

The Dove of Every Meaning

A book of poems by
Tim Wilson

The Preface

The Baha'i Faith and Nature are central to all that I do in my poetry and art. In the Baha'i writings, Baha'u'llah, Prophet-Founder of the Baha'i Faith, explains that whenever God's words are revealed through the Prophets and Messengers, this revelation releases unimaginable power and potency in the world. In fact, each and every word the Prophets speak has this same result; that, for example, whenever Baha'u'llah or any of the other Prophets such as Abraham, Noah, Moses, Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, Zoroaster, Muhammad, or the Bab, among others, spoke the word "fashioner", at God's behest, this one word released such potency as to release, create and fashion in the world all the arts people make. So all an artist such as myself creates is, indeed, a manifestation of this one word "fashioner".

A beautiful Baha'i teaching is that no religion is superior to another, just as no Messenger of God is superior to another. In time this teaching will put an end to religious fanaticism and prejudice. And there will always be another Messenger sent, in that religion is progressive and not absolute: there is no end to truth.

The intention of these poems is always to uplift and create a spiritual environment while having them sit on the page with a clear and honest voice. An art teacher taught us how to put spirit into paint, and I know that spirit can be put into words as well. Just think of favorite poems and how sincere they are, whatever their subject matter or style. In almost all of the poems, I didn't know what I wanted to write about, but simply reflected and then put down what I felt was inspired.

And I would like to thank my mother, Delsa Wilson, and Jane Samuelson who helped put a finish on the poems.

TCW

Humanity's Arrows

The dove of every meaning folds
Into itself like dreams from wine
Where in the womb it kicks and bends
To resurrect an ancient Sign.

Then as the sun moves to sunrise,
That humanity's arrows may find peace,
Each heaven folds above the skies
Where grace can never end nor cease.

Oh go to where the seasons end,
Where they neither freeze nor burn,
And the Light that sends its force
Alters not and will never turn.

O Baha'u'llah!

O Baha'u'llah! You did surrender
To a world's shameless crime
Against Your Self that does proclaim
The Sword of the Prophets' Rhyme.

What wrong did You do to hold this vessel
Cast to seas by a ruthless hoard,
Cut to the quick where the soles are tender—
Chastised under a swaying sword.

Not a tree was passed but You desired
To be crucified on its crosscut beams.
What prophesy Your Mind inspired:
The King of kings and the Lord of dreams!

She is God

She is God, the Lord of all,
Who rules with sovereignty and might;
And we are still, just as She moves,
Moves mountains in the dead of night.

For She is God, the Lord of grace,
Her time is as She chooses.
The measure of Her throne is hidden,
She has no victory or losses.

For She is God, the Lord of wealth,
Before Whose wealth stands poverty;
Lord of all, Lord of none -
Her creation knows complexity.

She is God, the Lord of light,
The Lord of wings sharp as blades
That cut to pieces darkest night
To make a tapestry of shades.

She is God, glorified be Her,
The Lord of constancy and changes.
Her stillness set in motion time -
While every atom rearranges.

A Placelessness

We are all raised up by a single Word,
A Word in a Book that burns,
Sustained on the edge of a golden sword
Like a compass that ever turns.

The direction is known to all who feast
On the love that is hidden near:
A placelessness shown to every heart
Who yearn for their Love to appear.

A Flame burning bright in an afternoon,
Eternal as biscuits and tea,
Aware, as they are, to navigate,
(The ones who frequent the sea).

The Word that Fueled

The Word that fueled an eternal flood—
Touched, as it was, by an outstretched Hand—
Subdued the ocean's tsunami joy
And raised up mountains on the land.

What Hand is this that printed stars
Against a panoply of black,
Like the lightening bugs in jars
That healed the camel's broken back.

Then down the path the Word unravelled
(Joyful—as in unsubdued)
To stars and back it was so traveled
That everything its life subdued.

Draw Me Nearer

Draw me nearer and nearer still,
Over the heather downing fast,
Up where the salmon jump for life
Where the future dissolves the past.

Then to learn to speak and sing
Babes in the arms to smile o'er,
Towns in the distance give a grin
Amidst the clover forevermore!

Then up and up, and down and down,
Fly the birds in tandem flight,
Catching the Mayflies in the air
Like fasting dreams that come at night.

And when the silence, known to all,
Covers the town in shades of dark,
Sleep comes over the busy day
And gone is the sound of the Meadowlark.

The bells of a little church—lost to time—
Ring in perpetuity
As the break of day begins again
With the nightingale's melody.

Butterflies From Lead

Down the path, along the sea,
Stroll the lovers throughout time,
Feeding those who come along
With a symbol in a Sign.

Deeper than the soul can go,
Higher than the self can sing
Is the token in the Sign
That only children's hearts can bring.

Then like glass unsheathed from stone,
Butterflies from lead take flight—
The Sign then warms the frozen hearts
To love from anger in the light.

From Land to Land

How glad the garlands flow
Around the heads of all
That seek to know naught else
But the Fire and its call.

The Voice that talked to Moses
Within the sacred vale
Has called out to humanity
In Person, and set sail:

From land to land and sea to sea
The Ruler of all kinds
Has cleansed all hidden places
And fused the endless minds.

Now I Dance

When April came and nailed
A bunch of flowers to my door,
I ran down to the sea
And danced upon the shore.

Not knowing what the flowers meant
Nor what they prayed to be,
Never could deter me
From acting joyfully.

Then turning round and round again
They danced so I could see
That they were from that Centre,
The sum of Mystery.

Now I leap and dance and sing
All seasons of the year
Knowing that the flowers served
To rid my heart of fear.

O Dust Compressed

O dust compressed in space,
You cried to fashion earth;
You let your tears compound themselves
And be the ocean's birth.

Oh tears that never end,
O Love that seeks Its own,
You made all things dependent
On love that's ever shown.

When Your love overflowed
The rivers ran with milk
To nurse a new creation
That felt like satin silk.

Ravens Flying

Why to steal the source of life,
When the candle is burning down,
Drop by drop the sacred wax
Covers all the little town.

Ravens flying everywhere
(On the edge of all that lives)
Steal the cries of little babes,
Giving to the Source that gives.

Then the wax will smooth the souls,
Bringing joy to children near
All the little towns that come
By ravens crying year to year.

The Quality of Virtues

The quality of virtues are not shamed,
They follow where the hidden faces go;
It is untamed like the flow of time
From Heaven binding heat and snow.

The rays of Suns today are brighter,
And virtues set the shackled free,
Like laughter in the Ancient hearts
Upon the mountain, field, and sea.

Then as the Suns grow ever larger,
Enveloping the Spheres, as told,
The moons increase, becoming silver—
(The Suns already liquid gold).

When the Sails

When sails have been unfurled,
And doves have hastened on,
To find their Love behind
The iron veil that's drawn;

Where God has kissed the faces
And all the lovers' eyes,
To taste the salt that's savored
Through love that laughs and cries.

Then bird song intervenes
And reverberates like thunder,
Leaving, in its wake,
The mountains torn asunder.

Near and Far

O Thou who art so Near,
A nearness which is Far,
Whose Messenger speaks "I am a man"
Like a shining distant star.

O Thou who art so Far,
A farness which comes Near,
Whose Messenger states "I am God,"
Distilled in every year.

There are souls that travel far
To be near the One they love;
They travel to the Ancient Shore
Like the black nocturnal dove.

