



Romancing the Imaginary Other
RL Schrag

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Part 1

Foreword

Romantic poetry, while usually written to a specific individual, often outlives the relationship. When viewed over the course of a lifetime it seems that all these poems were written to a single idealized lover who peered briefly from real eyes. But those flesh and blood partners eventually, inevitably, succumbed when measured against the incomparable charms of the imaginary other.

This is a collection of songs and poems. It is a work that must be prefaced with both blame and thanks. I must, as seems obligatory these days, blame my Mother. She died long ago and cannot defend herself. But it was she who gave me, when I was still terribly young and impressionable, a copy of Gene Stratton Porter's "The Harvester". The Harvester dreamed of his Darling Girl who came to him across a lake, walking on a path of moonlight. He awoke and found her. There was no way my Mother could have known that I would read the book as nonfiction. I am sure she would not have wanted her young son to grow into a man who actually believed that there was a perfect woman out there somewhere, a mix of poetry and passion; beauty and brains who would be his Darling Girl. Or maybe that is exactly what she wanted, and she applauds my continuing search.

The thanks obviously go to the women for whom the poems were written. Limitless thanks are due to the lovely Darling Girls who for decades, or years, months, hours, or unarticulated moments across a café, street, or crowded lobby were as close as I have ever come to my idealized, imaginary other.

Format note: I am experimenting with posting various works to Feedbooks. Poetry is a particular challenge since it asks for precise formatting on an evolving platform. I am most interested in how the work looks on my Kindle and other mobile formats. On the Kindle setting the font at the smallest setting seems to do the least damage to the formatting. I apologize - it's hard for me to read too. Oh, it seems to look exceptionally bad in a pdf format ?.

Right and Wrong

I find it hard to speak of things
As should, or should not be,
For subtle are the ways of God,
All wry complexity.
The notion of eternal right
Or wrong irrevocably,
Belongs, like toys and dolls and balls
In a child's nursery.
As we live our lives the fabric shifts
From theirs, and them, to me.
For I must judge my ways and wants
Since Eden made me free.
But freedom is a costly gift
For certainty made light,
Where indecision wages war
In the dark of wrong or right.
But I'd trade not indecision's cost
For the surety of writ.
For laws confine the best in us,
Make us content to sit,
To sit and watch the world unfold
To someone else's song
While we stifle love and joy and hope
With fears of right and wrong.

Mice

As mice scampering across a moonlit mesa,
Thoughts trace frantic paths upon my mind.
Do not pounce. They cannot be caught.
Observe them. Allow them this time.
They are but figments destined to fade at dawn.
Who would have known empty
Could tip the scales at such an incline?
Perhaps dark matter does outweigh
All that is observable, and light
Does so subtly assert its unimaginable worth.
For clear light does true love reveal,
Fragile and tenuous in its immortality.
While darkness nurtures its false shade,
A fleeting debasement that decays
Beneath its own whining and recrimination.
So seeming endless patience must your
First companion be.
The imagination of the eyes, that look
To be the twins of your own comforts, bring
A feigned indulgence of your heart's true ease.
But lose not your firm determination
To wait upon the rising of heart and flesh.
Allow ecstasy its own fair germination,
For love delayed is sweeter far than
Affection or remorse draped in love's disguise.
Predawn showers mist the mesa.
An owl's shriek steps low against the mountainside
Sweeping mice to holes and cliffs and gone.
And sun's first light reveals me still alone,
But softly now, fresh draped in calm repose.

Grace Within Without

You need not search the whole world wide,
For God's amazing grace.
Consider the stone you've left unturned:
Your own exquisite face.
You need not search the skies above,
For perfect shades of blue.
Just gaze into, so wide and round,
Those eyes God gave to you.
You need not gaze o'er tropic dunes,
For curves both soft and warm.
Spin gently round, while looking down
At your delightful form.
The beauty of Creation's grace,
Sweet girl, could not be clearer.
It stands revealed for you to see,
In your own full-length mirror.

