

The cover features a complex abstract design. A central, bright red, irregularly shaped figure is enclosed within a large, hand-drawn black oval. This oval is surrounded by dense, chaotic black scribbles that extend across the middle of the cover. The background is composed of several distinct color fields: a dark blue vertical strip on the left, a large tan area at the top, a light green area at the bottom, and a teal strip at the very bottom. White scribbles are scattered in the lower right quadrant, overlapping the green and teal areas. The overall aesthetic is expressive and textured, suggesting a raw, creative process.

**Rhymed
Verse**

POEMS

Timothy Crawford Wilson

EPILOGUE

At Midnight I sit down

*At midnight I sit down to write,
The blinds are lowered the curtain drawn;
Poems surface and reveal themselves,
Slowly rising with the dawn.*

Do We have

Do we have a common voice, or a tomb of letters?
(A Persian angel augments the heart of May).

There is a place we can go where nothing binds or
feters;

Where green replaces the rising moons of grey.

Flowers sweet send out their fragrant smells,

That waft and wend their way down to the sea,

The angel picks apart the rainbow petals,

In time all people dance to unity.

Oh hand to me the reigns of my own living,

That I may turn them over to another,

And in so doing bind the two in giving,

And kiss the ground before my new found lover!

(One place there is that this won't go amiss;

Within the state of firm eternal bliss).

My Soul was Dancin

I saw the sun rise and burn the world down;
I saw my own soul love the fire.
I prayed for thorns to don my crown,
I feared the will of God's ire.

Then as the churchdom frowned and coughed,
And paid the sexton to sway the masses,
My spirit rose to the highest loft,
Though it moved as sweet molasses.

As the sun rose to its highest peak,
And my soul was naught but dancin,
A Book was opened, I could not speak;
The Beloved set me prancin.

Now I pray for thorns - and roses dear -
I do not know of sorrows,
I walk through a virgin forest clear,
I see only bright tomorrows.

To Hide the Moons

The moons have blasphemed the sun,
The rivers have slandered the sea,
But the truth has never shun
What can and can not be.

The valleys have harrowed the land,
The mountains have shadowed the plains,
But the truth will take you in hand,
And suffer you to release all your pains.

I was never first nor last,
But my soul will never be,
What has lived and what is past,
And what the devil will always flee.

There are ways to hide the moons,
Behind the sun whose mercy is clear,
For the soul with the truth communes,
And the truth is yearning to hear.

He is Hidden

He*¹ is hidden and ready to come,
Yet patience must keep Him away,
To where He does come from;
Where the Hidden is bidden to stay.

In a thousand years or more,
When the sun will meet the sea,
He will return to the near east shore
Where the princes out-number the flea.

When He comes we must be vast,
Or our crucible will crumble from weight,
Of His pressure that will be cast,
From the Sun that rises of late.

Just as every other time
When He has come and bidden men bow,
He will be sentenced as a madman's rhyme,
And we will be serving Him even as now.

¹ "He", in this context, refers to the Manifestation of God to come after Baha'u'llah

He looks like a Tree

12/26/21 am

He looks like a tree I have often seen,
A maple or perhaps a spindly oak,
(His father was a cedar straight and tall,
And wore a green face as familial cloak.)
As he aged and dwindled he would speak,
And tell of warnings no one dared hear,
He pounded out truth with hammer's weight,
He coughed and stammered as he spat and spoke.
One day his soul spoke and said "no more",
His time of silence fell upon his face,
His followers sat with his silence,
For it was filled with twists and turns and grace.
As his silence spread the rulers feared,
They spouted out lies to contradict his fame,
They contrived to put him to a painful death,
If his silence fanned the truth to flame.
His enemies could not stand the sound
The silence had on their communal ears;
They killed him as he sat in silence;
But his silence still lives in their fears.

'Abdu'l-Baha 12/26/21 am

Hung in lowliness, His head in fever;
Ask not the Source! It is the Weaver!
His hands stretched out - taught as steel,
He is what I seek; the Beloved's seal.
Upon the dust He dwelt and lived,
And of Himself He gave and gived,
Until He was a puff of smoke;
A drop of blood as His Father's token
To heal the hearts so wrought and broken.
He was in each way tangible
Of His Father's yoke and manifest Bible.
To approach Him was to be near God,
For He was even as Jesse's rod.
They prayed for Him upon His birth;
From early on He showed His worth.
Just like a candle in the wind -
He grew much brighter as we sinned.
He took to heart to bring directions
And guide us to such high perfections.

His time then came; He chose to leave us;
Each day since His absence grieves us.

To the Convent Mary went

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb its fleece was white as snow.
Everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went,
Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.

One sad day the lamb did die, lamb did die, lamb did
die,

One sad day the lamb did die and Mary wept all day.
Mary pledged her soul to God, soul to God, soul to
God,

Mary pledged her soul to God and at church did pray
and pray.

To the convent Mary went that day, went that day,
went that day,

To the convent Mary went that day, and became a
lamb of God.

Everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went,
Everywhere that Mary went her flock was sure to go.

Mary's heart was white as snow, white as snow, white
as snow,

Mary's heart was white as snow and God did love her
so.

Mary was a bride of God, bride of God, bride of God,
Mary was a bride of God and her faith in God did
grow.

One sad day Mary's soul did flee, soul did flee, soul
did flee,

One sad day her soul did flee this world of fame and
show.

The worlds of God did weep that day, weep that day,
weep that day,

The worlds of God did weep that day and everything
did grow.

Methinks they have

Methinks they have no thought of lovers,
These youth that wander fields of May,
The bowdy bird of springtime hovers
And flies with them in skies once grey.

Harken to the bluebirds' sorrows,
Once joyful so alike the time,
That fire in the leaves had morals
And March was in its Springtime prime.

Then as they wander through the fields,
These lads and lasses of tomorrows,
The past declines, it rests and yields,

And as to life it feeds and borrows.

These youth have turned the mountains over,
Turned to dust the past that mimes;
Their future walks the Cliffs of Dover,
And as it walks it sings and signs.

*Portrait of Miss Yuri Mchizuki, First Baha'i in Japan -
1919*
From a Photo Posted on Facebook of her 1/30/2022

Her hands folded,
Eyes looking into the kingdom,
Hair swept back behind her ear,
Traditional robe of Japanese air;
Life force drifting from here to there;
Flowers seem to bloom everywhere.
A pattern Matisse would have painted
Gowns her all, a tight belt
Makes her robe to swell like a sea.

Her Beloved is talking to her tenderly;
She waits and listens obediently, lovingly,
Happily, ecstatically her eyes on fire with love.
There is such peace in her whole being:
She is a Beloved's dove sent to tell
The world about reunion;
About Paradise glowing;
About the art of knowing.
I can not tell you what I see
As tears swell up in these eyes
Looking at her countenance:
Her whole being, her spirit
That permeates all existence
In both worlds. She can never
Love another than her Beloved;
I look on with envy, with jealousy;
O make me like unto her O my Lord!
She is the Angel of Japan,
An Apostle of the Master,
To look upon her face is to gaze
Into the face of God! Wherever
'Abdul-Baha's Spirit moves
Her's moves; whenever He smells
A flower she smells that flower.
She has no will beside His Will;
She moves not unless He moves first;
She directs royal plays in the next world
As choirs sing her praises;
(I could go on endlessly singing
Of her, but I must stop for the
World can not bear to hear her songs.
We will witness her soon).

I have been down many Roads - Version 1
2/1/2022 early am.

I have been down many roads:
One was washed with tar;
One was banned from walking down
Because it lead to a new found star.

Another, so overgrown with grass
And weeds, I could barely find,

Yet on I trod down thick and thin,
This road was never kind.

On a lark I walked down one
Where time did hurry on,
And on I went, and on I went -
So dreary was its dawn.

I took a country road,
I thought I had found home,
Years did pass, I did grow old,
Which left me all alone.

Another led me to sweet love
With ornamental grasses;
My mind was full of thorny crowns,
I suffered a thousand lashes.

While tumbling down a flight of stairs
I thought I heard a voice;
It was the final road I took:
It was the road of choice.

So I chose love - another kind -
A kind that led me back,
To the new found star - the star of love -
Within a sky so black.

I have been down many Roads - Version 2
2/1/2022 early am

I have walked down many roads
One - washed with tar;

One was banned, it was a new star.

Another - overgrown with grass
I could barely find -
I trod on - it was not kind.

On a lark I walked down one
Where time hurried on,
On I went to a dreary dawn.

I took a country road;
I thought I had found home -
Years did pass, I was alone.

Another led me to sweet love
With ornamental grasses;
I wore thorny crowns - I suffered lashes.

Tumbling down a flight of stairs
I heard a voice:
It was the final road of choice.

I chose love - another kind -
A kind that lead me back,
To the banned star - a new love;
Surrounded by black.

The Bent Shovel

The bent shovel, the plowed under;

Oh where is the company of thunder!
These feeble words - such dreaded messages -
That make their way into night's passages,
State their manner in simple talk,
And change their simple tune
As the shovel straightens and thunder walks.
Is a stage what we want? (Hope is what we are after);
Memories hang from a rafter.
Closets hang their furs which take their turn
 being worn,
And in their turning must like memories burn.
Another age - like fire - is freed and born;
One word destroys the world when a page is torn.
One more recombines the world with an alchemy
Divine - like when children are swinging from a vine.
The bent shovel, the plowed under -
Oh where is the company of thunder!

February Winds

2/20/22 early morning

February winds sweep down the land,
Heads of bent dried flowers kiss lovers,
Winter's breath is fading as I stand:
I have slept a lifetime beneath my covers.

Of timelessness that ends in such todays,
I wake to find sunshine from the stars,
Beating down as though each a zillion rays,
Casting shadows across the grassless
fields of Mars.

My lover, if I ever meet her,
May be persuaded to flex her heart to stay.
Her love might make my heart to stir,
As darling buds do stun the heart of May.

Will I Remember
02/23/22 3:30-8am

Will I remember a summer's day?
'Tis more likely to remember a kiss,
Yet how can a kiss compare to the way
The curling wings of angels run amiss?
Then again a kiss does swoon with life,
Unless the lips are dappled with lifeless fire,
And a Summer's day so hot it reeks with strife,
Makes the heart not wanting to desire.
But Springtime's kiss marks the life of time,
That makes its way across fields of clover,
To where eternity is drunk on heady wine,
And where the life of time is never over.
(Surely, there, I will remember a Summer's day,
And the kiss that summoned me to stay.)

Baha'u'llah's Birthday, 2021

The Beauty that adorns the rose,
Was born this day and dimmed the world,
Then raised a single flower from which flows
All grandeur from which life unfurled.

The crystal clear blue skies that dawn,
The thanks that dandelions blow,
The fox and fawn that are often found
Nestling beneath the wintry snow,

All form an interlacing fringe,
Save that Beauty Whose face unknown
Is like the sun and will often singe,
And is the cause of all things grown.