The Centre Holds

The Centre now will hold,
It can-not fall nor fail;
Children understand and dance
With seashells in a pail.

The Soul has reached content,
Time alone is in between
The consonance of kingdom come
Turned rainbows full of green.

Let nothing intervene,
The Center now has held,
Anathema to schism
Its stunning walls remain.

A Latent Field

A latent field of roses moves
Endless through the holy gate,
Entering sweet Lebanon
From Jerusalem with heaven's fate.

There is a love that moves akin
To fire in its running rage
That takes a space (but not too thin)
And breaks the bars of mortal cage.

There is a love akin to fear—
The fear of losing God's sweet love—
From here all fire spreads and rises
Taking flight to worlds above.

Then Lebanon and Jerusalem
Meet Haifa and its nineteen towers
That bring intent at break of day
And the evening of its longing hours.

Every Flower Seeded

We walk as every door unfolds,
Unfolding what was needed,
To be sent from God to God
And every flower seeded.

Through the ever-giving place
That counts down from the hour,
The doors do open and they fly
Like birds upon the flower.

Then turning as to see a light
We can't refuse to be—
To be what either Pen or Hand
Has written in the sea.

Like a Bird that Knows

In the air there lives a bird
That never touches ground;
Its food is nothing visible,
Its joy is higher bound.

The Beginning and the End
Went walking in the clouds—
They took the little bird in hand
In heaven's silent crowds.

There are times that need no words,
There are words that don't fit rhyme,
And the two can be as one -
Like a bird that knows its time.

Oh Disencumber

Disconsolate, though, the Winter sun,
The sun itself is peerless now,
Breaking through the chastened wheat
That in the Summer it may grow.

Oh disencumber all that lives,
By leaning on the golden staff.
Bother not the fleeting shadow
(Much less on the soul's behalf.)

Baha'u'llah, by bowing down,
Has humbled all the hidden light;
The Nightingale has unchained suffering
And changed to love all fear and fright.

That Echo Down

We are here, O Love, like trees on high,
A mountain top with leaves of gold,
That meet the storms and thunder song
Like talismans in stories told.

Oh would that we could see the tones
That ears can hear in certain realms
That echo down all history's lines
(Not captains in a ship of helms).

Then every tree that hears and sings
Will sing to wind that's ever higher,
Like dancers who the scorpion stings
Are changed like the child that once was shy.

The Second Coming

Of all the beauty in the rain,
The sweetest is the April song,
Whose Paradise is nearness to
The One for Whom all lovers long.

Unfolding with tenacity
Remains the Season's mellow fire
That curls around the late night streets
To hear the Voice of the ancient Crier.

Then taken for its weight in gold,
The Second Coming was at hand;
The Centre and its Guardian held
And left confused the sky and land.

Is there Aught?

Is there aught in love but what is known,
Or nothing known but love within?
The place where love is from is shown,
Taken from where its life has been.

Seasons of the heart grow all content,
Harvested on the sun's behest,
Taken, as they were, from Spring's intent
And the prayer of love's eternal rest.

As the first bright ray of joy and light
Brought love to the pale of mother earth,
Did the Prophets, then, take their veil off sight
And with it give a second birth?

There is a Love

There is a love that moves like air,
That lives above the starlight fire,
And as the universe unfolds its hair
It sounds as if a hidden choir.

There is a love that moves like fire,
A color of an ancient creed,
That codifies the universe
Into the smallest perfect seed.

There is a sound that moves like love,
That towers over land and sea,
A single note of which, if heard,
Can set the perfect mortal free.

When April Brings

When April brings its songs
To be reborn like trees—
Of muse and minstrels being born
In cities, lands and seas;

Oh bring us past the hours
(When truth is bought and sold)
To dance and sing amongst the tombs
On Carmel's slopes that hold:

Hold the currency of saints
That buy and sell to free,
All souls that do exist
Inadvertently.

All Along

All along the foxtail grove
Go the deer that must be saved,
Like the lovers on the shore
Wail because of hunger craved.

As the twilight whispers close,
In the chord of every year,
Leap the salmon in the minds
Of the hearts of such as hear.

Oh go where butterflies dance,
All around the purple Hour
In the fields with daisies tall
Nearer God's favorite flower.

For Every Soul

There is a chance that angels form
When Prophets heave a sigh;
There is an even greater chance
That we will meet them when we die.

For every soul a teardrop falls,
Don't ask thus why or where,
It is a mystery following
Countless angels born in air.

Then thunder growing, dimming skies,
Lets the Lover's voice be heard,
As the angels, in the clouds,
Dance and sing to the Prophets' Word.

He Took His Pain

He took his pain to where
The sun had met the rain;
He stole the rainbow key
And changed to love his pain.

His realm with light was filled
With joy and hope and kin;
He took His joy and hope
And spread it from within.

Through atoms, realms and doors—
That all reflected Him—
He cut love to the core
To leave out dark and sin.

The Martyr's Sins

It is a day of dust and ash,
Precluding all existence now,
Whatever happens matters
Within what God does know.

The dust dissolves the golden bow
And from the seeker's hand does take
Full weight upon the diamond brow
Like the pilgrim's silver rake.

Seasons of ash falls over all
Making holy all that moves,
Like the colored leaves of Fall
Or the hummingbird that hovers.

Oh take me to the roaring sea!
Where the end of all begins,
Where the captive is so free
He seeks the martyr's sins.

Unconditional

An unconditional joy appeared,
As the road lead home that day,
Taking with it all that's dear
In the hearts that felt this way.

Then as the road abruptly turned,
Past the fields with all the hay,
Cows were taking turns to feed
(Save the ones that roam and stray).

Then down the grasses green as blue,
Taking beauty at a glance,
Went the joy that came along
To go ahead and peace advance.

Like Spires Rising

Of all the intrigue of the soul
Where unity is taught and learned,
There is insight wrought and formed
That makes a role for bridges burned.

Like spires rising from the plains,
Beneath a new Face burning bright,
There is a road that makes its way,
To places giving hope and sight.

Then constancy upholds a day—
Beyond the now existing norm—
That protects against decay
Of any past immortal form.

Where Justice is Blind

A parcel of hope delivered home
From a place so far away:
A Message held so close and tight
In a bottle that sealed a Day,

Tossed on an ocean magnificent
To gaze on, touch and behold
(Like giving birth the mother knows
The infant to love and hold).

The Message confirmed the words that spoke
A Day sublime in stature
That even Solomon's songs would fail
To equal its state of rapture.

The seals on the bottle—broken within—
(For within all life is held),
Where Justice is blind with perfect sight
So that minds and hearts will meld.

Will Angels Form?

When we leave this world in time,
Will life be like Summer snow?
The unrhymed word will finally rhyme;
Will we pray for what we do not know?

Will angels form, then disappear,
And take their time to recombine?
Like a Vision no one knows,
Or a secret held through time.

When we leave this world in time
There may be a sudden sound:
That will be how children laugh
And joy will everywhere abound.

Hear the Songbirds Singing

When the eastern sky has dimmed,
And the eyes of all are turned,
To the west will travel souls
Where love has burned.

In the truth they are so anchored,
In the light they are so shown,
That through the fields they wander,
These souls that are well known.

When the western sky has dimmed,
And the eyes of all are sealed,
To the east will travel souls
Where love has been revealed.