Compliments

How can one hope to compliment the sky,
That stretches east to west in perfect blue?
That holds the rain to quench the fields gone dry,
And lightening fierce that flashes fast and true?
The greatest praise mere mortal souls can offer,
When gazing deep into those awesome skies,
Is that this view, with all its blue reflections,
Does approach the stunning hue of my love's eyes.
And can one really flatter rushing waters,
That leap down mountains, heading for the sea,
That sing in all the voices, strings, and woodwinds,
That since the dawn of time have come to be?
Perhaps by telling all that tossed perfection,
That when its fleeting song is passing choice,
It hints a bit at the divine redemption,
That echoes in the sound of her dear voice.
And when one spies the carving Colorado's
Work in Canyons that we call merely Grand,
How do we praise this sculpture that surpasses
All works sprung from the hand of earthly man?
One says that, yes, these curves and arching spirals,
Here forged by God with rain and water's storm,
Begin to hint, in their most graceful moments,
At the subtle sweep of my love's perfect form.
How does one tell the forest of its beauty,
When Autumn's colors riot through the trees,
Splashing earth and sky with such enchantment,
As brings all worldly painters to their knees?
One tells the fairies that their frosty brushes,
Have wrought in colors fine, the merest trace,
Of the wondrous beauty that their Lord and Master,
Did paint upon my darling lover's face.

Music, with an E —

NEvEr havE I bEEEn bEwitchEd so Entrancingly.
LEd, willingly EnslavEd, through thE musical kingdom
Of a soul thousands of yEars wisE,
WrappEd in thE flawlEss facE and form
Of such a youthful goddEss.
An Eduction of sound that winds on
In a continuous EmbracE that far
Outlasts thE flEEting passion
OnE finds EntwinEd in lovErs' sEaring mErgE.
I thank thEE for your complExity
Your bEauty and your gracE
I thank thEE for thE "passing fondnEss"
That I sEE upon your facE.
I thank thEE for your wondErous gift
Of music – with an E.

To the Lakes

A foolish swan,
I beat my wings once more into the sky.
I rise up above the barriers
Of earth and time and tide
— 'til I sweep once more above the lakes.

I love a lady of two lakes,
Who is fair beyond compare.
Diamonds sparkle gently
In her newly sun-kissed hair.
— Her lakes now gleam below.

She is a goddess of two lakes
Upon one I must land,
But she will not guide my swift descent
With her soft and milk-white hand.
— I dip down through the clouds.

One lake it is a wine soft sea
That strokes my down with love
Intoxicating, warm, and sweet
It fits me like a glove.
— Circle now around them both, look closely.

The other is its surface twin
But 'neath the welcoming sheen
Lie hidden knives of coral,
'Tis the anger of my queen.
— Choose now, land, least she leave you.

I choose the left lake, with my heart,
My wings I fold away
I drop my webbed feet and ask,
"Which lake are you today?"
... .. Ah

In Sunlight

I saw you standing in a sunbeam this evening.
I had stepped out on the deck to seek a moment's solace
From the hustle of departure.
And there you were —
Defined by leaves and sunlight, green and golden.
An upturned oak, Fran's legacy,
Sculpted a startled possum,
Frozen by your apparition.

I'll be, You be.

I'll be the green meadow, rolling softly from tree line to coast,
You be the buttercups dotting the way and the butterflies above.
You be the red and golden leaves fluttering down from the limbs,
I'll be the breeze that catches you and lays you on the ground.
I'll be the lazy creek bed, running low at summer's end,
You be the sudden shower that fills me up with laughter.
You be the sculpted driftwood, serene above the sand,
I'll be the brazen rush of tide that sweeps you tumbling away.
You be the quiet summer night, moist with anticipation,
I'll be the wanton downpour that washes away restraint.
You be timelessness, I'll be forever, in a world all our own,
We might be, would be, could be, — love.