Raven is a bird I know,
Its honesty, candor and repose,
Bespeaks no lies nor illicit show,
So brings me what my Savior knows.

I can only tell of Baha'u'llah's glory,
He is the crystal sky that dawns,
He sent the raven to tell His story,
And warms the wintry fox and fawns.

Each Heaven's Tune

Within every tree there is a song,
Waiting to be found and sung out loud.
Oh go to the willow and be heard
For sanguine joy makes the willow proud.

Then as all ways meet up in one,
And fields of daisies spring up at morn,
The beauty of all things will stun,
Like locks of a lady...that are never shorn.

When the heavens open up we hear,
Each song and rhyme beneath the moon,
We sit beneath the willows near,
We are songsters who carol heaven's tune.

There is Peace

There is peace in the wind on the mountain's face,
Lilacs endure...though the mountains crumble.
To the sea! To the sea! Is where we'll find grace,
And all to the sea must tumble.

Doors fling open and lilacs bloom,
Peace, like warm rain, descends,
There are many mansions in a single room,
And Suns from an atom descend.

I swim where the mountains used to be,
I take the time to pass over,
But for now I'm content with the roaring sea,
And the Suns who are my lover.

King Lear's Dream

10 -22-23/21

In the depths of tomorrow I will plant a seed,
Sew yesterdays until I no longer bleed,
Declare what's impossible is not to fear,
Tread hidden ways...and meet King Lear.
His madness - now resting in the glen -
Joy has invaded his soul again,
Like when he was young and free of heart,
With ramparts of love from a mother's heart.
His eyes now see the sun's cool shadow,
He is cast among a play so callow,
Yet he grows until his universe
Is a drop of an ocean to immerse
Into a place of Cardiff dreams
That flow like Jerusalem's limpid streams.

Easter Sonnet

In glory the shades of Easter come,
A word brought out its hidden flame,
Remembering today as crosses run
Across the desert with a hidden name.
There is in dust a virtue of late,
Flaunting death like a mirror dense,
Its qualities destroy the taste of hate,
Though hate's own virtue lasts forever hence.
Then as the earth turns in all its glory,
Peppering the model universe,
It is as if a blackness hoary,
Rides in the bleakness of a hearse.
"Ah too, Brute" is then stricken from the rune,
And Easter plays its sweetest tune!

When Rivers Run

Why does a river run, not stroll,
Like wheels of a chariot that speed and roll?
Why does a hummingbird's beak
 break stone,
When it's lonely out and the moon has shone?
Why do some flowers die in spring,
When spring birds learn to fly and sing?
Why do clouds tend to break apart,
With every word of a child's heart?
When children's words reach skies clouds shake,
When hummingbird's beaks are steel they break,
When flowers die in spring they toll,
When rivers run they can not stroll.

I Wring My Eyes

I wring my eyes that tears may drain,
May fill a cup that I may drink,
An atom of the Beloved's pain,
Which like a sun is on the brink

Of imploding on itself in years
Measured by the universe.
I shake before it with weathered fears,
Which flight is frozen and oh so terse.

Then as my tears are twinned with love,
The Beloved drinks them and sustains
My soul which coos just like the dove;
I ask for an atom of the Coming One's pains.

And as I wait for a new Spring's favors,
While following laws that guide the stars,

I erupt with joy as pain increases,
And the thought of the Beloved behind thick bars.

As the Master's face breaks through
Clouds of detrimental fear,
The world is safe, His trust is true...
Even though we won't draw near.

Will I go
9/21-23/21

Will I go to fields where flowers have not been,
Plant what needs to bring the coming of the fall,
While the harvest moon after summer's light has
shone,
Temper winter's white which the dawn will call?

How long it takes to sweep the moon,
Dust the galaxy and shine the sun,
Is related to the times to croon,
And dance along as we prance and run.

We can not know the maker's name,
Nor fathom heights we have not climbed,
Do we seek our own indentured fame,

When before His name there is naught that's rhymed?

I have dug for treasure where it has not been,
Then finding treasures on the other side,
Where the sun has known it's vernal twin,
And its name is won't to duck and hide.

I scatter seed and wait for their employ,
Paint the earth to see a stallion run.
The universe, in my hand, is but a toy,
For the soul, itself, is ever one.

As I Lay upon the Grass

9/23/21

As I lay upon the grass and sipped my cup of tea,
The sun came out, I knew it would, it was eternity.
Then buzzed the bees, then grew the corn,
I sat there for an hour,
The corn grew tall, the bees were soft that landed
on each flower.

Then came a thunderous cloud o're head,
I let it pass,
For rain was not in ministry
I heard among the grass -
And all was in sweet symmetry.

And as I prayed drinking tea, and blessed each head
of clover,
Soon they all converted me, and to them I went over.

I have taken off

I have taken off my mask to see inside,
Then sailed around the sea to find the tide;
There is no place I found to stem the surge,
Of what I must do to cleanse and purge.

So as the crickets rub and play and strafe,
With noise that seems to make men feel safe,
Hearing sound that tells them Fall has come -
Then Winter, in its order, making numb.

I'll take the high road to the highest glen,
And circle round the rim where I have been

Once in a tale where I was nothing more
Than a thing washed up prematurely on a shore.

And there become what's beneath the mask's facade:
My highest self - a mirror of my God,
Then not to rest but leap and run,
And suffer what God wills for sport and fun.

When Love

When love is intertwined with fate,
When a cuckoo flies over the moon,
I'll come to you when the stars are late
And marry you sometime in June.

My heart for you is beating hard,
It shatters like glass on the night,
It sends its love around the world
The way an olive tree might.

But then the world just empties out,
Leaving nothing more than sorrow,
And my love is crucified on doubt
Leaving nothing for today and tomorrow.

So now my love transfers to you -
All souls throughout the world -
And the Beloved who turns my red blood blue,
And my love - my bonnie bright girl.

I dash across an open field,
To get a glimpse of the sunrise,
I fear for what my heart can yield
When death at the door arrives,

For then my love - expanding wide -
Is guided quickly home,
To the ones waiting on the other side,
Where peacefully they do roam.

I Lift a Drink

I lift a drink to you my love,
It is full as a flower vase -
It rhymes with every bee and grove,
It courts you in a rave.

It circles 'round the hemispheres,
It washes to every shore,
It laughs with pain's bright loving tears,

You are what I must adore.

There is naught that stands within its ways,
For its taste is salty sweet,
It lasts beyond the end of days,
It skips down every street.

So when I come to you my love,
With a love that's flowing through,
We will take a dance within the grove,
That makes the world burn blue.

Now I must go

Now I must go among the pews,
Dusting the books and spreading news,
Stained class windows - hope of fire;
Glass bottles played like a golden lyre.
I didn't see, for I was blind
The shadows lurking in each mind,

We are the living yet we must crawl,
Up to God's statue clean and tall.
We are the living dead, the mustard seed,
A pox upon each hope and need,
We turn hope into a pillar of dirt,
So to rent in twain the Lord's own shirt,
Then rising upon a Summer breeze
We kneel down low upon our knees.

Through Shadows

Through shadows I have walked,
on clear summer eves;
the winds prayed and talked;
Fall beckoned leaves.

On shadows I have tread,
like glass underfoot;
I sleep on a glassy bed,
so comfortable like soot.
Then when the morning dawns,
and deer are on the rise,
I tickle the does and fawns,
with song that speak surprise.
I am nothing before the wind,
which howls and begs and bleeds,
I walk round every bend,
casting right and left new seeds.
Then as the Winter comes -
and Spring is in the barn -
my heart leaps and runs,
I cover the earth in yarn.
As the shadows pass,
and seasons fall away,
I sleep no more on glass,
nor sift through bales of hay.

A Reply to Edna St. Vincent Millay

My love that once sang me to sleep has faded,
The cooing of the doves of Spring are gone;

My lives once built on sands were jaded -
They lasted but from dawn to dawn.

Now a love that can not die has risen,
Maidens circle reeling toe to toe;
The self that once was trapped in prison,
Roams eternal fields where all flowers grow.

To live one more day is but to ask
To talk to souls in times of change;
The arms that held me close at morning,
Now free me to rise and step and range.

The White Apple Blossoms

The white apple blossoms have turned to green,
Fields of seasons separate from snow,
The apple orchard tells were you've been;
How many years you took to grow.
I put some stamps on the moon last night and mailed
 it far away;
It got so bright in my midnight sky I had no words to
 say.
And as it spun, out of control, it ran into itself,
Bequeathing life to the universe - a shattered vase
 upon a shelf.
Then as I studied the willow weeping,
And compared it to the sea,
The two were lost in the grand design -
Of what it meant to be.

When I, Tiger

When I, tiger, ready to leap,
I pull my powers to my keep,
I kill when others sleep at noon,
Mayhem has come in June.
When I, lion, prepare to pounce,
I neither delay nor announce,
All my prey send out their cries
When with bared teeth I arise.
When I, eagle, decide to dive,
I am the end of all alive,
All things flee beneath my cries
When I drop from skies.
When I, human, do think of war,
The thought spreads like the vultures soar;
Cotton fields are laid to waste
Outside Jerusalem.
But when I, human, think of peace,
Duality begins to cease;
Clover fields, with four leaves all,
Consume the beast.

Waterfalls

Waterfalls are a wandering ghost,
Indentured they serve the land,
They take a formless name and host,
They were the sea - its tribal band.
Sometimes they fall and the spirit rises,
To places tongues can not name nor proclaim;
The spirit at such times tithes
Its life away - for it has gone insane.

I Met Death

*(After Reading Emily Dickinson's Poem "Because I
could not Stop for Death")*

I met Death at the door last night -
She looked right through my soul -
And as I recapitulate
She took me up a knoll.

We climbed up there to have some tea
But I could not see beyond,
The heights where She had risen,
Above the involuntary ground.

She had a picture She had drawn
Of seven lovely horses,
That ran around the hemispheres -
The sun in all its courses -

Each horse was joy and Death
Was on a carriage right behind,
Riding outside the universe -
My final resting place.

Now that I have found my will,
And know that I'll be joy,
The horses live inside me -
My fate is on the run.

Your Lips Like Soldiers

Your lips like soldiers command my heart
To march wherever your footsteps fall,
As if the meadowlarks's dive and dart,
Fearless before a strong wind felling all.

Your lips, oh love, so ruby red,
Kissed sunsets before the world
 was made,
They kissed all soldiers eyes once dead,
Giving death a pale but ruby shade.

By creations choice there are no walls,
Separating words from letters,
How much less humanity from humanity,
Or the rich from year round debtors.

We Took a Walk

I met my lover by the sea,
We talked of princess, kings and queens,
We decided love was made with tea,
And what is real and what all seems.

We took a walk - we knew not why -
Clouds covered skies once blue with grey;
The diamond back of a snake like sky
Floated 'neath a late Summer's day.

