

THE MOUNTAIN

Highlights of a warm and amber evening

Gleam yellow bright.

You left me thoughts that warm

My coldest days..

Your leaving is the longest thing I've wept

And,

Now I've wept it dead

There's only left

The soft remembrances.

You found me

Living happiness and planning dreams.

Hand on my arm

You bid me stay awhile.

Your smile was strong

And for a while we played a light flirtation

Before I turned about my dreams.

As I embarked

Your smile and touch remained
For when I stepped away you pressed your love
Into my hand and bid me
Hold it gently all the way to Samarkand
And home again
To you.

My days were joyful
As I bounced along
And laughed.
Each thought, each view was coloured
With your presence.
The Thames reflected back your smile.
The streets of London
Sang the wildest harmony to counterpoint
The sweetness of my agony
Expecting word from you.

And then word came
Of course,
Of course it came;
Your writing strong and vital as your touch.
There is a spot on Cheyne Walk
That I call paradise;

That's where I read the first
Of all your love
That's where the street is stained
With one great shining tear
Of happiness.

My letters back were light
With joy of growing expectation.
And tho' your mail was sure
I'd entertain disaster fantasies
Part fear
Part thrill.

You followed me to Regensburg and Zell Am See
Bukhara, Tashkent, Samarkand
Galway, Chelsea, Liverpool
And finally the road turned back
Turned back again,
Turned back to you.

The five day trip was all on edge
One long preoccupation.

Too much.
Too much to see you standing there.

They made us wait so long to disembark.

Finally

Your arms your eyes your

Kisses

Swept aside all fantasies and dreams.

And thus a smiling idyll

As we climbed our alpine meadow

Intent upon perfection's height - love's consummation.

We camped

Beside a freshening glacial stream

And played on our delight

Celebrating

With each mountain flower the fullness

Of our long awaited spring.

The sun was ours and ours

The moon;

The moon we watched until the rise of dawn

Urged us to happy sleep.

Our busy days were lit with love;

The nights

Were ours to build and dream and celebrate.

I cheered the mountain and the glacier

And the freshening stream

And tho'

At times with worry in your eyes

I'd find you gazing at the glacier

I'd laugh,

"All nature is our friend,"

I'd sing.

Thus,

Months were spent with every morning fresher

Than the alpine dew

And every evening warm

And happy on our mountainside.

One night our dreams were troubled

And the air seemed cold.

I woke at dawn with stabbing pains of fear.

The early sun

Half hidden by a bank of clouds

Marked where the glacier had broken

Through

And while we'd slept

Had swept you from my side.

Gone.

I haven't seen you since.

And tho' I've searched

I always knew the glacier

Had truly taken you

Away.

Forever.

Along each painful step

That took me down the mountain

The stream no longer freshened to the thirst

But chilled

And set my body quivering.

Between each step

I felt for life

Some sign

Within the ghost, the cold remains of spirit

That had soaked the sun for months,

The spirit was a wisp of hopelessness.

Finally I reached the bottom

The very bottom.

I sat

I let the fog of months roll by

Wordless

Living only of my pain.

The seasons turned unnoticed in the shadowed quiet

Of my empty valley.

The passing seasons

Now have grown to years.

The fog is rare

The sun is usually warming.

Now,

Often in the quiet of an evening I sit

And see a glint of sunset

Casting highlights

On our mountainside.

WINGS

Now
That I've broken open
the chrysalis of life,
I sit on your fingertip
My wings still damp,
Sunning in the wonder of eternity.

Smile on me,
My mind and my spirit are free !

ENCASEMENT

Can this be death's encasement ?
Tomorrow
Doesn't worry at the edges of today
But sits
Heedless of time.

Tension unbends
Stretching free of yesterday
In a quiet cloister
Muffled from the world around

As on a winter's evening

Of softly falling snow.

Can this be death's encasement

With senses quietly slipping

Into an endless night ?

Or will there be a first bird's song

Piercing

This hour of still;

Calling the world to wakefulness

Before some trumpeting Dawn ?

JOB'S DERELICT

Back from hell

He stands

His catatonic watch.

His cavernous eyes

Reverberate a blankness

Consuming insanities

That echo soundless

Unheeded rings of torture

In his vacant skull.

DAWN'S POEM

High

above the river

Upstream over Mallorytown

a line of geese

out
over the precipice
for the adoring sun,
Then lets it drop
Thundering
onto a rocky outcrop
to bounce again
high
into the sunlight
Exploding white blossoming clouds
of spray
and smoky mist.

The cliff face sweats
Straining to hold the avalanche
and tiny rivulets race along
unable to keep up.

SEPTEMBER MORNING

Autumn's truest days
Are wet and warm
With mists along the morning lowlands
Lush with fruit
Among the dying weeds.

A noontime sun can burn the mist
But now
The morning talks of winter
And I must drink
The muted colours on the hills
Before I put away the summer
For another year.

THE RECKONING

Yes,

We've met before.

There at a thousand doors

You let me in with helplessness.

Tell me,

Did you get my message

Or did my words stand in the way?

Did you see me

Or was I hidden in a role?

Did you discover hope

Or only confirmation that the world

Ignored you?