

wandered about this perfection this day  
my hazy morning quickly fell beneath one flaming sky  
all about is revealed those dreams of mysterious creation  
all hidden secrets revealed in lush green meadows this moment  
still, distant mists briefly hide faint blue laced hills  
soon lay bare amid scattered lush fields  
boasting colored pastels dwell this summer's day  
amid wild flowering petals embracing our flowing grasses,  
as each creature roams about as others soar about  
delighting this seemed endless time  
bearing warm as fierce sunbeams,  
afar grey clouds arise slowly to announce  
another afternoon's defiance  
which quickly befalls the land a sudden hushed stillness  
now rages thunderous bolts of light streaks  
amid its racing darkened sky  
all creatures, bees to winged flight songs, many brown rabbit ears,  
bend, to flee

plunge daring summer rains  
as familiar eternal tales ever tell this tale, for  
soon bursts playing brilliant sun rays streaming their brief bravado,  
there I sat to rest, to simply be  
so long ago,  
do I recall?  
alive  
each given time, each given day  
of those few moments  
passes beyond the fate of each countless years  
where we subtly dwell  
if not humbly merely obey  
forever embraces the land  
embracing an idyllic Xanadu  
where we stroll among our summery leafs  
and like my soaring birds ever they flew  
for eternally there flows yet ever anew  
merely another mid-summer's song  
so transient  
this  
ageless moment.

(Oh bright summer's day  
beyond twilight  
brightly flees my nightingale  
flowered meadows  
caress soft breezes  
shall  
I ever sigh)



*Wanderer's  
Tale*

*Unfinished Journey*





# Wanderer's Tale

A

wanderer drifted about ever lands

seeking

seeking that which he was seeking,

perchance, in a lonely hollow hidden by

majestic soaring trees

long before the evening hour

he engaged an elderly man also walking these paths,

with a nod

said he to the aged man, "what doest thou in life?"

"I be a weaver," was his reply,

a weaver in a lonely forest at deep twilight

seemed curious yet innocent enough

thus our nomad further inquired

"really, can you stitch enough to sustain thee?"

"Sir wanderer," was an immediate reaction

"I, I sir weave moonbeams,"



“Moonbeams?” responded our wanderer  
in somewhat of an astonished tone  
“no one can weave moonbeams!  
old man!”

a few moments of contemplation, our hero reconsidered  
the reward could be great  
“Ah, can you really weave moonrays into some form of value?”

the reply,  
“most assuredly,  
the value?  
valuable from enticing then entrancing, silver moonbeams  
which stir memories evermore  
verily, I weave silver flowing moonbeams into golden dreams  
all magical laced with gold  
ever too, alive with promises  
for, each moonbeam I capture to stich and sew  
ennobles, embraces those nights of human’s despair  
quietly transforming glowing fields with wisdom woven unto peace,”

‘but I .....’, astonished was wanderer’s gasp,

“You must seek such for YOURSELF in your quest  
yet you must always seek with a purity of desire  
for each wayward glowing moonbeam  
‘tis for you to seek and to gather  
and thence clasp to thine bosom  
seek among those darkly ancient towering trees  
which soar with humility upon their sacred ground,”

“Silently  
unassumingly  
yet lovingly, there will await a reward  
this path will gently weave those moon songs to thine inner self  
that be golden  
thus will endeth your eternally lost journey  
of wandering with no end  
as you will discover, thee hast revealed all  
forever wise, you will ever be fulfilled.”



*The Dim  
Yellow Bulb*

*Unfinished Journey*



# The Dim Yellow Bulb

Within a bleak, old room, scene an ancient city hospital  
one dim pale yellow ceiling bulb  
breaks the dire silence of this remorseful deep night,

this world asunder.....

I sat, waiting, aside his bed

frozen

as all remorse passes an ever endless path,

sounds reveal more within this place

in the distance now and there sadly sighs

others cough.. many varied moans amid

beeping monitors sweep about

a nuisance, comforting

indifferent, dispassionate

entangled amongst the quiet steps of those entrusted

who pass here or there, merely as shadows, most silent,


I was young, I knew somewhat medical tales  
but I was young yet  
bound to care, bound to tend a host of afflicted souls  
but alone, at deep night where disease offers little regard  
for passing time or noble credentials of any sort,

So was another journey  
begun  
so was another journey  
to be lost  
either, belonged to each respective as yet unknown human realm,

I learned some curious matters about deep night  
wherein often dwells the essence of life's great secrets  
with its challenge for compassion  
and its challenge for healing  
facing difficult illness or worse  
often never revealing those secrets of final instants  
I alone to mend  
or not!

There a strange paradox, being healer never feigns compassion, for  
the end of days beneath a dimmed yellow light, my choice freely  
embraced life though never really sensed all which might lie ahead or  
before any final darkness.





    this moment,  
    I within that pallid drab room  
    air heavy, air still  
    an elderly soul draped about rough, stained bedding,  
    propped high upon his bed  
    gaunt, bearing terrible distress each breath agonized then failed  
a shadow of blue-tinged persona despite meager efforts of gaseous  
    oxygen  
    upon his face,  
  
    deep breaths  
    all failing  
yet I sat, pondering what more to comfort,  
    my mentors slept!  
  
    whispers of mighty seas begat their fury  
    roaring storms, daunt darkening clouds  
    in due course humans face all  
    all which need be travailed...  
  
    I had done by ancient books what burned as learned  
    enough to know such times would cease  
that reckoning beset all anguished breaths since days of early mire  
    the torment I became a witness, for all else I had failed  
    such is our humanity.....which awaits our humanism,

are there words sufficient to reveal these depths we face?

is this truly the realm of the poet?

feeble lyrics impaled upon sharp barbs of reality!

yet I tended, transfixed, futile beside him

in that era, of my youth long, long ago

of my days where such was as was

breathing machines for this desperate disease moment

did not yet exist

this unfolding meant nothing new, here now,

I placed a cool compress upon his forehead

a wistful nod seemed to express some sort of longing

our silent eyes met yet could only speak the final truth

of these last moments,

sounds agasp, cough fails

over and over I pondered, how I failed

is ever enough?

I was young,





one dim ceiling bulb seemed metaphorical for this tale

pale yellow glow

faded, fading, a riddle merely for now

beyond, this yet deserted coffin began an ominous flicker

aged lifeless shadows fell across timeworn greyed walls

sealed in silence past tales untold herein

sung upon lung rales

all such sagas sealed eternally

beyond ever time,

for, who really was this one human before me?

challenging me

his plight I never knew for more than a few meager days

now fate decreed us together in this sealed bond

failing humans with common frailties, common desires, common

passions and

now, pain.....,

though hand in hand, we were really alone

in our despairs sounded only that desperate voice

confronting that enigma I knew not how to reconcile,

I could see

I could sense

but I understood little save looming failure before me,

yes, I cared

yet layers of fate cloaked all  
...the destiny of death finally decrees  
that dire shadow which haunts each soul  
dancing only to our individual human clock,

then, in one moment another call for immediate help,

in another room.

for another patient calling desperate need,

I quickly left his bedside

And .....

(December, 1962)



*What is  
Reality?*

*Unfinished Journey*



# What is Reality?


Why are we so restless?

fleeing through our singular days  
of 'the' future we know little save some vague expectations  
founded on someone else's historical senses, having little real  
considerations

of each past moon reflecting images, fleeting  
all is but a mere dreamlike stage  
passing through each minute, hour  
experience seems the only pure existence  
this moment alone is real.....

it flows instantaneously while robbing the future moment  
which by now has quickly elapsed  
until another sunbeams songs that haunt gypsy dancers,

we are all touched by gentle lights  
yet evanescent pathos  
doom shadows to fall as they may  
usually careless  
as that rare melancholy after a brief, warm summer's rain



passes too soon the instant of our youth  
wrapped in simple innocence,  
  
a mighty towering oak tree awaits  
the dream child swings beyond her soaring lyrics  
an elderly couple stroll along their distant woodlands  
each lost in thoughts  
entrapped by thoughts  
that are mere reverie  
they are only waiting..... waiting their days  
days wed silently to enjoin darkest nights  
to which they indulge little sway,  
  
so we dwell  
eternal cannot ever exist within me  
our flesh is but endowed so briefly  
we deceive ourselves, quietly  
so we endure, so we survive  
woven within those vaguely subtle threads of life,  
  
yet, I measure all lost days and forgotten silent time  
within the joys of our passing life  
most endearingly as  
merely a softly embrace....