I meet my lover every day,
We talk of many things to come,
We know now why we walk away:
Cloud's shadows push us towards the sun.

The Wind can bend Me

The Zephyrs blow, the Zephyrs freeze,
The wind can bend me to my knees.
I call out to the world to stop,
Like Icarus I fly and drop
And crawl upon the earth till news
Lifts me up upon my shoes
And tells me heaven's deep within
And not a disc in air so thin.
The Zephyrs blow and then they speak,
They tell of love throughout the week,
Though love can sting and feel confused -
True love will never be misused;
My love flows through me like a flute
That's never silent, dumb or mute.
A cat that rubs against my leg
Is quiet...but for love will beg.
The Zephyrs blow, the Zephyrs freeze,
The wind can bend me to my knees.
The rose scent wild in the air,
In Summer's flowing locks of hair,
Beckon me to stop and bend
Down to my knees to smell and send

A note to all who hurry by
To stop and smell the rose on high.

I will not invade

I will not invade your space with eyes,
As you stroll across the sands of time,
You're holding hands with your child's cries,
That turn to laughter at the rhyme

Of waves that curl around his feet,
The way your lover holds your hand,
And makes creation feel complete
As shells and seaweed in the sand.

Though I walk right by with eyes before me,
And you'll never know my heart so fine,
We all can feel the giving sea -
And I will invade your hearts with mine.

Panic Attacks

I lost all I knew or what had known,
In a free fall from the sky,
The terror crushed me like a bug
And its fear made me go blind.

It's just to tell you my body lost
What my mind had never found,
As I writhed with terror like a bomb
That was lit upon the ground.

I couldn't remember who I was
Or how I came to be,
And I kneeled there for minutes
Though it seemed an eternity.

This eternity of torment, would ensue
Beyond the Devil's den,
That would scare the Devil to believe

In faith and God again.

Spring 2020

On my walk today a Robin I soon met,
Eyes closed, gazing at the sun;
Her head was pointed high,
Like a suffragette,
For animals know they are one.

I stopped and gazed at her silently transparent,
I could see sun light through her veins,
Perhaps she was thinking of becoming a new parent,
But most likely she was healing from her pains.

Pains from a long journey to the north land in her
youth,
Pains from the fears of being found,
And consumed by the talon, the beak or a sharp tooth
From the vigilant coyote and its sound.

But in its constant rapture with the sun,
It was freed from all its worldly fears,
So its thoughts were at no time thinking of the gun,
Its thoughts were no thoughts - as it shed off all the
years.

My Bonnie Bright Lass

The water has frozen down below
The place where my love does live,
My bonnie bright lass has found the ice
Of what my heart can give.

But she warms my soul just like a sun
So I'll not have more to fear,
For the warmth of her rays resurrects
The love that I still hold dear.

As days pass and the seasons flow
Flow rivers unconsciously,
I'll yield to my love for she does know
What love still means to me.

Although we've not met nor ever will
On these shores of inconsistency,
I'll find her some day outside of time
Where change flows fluidly.

6/13/20 - From a walk to Potts Point

I'm the brown on the lilac after the purple is all gone,
Yet the green of all Summer once the Spring is done.
I am the last of the Meadow Lark's valiant flight,
Yet the song of all song birds in Spring's dark night.
I am old and rock in a rocking chair,
Yet a new born babe's soft brown hair.
I sit and ponder on my window sill,
Yet I've roamed the earth and roam it still.
I have forgotten all the knowledge that I once knew,
Yet remember all the stones that I once threw.
I'm the black in the wick when the flame is out,

Yet a spark in the sun's resurrecting shout.
When I die I will return to dirt and dust,
Yet by dying will I on all things shed my musk?

On this Tissue

On this tissue I do wed -
Impress upon it tears well read.
Oh do not tell me I am crazed,
Or like the moon that now has faded;
For grapes upon the vine won't yellow,
But stomped beneath the feet will mellow,
And so bequeath to me this day,
Sure feet that never go astray.
My body - before anointed time -
I pray will solve the devil's rhyme.

My face - reflected in a glass -
To gold does change from tarnished brass,
Then as the sun moves higher still,
My soul does feel a warmer thrill.
I tasted a salty tear last night,
That could heal the world of its wayward flight,
Then know this, kindred of the soul;
This Day has made the devil whole.

A Rose decided

A rose decided to gestate its beauty,
Emit its fragrance, permit its bloom;
The rose cutter thought it was his duty
To bring it into an ancient room.

In the room there were tombs with statues,
Bereft of starlight, dark and numb,
It seemed to the rose it was its pity

To be placed in a place no sound and dumb;

No wind to whistle, not breath to breathe,
Acoustically demised like time,
No earth to grip, no sod to heave,
A place removed from life and rhyme.

But then a strangeness befell it,
The rose in all its lack of clime,
A Beauty of another realm, well lit,
Descended to supplant all time;

A time despairing, a time remorseless,
A time dilapidated - daring life -
Took flight before the Ancient Beauty:
The rose now loved the cutter's knife.

The Harpswell Breezes

The Harpswell breezes - what can be said -
Sunlight playing through their strings,
They lead you where you should be led,
And move you through their countless Springs.

We sit and watch the leaves move branches,

An orchestra that tells of times;
It's like a child taking chances,
And leaves and children move like rhymes.

So smooth the zephyrs touch our knees,
Our toes are tickled, our brows are blown,
Then time just stops - and peace then freezes -
I cut it like a cake - it's gone.

It's when we're walking down the road,
A coastal road with scenes of beaches,
The breezes lift our spirits high,
To where the wings of eagles reaches.

Sand pipers along the shores and seagulls,
Bleached wood with crabs all in a hurry,
Without the soul the wind just dulls;
And Summer in its flight will scurry.

Within a Wine Bottle sealed

There is a ship out on the sea,
Sailing towards its destiny;
Within a bottle sealed with cork,
Vibrates a tuning fork,

And as vibrations hit the earth -
With all creation giving birth -
There slouched a man from heavy weight,
He kneeled - but can't avoid his fate.

On the ship Lord Baha lies,
Surrounded by a sea of lies,
With mud made from His unused ink,
Smearred upon all minds that think.

In another bottle blood red wine,
Sealed - just waiting for a sign -
Lusts to open but must wait,
The way a mime - would push a gate.

As mares tails clouds and mackerel skies
Thrust a storm upon all sighs,
The winds out on the sea won't coddle
The ship...as the storm breaks the bottle.

And sailing towards fair Palestine,
Baha's ship was pushing time,
Then all creation became mute,
As one note sounded from His flute.

The Wind surrounds Me

A leaf right near me looks like bone,
A bone that's musical not mute,

The wind surrounds me - I atone -
By sounding as a hollow flute.

Gusts of wind allay my soul,
Becoming gold from liquid brass,
I see myself through night's dark coal,
As if it were a looking glass.

The winds of yesterdays are gone,
Where hallowed groves of pines once stood,
I stand on mountain tops of song;
Will I be diamonds and not mere wood?

And joy increases daily fast,
As time propels me, so to speak,
To places where the world can't last
Where only the severed can laugh and speak.

The Apocalypse has Lips

The apocalypse has lips of love to speak;
It creeps - then sneaks up like the swallow,
The love you feel has hands to speak -
Endings and beginnings are full then hollow.

But now we're in an endless rush,
That ends tomorrow - don't ask me why -
Five hundred thousand years to push
To give to birth an endless sky.

A Butterfly flutters

A butterfly flutters on my window pane,
White - an all white horse's mane.
Does it want to visit me through light's red glare,
Has it been sent to pose for words I dare?
I claim not to know what its life has been,
Born in fields, grasses thick and thin.
Did a monarch butterfly or one of its kin,
Fly by to mock my words - or did it too look in?
One thing is sure - the Beloved's there,
And will not mock me and never stare,
Right through me like a child looks,
At the little pictures in a children's book

I'm Disappearing now

It matters not who I am any more:
For I have resigned myself to oblivion's shore.
If you judge me for what I may have been,
Or used to be when I once was seen,
I'm disappearing now so it is moot,
Like leaves in fall going back to root.
The universe once consoled my mind,
But now the universe I can not find.
So I take hold the chord of nothingness,
And find identity in such bliss,
That added to my own sweet soul -
Like bells that I once would toll;
Bells of laughter, joy and mirth,
That brought me to my second birth.
Now I see neither dark nor light,
But let go the dawn and the darkest night.

The Gate^{*2}
A Sonnette

Betrayal is the lust of kings,
But noble kings have eyes to behold,
It is not to steal a beggar's things,
For a beggar's tongue can be so bold.
And so the world moves round a Point,
A Gate that teems with ocean's fame,
A sword that flashes to anoint,
With neither fortune, title, name.
There is a place and time to fold,
Within oneself as if to die
To all save self that God will hold,
And set its flight and time to fly.
Betrayal is the lust of kings,
But even lust must have its wings.

² The words "Gate" and "Point" refer to the Bab, the first of the two Baha'i Manifestations of God

Beneath a Green Dome

Beneath a green dome strawberries live,
Chipmunks nibble them, birds do peck.
The sweetest ones - deep red - will give -
Like living pearls hanging 'round a neck.

As the sun reaches it highest height,
Proud Leo leads the lion's den,
We freeze the strawberries during spring,
With rhubarb when the time is when.

But now it's Summer, not Winter's white,
Strawberries red all over our hands,
This years harvest has seen no blight,
Tongue's sweetness is from the harvest lands.

When Butterflies kiss Strawberries

When butterflies kiss strawberries
They can not tell a lie,
When Death becomes a friend in need
The Friend heaves out a sigh.

So picking berries in Summer's flight
Hastens against time;
Just like the kiss of Death's bright light
Is never out of rhyme.

As rivers flow and pass right by,
The kisses come and go,
While the Beloved makes rivers cry,
They can not stop their flow.

As soon as Lupine came

As soon as Lupine came they were gone,
Cutting in twain the season's breathing dun,
With violets, purples, whites and dark greens gone
By gazing at time's waning sun.

My heart, like jasmine, forever longs,
Pulsing like the galaxies - never sleeping in their ways

-

It beats forever, singing out its songs
Until the Lupine returns, by burning through Winter's
haze.

Now, as ever, light's consistency
Moves through seasons - a burning gyre,
A man, a tall man, walks with Constantine,
And where he walks he starts a living pyre.

6/17/20 The Shadow

The shadow from the gull on trees
Scared me like a butterfly,
(Ants that have such bony knees
Told me I don't have to cry).

Now with Summers everywhere -
Sunshine in the deepest wood -
Our hearts can free our minds of care,
Though cares are waiting where they should.

Now the shadows touch the sky,
They play with clouds in cloudless ways,
And as salt tears begin to fly,
Their joy like butterflies dance and plays.