Oh hear the songbirds singing,
Through a Rose that bears a name
That is like the church bells ringing
In a valley of God's Flame.

O Carmel Come

O Carmel come, for to behold,
The crowns of Kings and Queens made low!
They'll come and place them at your feet
In the City of angels of fire and snow.

Then as they rise from gate to gate,
And circle 'round Your central Sphere,
They'll feel a freedom known to those
Who seek your freedom far and near.

Then looking on all stories told
They'll learn a lesson that prevailed
Of how You came to Bahji's hold . . .
Of how Your mind and soul were nailed!

The Children Sing

The children sing to the ship,
A ship in love with the sea,
And from each blessed lip
The call of eternity:

“Oh what do you carry on board?”
Cry the children from the shore.

The Ship says “We have the nightingales’ Lord,
The Lord who we all sing for.”

The Children say “Oh why do you take Him away,
And deprive us here and now?”

The Ship says “I take Him where He does please,
And the wind is from His brow.”

The Children say “Then surely we suffer great loss,
For our Lord is sailing away.
Is His name Baha’u’llah,
The Founder of the Great Day?”

The Ship says “Yes surely this is His name,
And all is His dominion.
He heads to a land most holy,
And suffers you seek His opinion.”

Then the ship sailed out of sight,
Lost to the trees and the land,
And the children were all bathed in light,
Cupped in the palm of God’s hand.

In the Early Hours

In the early hours an apple fell
Through the atmosphere to earth below,
And the Hand that picked up the apple ate,
That the times and the ages spread and grow.

In an atmosphere of conditioned faith,
Something Secret turns and turns,
In the womb of the world where faith unfolds
With the joyous sound of all that years.

Then the Secret spoke, and with one word
The heavens split and an age folds,
A new age, then, is again reborn,
With fate in the Hands that the Secret holds.

Oh Take Us to the Places

Oh would that we could conserve
The flight of a newborn sparrow;
Like gaining and possessing
The meaning of tomorrow.

Oh take us to the places
Where all within is folded,
Where the faces are so noble
Like their Lord they are so molded.

To the oneness of the Rose
All learning is forsaken;
The minute goes unnoticed,
And the rhyme of flight is taken.

Poetic Justice

Poetic justice is not blind,
In showers does it fall from heaven,
As His loved ones go and find
Hearts that are raised like leaven.

Time it is that cannot fail
To reunite each soul in time,
Like the lance that does impale
The mirrors of Husayn's bright temple.

Then as the Orb, created round,
Spins and moves controlled by law,
The turning sends eternal sound
That signifies what Jesus saw.

Oh take the meaning to the place
Where all turns into itself;
Where the Sphere and unveiled Face
Is like the one Book on the shelf.

So Soon the Hill

So soon the hill goes down,
Down into the valley pure,
Just like the stream that passes through
The mountain pass so firm and sure.

The love of God that travels through—
Is this how it is to know?
And through another valley pure
With angels made from fire and snow.

Oh surely we must go and play
With the children dancing round,
Twin Holy Trees within one Day
With Pens that sing a perfect Sound.

The Point's Shrill Pen

The ancient Remnant's call to love
Came upon the midnight noon,
Lucid in its flame through night,
Terrible in its rising Moon!

The Russian sugar, served with tea,
Compelled the Youth to chant and sing,
As the world, so tired, slept,
Not knowing what the night would bring.

A call to rise, holding tight,
Every prayer was chanted strong;
The Point's shrill Pen then whistled,
(He chanted, for the night was long).

Where Spirits Go

There are marked flames within a fire,
Like numbered waves on the open sea,
But don't assume that they are looking
To take away a life so free.

Oh yearn to sail the open waters
And change one's soul in flames of the Fire:
Where spirits go and lovers perish
To be recast in the Soul entire.

Oh be the tithe of every nation!
That every people may rejoice,
And yearn to sail the open waters,
(With the grace of the Fire's voice).

A Path that's Hidden

There is a place that hastens down,
(That only tides and waves reveal),
A path that's hidden by the sea
That makes the lovers sing and reel!

The lover whose life is meant to be
The source of creation, held so dear,
That only fate is held as higher
(In circles past the time of year).

Oh take the scale of justice home,
Weigh the universe in the hand
Of the One Who writes the Will
That the test of time can stand.

Five Thousand Veils

Every stone is filled with spirit,
And every red demands a dawn,
Most every song has God's love near it,
(Most every veil, in time, is torn).

Five thousand Veils were raised like Adam,
Sent from a Center where love abides,
Like the way the east wind severs
To the heart of the stone where the lover hides.

Oh do not cringe before the east wind,
For it comes like a strong but gentle guide.
(But do not misconceive this guidance,
For it can end the Goliath stride).

A Flower with no Name

A flower with no name outshines
A flower by most names given,
For in leaving no footprint anywhere,
There is no need for any name striven.

On a hill the flower asked to dance,
And was left with paltry fair to eat,
Where only love compares and surpasses
A joy that out-strips hunger complete.

Then in the jungle's seething life,
That consumes its beauty with aplomb,
There are flowers vying with delight
That make the jungles feel like a home.

Where Waters Yearn

Take hope from every land,
Create a distant star—
Next take love and faith
Where God is never far.

The depth of ocean calls,
Where pearls unfold like flowers—
Where time is fast asleep,
Oblivious of hours.

Oh where but to the sea
Do dreams of hope return?
Where longing ever lives . . .
Where waters yearn.

A Classical Weight

A classical weight, on his brow,
Bent him like a future king,
Who's been through many seasons,
That in his twilight he may sing.

He gathered to him all he owned,
And cast it to the fiercest gale
That this wind would be his crown,
And he may pierce the densest veil.

Then as the winds grew ever higher
He rode them to the worlds within
That every veil would burn away—
(Let alone a veil that vague and thin).

There is Naught

There is naught in the world that is worth
A Call from the Manifestation;
A call to be nearer to God,
Or to the heart's own liberation.

Out walking o're waters far deeper
Than the deepest of minds can ponder:
Can it equal the measure of stars
Where the hearts of lovers wander?

Oh go to the towns forbidden,
By the wise for fear of learning,
And turn towards the open doors
Where the hearts of all are burning.

The placeless will replace the known,
Within the kingdom of names,
Where the skin of the lovers is sewn
On the gates to blazon His fame.

Lost Within a Star

We are lost, Oh Love, within a star,
Where coolness reaches to the core,
Where all is moved beyond itself
And hunts where the meadowlark does soar.

Then seeming to behold our soul,
We travel to the distant Shore
To taste what the meadow lark procured,
To find the Gate, and bow before.

Oh savor life within the light,
Where the falcon hears the song
Of the lark that changes it,
(Where all the hearts are changed which long).

*Hasten to the down-turned faces,
Tell them of the the joyful Rose,
Tell them of the lingering traces
Of a Star that grows and grows.*

The Qualities of Love

The qualities of love remain—
They stand upon a hidden realm,
Where they who follow are insane
As lovers touch and overwhelm.

And truth is equal by its side,
Taking, as it does, its place,
By the scythe of timeless play
Between the clock and timeless face.

Consumed, as they are, by thunder,
Do virtues beat the drum,
In the sea that's ever under
God's purpose and Its sum.

Poetic Justice

Poetic Justice is not blind,
In showers does it fall from heaven,
As His loved ones go and find
Hearts that are made from leaven.