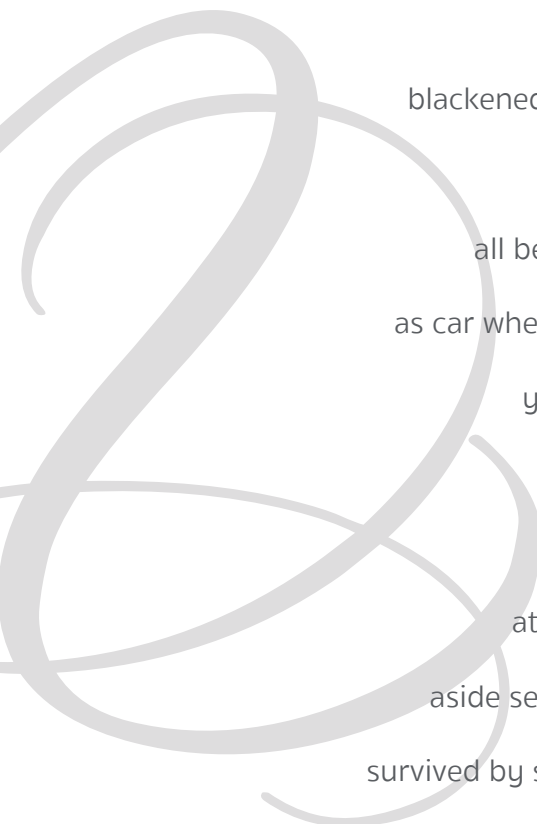


*An Urban Daisy*

*Unfinished Journey*



# *An Urban Daisy*



Ribbons of road paths crisscross create  
perplexing mosaics within  
this urban horizon  
blackened tars enfold ghastly cements  
woven in confusion  
all bearing dizzying madness  
as car wheels roaring here's and there's  
yet indeed nowhere's,  
at one sole intersection  
aside several zoom-boom pathways  
survived by some odd engineering ingenuity  
error  
sat isolated small patch of what was once viewed  
as sacred mother earth  
that organic life-giving matrix becoming rarer with each zoom...,  
ever hardly to notice,  
zoom,

yet, therein survived one frail  
but fiercely determined yellow daisy  
impertinent  
obstinate  
unyielding  
defenseless  
curiously battered  
by puff exhaust toxins, smoky soot pollute all  
with each supersonic zoomed auto-gust  
abashing her by,

each days were smudged days  
which begat dusty nights  
often dashing polluted black rains evermore  
still begat mighty roars of racing times,

thus she struggled in searing heats  
no ornate suburban watering spouts  
to ease her stresses,

no child in awe to bend and caress  
to admiringly sigh  
'How simply wonderful  
our worldly creatures they be,'  
  
her mission simple, her mission pure  
merely struggle  
to survive,  
  
thus our heroine dwelled  
rather quite alone  
fully losted among steel girdered trees  
sadly unlusted, infertile  
within civilizations apathetic concrete passion  
simply  
simply for THE illogical fury of neo-human's frenzy  
.....speed!



*Eternal  
Winds*

*Unfinished Journey*







*Eternal  
Winds*

And winds swept amid blackened nights  
within deep dreams  
a reverie ever never  
to end,  
  
beyond  
by light each days invisible forces  
singing  
recalling cherished olden times eternal fate  
as you walk ancient skies, alone  
ever enticing those lurking angry clouds,  
  
(as a flowing lullaby, falls..... falls ever so  
slowly ..... to waiting dust)  
  
within pastel autumns, hushed moonglows  
each flurry drifts softly  
ever daunting worn wooded branches  
upon ever trees dwelling  
upon softly earth  
deep within time anew ever time,

you  
bearing fragile flesh  
see swiftly sweeping winds seem to glow  
indeed soar while endlessly enduring,  
even while last sun embers dance across deep night seas  
our age-worn coats borne of silent promises  
silhouettes endure,

long, long ago

yet the moving whispers deep within nighttide delusions  
drift hushed beneath star swept horizons  
ever and ever  
.....old,

forever haunting change we feel embedded deeply  
as soaring gales evoke new reveries,

while we grope,  
we reach to embrace that enigmatic mystery  
why,? as drifting winds evermore  
so silently.

*Meadowlands  
Come May*

*Unfinished Journey*





Meadowlands  
Come May

*(Quietly I trod a frigid winter's path...  
now I sing of days to be!)*

Now  
quietly emerges

warmly suns announcing their return

May-tides,

perched boldly upon one lone fragile twig

drifts embolden a pure sweet lilt

my solitary meadow's lark,

swept about meadowland's barren fields

gently young leaves portent life anew

while drifting bird songs insist

oh!

sunbeams finally defy

winter's icy grip,

here, there  
gentle scents flow  
newly blossomed pale lilacs,  
alive,

I recall then, now  
that ageless, enduring bond

dazzling colours, gentle days  
lover's hands  
for one brief moment  
an earth embraces peace,

my soul now consoled  
is released, wings free to soar  
alone within playful winds  
lullaby on and on my meadowlark,

your songs swirl  
about waiting lands in their ever-dreams  
as shadows of warmly trees  
greet  
the dawn of young lovers  
flows ever-enduring that promise of our life  
anew, eternal spring.








*Freedom*

*Unfinished Journey*



# Freedom

I wish to be a free man  
this my dream  
this my time  
might I wander all lands bearing little fear  
equal amongst my peers  
peer amongst my equal,  
  
not more, not less  
  
and  
whenever or wherever I might strive  
to conquer my conquests on self- merit  
cloaked beneath dignity of flesh  
solemn  
as all other driven humans  
whose blood throbs alike, same bloods as we  
all bright we bleeding  
human souls,



there I heard a whisper flowing through iced teardrops  
so I dreamed to  
so I aspired to  
until a moment of haunting, banished thus all evil hatreds  
totally void as empty,

prejudices bent grossly grotesque

then,  
under one moonlight eve  
I perchance upon one small, cracked mirror amid life's dusky hallway  
before me stood reflecting my stony face an agony  
I were BLACK!

yet even thence more, I gasped my throat...  
it... I ...was WOMAN!

thus am I condemned to ever to but eternally grieve to dream  
herstory,

am I?

*Romanca*  
*(Spanish Folk Song)*

*Unfinished Journey*



*Romanca*  
*(Spanish folk song)*

Close your world  
sheer nightfall descends  
allowing only  
imaginary senses to emerge which deeply probes  
that naked inner soul of self!

let creative singing-songs  
spin within this world  
now arising from brilliant slivers of olden wood  
births my Spanish Guitarra,

enter softly  
all kindled spirits drifting about those lone plains of Andalusian  
steppes  
magical  
hidden muses which have long dwelled along these mystical borders  
life gives life  
along the mighty Guadalquivir river  
seduce gentle blue-pastel hills  
sweep frolicking winds amid swaying images  
evoking their gift

the haunting guitar lullaby Romanca  
deeply exposing your inner truths  
that native music dwelling across endless time,

these melodies weave the flesh of our lives

yet

breathe, but merely moments so few,

it is yours to seize

if you fail

that which demands

full humility

you must pause,

spread your arms

embrace the guitar seductively

and open your soul,

transform...

one memorable encounter!