The Lupine chose

The Lupine chose to come out last night,
They talked and this is what they said:
“The world is taut with fear and fright,
Our beauty may refresh the dead”

Of grasses dried throughout the lands,
Of browns and yellows in spring wood,
Of parched cracked skin in ancient hands -
Of garden's where deep wells once stood.

Yet beauty of another kind,
Will aid in this cacophony,
And spread where no one else can find,
Through virtue making eyes to see.

God's Beauty chastens eyes so dry,
With tears of love that drip from veins,
Our beauty brightens up the sky,
His Beauty heals the hearts from pains.

The Crows cry

The crows cry out beak to beak,
They promote the song bird's sweet sound,
The Beloved dances cheek to cheek
With creation where it's found.

So when I die and go to heaven,
For all things are in heaven now,
The crows will crow, the songbirds sing,
For earth is but a passing shadow.

Oh do not ask me why or where,
For I am but a shadow's dance
That flows across the universe
And takes a firm committed stance.

Our Memories

Our memories are projected on a screen,
Beneath our eyelids in a hidden way,
Our memories are mostly all unseen,
Like a mouse can't see a bird of prey.

Surrounded by love that does entice,
The soul releases its primal hate,
This hate can dissolve as winter ice,
But the mouse must receive its primal fate.

The sun will rise and set through time,
Our memories will outlast its shining rays,
History's fate will return to rhyme,
And last beyond the end of days.

The Wind came whipping

The wind came whipping like a whill,
And I, I stood so deathly still,
Because the universe did decide,
That I, I had no place to hide.

Not that hiding had been my choice,
For I, I had a strong clear voice,
And my inner voice had decided
That fear is not where I abided.

In the strong wind many birds
Divided up the wind with words,
A fair maiden was there in a white gown,
With hair so golden, long and brown.

She strolled along down by the sea,
And sang a song so lucidly,
That the universe, with desire, imploded,
And the hearts of all that heard exploded.

I do not Want fake Tears

I do not want fake tears to plague my grave,
Nor wedding rice to cover my tomb,
I only want what I can save:
My soul within this earthly womb.

So when I ascend to places higher,
And leave behind my crown of thorn,
It will be as if I'm in a Shire
Where the scent of roses is what is worn.

5/23/20 The Beloved*³ crushed me

The Beloved crushed me in His hand,
His love was perfect - I the fool -
I could not walk nor run nor stand,
I came out looking like a jewel.

Then as my new legs flexed and bent,
I started running like a deer,
My heart could feel what the Beloved sent -
Which sent through things a joyful fear.

³ The Beloved here refers to Baha'u'llah

Now I run relentlessly,
And when I pause it is with reason,
I move, like deer, so silently,
But do not stop in any season.

5/21/20 I Spied a Bird

I spied a bird try to eat a butterfly,
On the wing swooped and darted down,
It turned away and headed skyway,
The butterfly did not leave the bird alone.

It fluttered after it as if on a mission,
To protect its dignity and holy crown,
Being beautiful it must defend its decision,
For beauty was its way to be so known.

Out of sight I knew not what happened.
I imagined the butterfly won the day,
For the fiercelessness that it exuded,
Was saying that it was here to stay.

5/11/2020 I have lost myself

I have lost myself on fields that bloom,
Purposely I ran away,
The Beloved's⁴ love has made me swoon;
I can not sleep nor live nor stay!

Wild flowers have lips that sing,

⁴ The Beloved here refers to Baha'u'llah. It can also refer to God and any of the Manifestations of God

For such is the love of the Beloved's Face,
I find in the field the Beloved's ring;
It is smooth and warm as summer lace.

Then as the seasons wind slowly down,
Another Spring is around the bend,
With a new Beloved, older than time,
With different words to mold and send.

I lie me down in the field to sleep,
Winter's breath creeps over me,
I cover myself with wool from sheep -
Close to the sound of the sleepless sea.

As a warm breath wakes my sleep,
I stir and flex then my body writhes,
The field's reborn, I jump and leap!
The Beloved looks at me and sighs.

How can We tell

How can we tell when death will breathe,
For rivers are seances to convince the sea,
That souls, like frost, must swell and heave
To rise like waves to set selves free.

Beneath, beneath this earthly sod,
Rebirths such magnificence,

That men may be to lightening rod
What children are to children's sense.

Then turn, turn to know the willow
As well as mystics know themselves,
And grant the living their own pillow
Before they're placed in earthen shelves.

Sunshine, Laughter, Rose

No sunshine, laughter, rose incense,
We're traveling through pain and scourge;
No gems and gold as recompense,
No time! no time! we must find courage.

To break the world of its lover's quarrels,
God set Her hands on glowing fire,
Luminous they planted seeds
To overthrow the heart's desire.

To change the world to rosy love,
God set Her feet in purest gold,
There's only One who needs not prove
Eternal youth's not old.

Thought to thought

Thought to thought the moons do rise -
As beggars beg food from heaven -
Seagulls' plaintiff cries

Help them find their seafood leaven.

Now my life runs away with me,
Life with thoughts so light and pure
Flow into one endless sea,
Now my life is ever sure

Of its vast remembered forrest
Stretching past the end of days;
Pure is pure - whatever the cost -
And heaven has its means and ways.

Some Ruminations

Some ruminations of love are flawed,

(Growing like a wormwood grows),
As if Troy's wooden horse was sawed,
And in its place a maiden sews

With threads of might and grandeur great
Like Pandora's second box
That she sacrificed at the Gate
With bundles of wild purple phlox.

Yet another love, so vast and grand,
That only flows through hearts like rivers:
A love divine that will ever stand
And never groans, nor grieves nor withers.

I Remember when

I remember when He^{*5} sat next to me;
The limelight is funny that way,
He said the earth looked luminous
And did I have something to say;

I said “what words could be spoken
Before Your grandeur so pure,
And that if I were to speak one
I feared could my soul endure.”

But still He sat and insisted
That I give him my opinion as asked;
And so I told Him I loved Him
And kept my opinion un-masked.

⁵ “He”, here, refers to Baha’u’llah

A Sign of Anger

A sign of anger is the color red,
Which is like the thorn to the ruby rose;
It's not that all things have unjustly bled,
For racism's stance is an unjust pose.

Then wandering from dawn to dawn,
With hijab worn by men and women,
We come across the Persian fawn,
And suddenly the world's unfrozen.

Casting off all superstition,
The thorny rose needs thorns no more;
Justice fades before love's tuition,
For love to the pearl is an endless shore.

A Woman's Tears

A woman's tears once saved my life
Just when the wind blew by,
And just as wind - it spoke to me -
It talked of Christ's reply:

"Two thousand years of letters wrote
Gestated much sensation,
And now the world has come to this:
Nation against nation."

But eyes have pupils that have sight,
And tears that flow right through them,
Just like the black absorbs all light,
And reflects the world right through them.

So why do we deny the reeds,
So hollow and rejected,
But in the pupils plant the rose -
And make the soul elected!

Rainbows Pour

Rainbows pour like maple syrup,
Its qualities known like hawks untamed,
And as each soul descends the stirrup,
It's horse throws it and it is maimed.

The sunset goes the sunrise comes,
Symbols dance when owls sound deep,
Great the distance separates
The soul from what determines sleep.

As we talk with our own souls,
And answers come and talons grip,
Our souls become as God's own scrolls,
Never to release nor slip.

Bulls Run

Bulls run through the streets at night now,
Matadors drink tea with them by day,
Love will even move the stone;
The stone will turn to seaside spray.

When fires of the earth are quenched,
And all peoples' guilt is forgiven,
Love will live in their hearts,
Still there will be sin;

But sin will be reduced to ash,
Blown away with healing winds,
Collected beneath God's throne in a stash
Of meaning - as the dervish spins.

In Youth

In youth the path I took
Contained the ground that shook;
Now the streets are leaven;
Then do I walk in heaven?

Three minstrels follow me:
One's not misery,
The second burns so bright
Within the third's dark night.

The All-Glorious's name,^{*6}
Has made my heart un-tame,
Since the Beloved's ring I kissed,
My body I've barely missed.

⁶ The "All-Glorious's name" and the "Beloved" both refer to Baha'u'llah

The Features of the Sun

The features of the sun are light,
Its nose and eyes and ears dispersed,
The hearts of men are mirror bright,
When looking at it unrehearsed.

I am my parents' child grown,
I claim no designation,
But when I turn to see the sun,
I live as Prophets' resignation.

So where does love fit in these walls,
These walls the sun has blown asunder?
Since love and the sun are twins, it seems
There is no above... no under.

My Ideas

The earth had been covered with snow,
Now great people roam the earth.
The days of sunlight grow,
Today's a day of mirth.

My opinions once kept me alive,
Now they are tread underfoot,
By a Will that will always survive,
(They burn now like chimney soot).

Like prejudice with its own mind,
My ideas once took control;
Now that I am nothingness -
There is no battle toll.

What Words

What words can I write to deck your attire,
What deeds can I weave to comb your hair,
What motives will set your heart on fire,
Do I dare, do I dare; oh do I dare?

The days of your existence stretch out beyond,
I am bound now to your resistance,
Resisting kings, generals and more,
Against my own insistence.

My poison leaches to your feet,
After breaking my denial;
What words, what deeds, what motives sweet,
Can taste like every trial.

I Fell

I fell for what seemed a thousand miles,
And landed near a thousand isles
Of tomes and books with mighty faces,
Of maidens with gowns and pearl white laces.

There was such bold translucency
That all I read were known to me;
Yet I did not know a letter
Of the books that made me fether.

I closed on all I read with my eyes,
And climbed back into starry skies,
Where single letters floated there....
And joy is what I breathed for air.

We Take

We take our saddest memories -
And put them in a box,
Waiting for the world to end;
We measure life with clocks -
Waiting for the world to end.

The Beloved is always there,
The way a dead-end sign,
Tells where not to go beyond -
Can we meet near by the Rhine?

Yet what rivers are more in tune
Than Euphrates and the Tigris?
We go to them to kneel and pray,
We find eternal bliss.

Yet we walk and pound the sod,
Not knowing we can find,
A haven of love and light,
From grief that's so refined.

Death has a way

Death has a way to compromise,
It's not that she'll make a promise,
She will sometimes touch your eyes
And give you advanced notice.

For those who've listened through the vine,
They'll hear death - insulated,
And death she'll be to some as wine
And they shall be elated.

But few, so few, see death as joy -
In that a world flings open -
And love turns 'round and 'round their soul

With death - joy's purest token.

If a Revolution

If a revolution felt so good,
And tomorrow's just an hiatus,
We'd take revolutions to a field
And plant them to await us.

But tomorrows are like unto a gate
They function outside time,
The soul can track their timely fate
And consume them in their prime.

Oh track me - where my footsteps go -

As snowflakes lilt to earth,
And send me revolutions
That I might name my birth.