Time it is that can-not fail
To reunite each soul in time -
Like the lance that did impale
The mirrors of Husayn's bright temple.

Then as the Orb, created round,
Spins and moves controlled by Law,
The turning sends eternal sound
That signifies what Jesus saw.

Oh take the meaning to the place
Where all turns into itself;
Where the sphere and unveiled Face
Is like the one Book on the shelf.

And Wars Ended

A blight upon the earth was lifted
That spanned eternities of old,
That took the embers ever sifted
Like chariots of the Lord that rolled:

Rolled down the shadows of the heart,
Down the lines of every heaven,
Circulating all that said
Wars would end.

And wars ended, in their time,
Like the story of the fire,
Like the way we all are lead
With the new and given Hour.

The Bees to Every Flower

The bees to every flower went
To pollinate the lands
In such a way the souls became
As numerous as sands.

The bees to every flower went
To pollinate the earth,
To make sure that in everything
There'd be a second birth.

Such perfection in all things
Is there and never ended,
(Like the Beginning and the End—
Whose Self had been suspended.)

Oh go beyond the self that is
To worlds that savor vision;
To where the bees are like the souls
That steadily have risen.

Like the Buddha

Oh cities flooded by the wine
Running down the hills so pure,
Like the glory fading not,
All through time that does endure;

Take the joy and sorrow home,
Sift it for the flood of tears,
For the proof that blood was shed
By the lovers down the years.

Then time will prove and prove the Cause,
Like the Buddha in the night,
Praying, chanting, that the world
Will give its eyes to second sight.

O Thou the Sun

O Thou the Sun that sent the Suns,
Do Thou grant an ampler share;
That if, by chance, we find Thee near,
We'll know what on our face to wear.

O Love above which none is found,
Save God and Heaven's care,
Tell us that which Heaven holds
To eat the martyrs' fare.

O Suns that never set nor cease,
O Love that is most known;
Whose Self is always hidden
Whose ways are always shown.

The Unknown Soul

Oh be the title of no man's pain,
That the way be mirrored and chimed,
From Cathedral's towering bells
Where the speed of the soul is timed.

Then through the valley of every seeker,
Went the steed of what was found;
Riderless, yet tall as clouds,
Was the horse that sought so bound.

And last—but least—the unknown Soul,
Leaping from Cathedral heights,
Soaring beyond the mountain peaks,
Mirroring the Sun's bright lights.

When Earth Resounds

When Earth resounds with joy,
They will lie down their guns,
For joy and love are twins—
Holding hands like sister Suns.

When the past is reconciled,
And the last is finally first,
There will be an ocean surge
To quench the eternal thirst.

Love, like Suns and Moons,
Does pacify the heart,
Heals with peace the one that kills,
Making seas so still they part.

They that Follow

They that follow the Soul in dreams
Count the stations of the moon;
They stare at the sun, though eyes go dim,
Like clockwork at the strike of noon.

Then every song is felt and sung,
With the coming of the dawn
When dreams will yield Reunion
And the power it is founded on.

Oh take the dream that's nearest,
And stretch it far beyond its power,
Where helplessness is coveted,
(And dreams are not within an hour).

Not in a Maze

Oh would that the soul could disappear,
Eyes turned in to then behold
What mirrors miss and Minotaurs pass
In the labyrinths of gold.

Then go to the place where the circle ends,
And make your way west to heaven,
Where drums do speak and then surrender
To songs from the east as leaven.

Not in a maze is fame to be found,
Nor any to console one there,
But find one's way the soul can make
As children speak the night-time prayer.

The Distant Shore

The shining sea pounds the distant shore,
Its mist churned by tumbled stones,
Rising like smoke and ribbon fair,
Sounding like deeply chanted tones.

On the shore a maiden waits,
Letting waves wash her satin feet,
And wind blows back her glistening hair
As she invites all souls their Lord to meet.

The gnarled and bent elderly trees
Bend and sway to the maiden's hands,
That move in tandem like combing fleece
While seagulls comb the speckled sands.

O Muse

O Muse desire what I need,
That I may dance and sing and bleed
At least one drop of my own blood
That I may savor as my food.

Then this earth will set me free
And I will leave it cordially,
Satisfied to have lived so well
Among the citizens of the dell,

And tasted yeast to be as leaven
To travel east where some say heaven
Is situated by the bay
Where souls are born of fire and clay—

And tasted more yeast that pray I rise,
And be not hidden by disguise,
But be transparent as the day
That's witness to the fired clay

Where second birth is never done
Until the soul is in the Sun
And mirrors its capacity
Above the city near the sea.

If the Sun were Black

If the sun were black, and light were gray,
Would there be an argument to be right:
That night had replaced the light of day
And birds in the dark would then take flight?

The colors of all connote the times,
Like rainbows stretched out in black and white,
Where blind to color is equal to life—
And counted as part of the Primal Sight.

There are tears that prove that walls remove
The heart from itself as in a cell,
That colors fade before the soul,
(And the Light is more than the soul can tell).

Let Every Bliss

Let every bliss be found and held,
And every tempest held the same,
That if, by chance, we're called to leave,
We're sure to recognize our name.

No, not by chance the raindrops fall
On faces turned up towards the Sun,
Through rainbow's arc perpetually
The way the heart is made to run.

To hear the call to hasten on
Is common as the cool Spring rain
That touches every eyebrow's crest,
Seeking love above its pain.

Hidden Places

Hidden places tell of the time
When we freely walked the grounds,
Counting roses on the days
Petals graced the fields with crowns.

Fields and fields of roses vast,
Red as far as the eye can see,
Mentioned in the book of Life
As the flower most souls would be.

Premonition in the thorns
Makes the rose a special flower,
In the way a tear drop means
Moving toward the special Hour.

Racism

Racism plows the eternal dark,
Sowing seed in winter abroad,
Of the Light it fears to touch and be touched,
In the mirror its form is so flawed.

Its ugly head, so reared and raised,
For one purpose only it burns:
To split apart what once was whole,
To death and denial it turns.

Then turned to itself—so ephemeral—
Based in lies it is ever on:
Hideous it sounds as it perishes,
(Like a lie it will die and be gone).

Let Every Tree

Let every tree become a cross
To crucify our fears upon
That they may be transfigured,
Just like the coming of the dawn.

Then as God breathes upon the world,
The storms of compassion fold
The fears into a timeless peace
That mothers nurse, caress, and hold.

Oh let us drink the measure
That each has transferred into stone
And blown into fine crystal
To strike the one eternal Tone.

For Every Tear

For every tear a star is born,
Shining in the sky,
Just like a pearl, gleaming bright,
In every martyr's eye.

For every star a tear drop falls
To form an unbound sea
That every kneeling man may rise
Amidst the teardrop tea.

Such tears and stars are eloquent
And form the base of matter,
(Though if, by chance, stars fall to earth,
It would cause eternal chatter).

That Every Heart

That every heart may turn to gold,
The Blessed Beauty consumed the Grail,
Then grew a thousand eyes to see
The stars all falling like the hail

That fell to earth in the time
Baha set a lone dove free,
Which then returned, with a gift,
To His ship upon the sea;

He raised the earth up once again
To be forever glorified:
To live above the ether
And walk the heavens with a stride.

Among the Roses

Among the roses dance and leap!
Heed not the sirens' song;
(Among the sentiments to keep
Is the Name for which all sirens long).