Escape of the Blizzard's Woman

Since Blizzard's rage had been her only lover,
The sleet, to her, did seem a sweet caress.
His icicles had ripped her girlhood open,
And from storm clouds he would knit a wedding dress.
She'd come to think cold winds, that raised her nipples,
And gathered goose bumps tight upon her skin,
Were calling cards of her true love and passion,
So she'd yoke her swirling life to the winter wind.
But seized with indecision, she then bolted, ,
And flung herself aloft in search of calm.
And gliding there, she rode to Southern waters,
To gather strength, and find a bit of balm.
You can lose your heart in some of the strangest places,
And see your soul in unexpected eyes.
This child now found love in a weathered harbor,
Not in the restless winds of the younger skies.
It is, no doubt, in some ways quite ironic,
That the man who came to cherish this girl's love,
Is estranged from her by time and circumstances,
Though their souls entwine as though a hand in glove.
As they mirror one another in affection,
Finding deeper paths to love each passing day,
She comes to trust, somehow, that love's perfection
Will keep her warm and safe as summer hay.
That sunshine soft, and sultry breezes blowing,
That sweep from passion hot to slumber sweet,
Will guide her life to more fulfilling pathways
Than the bruising, cold, caress of Blizzard's sleet.

Charleston Blues [A Song]

There was Charleston on the horizon, and the sun was in our eyes.
The highway back the way we came was paved with worlds of lies.
But I didn't care my darling, because I was with you.
But that world's been out-grown, and now we're alone
And the sky's turning Charleston blue.
Charleston blue, my darling, Charleston blue
The sky will stay that color, 'til I'm once again with you.
So I'll crawl inside my memories and let their golden hue,
Sweep the skies, and cast aside, these lonely Charleston blues.
Carriage House on the Battery, warm wine at Charleston Place
All the stars of heaven are shining on your face.
Laughter on the water and moonlight in your eye
Who'd believe that we come to grieve, and I'd be left to cry ...
Charleston blue, my darling, Charleston blue
The sky will stay that color, 'til I'm once again with you.
So I'll crawl inside my memories and let their golden hue,
Sweep the skies, and cast aside, these lonely Charleston blues.
I don't regret a moment of the times we spent down here,
'Cause one hour in your loving arms makes memories for years.
So as Charleston fills the mirror, and we're headed North to home
Your memory's tucked inside my heart
And never more you'll roam from Charleston Blue
Charleston blue, my darling, Charleston blue
The sky will stay that color, 'til I'm once again with you.
So I'll crawl inside my memories and let their golden hue,
Sweep the skies, and cast aside, these lonely Charleston blues.

Insightful Blindness

In the days since your departure and my ascent into solitude,
Insight has etched itself behind my eyelids;
Glowing in moments of perceptive blindness.
Trusting those flashes of clear disorientation has become
An act of pure faith for me – pointing truth and comfort
Like faithful hounds upon a crisp autumnal morning.
And then you said “You do not believe that I have changed.”
The setters froze, entranced by a copse of seeming insignificance.
I did believe, but had never entertained prey in this particular guise.
What if your course had shifted to one that paralleled my own?
My assumption has always been that your changes were those
That estranged us further in time and circumstance.
What if your changes were bridges, not widening chasms?
The thought burned incandescent within the evolving chord
That is my life. What if you could love her more now, not less?
I struggled to remove myself to higher ground,
To peer keenly through my shuttered lids.
Insight? Deception? Dreams? Truth? Patience? Or not.

The Owl and the Butterfly

The Owl and the Butterfly
Did dance a winsome tune
As the moon and sun did share the sky
One twilight late in June.
They'd seem a mismatched couple
If you had not seen the place
Where they dipped and turned
And touched and yearned
With such surpassing grace.
He barely moved a feather
As she fluttered o'er his wing.
He, moonlight turned to flying.
She, sunlight edged by strings.
But as the day did turn to night
The Owl flew alone.
The Butterfly had turned to where
Some brighter sunlight shone.
But the Owl flies on patiently,
Still waiting for the one
That he will love forever
Even though she seeks the sun.