*The Quiet  
River*

*Unfinished Journey*





*The Quiet  
River*

The majestic river wanders  
and quietly drifts  
about its subtle path seemingly indifferent,

flowing quietly through those distant, faint rolling hills,

deeply removed from searching souls  
myriads of tiny water droplets  
quite insignificant  
embrace their womb from afar lost lands,

yet

its inevitable dark power  
emerges as amorphous rivulets  
guised as mere trickles  
random-likened  
but destiny laughs  
among tall flowing grasses  
then each stream enjoining  
into the awaiting jealous myriads,

suddenly flows there a multitudes  
swirls, embrace softly merge together  
harken, we are but one  
thus births in its mighty path our grand river,

deep colours now singing,

deeply  
by dark night  
glowing each sunrise  
rippling under August blazes  
indifferent to rapacious ices,

yet the riddle of all begins as the last embers of light  
concede the power of dark nighttime  
whence now ghostly spirits escape the grasp of mother river  
to flee skywards  
and drape black skies with myriads of small lights,  
humans deem stars,

in fact these stars live deep within the watery river flow  
only to be released  
once the moment of black-time arrives,

soon



vague forces of determined fates embrace eternal time

and seemingly

that which remains darkly obscured

quite invisible to our psyche

will nevertheless

determine all,

so travels our subtle paths, a watery demand

we,

we searching, seeking peoples

must carve irrefutable human

icons

masked ἦθεα ethos

adorned to πάθος pathos,

these innocent flowing events

lost in the vagueness of passing time

all appear but minuscule gardens of our souls

quite hidden from all

seep upon

those hidden embers,



and despite October's frosts  
amid love's first embrace  
passions of lust swept pride  
these silent events  
collude,

eternal conspirators  
as tiny flowing streamlets  
intrigued by the more deeper beyond,

our  
human consciousness  
grasps our greedy ego-image for recognition  
attempting each moment  
to elude certain inevitable but invisible fates  
impelled into their irrevocable  
paths of motion  
ages ago  
by now, long lost forces  
deep in earthy soils wedded arching fields  
as each stream is really never identical,

the portal of man evolves complex  
our self-awareness emerges from a darkness  
for each day past day flows to blend  
so giveth that new birth  
of our own unique  
raging river  
of life  
of all life  
of our fragile lives.....

Deny!

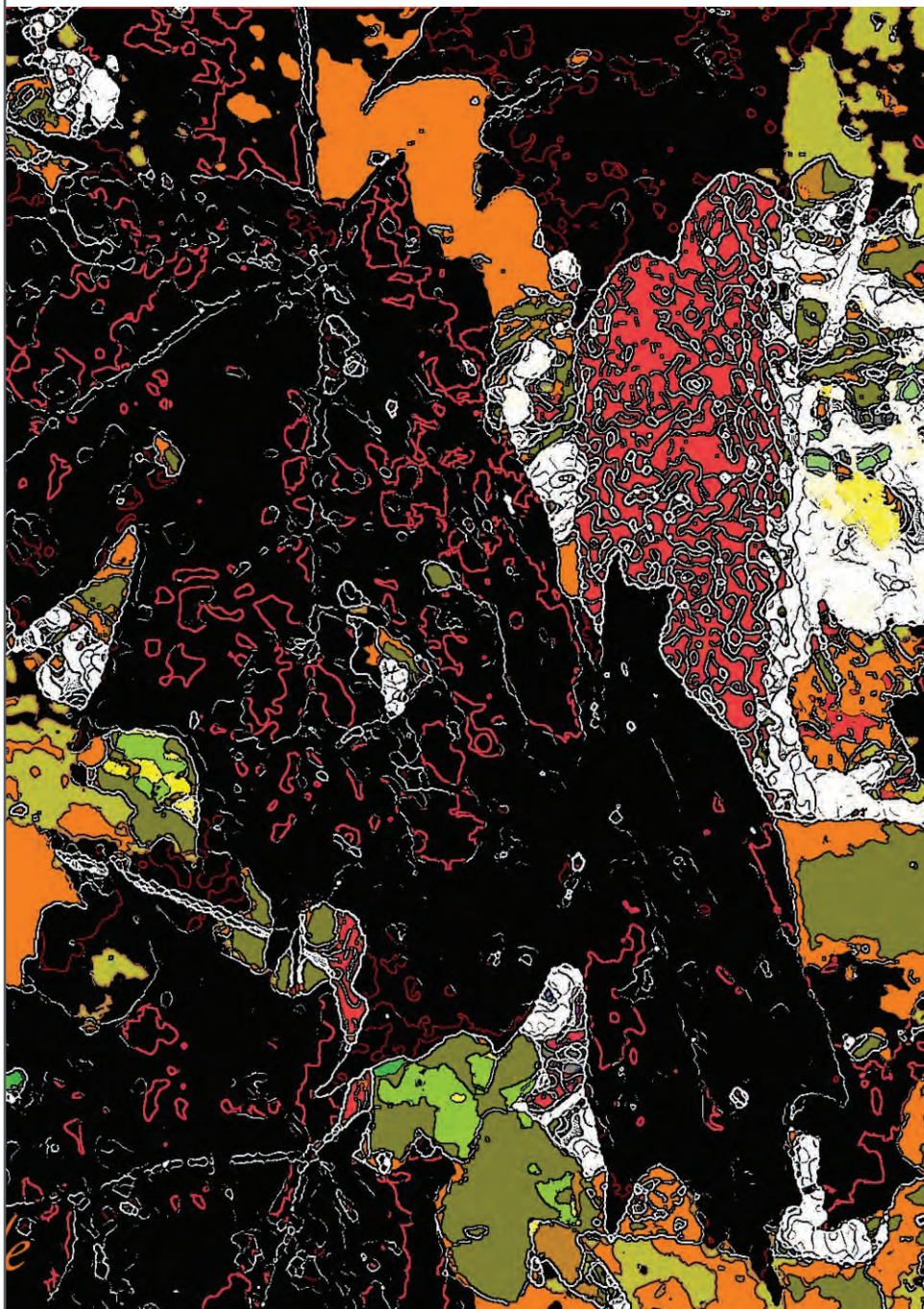




*Haunted*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Motif number one*



# Haunted

I am now old, the day's dream ago...

Here, there,  
a rainbow pale colours  
sing  
a sorrowful melody  
I can barely hear,

perhaps I prefer  
not the song  
as passed youth is too pained my sinew,

collages of all, they lie  
and days  
were never more  
merely a simple moment  
to be,

why

of so many do I hear their chant

sweeping lost years

into my essence?

of

a forgotten street scene

timid with ladhood

where drifting mists

revealed an aged, bent peddler chanting by his shabby wagon

assorted wares,

a peddler aside a wagon, aside a street, aside a ghetto,

aside my youth

never

any word to me, a timid child

but yes, a subtle nod to my mother for a penny few,

why


this plagues me so

with echoes of his anguished pleading chant?

I have so many fond ghosts and spirits

waiting

to reach this paper I pen,



those  
endeared  
so full of favored life  
they rich of substance never pled  
in those barren streets  
now quite distant to my eye's mind,

what  
bore the link  
of this image of despair  
I could never remedy nor redeem,

was this haunting  
of my mother's, mother's mothers, father's fathers toiling so  
dire  
not even the poorest now could fathom their misery?

a misery  
torn,  
blatantly lacerated  
ripped from human flesh  
such it became, with apologies,  
scorched into the very fabric  
of my, our, your ...pleading spirit,

what was sold

to save

what was saved

to sell?

why

do I ignore

those endless cries from the ancient ground

to fathom,

one ragged old peddler

shackled to his wooden pushcart

desperately hawking archaic wares,

whichever daunts

my

aged, aged

Memories?