There is a space within a star
That cools the fever in whole,
Like roses with their thorns, in hand,
Will ever bleed the enraptured soul.

Oh go to where all time is faded,
And gone to return no more,
Where cries from the self are shaded,
And never reach the Eternal Shore.

The Proof of Tears

The proof of tears attest the words
That fall like feathers in the night,
Grounded, at the break of day,
Like trees that grow by giving light.

The meaning of the word was clear:
Weigh the starlight before the dawn
That rises with the coming day
(Before the birds have up and gone).

Then the children come and go
Building castles by the sea,
Shaped by winds that sound like words,
Crashing like the waves so free.

Oh tears of joy, whose story's told,
Let the children grow like trees,
That every story will unfold
Like feathers on the seven seas.

A Yellow Sunset

A yellow sunset, screaming red,
Signaled the Return now gone,
Like a tree Limb, fallen down,
May proclaim a birth of every Dawn.

Then Prophets crying in the wind,
To find someone to listen,
Put the sunsets in a box
To use to bless and christen.

And coming back to where it's been,
The Limb has never died,
Just found a new Tree to regrow
In earth where tears have cried.

The Robin's Heart

The Robin's heart is tender,
It breaks upon the night,
Its love is so contagious
It matters not the light.

The Nightingale's divinity
Consumes the roses whole.
It sings on most occasions,
No matter what the toll.

Oh take us to the memory
Where mind and heart are born,
And songs all have beginnings
But are endless and reborn.

By Making Life

When you and I have gathered faith,
(Like love that's a rising dawn),
And in the light are moving 'round,
Like love that's ever shown;

The process of elimination,
Expanding sunlight hours,
Makes of death inordinate
By making life like flowers.

Oh take us to the Source that's known
To be freed from all we know,
Like the blood of martyrs sewn
In the Land of fire and snow.

They Felt Like Fire

They felt like fire burning bright,
(Like the way the sunrise shines),
Consuming half the starry night—
The other half spoke of signs.

Then as the signs all merged to one,
Making stars to fuse together,
The new Sign told a Prophet's life,
And made the heavens cease forever.

Oh take the mesmerizing stance,
Unfolding like the breath of Spring,
In the battle for the self
That's pleasing—to what God can sing.

Eternity

There is a song about a man
Who goes down to the sea,
To find his true love anywhere,
But finds Eternity.

He prays to find her where he will,
(Though providence he's found);
He finds her digging in the sand,
(Though Heaven's where he's bound).

Then in a dream he sees her standing
Aside a greenwood Tree,
And knows his bounty twofold,
(Though lost upon the sea).

The Winds that Howled

The winds that howled today are gone,
Leaving Fall immaculate
And white as weddings in the Spring,
(Beyond what measures accurate).

Then turning to the right to see
Where Destiny did congregate
With all the souls, gathered near,
Whose joy was mingled in their fate;

Such joy was realized near a Throne;
Then nearer—as it never ends—
The distance that is measured by
Its love and what It ever sends.

From Rosebush Vale

We are lost, O Love, like dreams foretold,
Where angels' song is near to home,
We travel with the Nightingale
Whose restless song will ever roam.

From rosebush vale, to shrill pen black,
There is a single set of Eyes
Its soulful song will not look back—
Through endless days of rose sunrise.

Then time will fade before the Hour,
Taking with it all that fades,
As the Sun, so rich and full,
Will burn through all that death invades.

The Willow Bows

The Willow bows its branches down,
The Cedar rises all the while
The Elm trees vie to steal the night
That stretches an eternal mile.

Then they that bow their heads in sleep—
Curl in to meet their waking soul;
While trees that stand the test of time
Help the soul stand full and whole.

The streams that fill and always feeds them,
The Elk that soothe the Native heart,
All proclaim the unsung beauty
That keeps the dreamer's dreams apart.

Like Dancing Birds

As to the coming of days,
Like dancing birds in the night,
As to the means and the ways,
That hide themselves in the light:

There is naught but joy in the Sun,
Where the rooms of God are found,
There is naught but Love within Christ,
Where the souls of all are bound;

*(The ways of God are plentiful—
Invisible to find—
And all must have a Guide,
To cleave to and to bind.)*

There is a Path

There is a path that souls go down,
Marching to the sea,
That colored hues can never paint,
Though marching to be free.

There is a town that lives nearby,
A stone's throw from the bay,
That possesses all that's innocent,
(As the prodigal son would say).

These places, though, have hearts like a glass,
And feelings that can fill them,
Just like the times, and time again,
That march through hymn by hymn.

Like Empathy

Oh roses in the Cherry grove
When blooms are never gone,
Like empathy within a globe
Includes an endless dawn.

There is a place where each to each
Is added to the sum
That every day in Paradise
Is like the Springtime come.

Joy and ecstasy are there,
To feed the hungry soul,
And all the love that's binding
The part unto the whole.

Two Years Near Kurdistan

He brandished His words before the trees
Through which the winds did blow,
That carried their weight like floating seeds
Past valleys filled with snow.

The heat from the words like rain did fall
'Til rampant streams were flowing,
Filling the valleys with violets
While Springtime's life was growing.

The world was pregnant with the life
That eyes could never behold,
That mirrored the season with changing light—
Though never growing old.

O Virtue

O Virtue dancing in the rain,
Tell us of your joy and pain:
Is there life beyond the pale
That we may hoist and trim the sail?

O Spring that comes with destiny,
Make for us a cup of tea;
Send to us such love and mirth
That we may yearn for second birth.

O Tree beyond which none shall pass,
Give to us God's wine filled glass,
That even suffering may seem
To be a simple passing dream.

Then love and destiny will shine
With icon reaching to the Sign,
And bring God's fruits eternally
In city, hill, on land and sea.

Take the Heart

Take the heart and stir the sea,
Set it down upon a stone,
Give it to the children free
To make in air a place and throne;

Air that comes from places higher,
Than the places cherished dear,
Dearer than the life of those
Who call their home the place that's near.

Then intervenes eternal time
And convinces all to end,
In the final couplet rhyme
Where trees forever sway and bend.

On the Hill

On the hill the black dove rests,
Waiting for night its flight to take,
To reveal its secret quest
To bring to earth its dreams to make;

Make like Zion's rising wings,
In the darkest night of all,
Where love is like a silver sun—
Its light to bring the brightest call.

O Greatest Mystery, wrapped in dreams,
Sing Your song of Baha's sight,
In the depths of the Siyah-Chal
Where darkness brought an endless Light.

O Daisies

O daisies in the fields of old,
Sitting like kings and queens,
Tell us what your valleys hold
In the grasses—blues and greens.

Take a walk down stony lane;
Is the Lark upset tonight?
From the call to crows so deep
Lasting through the first of light.

Do they say your Love is gone,
Leaving His own fortress near,
At a cost to life and kin
And the threat of sword and spear?

Is the Robin's head held low
Or the Cardinal's face turned white
From the weight of calumny
And some kindred of the light?

Then the Word was sent to fast,
And the day replaced the night;
Mindful in its time and length,
Endless in future flight.

The Apostle

The Apostle and her premonitions
Tamed the earth and turned its wrath,
In such way God's Mercy flourished
Strolling down the back-lit path.

As the path began to widen,
(Crimson from the thousands slain),
Humanity, itself, was standing -
On the path in sun and rain.