The Falcon

Mere wing beats ago, the falcon
Flung himself deep into the endless sky,
Drawing in great gulps of life
Beak seeming poised to grasp the golden disk itself.
Field and stream, river and plain,
Aching mountain crags and greedy seas
Miniaturized in his sudden elevation.
All altitude exhausted, he slowly wheels
Only to find himself frozen —
Pinned against the very roof of heaven.
The vast reaches of creation spread out beneath him,
Painfully beautiful aloof and beckoning.
He hangs in willing untimed suspension
Trusting the eventual arrival of an allied breeze
To pave his plunge back into life and love.

In Your Absence

How deep and empty echo the caverns of my heart.
The heat that hollows the vessel
Burns less fiercely than the flame that felled the tree.
It eats slowly, differently, everyday.
A strange purging in your absence.
There are days when I am one
With the wind high in the pines,
A clarity, a freshness,
Bubbling with laughter and release.
I hold hands with God and am at peace.
Then the joy drains into the sands at my feet
Because there is no vessel to contain it.
I think of your sweet eyes and our moments of joy.
But you are such a child, flinging away that which is rare
Past all understanding:
"It is an old love, he is an old love.
Surely my heart's true desire waits
Beyond the next horizon."
And I am such an adult, coaxed into cautiousness,
Pacified by paternity:
"She is a young love, cruel and capricious.
Surely a more temperate affection
Would serve as a better companion."
But no, my love and muse, as stunning as it may seem,
We have already been loved as deeply as we ever will be
— by one another.
It is more important than your work.
It is more important than my work.
It is the end we both seek in our labors.
It is not the understanding of the universe.
It is the reason for the universe.
It is the meaning you seek behind the snowflakes,
It is the insight you configure upon your keyboard.
It is the tranquility you pursue in the bowl of a pipe,
Or I at the bottom of a glass.
It is the music I seek in the next CD,
The grace I pursue in stone and clay,
It is the beauty I stalk before my lens,
The wisdom we chase in these linguistic flights.

It is truth. It is peace. It is God. It is us. It is love.
Pure resonant harmony.

New Year's Resolution

You must be gone by break of day come New Year's morn.
I am firmly resolved upon it and will not be dissuaded yet again.
I returned from New Orleans and was amazed to find you here.
I had walked along the river smoking a memorial cigar,
Remembering the awkward conversation that led to making love.
The stand is still there in the market where we bought the silver bands.
The garden still shelters the fountain where we spoke our vows,
Halting and shy, as always afraid to reveal our true depth of affection.
The Crawgator blares as raucously as ever, the jazz still throbs.
The food in the Court of the Two Sisters was less succulent in solitude;
But excellent nonetheless. I toasted you in absentia.
All that notwithstanding, I was amazed, upon my return, to find you
here,
Claiming again the best seat in the parlour,
Covered in velvet, and drawn up close to the fire.
Your throaty purr hums beneath the crackling flames.
I thought I had driven you out.
Surely my frantic foolishness had sent you far away.
My resolute recklessness was crafted to shoo you from this quiet room.
But there you sit, as though you had never left.
You knead your claws casually into the fabric beneath your paws,
Mindless of its steady beat, beat, beat.
You must be gone by break of day come New Year's morn.
I am firmly resolved upon it and will not be dissuaded yet again.
But for now I will stir the fire, add a log, take the chair by your side,
And bask awhile in the comfort of your oblivious presence.

