

POETRY

THE POETRY

POOL OF WEALTH

To the sea of love
Where the mermaids play,
With the sharks and whales
In the ocean spray.

To the sea of reality
Where the water's so cold
None would believe
The stories it's told.

To the sea of hate,
Dotted with reefs;
The home of widows
Scarred with griefs.

To the sea of wisdom,
Where upon its too late
To save yourself
From that killer fate.

And beyond to a river I know,
Where gold dust flows,
And a lake I know
To where the river goes,
—And back to awareness.

A BREATH OF NOTHING

Between the stars, and moon,
Between you and me,
It's impressionless space;
It's nothingness that you see.

BID FAREWELL TO THE EVENING SUN

The evening sun,
Like eyes that mourn,
Glares in hazy loneliness,
Over the darkness, newly born.

Like a pearl on the shore,
Scarred with blood,
Being subdued by the restless waves
And the filthy waters mud.

Water so black with blood;
Covering the shores of sand,
Leading a path across the waves
To cover the life of land.

To drown the roots of life
With that which makes it be,
The screams of hope, have no bearing
On the waters of that sea.

And the lands of happiness;
So much there's none,
Will bid farewell
To the evening sun.

FRANCIS FRELL

As starvation was ailing
And madness came,
The bloated king
Was the centre of shame;
And it seemed the world
Was lost to hell,
Til a minstrel arrived
Named Francis Frell.

Not a word he sang,
Just piped his way
For the tunes had more than words could
Than words could say;
Tunes of life
Some free and wild,
..... those of love
Had the king beguiled.

Such delight
He'd never known,
A shepherd...
Upon a throne;
Merriment it rose,
As hate decay,
So the king decreed
A pipers day.

It summoned the creatures
Of marsh and lagoon,
To follow the way
Of the minstrel's tune,
And repaved the streets
From gold to rock,
And devoured the greed
Of courtly talk.

And scolded the land
And people it owned,
For all of those
Were fakely prone;
Still most the spade
Had hand to grip,
Few payed heed
To the pipers tip.

Like nail to wood,
The loyal slave
Their feet lay anchor
Beneath the waves;
Sunken castles
Of grandfathers time,
And a rusted bell
Without a chime.

A HOME IN MY DREAMS

Rusty fields of crisp hay,
And fresh timber in natural existance,
Through Autumns windward sway,
The mountains seem not their distance.

The underlying potent soil,
Seeds birth and homage
To beautiful life,
For its through that it will engage.

Japped beauty comforting neighbors,
Of the earths wrinkled skin,
This land of rusted sabres,
Tipped with shinny tin.

Rugged furs, pinas, and spruce,
Giants of natures force,
Touching the blue skies
By their own natural course.

MY BUDDHA

In this room
There lies a sculpture,
Connecting my mind
With an ancient culture.

Made of material,
More old than belief;
It's seen sorrow,
And brought relief.

The symbol of selflessness,
Is known, and is not,
That virtue and wisdom,
Must come through thought.

Buddhists
In a slowly creeping silence,
A most virtuous mold
Of stories long told.

SILENCE

Do you see all the breathing corps?
Well thats all we are this day;
Numb nerves, deaf ears and blind eyes,
Motionless lips, nothing to say.

All have retired within themselves;
No need to try orce more,
Ears not trained, no lips desire,
Nothing remaining for us to admire.

All have lost hope;
In what yet remain,
But all hold hope within themselves,
That their youth they could retain.

Dreams, dreams, our only release;
O night is day's cure;
But dreams are unstable,
Soon to be found out, by the endless war.

OF

ANDY WOOD

drawing by Marjory Donaldson