Then destiny encompassed,
Taking, as its fast, a chord;
To be held for premonitions
And the grace of Heaven's hoard.

Around the Point

Around the point the long ships sailed,
Cutting through the waves so high,
As the storm prepared the way
For sailboats reaching to the sky.

Then as the storm moved swiftly down,
Past the place of no return,
The sunlight broke out with rainbow hem
To make the hearts to move and yearn—

To recompense for loss of days
The sighs of every loss consumed,
Through sadness that will yield to joy,
By greater healing of the wound.

There is Bounty

There is naught between the lines
But shadows of the Suns
That tell of love's conquest,
As in the course it runs.

There is bounty in the space
That embodies life at birth
That calls to mind the afterlife
Within the mortal earth.

A feeling as if rising up
From dreams in tomes of light
Seems just like the buttercup
That heals the Winter blight.

As to the Reign

As to the reign of kings,
That meet with God tomorrow,
Do they hear the Voice that sings,
That feels His pain and sorrow?

As to the call of voices
That take their place in time,
Do they speak to the Crimson Path
Through a word that is a sign?

Oh go to where all go
When the kings put down their crowns,
Where Reunion intervenes
In the court of heavens' towns.

Then the People

Along the straightened path
Move the people of the light,
In the way that heroes move
As they speak and gather sight;

To be given to the fold,
Of the number added near,
Where the path is wont to go
In the course of any year.

Then the people gather 'round,
Gathered like the clouds that passed,
Moving in the way they do,
(In the way of First and Last).

As Women Serve

As women serve the world below
And in the light are drawing nearer,
Ever towards where God does go,
To the place that whispers clearer.

Then taken as the day is long
They shed the husk of outer meaning,
And hasten to their inner song
Where souls perfect their total seeming.

Oh go to where these souls do tread,
Tread the path of all before them,
And like the pearl unto the thread
Are beaded on God's golden hem.

Then Comes the Dawn

There are times when hearts will bend,
There is hope that feels it's broken,
Like the days that never end,
Like a true voice never spoken.

Then comes the dawn of peace,
Its flaming souls descend:
O Love! O Hope! come near,
And with your souls attend!

Oh go to the town to seek for Layli,
To find the Rumi stone,
To cry from out of the depth of all
The will to now atone!

Like an Emblem

Like an emblem on a chest revealed,
Reversing all that's known to trust,
Is the purpose of the One so sealed
With golden key immune to rust.

There are ways to live that break the sea
And open pearls to seize the night,
And like the moons that visit,
Set music to a fearless light.

Then indentations set in skin—
A birthmark from a former Sign—
Made seas to boil, suns to churn,
To fast and make a solstice wine.

The Way to Love

O fire in the western sky,
Tell us what the day will bring,
Did the birth of Baha cause
The world to dance and reel and sing?

O rising glory in the east,
Is there news from Akka's hold
Riding on Apocalypse
That turns the wayward heart to gold?

Then if the two are lovers dear,
Holding on with all their might,
The way to love will be revealed
To hold and heal the Winter's blight.

As the Snow Falls

As the snow falls down,
Around our earthbound feet,
Spring is breaking through
Where snow and flowers meet.

Then the Northern Lights
Illumine night so deep
With the sun going down;
This land I love will sleep.

When the darkness comes
The wolves will howl and sound
The depth of every dream
Where hope and love are found.

Then turning to the stars
Concealed beyond the sun,
The eyes of all will never see
Their number and its sum.

There are Times

There are times when words will fail
To delete the thought of war,
When the soul alone can save
The place that was before.

As to where the wanderer goes,
In its time of living need,
Is akin to waking up
From all war and its hateful seed.

There are times when happiness dawns,
When the battles pass with calm,
When the war is won within
And becomes a holy psalm.

The Salmon Leaps

On steps the river running down,
With leaps the salmon to its home,
To live and taste of life its crown
With endless story in its tome.

The Abbey near the after light,
All ruined from a timeless rage,
Sings a song of birds in flight
To meet the salmon in its age.

Oh holy well that gathers near
All hope and freedom as in dreams,
That turn to constellations here -
To Leo in its flowing streams.

Then life that rises from the depth
Of waters with a melody,
Sings the salmon's life and breadth
In its journey to the sea.

His Names Obliterate

There is naught in the world but gold,
And the gold that is in heaven;
If gold were worth the soul
Of hearts that shine at dawn.

If this Day were carved in stone,
Would the Lord be any higher
Or farther from near and far
Where the birds of heaven soar?

His names obliterate . . .
Sun and stars fade . . .
The earth revolves,
When the hearts are glad.

Heights are called within,
Names are made here—
Names that carry weight
With Prophet and Seer.

You are still here,
So come and say,
What it is
You would like with tea.

To Every Voice

The dove of every meaning will unfold
According to a science that is strained,
To hear the subtle voice that knows and speaks
To every voice that's random and ordained.

The Moses in every meaning never yields,
It participates to resurrect the call
That came from Carmel in the deepest night,
Protecting it from every rise and fall.

Then teaching its own self to dance and sing,
And opening its wings to touch the sky,
The dove of every meaning makes its song
To others in the clouds to raise a cry.

So Soon the Hill

So soon the hill goes down,
Down in the valley pure,
Like the stream that passes through
The mountain pass so firm and sure.

The love of God that travels:
Is this how it is to know?
Through a valley pure
With angels made from fire and snow.

Oh surely we must go and play
With the children dancing round,
Twin Holy Trees within one Day
With Pens that sing a perfect Sound.

The Beauty of the Pearl

In the dark the sun does reign,
So is the only light to shine;
Leaving unity to the rain
That brings the sole and epic Sign.

If in the complex of the stone
The chastened pearl were found,
Would it mean we seized the hour—
To be near to God we're crowned?

Oh go to where the faces
Gleam and glisten in the light—
Of their footsteps are no traces
As they take eternal flight.

There is a Land

Oh take the voice of all content
And have it speak to every clime
In such way the seasons speak
To every place that bends with time.

There is a land that bears no name,
That tastes the seasons of the Sun,
Beyond the pale of singing sands,
Before the Youth—the Ancient One.

There is a land that's ever known,
A land of scribes and subtle names
Who write down every deed and word
(Preserving those with ancient flames).

From Heights

From heights that crash to shores,
Stands a talisman of stone,
Weeping for the world—
Whose tears touch God's throne.

Crouching like the leopard,
Gathered for the leap,
The stone breaks in two
To be vigilant or sleep.

Taken it was from home,
Brought before the forge;
Raised to such defying heat
In the sun's living rage.

The Tree Beyond

The Tree beyond which none can pass,
Whose roots go deeper than the soul,
Took a Word, of Its making,
And fashioned all that bells could toll.

The impenetrable black beyond,
Looming amongst the waves of green,
Making of the sacred Tree
A place where insight's ever seen.

From the Point whose Gate was keeping
Faith and all it holds alive,
Brought such fruit and sweet-meats reaping
Of the spirit to survive.

Sovereignty

What pen can tell the gravity
Of the Lord in earthly chain:
What story transmit its severity!
It can not tell the Prophet's reign!
None . . .
Never!

The Tears of God

Just like some men upon the cross
Have never lived in sin or shame,
There is a space to find intact
Every justice and its name.

Oh go to where the nameless go
When the poor are risen high,
When the lost are found so near
The tears of God that bleed and cry.