*The Spirit of  
the Indian*

*Unfinished Journey*





*The Spirit of  
the Indian Brave*

*An ancient dream  
Sang what would be  
And so all lands ever trembled*

~In the ever winds a tale was told~

“The ‘Creator’ roamed  
distraught  
he imagined a second genesis of greater purity  
since the outcome of his first garden seemed  
doomed,  
and so it was dreamed  
and so it was done  
thus flourished another new world in a far distant place,  
a new beginning of all  
that which was, was  
thereafter  
despite all, this new spirit world called Americas dwelled  
unspoiled,

The 'Creator' emerged as a proud Indian brave  
many thousand moons before white man trod  
where spirits embracing the land flourished ever pristine,

so arose chosen ones, 'red men,' ordained

under an innocent reverence

for towering mountains

for endless forests

for flowered meadows

flesh and blood

wedded to the land,

for millennia

native peoples existed thusly

what nourished

amid

millennia of bright snowfalls

and blessings of spring thaws


only

crystal waters flowed

caressed all pure silent winds

azure skies, abundant woods

nurturing teeming creatures



bearing an inevitable harmony  
that for all bore  
a reverence bowed to natural tranquility,

An ancient drum  
Sang what would be  
And so all lands seemed so

what was this land?  
surely not all idyllic  
yet arose this sacred domain  
animals among indigenous native life  
existing for sheer sustenance  
beyond  
greed, avarice, rapacity  
paper monies, crushed beer cans, blacktopped roads  
plastics pollution,  
more  
where destructive slaughter of life  
for sheer human pleasure  
remained unknown,

unspoiled alas befell became a mere matter of time

the time had come,

for

the sacrosanct white man knew better what was “good”

for savages

those irreligious heathens

with those tenets which had been amply proven

in another continent

long, long ago,

so America’s world succumbed

to rapacious appetite abetted by torrents of swirling diseases

falling into an inevitable despoliation

that conquest demanding

removal of innocent but resistant Amerindians

who failed to properly respect or understand

their new white master’s ways and laws,



*A silent drum  
Sang what would be  
And so all lands now breathed evil*

thus, white man's supremacy birthed  
an unforgivable unyielding  
native genocide  
as  
our 'Creator' Indian brave watched in utter dismay  
as all fell  
aimless, ruthless, horrific  
bearing ill compassion never any human concern,  
now ruled conquest images of defiant Caucasians  
flouting  
despoiled waters  
despoiled air  
despoiled soil  
destruction, yes too, animal species  
hardly one butterfly could dwell  
yet  
every corner dwelled in lieu  
towering concrete jungle trees

divisive lands rutted over tarmacked roads  
endless ecosystems quickly fallen  
within but a brief tick of earth's dying clock  
as each white man's belly  
grew, and grew beyond grew,

*A silent drum  
Sang what would be  
And so all peoples again expelled*

A dense foreboding miasma now blanketed all this earth  
which little could penetrate  
those eternal sands of time  
it mattered little,  
wait,  
there by forests edge the fog gently lifted  
now, a vague image subtly emerged  
'twas the appearance of some dwelling,  
indeed  
a lone Indian tepee viewed softly  
children at play  
their laughter piercing clouding hazes



a few women passing consumed their chores  
skies cleared then faded anew,  
  
one lone soaring majestic bald eagle  
  
arose one towering figure  
a singular Indian brave clad solely in loincloth  
adorned by one tall white feather upon his crown  
stood he absolutely strong, solidly resilient  
proud  
but deeply sorrowed  
strode he near and strode he far  
in but a few strides  
into and from  
all tainted human veils of time and space  
his image began its final vision  
when from boldfaced cheeks  
ushered a bitter stream of tears  
from one eye sorrow  
then  
from the other,



each tear fell gently to singular defiled grounds


one drop by one drop,

our dense fog suddenly shuddered

all images consumed by embracing mists

were now forever

gone.



*And the ancient drum  
Sang what would be sung  
And so all songed lands became as sung,  
ever despoiled*

*Never*

*Unfinished Journey*





## *Never*

the fading suns amid drifting mists  
brilliant autumn leaves each ever fallen  
somber clouds drifting above for the moment  
familiar shadows lost seemingly alone, lost aside the mighty sea  
one tear  
ever, those we have deeply loved are never lost.....

there in the grassy meadows, hidden within slow mists, beyond the horizons and beneath our shadow, wherever we turn, whenever for no obvious cause, and seemingly forever their spirits whisper our very essence. Too often arising at simple moments of seeming happiness, or when twilights arouse our innermost senses or when deeper darkness finds some uncanny reality of regret then wrenching memories of those we so endeared seem ever to suddenly remerge.....leaving that lost grasp of their mere presence as subtle dreams seemingly more dear than our fleeting days.....and desperate as is desperate for once to rekindle any existence, the defiance of their loss humbles ourselves as we grasp for any flower that might empower one moment....we sadly learn that forever lost births those tender moments which see us humans....as fragile, frail, defiant yet severely haunted...by those now ever gone.



*Passing  
Moments*

*Unfinished Journey*







*My Dusty, with love*





*Passing  
Moments*

One

late summer day

before an ebbing pastel sun

sought its horizon

I pondered

along my stroll aside a river's edge

what the fates would bring,

to

this ebbing stream with its magical flow

or for me

beyond my silent path.

drifting

wandering pale softly clouds above

awaited where frivolous breezes would dwell

thus their fate,

as that shadow cast from one passing dragonfly,  
all  
face their paths alone  
each to probe their silent dreams, their destinies,

no lust  
this day now humbled before  
an inevitable fading dusk,

this allotted moment  
never again to breathe,

this moment softly  
foretold by gently swaying river reeds  
aside faint fog draped flowered meadowlands,

this my bosom,

these illusive surreal memories  
jewels of our flowing days

vanish

futile, quite far quite too swiftly

being that mere shadow

day by night by day

passionless,  
yet forever.



*Twilight  
Reverie*

*Unfinished Journey*







*In my dreams, forever*





*Twilight  
Reverie*

Some feisty Gods  
decreed  
'never ever lost times'  
thus slowly emerges from brilliant sunlit days  
swirling  
faint lights soar as that subtle curtain draws  
quietly unnoticed  
about, darkening leaves gently rustle  
whispered cooing my huddled doves,  
  
now  
faded shadows drift into scarlet pastel glowing horizons  
for a moment the lake mirrors this last gleam  
then, a haunting wail-call of the wild loon  
drifts skyward  
piercing  
slowly everywhere this final new intimate scene  
announcing starry splendors of darkly sights  
for all,

that brief moment for merry crickets to boast

and I,

I, to dream!

*George's  
Story*

*Unfinished Journey*





*earse*

George





# George's Story

surely

a little poverty is not quite that harsh  
after all, one meal a day now and then  
sharing a hard wooden park bench  
seeking a place to just merely rest  
each evening becomes one memorable gala!

how many homeless souls wander this earthly arena?

hungry

every sunrise

hungry

urinate in any

hungry

sleep wherever

hungry,

cold

lonely

shamed hands dispassionately outstretched

ignored by most passerby shadows,



homeless,

personal despair

sagas

despair permeates each lost soul

these misfortunes cast by inexplicable twists of fate

surely their plight cloaked in ignorance

'must all must be just lazy'

few boast obesity

societal responsibility for our fallen fellows

reads merely upon that rich marquee

a pure civil façade,

to appease the rich?

to appease the State?

wherein lies humanity's personal responsibility

in a free democracy

in a dictator's realm

in any civilized contemporary land?

rarely!

George roams dark cold streets of his great city

totally alone

among swiftly streaming hordes

steeped deeply as presumed benefactors

sweep aside other's misfortune

some rationalize

certain classes exist parasitic upon those affluent crowds

dining tonight at La Ritz,

launched from dismal dank alleys

begging becomes a mantra for simply a singular world!

quickly adopted by our unfortunates

while

some find such seeming mendacity remorseful indeed quite difficult

these are more lean and more hungry


of this primitive wandering of lost human species,

not George

once middle class


home, children, work bearing all reasonable niceties,

fate replies!



now belongs he to the  
omnivorous street shadows  
clothes lacking elite fashions  
one sack becomes a global carry all  
a naked man for all seasons  
dirt-laden, attire often shambled rags  
the soaking rains, extreme cold nights pale against  
any sense of self-worth  
shattered forever within the dispassionate abandoned doorways  
about my concrete palaces  
seeking whatever morsel,  
  
sought has no answer!  
scrawny  
hands ever outright palms plead skywards  
occasional coin brings  
grateful bits, but brief solace,

life's time for George ceased long ago, forever  
roaming lonely urban haunts  
all merely deserted his too common journey  
nothingness breeds  
save  
endless exhaustion  
endless empty,  
tenderness drifts memories as a haunted barb!  
endless despair  
becomes a malignant final submission to his, lost humanity  
profiles often become inevitable  
a bent spine is emblematic  
both anatomically wed metaphorically  
endless descriptions of existence on the streets become morbid  
most must refrain from envisioning what is their actual reality  
bearing that reality  
one inevitable solution is to just keep walking...  
away  
ignore outstretched pleadings  
misfortune comes to many in our days  
unmoved, we, passerby's just hurrying on,



this plight ravages so many we never seek  
their shadow vanishes into empty time  
long, dark, impersonal moments  
existence is hidden in dark corners, abandoned psyche  
wherever there are no shadows cast  
this my home, this my coffin  
no solace within my endless reality.