To what an end

To what an end do we kill and feast;
Do we think the bones of destiny dead?
Or is it that the world needs yeast,
From which its deepest hunger's fed.

Rather like playful things we play
As destiny folds into itself;
But destiny takes a trillion turns:
It never sits upon a shelf.

Now Baha's ways are different,
They have set our destiny's stage;
By taking our magnificence,
And setting our internal age.

If there was one Lie

If there was one lie in the universe,
And galaxies between it and me,
Would I walk as a rose uprooted,
And comfort the lie tenderly?

If there were one heart still aching
Across all infinity,

To find the salve to heal it,
Would I give up my life selflessly?

There are times when ships lie broken,
Then are raised like broken winged birds
From the ground- where all things spoken -
Rise up as the kindest words.

I would not have you think the less

I would not have you think the less
Of a thought of truth from your youthful past;
But if your thought were split in two,
The prophets would still forever last.

We bear witness to each passing day,
Though we be so unaware,
Just as the spider's web is woven,
Without a thought or care.

For when the Beloved goes to extremes,
About His love that's real as pearls,
Which wash to shores in holy dreams,
We think of love that swirls.

The dark side of the moon's soon light,
The light side will soon be dark,
Do all religion's have their sight -
Then pass as they leave their mark?

The Fire that's set before My Eyes

The fire that's set before my eyes,
Tells my blood to boil as it flows,
Just as the sage is wise in saying,

It is better to be than describe the rose.

My anger that enrages me,
Against injustice all around,
Is justified just as the rose's
Thorns that drops blood
to the sacred ground.

As the rose climbs heavenwards,
By eliminating all that's known,
The peacock betroths the hoary
raven
That to the sun has flown.

I Heard You

I heard you across a thousand fields,

It is not as though I am heedless
Of all your soul can take and yield
Of your hidden tenderness.

Breathed in like babies breathing air,
I quaff the seas and its water,
And leave all dry - it is not fair -
Though I'm parched like a desert squatter.

Now I plow these fields unnumbered,
Though not a one is visible,
When I was in sleep I was encumbered,
Now awake I am invisible.

I am Contained

I am contained inside a sun,
Polished silver all around,
Its rays eliminate all that's known,
Just as the Master was homeward bound.

Yet am I but one small jewel
Sewn into the Master's crown?
A crown of servitude and hardship,
And homelessness His town.

There is no way to introduce you
To one who saw Himself as less;
Than the least of the least of all the homeless
With tattered clothes their dress.

If Jealousy is Insanity

If jealousy is insanity I'm the first to go insane,
The first to walk unclothed before the throne of God,
One to jest and be a fool before the mass of fame,
To be a living lightening rod.

So why did you not forsake me, my only living Lord,
When I was so wrapped in self I could not smell the
 heather,
I never put my head beneath the sacrificial sword,
Nor slept a day like the homeless in all the wretched
 weather.

Yet for some unknown reason you enabled me to see
Your majestic mighty hidden force,
That cures the cureless, calms the hearts, and stills
 the stormy sea,
And yet you remain as is and not as any less.

April Will Come

April will come and its fine rain,
Harrowing up all that is known,
Will wash off the world's dull hidden shame,
Replanting new where the old had grown.

So you, oh my Lord, with your eyes
 so bright,
Will plant wisdom into the ground,
Covering seed in the dead of night,
With your love where all is bound.

If we can transcend both new and old,
For once awoken we have never slept,
Then I, myself, must be so bold,
As the least of the least who has ever wept.

Frost has Frozen

Frost has frozen on the oars,
The fisherman heads for home.
Sandpipers lead her to the shores;
In memories she does roam.

Sand castles once were her dominion,
Chocolate strawberries her one concern,
Now everything is her opinion,
And a world once new is now worn.

She seeks inside at her discretion,
(Though no one knows her thoughts are pure),
She travels in the right direction -
Her parents taught her to endure.

Her children come and then they leave her,
An empty nest is her conclave,
A light inside begins to stir,
She steps out of her dark cave.

Chocolate strawberries turn into longing,
For something she can not comprehend;
A yearning made from her new songing
Whose refrain is her new friend.

Now she finds there is no ending,
No end of days like it's foretold,

Death will be her song of longing;
A messenger of joy as she grows old.

I Look out the Window

I look out the window - the first frost is there -
It leaves it's mark on all I see,
My soul soars outside with the frost - the air -
And mistakes it for one thought - eternity.

The ocean is nearer for the leaves are gone,
Bones of the trees reveal their heart,
Mist on the bay where the ocean begins,
Reveals that the ocean has an end and start.

I want a place where beginnings are good,
There are no endings and the worlds gets better;
I've found it on an ocean with uncharted chart,
One endless Word, and I'm one simple letter.

Guiding is the Way of Stars

Guiding is the way of stars,
Made drunk by them the souls on earth,
In the mountains, outside the bars,
Guiding to the Bab's sweet birth.

All fire falling down,
Is from His comet's streaming tail,
All wine shops in His town
Provide His wine drenched hail;

Hail that falls on hatless men,
Running towards their Lord's array,
Of His vast fields and mountains pure,
Where all people beg to stay.

When I was Lost

When I was lost I rode a horse,
Now that I'm found I ride the sea;
It was the Gate that drew me near,
And gave me sweet constancy.

Oh one for whom all ages tolled,
Whom nightingales adored,
The age old ages that He rolled,
Made room for new extolled.

And tears now coming from our eyes,
Through two hundred years of light,*
Drip like camphor honeyed sighs,
From His sea that gave me sight.

Now counting down until another
Thousand years will rise from earth,
We must count our blessings like the thorn,
That must prick each heart to give birth.

Am I the Savior of my Soul?

Am I the savior of my soul
My highest self that sets me free,
The bells that ring and toll and toll,
Toll when we fail to join the sea?

Every stream and river run
According to a fixed hard plan,
Each sacred piece of earth needs sun,
To reach to where the rivers ran.

I choose to reckon and to fight,
And stand by my own volition,
To choose the darkness and the light
Whereby I cleanse my sacred station.

I choose to turn to sun's bright joy,
And make my path ten acres wide;
One large mirror following
The sun - just like the ocean tide.

And love I need not mention,

For everywhere it's implied;
Just like His red roan stallion
That roams my countryside.

A Great Dust Storm

A great dust storm from Shiraz
Swept across the world and all that was,
Shattering old bureaucracies,
While creating new democracies.

When Jesus spoke through the raven's throat,
And the Bab walked over the Persian lake,
They made way for another, the one they saw:
Baha'u'llah, Baha'u'llah, Baha'u'llah.

But neither is better and brings no end,
Just as the beginning is our moral friend,
So I stand here today resolved....
Like rain itself dissolved.

If fire met water every time we spoke,
Ice would melt each time we woke,
For in dreams we speak volumes as if giving
To spirits found in all things living.

Within a Sphere

I am lost oh Love within a sphere,
Where time is fruit upon a vine.
This sphere is large enough to hold
the universe -
Your hand pressed wine.

Every thousand years time folds,
Back in itself like memory,
When five hundred thousand years is met,
The wine becomes a new eternity.

Oh Gate that gave us freedom's bower,
Removing time from all that was,
With eternity's pure rain felt shower,
That falls and falls and ever falls;

Oh grant me your approving eye,

Like the times you glanced at me,
And as I heave my final sigh,
I will drink one drop of your eternal sea.

From what does the Hunter Learn?

From what does the hunter learn?
The wounded and the bow;
What does the hunter learn?
That life he may never know.

From what does the hunter learn?
The demons in the snow;
How does the hunter learn?
Through seasons in a row.

Why does the hunter learn?
To teach his children still in tow;
Why does the child yearn?
For heroes he yearns to know.

From where does the hunter learn?
In the womb of the fields down low;
Where is the hunter stern?
In places he can grow.

When does the hunter learn?
That in time he will need to sew;
Where does the hunter learn?
In the wind he'll come know.

How Sad a Man Would Draw a Gun

How sad a man would draw a gun,
Because he wants to kill the Son,
That lives within so suicide,
Would be the chosen place to hide.

The meaning of the Holy Three,
To most is a confusing sea,
Most say the body of the Lord,
Has been linked with King Arthur's sword.

And so our learned superstition
Destroys and kills our intuition,
Just as our journey to the sun,

Is killed by envy on the run.

My mother whispers in my ears,
She keeps her worship of truth near.
Her father worshipped truth not God,
So in the end he met his Lord.

From land to land the harvest grows,
While peace from Appomattox grows,
When on his cheeks cheeks you decides to kiss,
You are guided to eternal bliss.

I could never fake a Laugh

I could never fake a laugh,
I could never fake a cry,
I could never fake my life,
So I guess I'll have to fly,
To where the rainbows dream,
To where the butterflies pray,
To where the sunbeams beam,
To where pure joy does play;
To where our childhood memories,
Are molded out of song,
And we'll walk hand in hand,

In a day forever long.

My Tempered Fear

My tempered fear of thee, O Lord,
That nurtures me to health,
Increases in me hunger Lord,
That greatly increases wealth.

If wisdom is measured by this fear,
Then what befalls true love,
From which all arrows are sent
To waken the sleeping dove?

So now that true fear wafts over me,
And sings me to sleep each night,
My windows stand open through every storm;
I heed neither dark nor light.

This fear is the crinkle on wisdom's brow,
Holy and happy and pure,
To liberate caged in flight,
And make each soul endure.

July 15th, 2018 - Entranced

I am entranced by a midnight star,
The ground beneath disappears.
Though your nearness is ever far,
Your love lives in hearts that fear.

Communion with you advances,
A seismic quake through deeds proceeds,

Before you no philosophic stances,
Can surpass an enrapture of holy deeds.

My hollow emptiness filled with tears,
When your sign for love was read,
Never before have I shed more years
Then by being born again instead.

1/7/19 - When Baha'u'llah

When Baha'u'llah was a Little Boy,
And walked among the sheep:
With each Little Step He took,
All the towns went without their sleep.
Sheep herders in Australia's glens,

Made kerchiefs from their wool,
And cried to sleep - not knowing why -
Though their stomachs were warm and full.
The hardest hearts of men's hard pride,
Went soft from being existent,
While governments and culture's fairest,
Were ever more assistant,
His Little Toes that crept and stepped among the fairy
grass,
Gave nobility its name - and beauty better class.

The Fragrant Rose
(To the Rose Bearer)

He carried her rose to the other side,
(Wind tossing his long hair side to side)

To be delivered on the fourth night.
The first night twin doves took flight,
With a note to his love that his love proved -
That he alone held her fragrant rose.

The second night (steeped in his frozen sweat)
Heard the mockingbird break sunset.
His love lifting higher, higher still,
While the winds so strong and chill;
A nightingale came to disperse his woes
As he alone held her fragrant rose.

