

your house

i can see your house
 from here
and when the wind blows
i can smell the smoke
 from your chimney
 and catch echoes
 of your laughter.

these fields of white snow
feed my imagination,
 kindling the melting breezes
 of spring.

i will come and see
 what i've seen
 a thousand times
 in my dreams
with the first flowers
 of spring.

february 1980

like the sea

like the sand
that touches the sea,
your golden hair sparkles
and flows to surround me

like the sea
that foams at each crest,
my wandering heart
settles on you o'er the rest

like the sun
that warms our times,
my loves reaches out
to arrange words to rhymes

like the sky
that turns our lives blue,
the peace you bring me
soothes as a morning dew.

june 24, 1978

desert rose

be my desert rose.

i will give you water,
but i will not cover you with rain.
i will give you sunlight,
but i cannot burn away the pain.
i will be the sand beneath,
but i will not your essence drain.

be my autumn rose.

i will be the leaves,
clinging to your fragile branches.
i will change colours
with the seasons, changing stanches.
i will drop away,
only to be grown again, new dances.

be my evening star.

i will be the sky,
but i will not demand your love.
i will be the twilight,
giving way to the darkness above.
i will be the wish,
made upon your light, my love.

november 03, 1990

the lady

the lady starts her day
following the footsteps
laid down for her
many years ago.
she scorns those
who love her,
fighting her lonely way
to the darkness
that holds her.

i said, i said
i said, i love you

the night finds her
alone
in her castle
counting those she's added
to her collection
until the early morning hours.

i thought i said
i love you.

november 28, 1986

our flower

our flower has faded
its colour is gone
our time has passed
distance from the dawn

our flower has dried
but its beauty shall remain
in our memories safe and secure
gifts we'll always retain

our flower had seeds
their potential yet unlocked
our futures shall always touch
with the children we begot

october 20, 1990

why, my heart?

in the somewhere of my self
i sought to set a course.
it was straight, but not true
for i kept a piece for myself.

why, my heart?

further down the path
i stopped to set a course.
it was true, but not straight
for i gave a piece of myself.

why, my heart?

deeper into the woods
i saw the future courses.
they were straight and true
for i know the peace within myself.

why, my heart?

november 03, 1990

glittering blue

a thousand laces
in your hair
and glittering blue
in your stare
guessing where
i cannot say

our ways parted
in that field,
yours right
mine left

a thousand times
in my dreams
and glittering blue
showing in your face
as the distance
behind ever grew

june 07, 1979

a million waves, again

a million waves
slam the sands,
the murderous crashes
empty my soul.

the touch of a word
or the sound of a smile
eke their way in,
catching my soul.

the fury of my leaving love
slams the door
the lasting echo
tears my soul.

a million waves, again
come crashing this day,
pounding on the shores
of my vacant soul.

february 01, 1997

with the wind

with the wind
goes my love,
like a graceful creature of flight
heading south for the winter.

with the wind
go my hopes
like clouds drifting away
high above the earth.

with the wind
goes my self,
like the salty spray from the sea
set adrift by the crashing waves.

with the wind
goes my life,
like the autumn leaves falling.
until at last only one remains ...

and i hear my master calling.

october 30, 1976

aftermath

inner reasonings
 flow like the tides
 of the sea.

you will never know
 my thoughts, nor the games
 within me.

you are suspended
 before me, at a fork
 in the path.

breaking the silence
 into a million pieces
 of aftermath.

september 1979

the things that i have built

the things that i have built
meant everything to me then.

i could think of nothing
else while i was building them.
it felt so good
to have finished them
and to look at them
and to know that i built them.

the things that i have built
mean nothing now.

they are no longer
in my possession.
i cannot touch them
or show them off with pride.
except for the knowledge
that i built them,
they are gone.

march 11, 1991

stolen ones

the radio played to an empty house,
no cries from the children
 who once lived here
to keep the furniture company.

the new sheets cover empty beds,
no dreams from the children
 who once lived here
to keep the dark halls amused.

the trusted friends fill an empty weekend,
no visits to the children
 who once lived here
to keep my broken heart afloat.

the piano plays for an empty evening,
no intrusions from the children
 who once lived here
to keep my songs from being finished.

the prayers ever stir an empty heart,
no mercy for the children
 who once lived here
to keep their blessed souls untarnished.

march 10, 1992

the black and white of love

it always seems to start out
so strong, so comfortable, so right.
when one can feel
the shape of another's soul
and the knowledge of things to come
fills the empty spaces.

it can fade with the aching of time
and the growth of uncertainty.
the stones of trust can crumble
to cover the once young
promises and rusting passions
with the dust of selfish need.

it can end with but a whimper
that often goes unheard.
and one feels the pain
from another's soul.
and the fear of things to come
finds the empty spaces.

it can rise again with but a seed
planted in some fertile soil.
and given just the right amounts
of tears and light and warmth
it can grow to ease the pain
and fill the empty spaces.

once again.

october 15, 1990

night's beginning

i leave my notes here
to hide in these trees
—magic born from my strings—
my gift to you.
perhaps you will hear their echo
one day
as you listen to the raging quiet
of GOD's creation.

i leave my questions here
to dance on these waters
—peace born from the wind—
your gift to me.
perhaps you will find the answers
one evening
as you sit in the westering sun
at day's end.

i leave my love here
to shine with the moonlight
—hope born in this wondrous place—
our gift from heaven.
perhaps the clouds will fall away
one year
as you watch the distant stars wake
at night's beginning.

april 10, 1998
(at kerr lake)

a private inferno

candyland girls
and bedtime stories
red wagon rides
and orange pumpkin faces
resonate in my solitary heart.
if there are days
beyond these playground swings,
how do i get there
before they disappear without a trance?

lollipop woman
and bedtime pleasures
yellow sun mornings
and green april nights
provided shade from the noonday sun.
if there were stars
above that beige ceiling,
why couldn't i see them
even as i heard them calling my name?

lemondrop lady
and bedtime dreams
violet twilight eyes
and blue scar promises
quarrel within without resolution.
if there is forgiveness
beyond this life,
what will it feel like
and what will i say when i'm free?

february 21, 1997

painting

if i could paint a picture
 of how the world should be,
with circles aglow
 and walls white behind the flower pattern,
with tables brilliant beneath crystal
 and blue views off the balcony—
i would put myself there
 never to return to wash up.

life is painted with rose pink pedals
 freshly fallen
 from an aching brush
 full of thorns ...
i live life as if i were dying tomorrow;
 sad—happy
 fearing—knowing
 glorious—reverent

life was painted,
 people, places, all—

 but now, all of the paint is gone.

august 1977