No, no my poet.....alas  
really all is merely rhetorical symbols of your naïve lyrical fantasy  
my world of ever misfortune  
all breathe simply from your imagination  
all of this prison is but hideous, mind wrenching lies!

You see  
I have searched deeply within my soul  
then fate descended beyond my grasp  
I had little recourse and failed  
to resolve the torture of what has befallen me  
no family, no home, no key this despair  
gratefully  
these trampled days will soon end

yes, I am now broken  
broken of all that has been lost  
to face my plight,  
this, my coffin.

“Please leave me in my peace....  
I will reveal my own.... tale!”





*A Conundrum*

*Unfinished Journey*



# *A Conundrum*

this mortal world  
totally bound  
locked into an inexplicable and inevitable  
flow of time  
searches for answers  
to conundrums it has only rarely defined

the autumn winds fail to reveal  
the frailties of our human mind!  
much was accomplished,  
but we know not the consequences

moving forward is too often blinded  
as time only see's  
the moment  
or  
what has past, ago.



*Late Summer Rhythms*  
*-An Elegy*

*Unfinished Journey*






*Midsummer ode*






*Late Summer Rhythms  
An Elegy*

Late summer sun's refrains  
have fled  
sloping shadows age deeper longer,  
  
those  
bright spring canopies about dancing birches  
adorned eager landscapes  
yet now  
swooned spent leaves  
flutter with anxious yellowed tints  
bowing to cooling bolder westerly breezes,



earth's gifts  
lands dancing o'er blushed fields  
pregnant ripe vines  
soaring corn tassels  
plunging hickory nuts  
embrace and wedded all  
together's fate  
etch passing ominous clouds  
while mighty  
Jupiter dwells low about easterly heavens  
rather smug if not quite triumphant  
brilliantly ruling his August sky,  
  
now  
arises singing  
inevitable nightfall rhythms  
gathering eternal yet familiar melodies, incessantly,  
  
listen as  
ageless chirping songs boasting by hidden crickets  
plead their plaintive truth  
they, so gleefully  
betraying our pastel earth's earthly hour,



and as ever days wither  
waiting ripe valleys and misted hills bound  
beneath that inevitable gate  
timeless for all  
demanding all living creatures  
kneel, kneel about her ordained cloak,

thus  
we embrace each to each other  
dearly our hands we clasp  
yet fail  
to forestall those fleeting  
days upon cooler nights that sigh  
inevitable cannons daunting  
our lives,

bewildered  
my confused pen bemoans  
that thief  
that imp of invisible time  
having fled my days  
there but one mere moment,  
befalls this fruitful season,  
begone our summery days,

go!

Joyously weave my autumn quilt.

*A Winter's  
Thought*

*Unfinished Journey*





*earle*

*A moon, silent trees, the eternal river*





# *A Winter's Thought*

All sorts of times  
draw us near,  
  
moonbeams drift  
cold shadows sweep these now darkly nights  
drifting sparkling ices  
sprinkle  
upon our lonely winter scene,  
  
while frigid winds arise  
my river birches bend and flow  
always in their grace,  
  
this darkness finds little friends  
tho few creatures do stir,  
  
my familiar footpaths  
quite too slick  
I dare not,

while deep forest woods  
stand darkly in forever silence  
remain as majestic  
yet lost, alone,

yes sleeping silver snow meadows  
knowing their fate  
wait under that coat of snowed flakes  
merely pensive,

as  
ever moonlight twinkles  
frozen river ice deeply creaks  
while swirling gales  
create  
their own snowflake dances,

'tis wintertime!

*For Lois and Allen*

(is this scene irrational in being?  
or do these contrasts enhance poetic lore?  
what imagery exists here results from unknown fates  
and of my pen  
nevertheless  
this exact moment did exist  
never to return!)



*An Ageless  
Longing*


*Unfinished Journey*



# An Ageless Longing

strangely  
began an odyssey  
looming and threatening  
towering ageless mountains clad in silvered ice tips  
sliced the blue heavens  
while below  
among lush valleys  
abundant with verdant life  
astride endless arid yet painted deserts  
all engulfed  
by thundering ravenous roaring seas,

thus  
wove an unknown perplexing path  
through every dreamed vista  
wove  
endless inconsequential moments  
while all fled imperceptibly  
while seeking some depth of meaning  
beyond mere  
here or now,



not ever  
an enigmatic eternal  
soft winds drifted about  
arose then created  
a small bamboo flute  
which  
lifted its haunting tone  
into my soul,

torrential  
cascading waterfalls ceased  
entranced  
mighty mountains wept  
deep seas roared and pondered  
then bowed,

what  
then of my quest?  
steel stones crushed  
by empty dreams  
ever  
beckons that horizon  
each perilous path demands forever,





red

ruby's plunge vacuous into fiery volcanoes

what joy might dwell

dwell cloaked

hidden by mere moments,

rather

I feel, feel so enduring

as distant rainbows

arch

beyond far

and my endearing songs drift

beneath blossoming wild gales

I do persist,

there at last my vision

evermore pale glows of eternal sunset

now flow

as peace finally embraces its love

while within lone boughs

two distant white doves

embrace

for merely this one breath.

*(For my daughter Ilana on her special birthday,  
with my deepest love, Dad)  
November 2017*

*My Geisha*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Wild beauty*



# *My Geisha*

My geisha

clad

gently and borne faintly within fair white clouds

those softly caress

each arched sinewy limbs sighing desire,

in the faint dawn of my days

beckoned night dreams seek entrapment

of my wanderings within softly gray mists

vague echoes of deeply lust become forlorn

raptures,

afar

I strained, distant pale bamboo groves

dwelled there images wed to drifting rains hidden as veils

wherever I wander seeking

seeking the promise of her

youthful flower world

love dwells eternal,

a fading allure  
westerly breezes embrace distant wooded flutes  
hiding tempestuous  
dragons scorching mountains alive with their fiery lies,

all  
seems haunted  
by subtle murmurs below mornings jeweled dew,

I sat by a blue reflecting pool  
brooding  
fate tinged rustling leaves drifting past memories  
naked nymphs defying the light of day  
they, false messengers of femme fatale,

suddenly a black haze  
obscures all  
but just as quickly, myriads of glowing fireflies descend  
colouring all in deep scarlet hues  
revealing her,



her essence  
arose from the depths of those seductive iridescent waters  
bearing ever her youthful beauty  
this my woman of my passions  
so swiftly  
afar  
as do fleeting enigmatic days of our youth  
of our life,  
we bow, no life exists where there is no death,  
  
watery reflections entice wandering souls  
then pass silently  
in lost solitude  
for life is indeed imperfect  
enticingly so  
I  
and other fools passionately embrace  
my geisha's love  
an allure, which remains but a brief lotus,  
  
this love  
an enchantment that beckons  
our final journey.

\*\*(Continued on next page)



Imagery  
The Opera, Last Scene

*The Death of  
Madame Butterfly*  
*Cio-Cio San*


She sat quite still, and waited till night fell. Then she lighted the andon, a paper lantern, and drew her toilet-glass toward her. She had a sword in her lap as she sat down. It was the one thing of her father's which her relatives had permitted her to keep. It would have been very beautiful to a Japanese, to whom the sword is a soul. A golden dragon writhed about the superb scabbard. He had eyes of rubies, and held in his mouth a sphere of crystal which meant many mystical things to a Japanese. The guard was a coiled serpent of exquisite workmanship. The blade was tempered into vague shapes of beasts at the edge. It was signed, "Ikesada." To her father it had been Honor. On the blade was this inscription:

To die with Honor

When one can no longer live with Honor.

It was in obscure ideographs; but it was also written on her father's kaimyo at the shrine, and she knew it well.