Recollections

Sometimes I wonder —
On those days you look right through me —
If you ever stop and think about the past.
And do you wonder —
As you wander in the moonlight —
If my love for you has finally breathed its last?
That's a harder question than it used to be, love,
Back when my spirit burned so carelessly,
When the tender tinder of your sweet affection
Fed the fire of our hearts' fond reverie.
Since those days wide roads have run between us,
Some scored with ruts of anger, fear and pain.
But as wisdom often comes from days of travel,
The journey down those roads made some things plain.
I've learned that love is clearly not as simple,
As pure and sweet and warm as it should be
But rather that it frames a twisting temple,
Of walls in which we struggle to be free.
For now I watch your windows of indifference,
I meet clear eyes held far aloof from heart.
And pray that those high walls that keep us separate,
Have allowed your heart a new and gentle start.
But I can say farewell ten times a thousand,
And staunch the pain felt when you turn from me.
I can know I'm better off to live without you,
But still I cannot still the memory.
Laughing eyes I met in caring secrets,
A veil of hair that shut out all the world,
A heart that beat beneath my cheek and fingers,
Invade my mind with sudden bursts of gold.
Still denial seems the course that's wise to follow,
Since weakness is the road we cannot dare.
But some evening, should you find her in your mirror,
Whisper to my love, "His heart still deeply cares."

Louisiana Lady [A Song]

There's a Louisiana Lady in my life.
I don't quite know how it happened,
But you know that it's awfully nice
With a Louisiana Lady in your life.
I was reared up in the Midwest,
Where the blizzards chase the rains.
I got my first good lovin' in a field of golden grain.
The closest thing to Dixie was just the south side of the town.
But as it's turned out I've turned around and
My world's turned upside down.
There's a Louisiana Lady in my life.
I don't quite know how it happened,
But you know that it's awfully nice
With a Louisiana Lady in your life.
I spent some time in Paris when I was just sixteen.
There I met a pair of the greenest eyes that I had ever seen.
She took me down to old Marseilles, and on a sunny afternoon
There in the south of France taught me the dance
That I'd love to do with you.
There's a Louisiana Lady in my life.
I don't quite know how it happened,
But you know that it's awfully nice
With a Louisiana Lady in your life.
So, hey now Cajun lady with soft fire in your eyes.
You know I'd like to spend some time just floating 'tween your thighs.
I'd like to stroke your body, kiss though time would never end.
But that can't be now, because my love,
You are the wife of a good friend.
Still, there's this Louisiana Lady in my life.
I don't quite know how it happened,
But you know that it's awfully nice
With a Louisiana Lady in your life.
Maybe down the road a ways, we'll find a place in time
When I can be your lover, and you can become mine.
'Til then I'll have my fantasy of firelight and wine,
And of a smooth, soft Southern lady whose body aches for mine,
And mine for yours.
There's a Louisiana Lady in my life.
I don't quite know how it happened,

But you know that it's awfully nice
With a Louisiana Lady in your life.

Plum Crazy [A Song]

Eight ounces away from plum crazy,
Two glasses away from the brink.
Cold sober I can deal with my yearning,
But two glasses and I start to sink.
I sink down in the sea of your blue eyes.
I get lost in the warmth of your kiss.
Two glasses away from plum crazy,
But it's a crazy that I don't want to miss.
Chablis and a twist of the lemon
Is what starts the dream on its way.
One glass and we laugh, getting cozy.
The second just blows us away.
As we drift through the warmth of our passion,
The cold world gets lost in the mist.
Two glasses away from plum crazy,
But it's a crazy I don't want to miss.
So when the sun hits your door just past noontime
And I walk in with our favorite wine,
We'll have the first glass in the kitchen,
And the second where you become mine.
There the afternoon stretches before us,
And your lovin' fills me with such bliss.
Two glasses away from plum crazy
But it's a crazy I don't want to miss.
Eight ounces away from plum crazy
Two glasses away from the brink.
Cold sober I can deal with my yearning
But two glasses and, Lord, let me sink.