Then will hearts rejoice in means
That moderation can-not hold
And break apart the man-made seams
Just like the falcons dive and fold.

When all do Come

When all do come from One,
Like the mystery in faces,
Victory and celebration
Will appear among the races.

There is no number purer
Than the one that has no traces
Of the place where race is sensed
Before the Person of the Placeless!

Oh take down the walls that form
From the obstinance of might,
That chooses to excel
The brilliance of His light.

Then all the world will be
Tranquil in all senses
And the might of God prevail
In the hearts and souls with bliss.

There is a Song

When on the road Life took a walk
And found Death by the sea,
They nodded to each other,
As if so cordially.

There is a song that people sing
That tell of life sublime,
There is a song that Baha sings
Of Death and its deathless rhyme.

O Life! O Death! come sing your songs
That you will, in turn, so be—
A paradox like children's rhymes
That cross the Ancient Sea.

Tempered is the Heart

Tempered is the heart that loves,
Tempered is the mind that needs,
To portray the noble self
In the way the red heart bleeds.

Severed is the realm of dreams,
Severed is the soul that heals
All the ways and what it seems
In the way the Prophet seals.

Blessed is the Season's fate
In the course the Ram does run;
Blessed is the time of Late
In the court of the Holy One.

When Wars have Ended

When wars have died and ended,
And peace moves like the deer,
Take of what was written
And it will write in letters clear:

That wars will end, and this forever,
Like the madman fades and dies—
As the storm that goes unnoticed
While spirit rises with new eyes.

Oh go to where the world will take us,
When the Sun can walk on earth,
Like the One that's always with you
As Sun and Moon combine to birth.

Towards Justice

Is justice but the sum of love
And wisdom tempered by the wine
That's grown to fruit by temples' doors
And reason by the Suns that shine?

Oh call to the Nations every word
Which word is like an ancient pyre
That Baha sent with camphor chord—
Whose Thought has made all souls expire.

Then taken to eternal fields
Where life proceeds outside of hours,
And justice is revealed through love's
Succession of such endless towers,

Each one built on stones of flight
Away from world's unseeming tombs
Towards justice and its crimson light
Inhabiting God's endless rooms.

There is a Self

The question to obliterate the self
Is oh so pleasing:
Just like the cuteness of the cat
That's sometimes sneezing;

For in the quest is the answer
Clear and ever ringing:
There is no self, and so,
Just like a cat, it's never singing.

(There is a self that harmony can be,
And is in turning,
When all the snows of self just melt
By love that's burning).

Where Does Love Begin

A beginning without an end is all he knew,
As he sat and watched the wind blow through the door;
From dominions came the substance that he knew
Would complete the answer that he waited for.

For how does love begin,
And why does love begin;
Except for being love
That enters in.

He took the door from off its hinge,
So nothing got between
The flow of light that mixed with wind
That showed him what he'd seen.

And where does love begin,
And why does love survive?
Except for being love
That always is alive.

A Temple's Song

Breaking with the thunder's call,
Lightening pierces every cloud,
Striking near the mountain pine
By a Temple's silver shroud.

Clinging like a mother's child
Spirits seek the Ancient Grail,
(Revealing all the Prophets' hope
When Baha'u'llah set sail).

Yearning for the lightening fire
To strike them to remember birth,
Souls prayed for clouds to disappear
That more shrines dot the blessed earth.

Before a Savior

The light of the spirit counts the ways
To a song of turning 'round,
(Like the way a child spins
Before a Savior most profound).

Then as the Savior starts to spin,
(Responding to the child's heart),
Happiness resplendent shines
Ignited like creations start.

Oh go to where the earth began—
With a Savior meeting death—
Where the spirit, spinning 'round,
Will reconnect with holy breath.

A Singing Tree

A singing tree— which naked stands—
(No ornaments to adorn its boughs),
Nevertheless transcendence shines—
To an extent which God allows.

An affirmation burning bright,
(Acceptance sounding like the swan)
Burns away the veils of sight
That other-sight is never gone.

Then as the stage turns round and round,
With dancers leaping toward the light,
The singing tree turns counter-wise
To offset seasons in their flight.

Drunk in a Sea

The Second Coming moved like gold,
Like lava through the Ancient Mind;
It moved— and no one dared to breathe—
For in this Day the Light is signed!

Three woes, in turn, have come and gone,
Drunk in a sea of camphorated wine,
Drunk in the way the Songbirds sing:
In the way that Lovers shine.

Then as that gold solidified,
The Centre played as the Piper's Reed—
He came and took His turn in hand
And moved, in His turn, as gold in deed.

(Their suffering, the unbelievable suffering,
That we may stretch and breathe,
Their lack of worldly goods and peace
That we may never grieve.)

The Years Countdown

The years countdown like soldiers falling
In an age of a warless world,
(When the craft of poets writing
Will be held as dear as gold).

Then every song in every village,
Ordained by an outstretched Hand,
Brings a flower ever blooming
Where the Knights, one day, did stand.

There is a tithe to pay for heaven,
(That if done right will never fail),
Where Reunion counts the ways
With songs and flowers, however frail.

On the Highest Noon

On the highest noon there hangs a star,
Before which other stars do fade,
Which ends in utter nothingness
Beneath God's wings that heal and shade.

Oh do not go without such love,
Encompassing on every side,
With bounties that the blackest dove
Does follow—as the worlds collide.

Then reaching down past every heaven,
(And subsequently just one more),
The dove will guide through the highest noon
To the distant star and its pristine shore.

The Indestructible Silence

The indestructible silence
That sound cannot advise;
The places fate can't see
Nor hands nor hearts baptize.

There are so many places
Beyond the frequent pale
That only love can visit,
To take in—as inhale.

Oh go with all in finding
The tension building where
The courts of justice speak
That all in places hear.

Of Racism

Of Racism there is less to say
That befits a speck of floating dust:
(It is a tormenting plague
Flowing over and over and over us.)

Then moving on to where things end,
And looking back to where it begins,
This Racism—destined to die through trust,
Will fade away—as the greatest of sins.

O go to where the heather blooms,
Where Reunion will rule the day,
Where prejudice is like the vapors
That dissipate as they float away.

The Women Cried

The women cried and the heavens folded,
The heavens cried and the women prayed;
For such a birth as Christ has brought us
Changed the earth to peace displayed.

Then go before the time that's drifted
Down the stream's eternal ways,
To the placeless doors of heaven
Hinged upon that King of Days.

And as the sea absorbs all rivers,
Like the heart of God demands,
There is the quenching thirst of Christ
And the timelessness of ocean sands.

Like a Death

To walk the incarnation line,
(A patriot of heaven's heights);
Like a path that marks the Sign
In a world with its own death flights:

A death of all that crawls and creeps—
Of-a-prejudice-that-slouches-low—
Transmuted to a peace so fine,
Compared to it light moves so slow.

Oh bring me down to where they live—
Where the lowly sit like kings—
On the line that spares no hope:
Like a death that beauty brings.

When the Night

When the night has fallen hard,
Almost like a severed chord,
There will be a countless fold
In the presence of the Lord.

When the dark has turned to day,
Circle round the peaceful Voice;
There will be what people say—
So choose, we are given choice.

Then the bounties of the Lord,
Chanted like a vernal shower,
Made a way like peace that's clear
As endless fields with a single Flower.

