

**TO THE COUPLE
ON THEIR GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY**

The gate's unlatched,
The stairs invite,
The door swings open wide;

Like colors matched,
Oh pleasant sight,
Behold the groom and bride.

Long years have hatched
Homely delight
Here where their joys abide:

In each room cached
Treasures recite
'We simple riches hide

In absence vast
An awesome height
Of dwelling true and tried'.

This shelter patched
By loves pure might
Will their amen provide -

All that here passed,
Hugged to the light,
Awaits them as their guide.

Lands End

The gentle waves caress the shore
slowly with a lover's touch
That hesitant motionless waiting body
that trembles to that pulsing ebb and flow.
The gloom too with deliberate strokes
Slowly enfolds us upon the land
Here where it falls to sand and sea and
the vastness of loss.

The sky and water seem to yearn to join as one darkening blue
And we on the land also wait here becoming
A part of that deepening of fortold night.
But although long gone,
(as we now timeless ones here reckon length of loss),
The hidden sun still struggles to hold the two apart,
As we drown in this heavenless ocean of advancing night.

Oh, this departing separating light!

Once it burnt the sky and sea as one
with the passion of its union.

Now gently it sinks submerging into both

Oh gentle waves and placid hovering blue
Is it from there you come,
Knowing your true union from the source and
perambulating here as separated twins
To comfort us;
The prostrate beach may hear it,
feel its kinship to these waves and their tales
of the familiar sky.

But land, land, do you also drink this comradeship?

Drooping colors and darkening blue,
and we on the night of the land.
Fading brightness,
like thin lips we could almost kiss.
So near
this enveloping union of night has pressed
this dimming light,
and
so close this diming light brings forth
my grieving heart
So close.
Like a last exhaled breath,
last warming air,

the lips go cold

only an indefinite whiteness holds the twins apart now.
Oh sweet whiteness,
Oh sweet release,
Sweet separation from separation,
sweetly, sweetly,
We and the sea and the sky,
with one final inhalation,
sweet inhalation,

now all are one.

And yet, the light, briefly, yet remains, a moment,
and we on the land,
and the light in the night,
and the union of sky and sea,

We savouring this last precious breath
taste the night, and ourselves in the night,
trembling held within this moment,
dissolving
stillness in our departures,
stillness knowing we depart
each departure as the same,
stillness knowing,
The last word of the twilight.
The last horizontal note,
Merging, merging, merging,
peace, peace, peace,
joy, joy, joy,
Oh, unconquerable gloom,
and oh, amazing lingering absence of light,
absence still present
holding somehow the twins apart.
Departed sun still in absence lingering,

Lingering now perhaps only in my light shucked eyes,
yet lingering still.

Setting
my guts ache with it.
my heart aches with it.
MY SOUL ACHES WITH IT

land and sky
and the hovering presence of absence of light
and the hovering absence of presence of self.
The presence of ache and the absence of light
Impossible tension
Impossible for land to end
for sky to end.
And yet they presence NOW
only through aching absence.
Such absence; such immortal absence.
Overpowering the night,
until shrugging darkness dissolves into
Absence, Immortal Absence, itself.
And the vanished sun has conquered all,
here where lands end.
And the night bears my grief,
pregnant night,
and I in its womb.
And night falls

Last image -
the white crest of waves and the white haze at the horizon.
At some point, the whitecaps had started to outshine the sun

SAY

Say: Why does silence start propelled
to wander as warm breath again
into what lovely lips impelled
and wear its death again?

The rain soaked grass, receding clouds;
bare feet below, bare face above;
life's carpet holds death's vanished shroud,
seek not its trace above.

This gushing green soaked world of deeds
holds to its course as coursing blood
through veins, through strategies, through needs
delivers an enforcing flood

Of orphaned twilights fully meant
So rich with sorrows rich lament;

Oh thickened balm - emolument -
Pain's debt well calmed - troths' full payment:

The stars hold joys as distant unfelt words;
Their meanings wander homeless underfoot;
Kind hands there walk with them and kindly put
Each at an altar to some unknelt word.

The hurricane of sameless change bellows;
These sacred altars alter - seamless words.
The vapor of the same in change billows;
Alter's sacred altars - Thee - seamless words:

O Silence, thou art Art's design unyoked;
Speak: *'Hear your balm - in me you truly met
The gushing billows of my shroud ensoaked
With orphaned twilights there so fully met
Where by your lovely hands we are impelled
My death again to bear upheld'*.

H2O

(‘what are poets for in a desolate time?’
- from Holderein’s poem ‘Bread and Wine’)

Oneness meets oneness on the ground of a breath;
A molecule of union then does appear.
What if our world found such teardrops so dear
That each wandered alone from its birth to its death?

Well then water would be a thought pooled out of dreams:
Such gushing liquid flowing? Unshowable
Imaginings based on such unknowable
Meager fleeting vanishing scraps of what seems.

(H2O)

(Hidden in soil)
And nourishing there some scraps of what seems;
Weeds sorted out groomed field there gleams;
Hand ripping, and sickle, and threshing machine;
Grain into flour into bread can be seen
(Bidden by toil)

Homeward

The clouds thicken; small animals stand still sensing.
Winds flutter leaves across the pavement.
The air tastes heavy, heady with bouquet.
The children hide as voices call them indoors.

A ball is thrown giddily into the air.
The trees feel winds along their branches.
A meadow waits while laughter runs across
Then once again settles down prepared to endure.

A face hides in shadows, watching.
Immensity stirs beneath its covers and
Shuddering pulls them up for warmth.
What holds all this in place?

The sky through clouds winks a single star for a moment.
The urge to flee walks slowly up a hill
While a lost ball rolls faster downward.
The indoor warmth beckons and is repulsed.

Trees wait erect their offering raised to heaven
Their leaves fluttering across the grass.
A car speeds past its rumble lingers at the turn.
Shyly a few drops fall from the timid clouds.

A couple dances freely feet barely touching earth;
Arms twirling arms, faces flushed, mouths invite -
O the interplay the music lavished on the blind
The senseless holding all there so anguishingly close.

(Homeward)

Long trains pull cars through the vanishing day.
Windows slowly unfold the progression of scenes
To indifferent eyes impatient to be home.
The children outside mingle with the children within.

The train slows. A quiet group of store fronts
Hovers with the conversing few seated by the window
As shoppers jostle in and out and words of work and home
Are passed from seat to seat and tested as unripe fruit
Are returned to the sidewalk bins as faces falling silent
Return to the comforts of crumpled newspapers
So recently crisp in their curbside vendors
A few coins spent before the train was boarded.

The train speeds up.
A familiar highway follows along for a while.
'So we are here' the eyes at windows see.
The trees passing close and backyards and an unknown park
And the highway lost from sight.
'So here we are' the eyes gaze wonderingly.

The urge to stand and move
'We are not here not yet'
The urge waits seated
While
Footsteps enter doorways home.

Hark Hark
(the ark)

Words are twig-beaked doves
Proclaiming proof of land;
So when one speaks the words of love
Please hold such twigs in hand.
Lost on an endless sea,
This flood of me and you,
The dreams of loves that are to be
Float with us two by two.

We breathe this salted air;
False sightings here abound;
The distance here to there
Is measured by the sound
Of our sweet-lipped care
Homing towards our ground.

Reflections from below
Faced with grunt or coo;
Creatures dwelling here to show
You to me and me to you.