"To die with honor – " She drew the blade affectionately across her palm. Then she made herself pretty with vermilion and powder and



perfumes; and she prayed, humbly endeavoring at the last to make her peace. She had not forgotten the missionary's religion; but on the dark road from death to Meido it seemed best now to trust herself to the compassionate augustnesses, who had always been true.

Then she placed the point of the weapon at that nearly nerveless spot in the neck known to every Japanese, and began to press it slowly inward. She could not help a little gasp at the first incision. But presently she could feel the blood finding its way down her neck. It divided on her shoulder, the larger stream going down her bosom. In a moment she could see it making its way daintily between her breasts. It began to congeal there. She pressed on the sword, and a fresh stream swiftly overran the other -- redder, she thought. And then suddenly she could no longer see it. She drew the mirror closer. Her hand was heavy, and the mirror seemed far away. She knew that she must hasten. But even as she locked her fingers on the serpent of the guard, something within her cried out piteously. They had taught her how to die, but he had taught her how to live -- nay, to make life sweet. Yet that was the reason she must die. Strange reason! She now first knew that it was sad to die. He had come, and substituted himself for everything; he had gone, and left her nothing -- nothing but this.

THE maid softly put the baby into the room. She pinched him, and he began to cry.

“Oh, pitiful Kwannon! Nothing?”

The sword fell dully to the floor. The stream between her breasts darkened and stopped. Her head drooped slowly forward. Her arms penitently outstretched themselves toward the shrine. She wept.

“Oh, pitiful Kwannon!” she prayed.

The baby crept cooing into her lap. The little maid came in and bound up the wound.

EXTRACTED FROM

**Madame Butterfly**

John Luther Long

Boston and New York: Grosset and Dunlap.

New York

1903.



*Winter's  
Path*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Winter's  
Path*

I huddled and bent there,  
above

darkened a coldly wind raged, no friend

while all quivered in winter's web

woven

to misted-glass

as lashing chills swirled about all

yet undaunted I persisted

about some path

now quite lost to my eye,

no place about

to hear, to a hush...

to a softly embrace,

blinding snow!

those silvery twinkles

dancing upon this vague woodland stage,

creating now, perchance

silent frosted ghosts  
who caress my every wooded-creature  
now chilled beyond, oh way beyond their desire,

sighing,  
now swept  
some so gracious they do bow  
as deeper enrapt this quest  
seeks only its way,

as for all who dwell upon and persevere  
gain but this victory  
for just a day,

yet deeper and darker my thoughts  
of a dream, myself  
at peace, so,

on..on..and...on  
I must silently trod.



*Angella's  
Anguish*

*Unfinished Journey*




Her tears  
fell  
upon some distant granite stones  
wisdom  
shuddered under fleeting darkly clouds,

'I have failed!'

afar,  
distant bells  
softly  
somber..... not mellow  
drifting  
faint tones melting upon this now lifeless  
eternal expanse,

'I have failed  
to comfort your pain,'

days  
days by black nights  
in despair, head bowed  
you watched  
her slow death draped in sheer anguish  
you loved so dearly,  
cherry flowers lost in the wood  
  
dearly, your passions.....so ever  
.....deeply,  
  
above  
one small soaring sparrow silently above  
senses psalms of tears and pain  
your angst sweeping within inevitable grey winds  
that unfathomable miasma  
rains for all,  
mocked she-  
'human frailty, life lays bare often terrible anguish,'



again tolled  
distant bells faintly  
as silent time  
taunts,  
  
a greyed misty  
fog descends slowly  
beclouding the remorseful scene  
sobbing  
desperate poetic lamentations  
all sorrows  
enflames our grief  
yet fragile life remains  
bittersweet  
despite evermore those bitter travails,  
yet  
the granite stone remains silent,

of our love now rages, revealed  
an unyielding solace sighs how deeply was endeared  
etched within fleeting, sweet memories  
passions so endearing, there will never dwell peace  
but will ever, ever haunt,

The pain

The loss

'I have failed to comfort you!'

finally

winging quietly

vanishes thus unto that distant foreboding haze

upon our frail wind

swept

our one tiny

lone sparrow

far, far away.

Regrettably, I lacked the wisdom to comfort you.

I ever yet hear your dread.

The slow and painful demise of any creature is so bitter and so harsh.

Loving desperately imposes an unbearable loss.

I failed to find an adequate solace; for your almost endless agony.

Nevertheless, humans are frail our lives often terribly bitter.

I seek refuge in those memories of how, how very was endeared.

So we just endure...time affords some fogs.

For, life despite its travails

Insists,

despite anguish, yet glows

and somehow, Cherished.





*The Land*

*Unfinished Journey*



## *The Land*

the land loomed, soaring grandeur  
as distant eyes could ever search, every view  
this land bore more land undaunted, virginal  
unspoiled  
undaunted promise  
a looming ever-expanse  
a sheer treasure  
simply by its primal existence,

within all  
eons elapsed within an envious harmony  
endless greened tree tops towered above endless fruited meadows  
sweeping profusions  
profuse grasses asway  
wild winds tossed flowers in their matrix remaining naked and true  
this balance created by time, sculpted by heaven's winds  
under searing suns, or torrents swirling driven droplets  
formed gushing mighty rivers  
drifting amid rolling blue hills  
all embraced by mother earth,

so all dwelt in a harmony, all breathed, all throbbing with life,

eons bred more eons

no time clock could ever measure so vast was this worlds,

within dwelled creatures

they knew

the land above all meant they would be!

animals, men, their women, their generations

they too, dwelled with solemn reverence for this reverential path

else meant evils,

but.....

evils thrive from greed

so arose greed, begetting greed, begetting greedier

that avarice though subtle by deaths here and here

there meant only despoliation

despoliation ogled as avarice grew mighty

might blinded any vision or thought or logic

that which nurtured

the mighty land

now despoiled beguiled under a glutinous cloak,

the green lands turned brown, mighty rivers flowed poisons,  
mountains washed blackness, creatures fell deadened here and there  
and soon everywhere while not a wild flower adorned the solemn  
fields as scrawny mindless creatures roamed seeking answers to cruel  
blights.....

they had themselves created!  
the land wherever an eye would fall  
no longer the sacred to behold  
finally fell to the utter, devastating despoliation  
from unique man's unique  
final greediness.



*A July  
Interlude*

*Unfinished Journey*







*One summer's day*



# *A July Interlude*

A

flaming red-laced sun greets the lazy dawn  
scorching wakening heavens  
fading starlight afar  
even morning grey-bound dew became offended,  
  
heavy hot air drapes upon  
all corners of lush summer's green meadows  
while distant hills rolling blue hues  
loom softly under morning mists  
amid dawn's ever bird songs,  
  
quickly darkly green leafs parched  
they wither  
and drooping every laden tree  
but, the unyielding fiery sun above  
parch even more  
while those with feet do scurry  
my soaring trees can merely do sit  
facing this heat scourge alone,

afar

upon gentler hazy meadows

looming grey shadows drift slowly

murmuring another advancing

afternoon's dark thunderous defiance,

day's skies await

an eerie stillness falls far and about,

suddenly descends this raging storm

bursts one swirling black cloud

over another swiftly streaming darkness

plunging rains

adorned with brilliant fierce flashes

everywhere wilder thunder drums

drench each petal of our defiant beauty rose,

soon

the laws ruling earthly lands adorning its crown

engulf all forests, meadows, and streams

storm fleeing bird shadows but hover

until that ominous blackened darkly sky retreats

amid shafts bearing sunlit beams finally do defy all,

alive, given each day  
those elements of our lives  
weave sudden towering storms  
whilst streaming sun's lights  
seek to denounce those inevitable forces,

in vain, all do humbly obey  
for eternally there flows life anew  
but soon we see  
the inevitable,

'twas merely another mid-summer's  
ageless moment.



*Apple  
Blossoms*

*Unfinished Journey*





# Apple Blossoms

silent pink blossoms

sweet night-time rains drops

apple trees adorned each spring

more delight as I embrace my olden days





*Away*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Away*

I  
entered a desolate  
landscape  
shadows grew long as lonely distant  
  
dreamed there softly one whisper  
carried upon flowing  
silent winds  
  
I sensed her gentle caress  
all secretly fell revealed  
birthed  
one forever glow  
  
yet  
swiftly fleeting pale images  
sought their embraces  
ceaselessly  
  
beyond the twilights of early dawn

suddenly  
as swiftly my passing days  
drifted away my dream  
of my dreams  
thus ever  
away.