The third day pushed out a crimson dawn,
The fourth day broke with a thrush's song,
Yielding to the tireless storm,
He died in clear sight of his lover's arms.
(Then angels came and his love she chose,
For he alone held her fragrant rose).

The Captain has Finally Gone Ashore

The Captain has finally gone ashore,

So do not ask him anymore
That which you have no right to.
For the spirit in his words is nigh
With sails that ever touched
 the sky
Hoisted as they were by him.
“I did the very best I could” says he,
And now the sails, laid low, are
 folded into rest.
“Never more to have the jib-jibe-ho”
 he says,
“Nor go again to where the demons never
 dared to go,
For I have beat the deep blue sea
And reaching to maturity
I will walk the land with grace beyond
What lovers of the land have writ,
For they could only dream of what
I, of my own free will, enslaved myself
 to face:
Turbulence and dangers (and sometimes calm
 at best),
Which made me worthy of my final days
 of rest.
Not that I would call myself most worthy
Looking as I do at times within,
Which has brought me to this decision:
That I have now grown old and have no longer
 need of gold.”
Then swinging his arms like swaying trees
 He says, says he,
“That I’ve been bold, that I’m to have a hearth
And never again be cold; and have my family
Now to be with and to hold. For I have mastered

The endless seas and soul, and who can say not
Looking me straightways in my eyes.”

So off he walked having talked his talk to the
 endless skies.

And in his last days of life God blest

He had cut and carved by hand

An oak coffin for his final rest.

And on that box sublime

Was carved what sustained him most

Across all ocean's clime:

 “A family's love has been my song,
 For what greater love to wander for
 Through out the deep blue sea,
 Than the thought of a loving wife
 and my son with me.”

In Memory of Emily Dickinson

I ate a leaf,
 I called it oak,
It sprouted in me
 faith and hope,
I tasted of the world
 that dies,
It grew within me haste
 and lies,
I tasted of my own
 sweet soul
And turned my back on
 all I knew.
I tasted once again
 the leaf -
Its trueness and
 exact surprise -
And pondered on
 the life of death
And in my mouth
 it tasted sweet,
I saw my slender
 gaited fate
And there the Queen of death
 Did wait.
So much spent and gained.

Aug 18, 2009 - I hear the Sound

"I hear the sound of war, but wake to dream
Of gods and men free floating in my stream,
That I walk upon without a toe dipped in
The waters that are so very thin.
They break as if a glass to press and hear,
The voice of coming wars that bring one near.
A deeper stream, much deeper - bottomless;
Whose drops of water bring eternal bliss,
Each drop a trumpet with a note to tell:
"The Lord of Lords is tending Mount Carmel."

Casco Bay by Delsa Walsh Wilson - my mother -
Written at 11 Barry Road, Scarsdale N.Y. 10583
when we were young boys who went out fishing as a
family in Casco Bay off Harpswell.

Restless waters, always moving,
Touch the Lone Star with laps
 and swells.
Patterns on the water, shades of
 blue,
Designed by sun and shadow.
Constant rhythms , changing -
 feelings of
Peace, Excitement and Beauty
All at once, never at once
 and never ending.
Gem - like islands lend enchantment
 to the scene.
A seal watching disappears.
Lobstermen go about their work.
The tour boat passes by, with
 swells and bell-buoy chimes
A mackerel bites on drift lines.
Casco Bay becomes a part
Of father, sons and mom

I had a Dream

I had a dream, it knew not time,
A child - dumb - possessed its rhyme.
The child lay within a crib,
A map of the dream drawn on its bib.
Upon the walls the dream was scribbled,
As if a candle waxed and dribbled;
The dream upon the child's hands
Were washed by sea tides and its sands.
I, now awake, had dreamed forever;
I folded down my sleeping cover,
And ran among the sleeping willow,
Where I brought my sleeping pillow,
And dreamed once more - upon a chance -
That the rhyme would put me in a trance.

Sundays - 3/20/22 7:30am

Sundays I have beaten down the path,
Walked where flowers' armor fell away;
The Beloved beat my mind with gaiety,
He took my armor off - I felt sea spray.

This Sunday the sky was my church,
The clouds all pink at dawn my minister,
Last one it was the forest's singing trees,
Where spring began to call and stir.

The one before a painting was my prayer,
The sea and bay were misty; tasted sour.
But sweet upon my tongue the mist dissolved:
It changed as I fasted passed the hour.

Some Sunday I'll beat the sea with oars,
The kind that crosses are made from,
I'll bury a treasure down along the shores,
Where the waves beat down pounding like a drum.

We Were Weary
Sunday, October 10th

We were weary, oh so weary,
We wanted to go home.
We had been so-so far away,
In pastures we did roam.
Then as the pumpkins marched along,
O're rocks and sandy sea,
We played the fiddle, carved in wood,
And danced so joyously.
Then crows so black berated us,
And criticized our playing,
And made such noise we laughed and laughed,
Not knowing what they were saying.
The lights had flickered off and on
In orange heads who heard crows crowing,
The salt-sea waters rose and fell,
As nothing stopped their flowing.
The crabs and lobsters scuttled round,
And seagulls picked the shore,
To find their next meal incarnate —

Their cries streamed through the door.
Then as the bright leaves met the winds,
They danced to songs of longing,
For Fall time coming not to late,
When voices would be singing.
Winter's bite was slightly felt,
And rattled with a warning,
The leaves were holding to the trees,
Though season's mind was storming.
The cornstalk husks with twine were tied,
And merry was the making,
The spirit took the moon's bright wealth,
And plentiful the taking.
Crickets' calls enkindled us
The soul of night to rise
To see the pumpkin moon
Through frosty colored eyes.
The yellow leaves that blinded us,
The red and orange too,
Left the stories to be told
Of dreams and colors blue.

I Find Answers

I find answers hidden in the grail;
once it was in a child's pail.

Wind has blown me down,
like a leaf I am blown through
 the streets of a town.

Lying on a beach, sand
trickles through my hair.

Do I dare, do I dare, do I dare,
to walk naked without a care?

Tear Drops

Tear drops that falls on a rose
from a drone cloud hovering,
are mine from my soul unknown,
which melts the hearts that are froze.
Thistles waiting to grow
to cover fields waiting
have waited beyond time
beyond parched lips of snow.
When Death takes its turn
it will be with merriment to proclaim
the evolution of the soul;
ceaseless waves churn.
Clouds will pass, be not ashamed;
fall leaves cremated will be named.
Gulls, forever wild, fly;

it is time for rosemary.
Wind coming from the north
bends like stalks of Queen Anne Lace
that make me feel so merry.
Birds go out on limbs to talk,
in the season of blueberry.

When Love's Love Letters

1/13/22 7-8 am

When loves love letters fed the vine,
When Nature on the floor lied naked,
God cast its shadow o're the Euphrates
And God's name was never created.

The vines with grapes all ruby red,
Climb walls the way creation started;
Children - with sand castles tall -
Have faith in the way the Red Sea was parted.

God cried out when the Tigres was red -
Like Euphrates in all its grandeur -

Creation starts when all is dead,
And a call goes forth for new splendor.

The Clouds Froze
6/4/22 - early am

The clouds froze and all was still,
My heart was touched by God's own words;
New leaves budding set a thrill,
A song was raised by springtime birds.

Gardens within a forest's pale,
Concealed from hand's greedy touch,
Flowers there - a secret grail -
Lifting beyond where the cloud's height touch.

Like Springtime rain his words came down,
Light as feathers the birds' song rang,
Down on the desert stood a Man,
Singing these words that Others had sang.

What has Time Wrought

What has time wrought, why now?
This ship I sleep on has no name,
The ship's horizon speaks of thunder,
Is it a fire and I a flame?
I need not dream for time is fickle,
A candle without a wick,
I sit and stare into the void,
I hear a single click.
Ten thousand demons march away,

Telling ten thousand lies,
What can I do to make me happy,
There is not a soul that dies.
My sails fill slowly with tender winds,
Touched by love I tip over,
A lightning bolt, now and again,
Spreads mayhem in the clover.
Nasturtiums turn toward the sun,
And follow it in its courses,
I am happy now, for all is one,
I graze among the horses.

Isaac's Intended Blood
*6/23/22 early am - The Day the Purest Branch*⁷ was*
Sacrificed

Isaac's intended blood refueled the world,
Christ on the cross sent death away,
Husayn's blood on sands spread oneness;

⁷ The "Purest Branch" here refers to Baha'u'llah's second son Mirza Mihdi

The fragrance of the rose did stay.

Oh would that oneness - inherent in all things -
Would buzz again like bees and likewise spread,
For Baha brought once more the sacrifice that stings,
Yet in most faces are found the look of dread.

The Purest Branch this day was risen,
Nightingales swooned then dropped to dust,
Yet dust in heaven is still a rainbow,
And there it is gold while on earth rust.

In time the truth will permeate the faces,
Each will hold a rose petal in their hands,
Timelessness will twist and turn the Graces,
They will submit to God's new demands.

I Will be Happy - 6/27/22

I will be happy with my body in the ground,
Next to yours or any other.
Death rejoices the waiting mound,
Need I say you are my sister or my brother?

When winds of inner wars have swept through,

And the depths of inner peace feels complete,
Will we rejoice when we mention Death's virtue,
Laughing out loud with the Springtime's air so sweet?

When the violin plays sweet Beethoven,
When the cello is in the month of Brahms,
We will meet in the foyer of each heaven,
And laugh out loud embraced by loving arms.

As the violin is buried with my body,
Though I've never played a note nor held a bow,
Sweet music will be played upon departure;
Upon my mound an orange tree will grow.

I Hold a Cup

I hold a cup which
 I've never drunk from,
I take one drought and pass
 it 'round,
It is as if the clouds have lifted,

though selfishness
has left me bound.
More clouds come,
 time's sands are sifted,
time reforms into a shroud,
the shroud is rent
 into four parcels,
my cup is filled with life endowed.
I take another drought
 and hear,
a word that mesmerizes me,
I now can feel all world reduced
into a tiny sea.

I will write a Poem

I will write a poem about a poem,
and put it in a jar,
then walk around the equator's poles,

followed by a star.
The star is me and I the star,
though we are not the same,
for it to me is like a war
between a candle and a flame.
I wrote a poem about myself,
it tasted oh so sour,
the sweetness of its verse,
lasted but an hour.
I waited for it to end,
I had no place to go,
and Fall did come and Fall did send
the first of Winter's snow.
Spring now is in winter's house,
this poem is on the run,
like tufts of grass and speckled grouse
in the seasons of the sun.

I want to say so much more

I want to say so much more,

I have tried for many years,
I have wandered down every shore,
Nothing is as it appears.

I have wandered down all the halls
That go on and on forever,
I dare to say the light recalls,
The soul of my endeavor.

But now I venture to endure,
This world and all its toils,
That I may pray for many more,
In ecstasy that recoils.
I want to say so much more,
I want to say so much more.

