

SERENA

A Walk After The Dark

I aimlessly stroll
Down pathways well lit
With answers well told
By truths honed to fit
While paying a toll
To each truth I behold.

The unblinking sights
Blind all that are here
To shadows we trail
Well covered by lights
Which blazingly clear
Hide each shadow's travail:

The sunken embrace
Of each destiny
Digs deeply the place
Where shadows bestir
So darkness can be
What our lights disinter.

The shadows parade
The gifts that our lights
But dimly portray
As fragments betrayed
Each step of the way
To their depths from our heights.

These fragments select
How much is shown there
With so much not shown
Ensuring truth's stare
In truth forms a loan
Entombed shadows collect.

Four quotes from Philip Larkin's 'Aubade':

- (0) *Most things may never happen: this one will.*
(1) *That this is what we fear - no sight, no sound,
No touch or taste or smell, nothing to think with,
Nothing to love or link with,
The anaesthetic from which none comes round*
(2) *The sure extinction that we travel to
And shall be lost in always.*
(3) *It stands plain as a wardrobe, what we know,
Have always known, know that we can't escape,
Yet can't accept. One side will have to go.*

Teardrops

Teardrops are so precious,
Gemstones from the casket of the heart.
Gratefully I place yours
Among mine in my dry darkness
So again some day
Together
Imbued with a tender keeping
They may flow from augmented eyes.

Our River

Our boat gently glides on the carressing ripples
Of our ancient river patiently greeting us ever anew,
Ever displaying its wealth of landscapes,
Each thirsty for our spontaneous praise.

The local winds of these fertile habitations
Propel us against this current,
(Our rivers current gift),
Not in opposition
But in a sacred communion that whispers
This currents common name.

And Oh, the Joy,
The joy when yet again -
As tributary - our truer selves approach,
And we once again decide
A choice we have been living
On these overwhelming intermingled waters.

Living Mortal

I am truly where I'm going.
I in truth am what I'll be.
Truth is but a debt yet owing
Borrowed from that future me
Dwelling in that twilight haven
Where death meets me mortally.

There in life I am completed,
No debt owed to what will be.
Options there are all depleted,
Me in death is all I see.
No accord with image graven
There deflects my death from me.

In that haven twilight gloaming
Dwells my truth, my mortal me.
Far from there I live life roaming
All in search of what will be.
All around me my pain pleading
'Harvests, speak your mystery'.

All around me mute disguises
Intone my mortality
As my haven's distant prizes,
From my mortal self to me:
I indwell their silent heeding,
Harkening their gifts to be.

Hearken as their tender keeping
Of the tears of you and me
Counters, with our mortal weeping,
Life's undying fallacy:
Here's the source of life's pure water;
To have true life death must be.

Sailing upstream on my river
I embrace mortality
With the gifts it will deliver
From its source at what will be:
Dance of givens and their giver,
Floating freely down to me.

I am truly where I'm going.
I in truth am what I'll be.
Mortal truth is ever owing
What its gifting needs of me:
Enthralled in the call allowing -
Living mortal, dying free.

**GRIEVE; WEAVE;
CLEAVE AND RETRIEVE**

*leave
your joys
souls to wake
those shades that grieve
whole the ache
left by your joys
when they cleave*

(Music: The *Pie Jesu* from Faure's Requiem)

Rest Your Head

Rest your head on tears you've cried;
Your sorrows weary need a bed
Where all is said by silence wide,
Where all hushed fears are duly shed.

This borrowed cradle tends the womb
That bears your loyal crush of sorrow
Laid to grow, and with joy bloom
When through your soil fit blessings flow.

Rest your head on tears you've cried;
Bless your tears as each is shed:
What has it said, this silent guide,
To sorrows, fears, and joy so wide?

‘And You Are With Me Now’

‘And you are with me now’. The firm farewells
Of freshly fitted fugues enfold you fondly
In my womb; so beautiful you sleep in me;
And as your yearnings rise to be my sighs
We breathe our fate - so full; and you are with me now.

‘And you are with me now’. As labor pains
Anoint the common threads that hold our cautious space,
A labyrinth of weeds engulfs all sense of where;
Now hail this passing cab, back seat with tired feet;
Bearing down pay up - oh driver, drive; and you are with me now.

‘And you are with me now’. The car alone
With cars ahead behind and to each side
Rides on abandoned speed until well timed
The phasing moons disgrace all apertures save dead ahead -
We exit there; and you are with me now.

‘And you are with me now’. Our forward sun
Back drips its syrup: on your untroubled face
White hair and flesh; windows lick the sweetness
While colors swarm like flies; we show
All, all we may; and you are with me now.

‘And you are with me now’. The rainbows race
Their mighty stripes across those wanton panes
We hitchhike on; crushed greens smear my feet, stains
Adorn your favors, our breath fogs the glass
That shows our face; and you are with me now.

‘And you are with me now’. In looking glasses
Silhouette sisters hug about their vase
While indecisive cubes bestow within their without;
Across the one way street crowds merge to cheer us on
To some unintended else - such wealth; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now', when silently
Your tides withdraw to captivating coves.
The unspent foam that roamed those distant caves
Returns on patient waves to spew the tidings of its host,
Your tide's returning boast; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now', with sleepy breath
Upon my shoulder your love extends spumed sounds
To our twin ears; these rainbow wrapped soft snores
You place upon my tongue so time may tongue
Our love's love clear; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now', when silent tears
Drowned out the clamor of uncertain fears;
Brocades grow where acceptance faltered
Its proffered unembroidered gift. So sweet
The sad misfit. And you are with me now.

'And you are with me now'. In cellar's depth
The packing cases sport their rainbow flags
Of interned life; your white hair roams the cobwebs,
Till strands through cracks can touch: one spark
Ignites the whole - our blazing soul; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now'. Amid the flames
The untamed rainbows float their scented hues
Down to our ears; your streaming hair affords
Its sacred whiteness; falling colors sink
Upon our pale lips - fresh soundings; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now'. These sounds below
Support the ribald blues and whites upon our unsound sea;
Beside our tossing boat all colors float, the sails
Shine bright the sweetness of your fragile skin
As blue I swim; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now'. My hand in yours you fly
While I close my eyes; and you are with me now.

'And you are with me now'.

**The Lay
Of the Song and the Rhythm**

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We dance our dance,
We sing our song,
Sorrow in sorrow,
Joy in joy.
Hand in hand to our rhythm we whirl;
Our feet bid our music to come and to sound;
Our music entices our drawn breath to sing;
We sing of our dance measured out hand in hand;
And we whirl with our feet barely touching the ground,
And we whirl with each heart bared in touch with its mate,
And in touching we mingle our sorrows and joys,
Their joining - our joining - they fit hand in hand,
Each joy weds a sorrow, each sorrow a joy,
Vast ballroom of pairings, sedate promenade,
The pulse of our rhythm, the truth of our song,
Till pairing by pairing the balance is struck
And Joy whirls with Sorrow
Sorrow with Joy
And nothing remains save the song and the rhythm

Save: the Song and the Rhythm

For nothing else can remain.

**

A couple might

Feel the Rhythm.
Sorrow in sorrow,
Joy in joy.
Hand in hand to the Rhythm they whirl.
Reciting the Song bids their music to sound.
Their music entices their drawn breath to sing.
They sing out the Song as the state of their dance.
And they whirl with their feet barely touching the ground.
While the Song calls to sorrows, the Song calls to joys,
(Just those with the Rhythm - and so tuned to hear);
Till their dance bears their measure and the balance is struck,
And Joy whirls with Sorrow
Sorrow with Joy
And this Joy with this Sorrow remains.