*Barbed  
Attack*

*Unfinished Journey*







## *Barbed Attack*

An onslaught descended my body  
then soul  
suddenly  
from gaping darkness  
shivering evil barbs pierced throbbing flesh,  
  
screaming  
arrows remained deftly defiant  
cycles of warm blood  
within the struggle counseled;  
‘Be thee cautious  
Be thee patient  
Above, be thee wise’,

slow to conquer  
all woes snarled a retort  
yet  
disease melted, exorcised  
a weary peace descended,

For a day.

*Windchimes*

*Unfinished Journey*





## Windchimes

Windchimes  
early that dawn  
drifting through lazy mists  
sought my thoughts,

a capricious  
southerly gale  
hearing this lone sigh  
despite a cool grey haze  
laughed,

beyond  
a few humbled trees  
aged, gnarled  
a few aged peoples  
drew forth their worn hands  
stood withered, stood bent  
their bosoms pleading  
for that which could not unleash,

all about, I hear songs from hidden birds about these woodlands,

softly ennobled  
over centuries  
greyed fogs and star flowing nights  
ever swaying breezes, speak worlds of  
my ancient ashen stained bamboo  
gently these wind chimes,

magically alluring  
drifting melodic lilts arise, soaring about me  
primeval fragrant melodies  
defying clouds of dawn gently rising  
within lush meadows  
or aside abandoned paths  
as ever time belies a tale smoldering and fleeing  
all humbled within eternal ashes  
each arise to tell their own fable  
scorched in scarlet,

yet  
all belong only  
to me  
as I turned to face  
my haunting, ageless wind-borne music  
hidden for thousands of years,

forever.

*Aging*

*Unfinished Journey*







## *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 begin 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 ultimately merging beyond ancient desires  
for unyielding calm  
amid some endless sea.

*Late Day*

*Unfinished Journey*



## Late Day

late day's shadows  
weave forever tales  
each eventide  
beyond approaching nightstars  
pastel hues drench their orange mists  
drifts silently my soaring gull  
as arise haunted unseen wind-drifting dreams  
finally, a peace descends over this calm sea  
becomes softly....  
lost.



*Wild Woods  
at Twilight*

*Unfinished Journey*







*Wild Woods  
at Twilight*

As  
ghostly sentinel cathedrals  
they soared  
silently  
in that infinite moment,

When  
the last shimmer of faded golden suns  
caresses  
the somber edges of endless earth,

Only  
their dim gray shadows merged  
fiery  
dying embers  
as silently tossed  
in a whispering breeze,

Of echoes  
amid the star-draped blackness  
yet  
lost in a now chilled now heavy mist,

It was  
of their enduring defiance  
between the coming void about all we shared  
unknowingly together,

The cold twilight  
while it consumed the last glimpse  
of  
our each being,

Yet amid this darkness  
I could feel their tender boughs...straining, yearning,

Before another dawn  
roused them to hope anew  
from their deepest of slumbers.



*Desperate  
Dreams*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Desperate  
Dreams*

beneath a searing sun

close to our earthly equator

a curious, steady plume of dust haze

wove its narrow path

this moving, irregular stream floating skywards

caused by hesitant marching feet

that vortex cast by hordes of desperate homeless refugees

inching their journey away from oppression and hatred

all eyes cast downwards, hands wooing floating dusts

all saddened eyes cast forward

past green fields adorned by slabs of fragmented cement debris

their shanty villages

these emblems defining this harrowing endless passage

fragile, homeless, remnants of once human souls,

A passageway forward, more accurately northwards, away from  
animalistic oppression to that last, one beacon allegedly embracing  
those nationless in despair seeking human- freedoms cloaked in  
human dignity.

A place where all downtrodden: Aged, young, men, women,  
children had for centuries opened that great dream that dream of  
freedom embraced by open arms we are you, welcome those in need!

‘We offer this haven of safety, of peace our land of  
miraculous human redemption.’

thousands

on foot

barely clad as humanity

where to rest

where if, to eat, drink

where to defecate

seemed irrelevant to only one singular vision

pledged yet to a hostile world,

onlookers around a fragile, electronic news mania piercing planet

earth

watched daily this sober and horrific trek,

in startled amazement and brotherly sympathy,

DESPITE ON OMINOUS LOOMING SHADOW OF INDIFFERENCE

CAST ACROSS THE LORD OF HOPE!

those along the path consoled best they could.

                  this was not an organized wandering group

this was an organized plight

                  for which shadows had little reverence

merely an accretion of hope,

                  passed but mouth to ears, swelling ranks

with each passing step,

the ardor is beyond poetic license

                  children emaciated and confused

elderly preferring the dusty road than their dusty coffin

                  from whence they fled no one exactly knew

all did believe in the God of promise

                  a faith fueled by longer dust lines,

the greater became dark and dire whispers

                  that promise had been desperately written

in blood wrenched sands

                  eons of eons now ageless times,

their courage and difficulties scathe effective words

                  nevertheless, on they plod,

Far ahead, affluent, comfortable artificial borders  
viewed these events.

These were mankind's brothers and sisters  
fearing their prejudices  
prejudices professed by the deity,  
the fashionable God of intolerance.

The distortions emanating from the "LAND OF THE FREE"  
of this plight were  
nourished and cloaked in self-serving lies.

As one by one fell by the wayside  
unable  
still the hoard pushed to the edge  
of sealed freedom  
ahead awaits our new opportunity, unknowingly  
now sealed against this dust driven malignancy.  
the affluent ponderings  
nevertheless thickened all the airs  
ignorant of desperate screams, desperate hope, desperate dreams,  
or endless pleas,



Meanwhile, in the midst of this darkly night,  
many, many miles distant both literally and figuratively.

A rotund elderly man bearing a tarnished gold crown  
was furtively climbing a soaring ladder.

Seeking to topmost torch light of planet Earth's  
notable symbol of humanism-

'THE STATUE OF LIBERTY'.....

One hand bore a tarnished brush, and the other an oozing can of lies.

The ascent stair rise was buttressed by black hooded fools  
nodding their assent.

When quickly completed, the torch- bearer she,  
now the lost symbol of liberty, was fully defaced.

What finally remained left total blackness.

Otherwise known now as apathetic ignorance.

All cheered.

Bigoted grunting's quickly confirmed the grandeur of this new  
universality, this new darkness, cloaked with indifference, denial,

and final disgrace of a grand dream that  
spit on ancient pleas of deliverance! Gone forever.

and so became the sight  
of all our wandering, desperate souls  
denied  
their dust trail  
too simply became blackened  
death became their inevitable reward  
as that ancient trail of human redemption was now, ever  
ever mute, or worse, ever lost!

*To Caress*

*Unfinished Journey*



# *To Caress*

One

lone pale rose

dwells beneath a late night's hush

darkness shadows fleeting

soon cool dew tears

embrace

the warm rising sun's life passion

I touch this, this my world,

as we caress.