When My Wanderlust

7/6/22 early am

When my wanderlust walks down a rocky road,
When creamy clouds harbor feelings of June,
I will walk with you by a white froth stream,
From your eyes shine light beams from the moon.

For it is love and love must have its way,
I have found it in such ways I know,
Winter is gone, June is here to stay;
Never more will there be fields of snow.

A kiss I give adorns your supple brow,
Its mark is found and I am done,
Oh would that I could hold you now;
My loved one...my loved one.

But time has not joined our arms,
We are passing nights tempting fate,
In a world where we are living psalms,
We will gather at the Gate.

An Open Book

5/20-5/21/22

An open book, so like a fire,
I'm holding in my hands this hour.
If the fire spreads and is reborn,
The world of its outer self is shorn.
Its cosmic wave, like poetic verse,
Is centered in the universe,
Free flowing dynasties of might,
From its fire give all men sight
This fire pondered at its birth,
The book has sprung up from the earth.

The Heaven of being near

The heaven of being near,
Through the mercy of God's own hands,
Warms the frost of hearts,
Asleep on desert sands.

We should dance as if tomorrow,
Will never more be there,
We should kiss as if a sparrow,
Will fly to everywhere.

Tell me of your sorrows,
I will tell you of my joys,
We will move on through eternities,
And play with them like toys.

The End of the World

7/17/22 - am

If the end of the world were upon us,
What matters to love folds within;
We would join in a world where the righteous,
And the sinners are seen as one.

Like drops of the sea are forgiven,
Cleansed by the tide's mighty sea,
We will join at the hip by decision,
Of free will and the Lord's last decree.

Song sparrows soar through Winter,
Summer's heat hides within snow,
In the depth of dark there's a glimmer,
Of light to know where to go.

If the end of the world were upon us,
And the seas were dried to the bone,
Yet the Lord would unchain all the rivers,
And fill them once more to atone.

I can not help

7/26/22 - 7:30am

I can not help but think of you*⁸,
when the northern lights flicker and sing.
To commune with you,
is a glorious thing.
Love that stretches through time,
catches the morning light dew;
I can not help but think of you
when the northern lights flicker and sing.
Time and time again time flies through
the wicked and the damned like me,
and the saintly few. Oh when will I rise
to the pointed pine tree tops
of the land I love, and drink in thoughts
steeped in the minds of love.
When time is done, I will think of you
and commune though the virtues of innocence.
Oh sing of pastures green and blue,
of Black Eyed Susan and Queen Anne Lace,
and lightening bugs... that flicker too.
For I will love you, for I will love you.

⁸ "You" in this poem talks about a made up lover I have of course never met before but hope to.

It is just what it is

I have kept my father's hat,
It is felt, but it's not fat,
My head is just like his,
It is just what it is.
He wore it in the trains,
Through subways and through pains,
My pains are not like his,
It is just what it is.
I may put his hat in art,
It would look like freedom with a heart,
My heart is just like his,
it is just what it is.
His briefcase, full of wires,
Full of hopes and found desires,
They formed a wall of nows,
Plowed through by Summer ploughs,
My hopes are just like his,
It is just what it is.
And when the sun has set,
When I have sweat my final sweat,
My soul will be like his,
It is just what it is.

This Pen is like a Sword

The pen is like a sword in ways,
It cuts through lies, it slays with lines,
As poets dance to songs and plays,
And playwrights laugh at jokes and crimes.
We used to mirror dusk and dark,
And all that crumbles to ash and dust,
Until God's fire sent a spark,
And we were covered with his musk.
I often beg of God his throne,
That I may sit upon His knee,
And there to copy with my pen,
His words that set men free.
As I ask for this I'm woken,
To knowing this can ever be,
Though my pen once whole is dashed and broken,
I drift on God's pure sea.

Upon the Death of Time
10/12/22 am

Upon the death of time I wait,
Standing tall like arrow's speed.
At time the arrow's in the quiver,
Soaking in the lust of mead.

But I will leave it for tomorrow,
When I walk upon the dunes,
For time is naught but sorrow,
And sand is naught but runes.

So see me off to heaven,
Tip toeing cross the stars,
We're moon light that breaks all barriers,
Though trapped it in crystal jars.

Baha's glory everywhere,
Will break the jars asunder;
This fool will trip the universe,
And glory he will plunder.

For love's the glory of all time,
And for love there is no death,
When time dies and sheds it's skin,
'Tis love that will breathe its breath.

I can not help but think of you

I can not help but think of you,
When lady bugs drink morning dew,
With this ring I do be-wed,
My soul that's risen from the dead.
There was a time I felt no love,
Nor heard the cooing of the dove,
Now I stroll eternity,
As calm and peaceful as can be.
I passed the gates where no one stood
Between me and reaching God,
Except my lower self so blue;
Now thoughts of you, now thoughts of you.

The Birthday of the Bab
10/26/22

I am counting the days since when you were born,
The wine that saved me is still on the vine,
The rose that you sent me has also a thorn,
And your blood dripping down is divine.

So feed me, oh Lord, with the muse of this Day,
A day far greater than the sum of past years,
For children now grown have ceased their play
To heal the whirlwinds and the sum of all fears.

On this day when the you came to be,
Stripping the world of its outward abode,
I count all the means of life you gave me:
The faith and the love and the tears you bestowed.

The Birthday of Baha'u'llah
10/27/22

Oh Baha'u'llah! Before you were born you sent down
the prophets,
The Messengers circle round your throne,
As Child of the Ages you gave birth to the stars;
Your jet black hair stirred all winds that have blown.

When they tore off your turban, your hair flowed
down,
Earthquakes shattered the stone,
Even the Bab, the King of the prophets,
Bowed down before your throne.

You lit up the skies of the eastern horizon,

Yet the west flowed out of your tongue,
So my tears that are forming want to roll down,
Like the stars cross the skies you have flung.

Even you, though, the Supreme Manifestation,
Are a creation of one word of your Lord,
And we are but fragments of your Imagination,
Non-existent before the Adored.

I am the King of No Ones Soul

I am the king of no one's soul,
I am the crown on no one's head,
I bend before the Winter winds,
I rise with the faithful dead.

There are minions at the gate,
There are sheep, the shepherd's home,
There are dreams for the dreamer's state,
There are diamonds for the child's comb.

So when will the warm winds blow,
And the leaves on the trees be gold,

So our time may be spent like the days,
Of never growing old.

In the forests howl the wolves,
In the canyon the lone coyote,
Each heart has its ocean shoals,
Each country its Don Quixote.

I still bring things Home

I still bring things home from my favorite beaches,
Not of sand or of shell or of sun dried wood,
They are what are beyond my wildest reaches,
Not what I couldn't or wouldn't or should.

I wander the beaches in sleep and clear night,
I tip toe upon seaweed in sand,
They make clear paths in the pale moonlight,
It is better than a bird in my hand.

As to all the things beyond my reaches,
There is nothing but stardust in my blue eyes,
Though I hear the owl that howls and screeches,
I call back - and the owl calls out in surprise.

I am lost

I am lost the way a man seeks wine,
Brambles now reaching to my thighs,
In the thicket of love I heave deep sighs,
That beckon to the ocean brine.

Thus I live this fleeting life,
Living a dragon's years,
Intoxicated by the devil's tongue,

Clipped by the shepherd's shears.

The veils of Christ's own words,
Foretold our destiny to come,
They sharpened the dullest swords
They set the turtle to run.

When the Daffodils were here

When the daffodils were here,
And my soul was in the wind,
Ruffling through the woodcock's down,
Just like a gentle friend,
The starlight of the world,
Was locked away like jam,

Coveted for Winter's flight
Like wool from Springtime lamb.
When I came into Christ's presence,
I put rose oil on his feet;
His poverty was to the Lord
Like vinegar but sweet.
Two thousand years were sewn,
Into God's vest and a suit serene,
Which worn upon the Day of days,
Even the Thief had never seen.

A Viking's Death

A Viking's death I seek now,
A burning boat near a distant isle,
I know what I seek now;
A place beyond a cordial smile.

As fog lifts and my ship's revealed,
It will carry me until I've died,
A long trip 'till my fate is sealed,
Though short it seems from the other side.

No more shall the rivers run dry,
That flow with His love past His throne,
He suffered all things when He cried God's cry;
His enemies, then, weaponized His comb.

The moon sings softly to the trees,
It banters lightly with all that's known,
Baha stings like ten thousand bees,
"Then wish for death"* is what is shown.

When Spirits Rise
11/16/22 am

When spirits rise and take their place,

Always with glory everywhere,
All are showered upon their face,
With light as fine as thin gold hair.

And as God's spirits burn with fire,
There is a place where none can reach,
A place where lives our only Sire,
A place beyond all words and speech.

Deep in space where lives my lover,
A space within a space desired,
Removed from our mortal cover,
There is an inmost place acquired.

Our places each within their sphere,
Dissolve before a Revelation,
And Baha made this very clear:
By being born, His final Station.

I have cast Ashore
11/28/2022 am

I have cast ashore for all storms at sea,
Donned the captains hat and stared life down,
Within my self I agree and disagree,
I have sought a workmen's hat and not a crown.

Albatross fly with me when I sail,
Their wings spread touch from cloud to cloud,
They are free as free within God's pale,
And I, with full wind, sail seas so proud.

At each dawn - stormy or fine weather -
I am on the wind facing all I know,
On the deck I see an eagle feather,
I pick it up to bless all things I know.

Across the world I scale the highest mountains,
I chase the Beloved's Soul and never see it set,
I pierce my heart so blood red fountains,
Tell a story of a martyr's last vignette.

I Want to do so much more

11/29/2022 am

I want to do so much more, so I taste my tears,
The poverty of my laws once wasted all my years,
Now the only poverty is found before your Throne;
I will always be your fool, though you have made for
me a home
With palaces of diamonds, white platinum, in a silver
case,
Sapphires, rubies, topaz, and the stories I have
chased;
Of the yearning for redemption through ribs pierced
by sharpened blades.

When God Spit the Rose

When God split the rose,
The earth collapsed,
Venus posed,
Time elapsed
To when the Point spoke out another tune

With other stars
And a sun.... with a lion's roar.
The bow and the sword are on display,
There is a box on the other side
 opened wide.
There is a mirror with my face -
 and grace,
And a wooden shaft like an arrow,
 for sorrow.

Before we reach the garden of diamond,
We must turn to dust and ash.
Before I'll follow a rainbow
God must blow away the storm.

Entranced like a Midnight Star
July 15th, 2018

Entranced like a midnight star
The ground I stand on disappears.
Your nearness agrees with being far,
Your love lives in this heart that fears.

Communion with you advances,
A seismic quake through deeds proceeds,
Before You no philosophic stances
Can stop a small enrapture of needs.

My hollow emptiness filled with tears,
When Your sign for love was read,
Never before have I shed my years
By being born again instead.