On My Empty Mansion

It has always been mine.
The gift of loving, if indulgent, parents.
It nestles in a high place,
With an excellent view of both sky and plain.
For years life teemed in the front parlor.
In my expected comfort I remained ignorant
Of rooms, seemingly without end,
Locked and unexplored, ringing empty courtyards,
Where fountains splashed rainbows in solitude.
She came bearing needless keys.
Rooms fell open before her smile.
Balconies bloomed beneath her caress.
Space after space after space
Was simultaneously opened and occupied.
All stand vacant now.
A quiet stillness of slow breathing.
She has gone, trailing skeleton keys in her wake.
Her subsequent disinterest and casual unkindness
Bar her unlikely return.
But rooms once locked stand open.
It is a gift I will always remember.
Light slips unimpeded across polished floors.
Gardenia and lilac dance on the unencumbered breeze.
My mansion waits, empty, peaceful, and welcoming.

Kitten Haiku

Across the ocean
Soft fingers trace emotion
Upon my heart

Exquisite journey
Alpha into omega
Uniqueness blended

Coffee crested hill
Sustenance and ecstasy
Fountain and pillow

Veil against the light
A shield against the morning
Your sable crown glows

Another Chord in Time

Do you ever think about it? Did it ever cross your mind?

The things that might have happened if we'd messed around with time?

What if it was your world I found ... your world instead of hers?

Would the notes that link the two of you have caused my heart to stir?

Would the focus of obsession turn from blue eyes to dark brown?

Would it be auburn hair I'd want to see all tumbled down?

Longer legs and fuller lips, a paintbrush not a pen.

Are these the things I'd swear would heal the problems of all men?

A more harmonic lover, softer notes attuned to me?

A more consistent passion, fewer storms upon the sea?

The lady, not the tiger, a dream that did not burst?

Are these the things I might have found?

If I had met you first?

Musing

"What will you do when I am gone?" you asked.
I will miss you terribly, I thought, but said something less.
Perhaps my fear of heights
Is born not of a worry that I might fall,
But from a deep-seated inclination to jump.
That plunge has no allure for me.
And yet I repeat errors
Of no great complexity,
But of redundant regret.
I have written of the thorny hedge
Between friendship and love,
But remain emotionally blind to the difference.
Bring Band-Aids when you come again.
You have stretched between two of my lives,
Quietly watching as I caromed between
Riot and restraint, hopefully to rest;
Not so much a muse, as amused.
"What will you do when I am gone?" you asked.
I will miss you terribly.
But, nose pressed against the glass,
I will just watch you leave.

Crystal Cavern Princess

You live crystal caverns in the corners of my mind,
In a gleaming silver wonderland that no one else can find.
There you rule a realm of fairies where nightingales keep time
And expository sentences slip smoothly into rhyme.
As the Crystal Cavern Princess, you command all you survey.
With just a kiss at dawning you can summon up the day.
Here I am your only subject, though the days you rule are short,
They stretch hazy and forever in this romantic court.
So while the season gently passes, filled with friends and family,
As you gather in the evening to sing songs, or trim the tree,
While the real world gathers closely and the fire softly glows,
Know my heart still burns for you, in Crystal Caverns.

Of Tears and Smiles

Crystal tears can create rainbows.
So, Princess, if you cry
When you're standing in the cavern,
There are colors in the sky.
The tears say that I trust you
To treat me tenderly,
To love me like the morning,
But still let me be me.
Your smile in the cavern
Gives a radiance of light
That I'll cherish through the hours
Of the coldest, darkest, night.
Love, you know you are the Princess,
And that she can do no wrong.
She is the keeper of the cavern,
And the music in my song.

A Touch of Freedom

It's sad to say "I'm sorry," when I touch you,
Because your softness is a miracle you see.
A caress is not a prelude to possession,
It's just making sure that you're still here with me.
It seems your life's defined most by your freedom,
But you know that is a double-edged sword.
When you're free because you need no one to cling to,
Then there's no one waiting to be running toward.
I'm just a gentle man who wants to love you.
I'm not asking that you give yourself to me.
Just share that flower soul that lives within you,
And in subtle, fleeting moments, flashes free.
So love, don't make a prison of your freedom,
Strength doesn't mean you have to be alone.
Those touches that upset you when we're walking,
Only seek to guide you to the cavern's throne.

