

Sonnets

A Wild Rose in the Dooryard Sang

Once, I could have had a seaside life
But the chilling winds of winter blew me inland
I stood, a captive on the timeless cliff
Till time relentless crumbled into sand

I packed a bag of stones all polished green
I held the summer hopeful to my breast
I blinked my frozen eyes where light is seen
Reflected on the dancing splintered crest

Then turned, I could not face that siren sea
Her crying cast despair deep in my heart
I came, at first 'twas only to the lee
Where wind could neither reach nor tear apart

But tonight, a wild rose in the dooryard sang
And I stood upon that quaking cliff again

The Wind, the Wave, the Moon

the space between the fingers of your hand
as they reach out for sky within these walls
becomes a world alive to your command
where in your waking dream the water falls

and could the world dismiss a revelation
it still would come downpouring in the wind
and could you speak a long lost desperation
it would alight the fire under skin

come love! stroke the velvet morning
renew the glance that caused a thousand rains
repeat the fondest wish that cried a warning
to all the lovers lost and love still gained

unleashed, alone, the wind, the wave, the moon
tomorrow and tomorrow cradle love till noon

Deep Mystery of Life

To hear you've gone my friend three months ago
On bed of pain down road where beach stones cry
I feel like one who stands where yarrow grows
With feet on rock while burning ship sails by

Sorrow anchor sorrow deep inside my soul
A wind that grinds the rocks upon the shore
While circling crows steal sunset of her gold
And Chaos turns the tears from out my store

Not so in what was to be our last hour
We sat at table, curtained kitchen window
Took down guitar from nail, played "Wildwood Flower"
Then shook our many laughs by willow window

Deep mystery of life - to never know
The final moment shared before we go