Ode

My tempered fear of thee, O Lord,
That nurtures me to health,
Chases me like the hungry hoard
That greatly increases wealth.

If wisdom is measured by this fear,
Then what befalls true love
From which all shadows are sent
To awaken the sleeping dove?

So now that this fear wafts over me,
And sings me to sleep each night,
My windows stand open through storm and rain,
And I heed neither dark nor light.

Since this fear is the wrinkle on wisdom's brow,
Holy and happy and pure,
To liberate the caged in dove,
Is the mark of a man mature.

I Could Never Fake a Laugh

I could never fake a laugh,
I could never fake a cry,
I could never fake my life
So I guess I'll have to fly
To where the rainbows dream
To where the butterflies pray
To where the sunbeams beam
To where pure joy does play;
To where our childhood memories
Are molded out of song
And we'll walk hand in hand
In a day forever long.

Do You have a Soul to Spare

3/23/23 1:45am-2:26am

Do you have a soul to spare?
The Winter nights are long this year,
I have crossed over to ask you dear:
Do you have a soul to spare?

Do you mind my asking you,
Why your eyes are green not blue?
I have other questions too;
Do you mind my asking you?

Do you dare to take the time,
To question what you think is true?
I know it asks a lot of you:
What you think may not be true.

I have thought about this much you see,
(And why the rivers run to sea),
It may be just complacency:
To not ask what you think is true.

I ask this of the things I know,
Each morning as I rise to go;
I would not ask you to ask this of you dear,
If I didn't ask this of me every year.

Dumbfounded I am

Dumbfounded I am, dumbfounded I remain;
I sit speechless before the Frequented Fane!
The Beloved Beauty, who declared Him to BE,
Speaks now, like He did to Moses...through every
tree.

My tongue is tied, but my heart has burst;
I no longer need an ocean to quench my thirst!
When I pray at dawn, or commune at dusk,
The scent I inhale deep, is the Beloved's musk!
The Christ, Who raised me up on high,
Walks the Beloved's steps - though He walks the sky.
All grandeur, glory, fame and might,
Is used at the discretion of the Beloved's might!
The reflections of His beauty are forever shown,
Just as God's power is forever known!

It is a Rose that leads us to Justice

“Prophets and poets see with the light of God”,¹
We are now at a day of crossroads,
Where the world no longer needs to tread
On the vanity of empty shows.

Oneness now is the king of all words,
And the Beloved the king of oneness,
Shams Tabrizi foretold a new Conference of Birds:
A world of love and fairness and justice.

“There are treasures hidden ‘neath the throne of God,
And poets are the keys to those treasures.”²
There is a New Jerusalem we are ever moving
towards,
And world peace is one of God’s pleasures.

We can not escape it hard as we try,
By indifference, apathy, malaise,
For the beautiful Beloved uttered one cry,
And His lovers still utter His praise.

So do not go down to the river to drink,
When the ocean of world peace is coming;

We must walk through the valleys of the sea of His
ink,
And like the drummer boy ever be drumming.p

It is inevitable that these truths come to pass,
And an army of artists will lead us,

Though their hearts are made out of flowers - alas -
It is a rose that leads us to justice.

1) "Abdu'l-Baha said to Gibran, after seeing the
portrait the poet made of Him: "Those who work with
the Spirit work well. You have the power of Allah in
you,'and, quoting Mohammed, said: 'Prophets and
poets see with the light of God.'" *

*Kahlil Gibran: Man and Poet by Suheil Bushrui
and Joe Jenkins, Oxford:
Oneworld, 1998, p.9

2) Quote by the Bab, from the Dawn-Breakers.

My Love for you

My love for you in deeds increases,
I need not speak in words;
I try to reach to where God reaches,
I have not wings like birds.

I walk the world's nocturnal beaches,
Where waves curl to shores like children's curls,
I am of those daylight seekers,
Who seek your shores for your chosen pearls.

So why my Lord, can I not find your throne,
Does it sit so high above the world,
That there is no hope I can atone?
I have faith, for your robe has reached the world!

I speak best of you in rhythmic speeches,
For they flow as cool waters, limpid and pure;

Though the world thinks of me and impeaches,
I cling to you.... so am firm and sure.

A Daisy's Soul

Vengeance is like a daisy's soul
When the Rock of Ages bends in two.
(Wind that spins upon a knoll
Paints the mountains all in blue).

Then torrential rainfalls come,
Washing what we fear of late:
The contents of Pandora's box,
And the stench of a demon's gait.

Angels of the aftermath of war,
Pick apart the bones of death,
Searching within their core
For the meaning of each breath.

Vengeance takes on form eternal,
Pandora's box becomes contained,
Angels speak in words maternal,
As they are in turn unchained.

Daisies offer hope each hour,
Demons speak as if to save the day:
The worth of each man's sweat and labor
Is known by each man's sweat and pay.

Narrowed to the Point

On the bones of undetected sin,
Grow lichens - like ones on rocks and trees;
Ages that turn around the poles,
Are spent like May flies in Summer breeze.

New ages form and leap like Springs,
Old, bent over, thump the earth with canes;
The young break wine bottles which brings
Indoctrinated visions of heaven's lanes.

Narrowed to the Point circumscribing
The universe of heaven's woven silk -
We find the old Ones prescribing

The tenderness of words as mild as milk.

The dead that once buried the dead,
Are living now and no one sees the difference;
Between the gold and poor man's lead
Stands a Shams Tabriz'i conference!

The Lady with Confetti

The lady with confetti kneels down,
The robin with the worm begs to fly,
Down within the bayou boils Summer,
The Spring is nigh but gone yet wears her crown.

Oh where but to the sea does all return,
When love is fire so desperately needed,
We can hunt for death to make him burn,
But to live we must live the life we fled.

Sweeping floors to keep the paper strips,

The lady puts them in satchels with rose;
Incense from lavender's heads - like clover -
Means less than this poor woman who bows and tips.

Now the sunlight, chasing geese like clouds,
Hovers as a drone - though speed it's made from -
The lady - comforted by crowds -
Has her applause....with the beat of each drum.

The Velvet Rose

The skies that have cleared -
the velvety rose -
emulate the daffodil's fiery nose.
Code talkers, like a cornucopia
of fallen timber, declare a holiday from time.
Hot western winds blow and beat down wheat;
crimes of right, rising up with wings,
follow where they follow. Things
saturate the earth;

hollow feathers whistle.
Make sense of it all before the day clouds,
let light permeate each letter of fallen
brothers and sisters of every clime
slain to make the imperfect rhyme.
Racist wars, terrorism from ages past,
incite more hate and the light dims
as the curtain opens with a pile of limbs.
Sewn together they make a mass
walking and crawling over
beatitudes, discussing love's right,
embarrassing, humiliating the Christ.
Stoned villagers succumb to vats of wine
as time, as time, as time, as time passes;
to racist wars some still raise their glasses!

Tear Drops

Tear drops that fall on rose,
From a drone cloud hovering,
Defeats the snows that once were froze;
And melts the ice once covering.

Thistle waiting to grow,
to cover fields waiting,
have waited beyond time;

beyond parched lips of snow.

When Death does take a turn,
with merriment to proclaim
the evolution of the soul;
ceaseless waves churn.

Clouds will pass, be not ashamed;
Queen Anne stalks cremated will
 be your name.
gulls, forever banished, fly;
it is time for rosemary.

Grief, secluded, like the wind,
bends like stalks of wild carrot,
scythes cut them just for sound -
and the taste of carrot sherry.

A lighter field indoctrinates -
lifts like life the broken maze -
secures the daft and deadly ways
that make all men so merry.

Fast the sparrow (and the hawk),
now that time has broken promises;
limbs go out on limbs to talk,
in the season of blueberry.

The Rainbow

The rainbow that will break my arms,
When lifting up the sun that dawns,
The folding of the moon in half,

For bracelets of skeletal charms;

This is spring incongruous,
Like clowns that juggle days around,
Heat's blight - cold's foul play -
I stand tall; feeling bliss.

Think then of Summer's clothes -
(I do not hurry down that path),
Milkweed I lite upon -
And live a minute's pose.

If the Earth

If the earth divorced the sky,

Why would we even try?
We speak soft reasons why,
The earth won't divorce the sky.

I see the trees so tall,
They almost touch the sky,
But failing flight they fall;
As soaring seagulls fly.

Then seagulls fall to ground,
And more trees grow up high;
It is the reason why,
It is the reason why.

The earth itself can sigh,
Defend its precious ground;
The time for this is nigh,
The time for this is nigh.

I have divorced myself
For another self so high;
I have now reasoned why
The earth won't divorce the sky.

A Nation's Armor

A nation's armor rusts and dies,
Its features crumble to outworn waltz's,
Just as a thief once gave a cry
Upon it's hand being cut by justice ;

There is truth and there is love,
Twins circling in the womb;
And when they're living, and when they're born,
A new world sings its tune.

The oceans had all gone dry,
But the Beloved's tears refilled them;
His nations are like the sky,
With clouds that flow right through them.

Reflections on Tennessee William's "We have Not
Long to Love"

We have eternity to love.
Light won't stray,
The faith in love -
which is what we stand to gain -
we may pack away
and drag along
because it wants to stay.
Dim light will grow
until it breaks the grey.
All dimness spent in life,
even a touch that moves -
except the still - the silence -
will drift as touches to the sea...
though it too will want to stay.
Your love, my Beloved, that I cherish,
like the cock that crows,
has broken every day
and tastes my tears,
for I always stray.

Between Two Worlds - 8/1-2/22

Between two worlds is a pot of gold,
Worlds where freedom was a choice,
The detritus of freedom has taken hold
Of everyone's pure hidden voice.

Inaugural fires of innocence
Once covered mountains whole;
In a way now it is like indolence,
Or a boat upon a shoal.

On the mountain tops where freedom reigned,
The fires burnt the grass,
Fires that once had tamed,
Our hearts pure as glass,

A fire new as innocence,
Through a looking glass of snow,
Makes bedraggled laughs of indolence,
Nothing more than sham and show.

Everything Follows

Everything follows the sun.
Joined betwixt bounds of domain,
Sounds footsteps on the run,
Like rain drops that drop on the plain.

A cloud's bright form is near,
Nearer than eye's life vein,
That follows the sun like a lover
Follows its lover's sweet pain.

The taste of sweet fennel is given,
By and by one forgets all ones pain,
You know you are pure when you've striven,
To feel all the rain drops you've sewn.

Your Lips Like Generals

You lips like generals command my heart,
To march wherever your footsteps fall,
I will never leave you nor be apart
Like the mighty oak standing tall.

Your lips oh my love so ruby red,
Kissed sunsets before the world
 was made,
And kiss all soldiers eyes when dead
Giving death a pale but ruby shade.

PROLOGUE

Like Light through Blinds

Like light through blinds at dawn,
I must be traveling on,