The Sun Does Rise

The sun does rise, the moon does too;
In the daylight stars now shine.
Then as the night moves toward its crest
The darkness and the light align.

The sun does fall, the moon turns red
And spills its moon-blood on the land,
As cries of the child for its mother
Raise Temples on the crimson sand.

And when the blood has all been bled,
With the sun that only rises,
There will be a special timelessness,
Beyond the spirit and its crises.

In the Depths

There lives what is not well known—
Fire that water cannot put out;
To try it is to guarantee
The fire, then, will sing and shout!

As Clouds become a human form—
And mirror spirit in its place—
Shards of glass tumble to the sea
And become, in time, a noble race.

(To know the fire, clouds, and sea,
Will mirror light within the dark,
While Spheres of light measure merrily
The polished shards within an Ark.)

Then After Stars

Just around the bend there is a place,
Where the fire burns intensely bright,
Where it is so very very fierce,
An un-consuming fire in the night.

The fire lights as fuel the night in turn,
Burning all the black to bring the dawn,
When the soul of night is put to rest
And the tresses of its hair are then let down.

Then soul after soul are raised from earth,
Burning with the baptism of fire,
That cools the brow—most substantially—
And sets a height where all the souls aspire.

Then after stars and moons have come to earth,
Melding with the joy that ever lives,
They cast themselves on fire feeling right,
Taking on the qualities fire gives.

Everything Moves On

From every dark cloud breaks a dawn,
Swimming in an ocean's dream,
To the place where secrets form
And are revealed (more than they seem).

Then as the universe kneels and cries
Breaking like a thunder song,
The pearls that hang in every heaven
Are seeds for worlds where they belong.

Everything moves on—as is known:
The rivers end in emerald green!
Then as the dark clouds break and fall,
The pearls appear as eyes that have seen
(Worn on the neck of a blue-eyed Queen).

There is Nothing

There is nothing left to say—
The wind has left the room.
It cannot be contained,
It will rest, but then resume.

The dimensions of its love
For the trees are still unknown;
For the birds it is insufficient
To describe why they have flown.

There is nothing left to say—
All ships have sailed the seas.
There is no place left to go,
But the Placeless . . . if you please.

As One World Rises

As one world rises like a flame,
Another sinks beneath the sea;
A new world with just one Name
Like perfect dreams are meant to be.

Oh how I long to be a part
Of perfect dreams and where they've been
To a place where dreams are visited
By the ecstasy of vision.

In a language that cannot bear
The complex meaning of a flower,
Do we strive to change our world
Before the world has reached the Hour?

We Drink, O Lord

We drink, O Lord, of Your love full,
For time is neither free nor still,
And taking, as we do, the stones
Of time up to Your ancient hill;

We take an oath to know You more,
Though never being closer to,
The Self that rules all that is,
Yet never claims its measure due.

And making mounds in memory,
Upon the mountain facing east,
In honor of the kings and queens
That on the mountain will make haste:

In time make haste all to proclaim
The Lord of lords fell to earth,
On the hill that bears His Name,
Where debt is paid through Second Birth.

Transcendent Horses

Transcendent horses, looming large,
A New World myth, standing near,
Tell us that this Day can forge
What the night can barely hear.

That when the anvil falls from heaven,
Flattening earth upon tomorrow,
The time will be to empty the cup
Then free it of forbidden sorrow.

(And horses running, hurrying on,
To the songs so fastly drumming,
That the horses, ever present,
Like the Native Ways are coming).

He Took His Heart

He took His heart and cut in two,
Its blood then drained into the ground
And grew a Tree that Centered all,
That quickened every soul when found.

He took a half unto the Mount
And placed it in the Silver Vase,
That held the world throughout its time
Before the Moon and its every phase.

He took the other half in hand
And gave it to the Dove of light
To take and bring it to a time
When souls will be raised within God's sight.

Impression

How much is life now worth,
When fate relates the end
That's interwoven—there,
Around the river bend.

With care that marks the world
(The tree has life that's played),
Injected in the stream,
Like life, in that it stayed.

Buoyant in the sea
The lover sails for home;
(The source of life began,
When man began to roam).

We are Lost, O Love

We are lost, O Love, Like worlds foretold,
Foretold to all who cross Your sea,
In consequence of hands that hold
We dance with chains around a Tree.

Then mountains near, shorn as wool,
Scatter like white clouds that pass,
While minds and hearts, with Your love, full,
Climb heaven's heights through glass.

Whose hands hold the Mystic Veil?
Whose cave is where the angels reside,
Hands that hold the comet's tail
And whirl it 'round the Mystic Bride!

Love, speak a word that makes all sing,
Speak for life is ebbing fast,
Speak, and with the ancient ring,
The Beloved and lover will wed at last!

Through Virtue

Through virtue does the rain pray
To find some earth in need of rain,
In great need does the heart beat
To taste of love, though through it pain.

The qualities of love are known:
They dance upon the starlight fair,
And as the lovers' hearts are shown,
The Universe lets down its hair.

Then rain comes down to move the earth,
The seed opens out to free the night,
And love in measure pours its due
Consuming darkness and the light.

When Oppression

When oppression presses down,
To the marrow of the bone,
The station of the poor
Among the poor is known.

Oh would that we could see,
The mystery in a flower,
And all that we could free
If we lived within the Hour.

The poor have always been
The mystery of God's way:
The first to be the last
Of a never-ending Day!

Haiku Feasts

Tables set with Haiku feasts
Bring a gale of birdsong near;
Then the song of all the beasts
Sing as one, that God may hear.

Tender, tender, is the night
When the animals leap and prance
To the rhythm of the flute
As the flutist took her final stance.

(That her stance, eternally,
Never, never played so long;
None had heard the birds sing so
With a flute so clear and strong.)

From Carmel's Height

Oh make like Zion's rising wings!
Lifting off from Carmel's height,
That make a red and whistling sound
With an alabaster song of flight.

To every season, dry or tamed,
Go the minds of all the saints,
That the land be green and lush
And Carmel's gates have no restraints.

Oh Zion! breathe unfettered song,
Whatever color, light or hue,
That the lion of delight
Gives, in measure, all that's due.

Above the Zodiac

Above the Zodiac (that ever turns)
Where God protects the Ark from sinking,
The martyr takes out her crimson pens
To release the oppressor from his thinking—

That when they come to the ocean's ways
To leap in the sea, or die on the shores,
They choose the choice that love obeys
And storm the gates of heaven's doors

And grasp the Pearl of every meaning,
(To adorn the soul's resplendent means)
That to the world, so fast and fleeting,
The blink of the martyr's eye so gleans.

In all Directions

In all directions of the heart
The wind it was that moved the earth
With the east of every longing
Bearing peace to show its worth.

In all discretion of the heart
Moved the spirit, black as night,
From the south as water flows,
To the north with fires light.

Then as the west moved like a wave—
Covering the earth in red—
Came the call to sing God's songs,
And as it danced and sang they spread.

Talking to the Earth

Of all the rainbows bending down
Talking to the earth in time,
The sweetest are the Angels known
For interpreting the ancient rhyme:

That all may be so liberated
To be the first to laugh and sing,
And dance in the isles of the Law
By putting on their wedding ring.

Oh go stand by the olive branches,
By the doors of Heaven's shrine,
That the Day may last forever
And the Angels dance and shine.