

shadow pools of thought and darkness
I saw her there once
a breeze the stillness of her eyes
a flute the magic of her ~~voice~~ voice
I heard her sigh or was it wish upon the moon
obscured
in a tiny cloudy nook
the pride of heaven
long nights of melancholy
I saw her again as in a dream
her hands there always comforting
in music she was love of life
in life she was music
for me at least
and I was not alone

rose

deep within the hidden boundaries of
night
a withhes brew of druids dust
silver bells in the revolving world
of time
a silent man of god his visor raised
would stand and wonder
in the sable halls of space
and contemplate a flower growing
there
arthur's sword and merlin's magic
wonders
have harkened to the call of time
and there I stand and call upon her
name
a distance to be bridged
the double eagle calls
silence and the sea magicians brew
Perhaps I could for I in life
loved you.

exeter e7

our mother the earth calls us hence
softly she whispers to us
of her love a gentle mother
her four winds she gives to us
to act as heralds of the coming seasons
her life is eternal
she is matriarch she jealously guards
her beauties and we are they
a tear from her heavens
becomes nourishment to the growing things
that we may flourish
i have heard her tears outside
my door in the darkest night
her sorrow her way of wisdom

death spoke to her in a whisper
from great distances
across her seas
she heard and answered
in a thunderous voice
i knew her tragic theme
it spoke of devastation
and silence
this seemed to me
she said then
in that i find my death

stepped in ancient sounds
we slept
with his wings hovering over us
we slept
in his image
we slept
with his shadow all silent
we slept
i gently touched her face
in our sleep

lost in darkness
i wandered through the starry heavens
i thought his hand would guide me
to my destination
his voice would sooth me
when i felt alone
he would be my celestial navigator
i think i found him there
he made a crown of stars

godfrey l kirkpatrick