

SOLITUDE

Recovered solitude is waking up from a dream,
The dream of a loving friend to hold my hand,
Speaking such words of twinship in the night,

Wiping away imaginary tears shed by every
Image binding us to whatever was and is
Or will be in the garden of God. Do not speak

Of loss and sorrow, find that quiet in the bathing
Night where nothing is or was or will be, find
That open place in light where no bird flies, where

No talk whispers in shadows beyond space, catch
Each illusion and wrap it in seamless prayer, nothing
Is solid in solitude, nothing gasps or weaves or dreams,
A bird in flight, a shadow hiding on the wall, silver,
Sibilant whispers across the hollows of the night.

THE ROOM

The walls of this room are my body now,
Empty, empty space where joy and love once
Ruled, ringed about in silence where fragrant

Whispers used to settle in unlit corners, my room,
My body draped in luminous sounds of talk,
Our endless talk silenced by the end of things.

TREE

That love I lost now lives a great rooted
Tree planted deep and firm within the heart,
That love I lost it seems flowered only

A thousand days late in a semblance of winter,
The aching end of days strung from beginning
To that end: wrapped in blankets of pain we are

Born, wrapped in the single garment of death
We die. What does it matter whether love
Comes early or late, what does it matter

Whether the flowers in spring die on the branch,
Or the tree withers and crumples in our seasons
Of time, whatever comes also goes, whatever

Is born must come to an end, does it not?
Care for this great rooted tree in the heart
Should be care for the truth within love,

Care for the love planted deep in the heart
Of our truth, that truth of God which never
Comes and never goes, which is never born
And certainly never dies, it is, it is, it only is.

TOO FULL

Too full of erupting words the poet lies
Bleeding from the life of each wound, too full

Of wounds the poet chokes as the words flow
From the overfull throat where grief plays

A duet in sorrow with love, too full
Of tears the bursting heart overflows the dam
Where life is simply enclosed by death.

MEMORY

Three separate actions in a dream – loss flowed
Across the still lake lying behind a yellow brick

Church on a hill, there sorrow coalesced, memory,
Memory intersected with three carved fusions erected

In each illusion of time. Accept this, accept
The unreality where we persist knowing even

What we know, where illusion toys with truth.
Accept this place where love lies bleeding

In its own mystery, then hear the sound of truth
From that light which persists before memory
And beyond loss, know this light, accept this truth.