It's Not Your Body [A Song]

It's not your body that I'm after, it's your smile.
So don't worry when I ask you, "Can I stay?"
It's not the night's love that I'm after,
It's the morning's gentle laughter,
It's not your body that I'm after, it's your smile.
I could tell you that I've never wanted you
And you'd know that it would be a lie.
But just because you want someone
Doesn't mean you have to try
To score once more in that age-old game
And claim your trophy of a sigh.
It's not your body that I'm after, it's your smile.
There are women who don't mean that much to me.
If I was in it just to fool around
It's with them that I would be.
But with you it must be special,
Like the world's first touch of skin.
And if we both don't think it's exactly right
That's a song that won't begin, 'cause
It's not your body that I'm after, it's your smile.
There's a kiss that wakes the morning
And one that invites the night.
Let's get to know the morning's
Let's get the afternoon's just right.
We can spend some sleepy evenings
While I hold you tenderly.
But for now let's save just dreaming for the night.
It's not your body that I'm after, it's your smile.
So don't worry when I ask you, "Can I stay?"
It's not the night's love that I'm after,
It's the morning's gentle laughter,
It's not your body that I'm after, it's your smile.

Mountains of Durango [A Song]

When I come to the mountains, where the air is cool and sweet,
You know I'd like to bring a world of things and lay them at your feet.
I'd like to bring you rubies, sparkling sapphires for your hair,
I'd like to bring you gleaming gowns; fine laces you could wear.
I'd like to bring you diamonds, flashing fire like the stars above,
... but
I'll bring just myself, whatever I can find,
And you know that I'll bring you love.

When I go North to see you, where the mountain nights are long,
You know that I'd like to sing for you, most every kind of song.
I'd like to play for you a symphony, woodwinds and violins,
Write an opera for your pleasure, where the lovers always win.
I'd like to sing a ballad like the cooing of a dove,
... but
I'll just sing myself, whatever words I find,
And you know that I'll sing you love.

In the mountains of Durango, where the world is wild and free,
In your eyes there are a million things that I would like to be.
I'd like to be your hero and launch a thousand ships,
To set you free from treachery; bring a smile to your lips.
I'd like to be your courtier, pour your wine and stroke your glove,
... but
I'll just be myself, and whatever else,
You know that I'll be your love.

Snow Angel; or, L.A. Without You

I stand beside the ocean, gentle breezes stir my hair.
I sense the seabirds gliding as they skate the evening air.
A gold ray strikes the palm trees and the waves still ebb and flow,
But though I'm staring at the sunset,
I see an Angel waiting somewhere in the snow.
The cars ignite rainbows of light, when nightlife claims the town.
The golden girls go whirling as the music spins around.
The bright wine flows, the laughter grows and we're ready for the
show,
But while the latest rage struts on the stage,
I see an Angel waiting somewhere in the snow.
But tell me, Snow Angel, do you think of me?
When you're standing alone with the silent stones,
With the wind and the snow covered trees?
Can you picture the lost boy who loves you so true?
Do you think of me, Angel, as I think of you?
Then fly to me, Angel, bring your snows to the sea.
Sweep over the mountains, bring your sweetness to me.
Come lay down beside me and say you'll be mine.
In this clear Crystal Cavern we've stolen from time.

The Six-Hour Minute

It was a strange six-hour minute that we had the other day.
Sure, I know from all my dreaming, when I wake you go away.
But to have you here and hold you, then to turn and find you gone
Is a thing too far from dreaming, is a thing too close to wrong.
It seemed I touched you for forever in one, too short, caress.
I could hear your voice for always in brief words of tenderness.
Our strange six-hour minute, wine and sun and so much more —
Makes me wonder what would happen, love, if we had twenty-four.