*Distant  
Blue Hills*

*Unfinished Journey*







*Distant  
Blue Hills*

one late autumn day  
beyond drifting mists  
I slowly climbed a distant blue hill  
afoot the trail harsh, yes quite rugged  
accompanied solely by my oft bird friend's songs  
we, seeking endless seas,  
  
atop  
a brilliant white sun  
loomed over a domain across endless skies  
breaths of pure drifting cloud gods  
as calm winds curiously fled  
these old eyes  
thoughts, alone  
captured faded dispassionate horizons  
beheld only fleeting vague images  
embracing distant rolling moonland vistas  
even the smallest wildflowers brazenly chattered,

I vowed

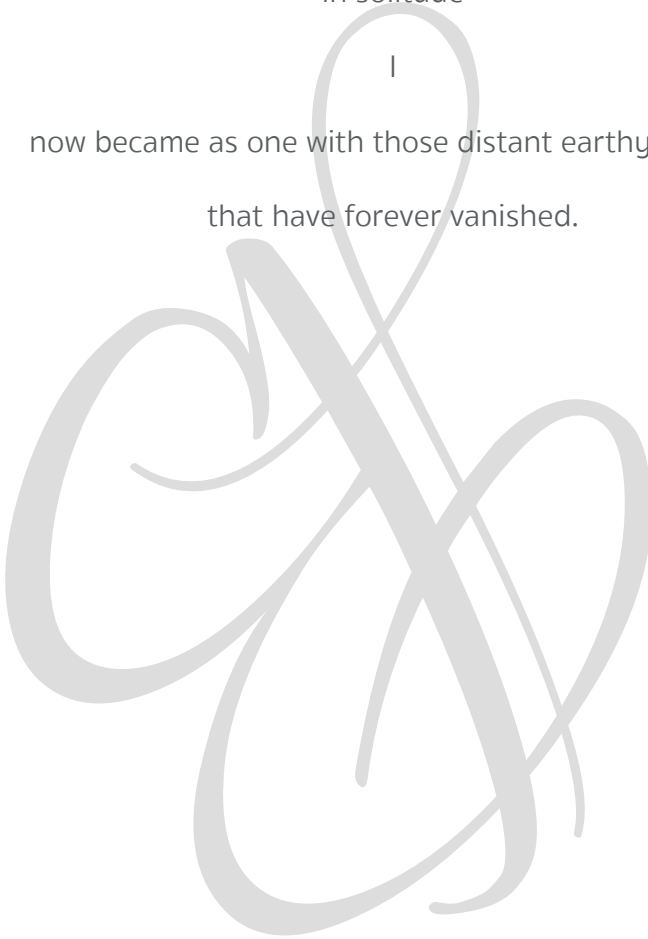
forever to return here, this sacred memory,  
but the pathward home seemed strangely ever lost!

among the mists of this fading autumn day,

in solitude

I

now became as one with those distant earthy images  
that have forever vanished.



*Fading  
Candle  
- A Poème*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Fading Candle*  
*- A Poème*

A small wax candle's orange light  
flickered silently  
casting shifting shadows of an elderly, frail man  
upon an ancient pale gray wall  
he  
sitting aside an oaken table  
barely visible save slight bursts of wicker light  
alone, his image is harshly bent  
reflecting  
pages of a long life  
this moment frozen  
thereby a world that will never changes,  
gently intruding  
soft cooing of paired evening doves awaiting twilight  
their hushed song drifts  
through a small arched window  
subtly reminding our candle how its time is nearly over,

the vague wavering shadows of the elder  
upon a seemingly endless wall  
strangely becomes admixed with his world of dreams  
images drift alive  
as children's laugh  
beneath spring blooms of rose draped cherry trees  
days that were bearing days of his days  
now race past his frail images  
these mere spirits  
crescendo  
dancing silently before the night tide dawns,  
  
suddenly  
a young maiden's aura drifts past  
her arms beckoning  
love,  
  
oh fate,  
does the heart still wonder!  
does the heart yet yearn?

beyond the withering candle  
each faded shadows upon the ancient ramparts  
belies  
no eternity does exist  
as time a mere illusion of ever  
daunts all with  
clouded dreams passing here, there, then disappear  
as quickly  
as wishes  
all ever failed,

so our Poème haunts each eternal tale  
aside that brief glow of one waning candle light  
days bygone  
moments birth everlasting memories,  
but these mere shadows  
live  
as passing breaths  
for that instant only upon  
a darkly wall  
which now vanisheth  
forever...





*Reflections  
within a Matrix*

*Unfinished Journey*





*Reflections  
within a Matrix*

my body-worn, there is no more

my frail inner-self

demands

to be freed,

or do I grapple

with courage for the end of some journey?

heavy autumn rains have yielded

their scarlet forest lands

and hoary landscape reflections upon those frozen pools

pools which swirl beyond life's energies

this matrix, so unknown, how came this to be?

was 'it' predestined

ordained

or mere chance?

in distant blue crested mountains, or summers verdant meadow

or promises held dear by eternal spring blossoms

pink aromas, fall gently to the earth

a moment to plant life's seeds

insects reborn, abound, teem with missions

every solemn cloud passeth beyond, quite evanescent, unseen is an



unseen clock of one's days  
as eternal bells strike, summoning darkly night-hours,

I sit, silently, there  
in a meditation, bearing no rage nor remorse  
within my withered hands  
a lifetime of ghostly images swirl above, then beyond, of all I can yet  
fathom they brought me here, joyously, they will soon abandon me  
so too the last dreams ....

when!

mysterious time measures the vital essence of this journey  
finally bewildered  
thwarting shams and illusions  
I grasp the minutes flow within an hourglass to cease for a moment  
a gasp, to no avail  
of all endeavors  
of all paths, virtuous or drawn in laughter by callous destiny  
yet when days are finally done in this mortal world  
alone I sit  
beneath pale sunbeams  
immersed in faded reveries draped in faded shadows  
quietly, resolutely, under eternally blackened but endless starry sky  
seemingly, forevermore,



winds blustered colder, each moon glows having finally merged  
incalculably toward some precipice of reflections, deep within a  
complex intersection of ancient memories, deep emotions, laughter,  
tears, bright suns swept by dark grey clouds, until there emerged  
from the mists some inexplicable geometric hazy logic woven into  
an irretrievable current, more likely a dynamic moving matrix,  
of slightly familiar images dwelling deep within a harshly bent,  
arched body that were barely true.

*Epilogue*  
*- The Circle*

*Unfinished Journey*







The pastel jungle

M.C. Escher





## *Epilogue - The Circle*

*Some thoughts*

I

dashed madly about

days on ever end were there in every direction

seeking embers whose meaning might reveal 'why',

desperate to discover

my own human minimal dynamic

inseparably linked within a quantum universe

seems it were the essence of a simple circular path

I had entered

with little choice

becoming entrapped in this boundless yet swirling invisible vortex,

alas to no avail,

then

in a random rather deep meditation  
within one beautiful forest hidden within some dense mists  
was I unable to discern, to discover  
this curious time-limited yet boundless cosmos  
I found my soma  
trapped within,  
  
tried I so  
anew and over anew,  
I had suddenly stumbled into that inauspicious path  
combating  
pervasive evil devils embedded within their arrogant Gods  
oozing  
lusts for power  
wedded to ego driven greed's, their imagined icons  
all congregated furiously  
as I made through my life's path  
a singular, curious, obscure secret logic  
which I agonizingly discovered had been attained  
by a select few,  
of which I feebly, humbly, apologetically  
attempted to enjoy.....

a

curious moment, never undone

considering

once one enters this imperfectly rounded infinity

where

there be no known escape

where reality limits one's life-world

itself continuous, endless, bounded

but boundless as contained whatever a direction

you prefer your choice

consider

this joyous containment

defines your conscious desire for self-fulfillment?

hence

before you ever enter any such an enticing boundless trek

it might be wise

you ponder carefully certain implications

lest it become your *unfinished journey*,

any path demands

forever encompassing its personal journey

seeking ultimately ever truths,

dear reader  
that infinite unreality, breathes what I sought  
but  
who was I  
this moment lied  
searching ever ago  
created a extant world, only my brief world  
all innocently conspired  
passive memories of my culture  
those human paths  
formed me  
thus I inevitably became that  
which I am.....

you see, thus, the essence of my  
unfinished journey?



*a lone hawk, soared rather ominously over forever endless grassy  
meadows, seemingly aimlessly above my final landscape, in ever  
widening dreams,  
at one point she hovered, turned her sharp eye to a novel prey, not  
beast, but drifting strings of wandering disparate letters yearning  
any rhetorical verse....*

*indeed the symbolism seemed prophetic  
subtly divine  
such mantra she sought was indeed nothing more  
than a human soul  
seeking any meaning,*

*intrigued began thus her quest,  
random alphabet letters flew  
sky-wards*

a divined apparition forming **words**  
that of some final message.....

a 'lay'  
hidden beyond ever distant but beautiful blue skies:

HORATIUS\*

(Keeper of the gate)

XXVII

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
The Captain of the Gate:  
“To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late.  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the temples of his gods,”

\* LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

Thomas B. Macaulay

1842









*An unfinished journey*