Another Unmade Phone Call

It's another unmade phone call being placed upon this page,
Another unshared moment; sounds of laughter, tears of rage.
I see your eyes before me wide and smiling in my mind.
But I cannot press the buttons, seems I do it all the time.
I know my life is happy, your smile helps to make it so.
But when the other woman calls me, it's with her that I must go.
It's a different world I see you in, more gentle than the rest.
But damn it, if I phone each day, I'll kill the thing that's best:
The mystery of a woman who is sometimes, almost, mine.
Whose eyes ensnare my very soul, whose kisses taste like wine.
Intelligence in shyness, maybe lover, sometimes friend.
We don't argue with the real world, we just want some time to spend,
In that mist beyond forever, half today, half yesteryear,
In a gleaming Crystal Cavern that a phone call can't bring here.
So it's another unmade phone call that is flowing from my pen,
To the loveliest of women, from the most confused of men.

Fair Fairlie [A Song]

You're more than fairly good to look at,
I'll bet you're fairly nice to hold.
And it don't seem fair that I can't love you
'Cause another girl's been told
That I will love her for forever
And you know I probably will.
Still it makes me fairly crazy
To watch fair Fairlie walk down the hill
With her hair a bank of sunshine
And her eyes with a sparkling light.
The swaying of her shapely body
Turns your mind to the summers night,
That you love to spend with Fairlie
Down on a bank where the water flows
And throw your arms round lovely Fairlie
And show fair Fairlie how fair love grows.

City Lady [A Song]

Pretty lady, city's lady, you know this one is for you.
Guileless schemer, gentle dreamer what else can I do... .
But say that I've learned to love you in a new and special way.
No matter how our worlds might change
I'm thankful for the way we were today.
Fluid movements, perfect lover, still hover on my mind.
Lips still quiver, body trembles, then I wake again to find,
You're not here beside me, green eyes gleaming with pleasure shared.
You've slipped away upon a skyway,
And arms that reach for you hold only air.
But don't worry, tender lover, for the time will come again
When we'll learn from one another about loving, about friends.
For the years roll out before us like the waves upon the sea
So let them flow, 'cause, love, you know
A few of them will be for you and me.

Puget Sound [A Song]

What's a Black Hill's windswept lady,
Doing out on Puget Sound?
How did the touch of a cowgirl's two-step
Turn my world around?
I just came here to rest my mind,
Put my feet up, get away.
There was no hint in the dawn's first light,
That I'd fall in love today
— but life's that way.

Could have been Dakota sunshine
That sparkled in your eyes,
That gave a special feeling
To the music and the wine.
Could have been the ocean's salt spray
Or the sea wind in your hair
But tonight it means a lot, you see
To hope maybe you care
— a bit for me.

I'm not asking for tomorrow,
'Cause that's when you go away.
I'm just asking for the better part
Of the dreams I've dreamed today.
So please come and share a moment
Out on this western bay
And let me tell a cowgirl
That I fell in love today
— 'cause life's that way.

Transient Perfection

The perfect day, born in a silver sunrise,
Etched in a golden afternoon,
And rounded with a crimson closing.
The perfect place where earth meets sea,
Mountains reach down to shore,
And cleansing storm gentles into calm.
The perfect person, idyllic counterpoint
To our own best deportment.
Passion and peace, mysterious confirmation.
The perfect conception or construction,
Elegance and grace, shimmering clarity,
Exquisite blending of meaning and purpose.
But then the day sinks into darkness,
The place shrinks to nothing in the rearview mirror,
The person waves farewell from ship or plane,
And the construction slips softly into dust.
What are we to make of the silence that follows
These transient entanglements with perfection?
We fill it with new music.
Perfection is not that day, that place, that person or that thing.
Perfection is our interaction with them.
Perfection is our awareness of the moment.
Perfection is learning the notes of the present,
That we may carry them into the composition of our future.



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