

## Aspirations

If only dreams would come like stars:  
Forever there and never marred,  
To light the dark and lead the way  
Until the night has turned to day.

Eternal are the stars that shine  
That stud the gates of realms divine,  
And so would dreams be ever mine  
To bring me Heaven for all time.

Yet yonder far off skies they dwell  
In places man will never know,  
So we may gaze with eyes àspelled  
At what remains an untouched glow.

## Free Verse Ontario

I was there, I say!  
I was he who kissed the crystal orb  
Feeling both with body and my spirit  
The smooth, endless expanse  
Of ancient yet ever young Ontario's  
Waters,  
For she lives and she breathes and rode up to me,  
And delicate a creature I am  
With crude breast and novice mind,  
She touched me with careful embrace  
As to not flood or over- pour  
Her old wisdom upon my feeble soul.

My flesh skimmed across her mighty vision,  
Embroiling me  
In an immersion of endless,  
An eternity,  
Of years thousands of ages past,  
And into the future where lies the unknown self of humanity.  
I glimpsed past the lighthouse  
And travelled back when the stone barriers  
Did not blockade her tide,  
When free she lapped her brother's shore  
Without the disturbance of the other kind.

But they came  
And were few and wild,  
Yet then like slow, trickling rain,  
They seeped into the soil of the land,  
And there they stayed, multiplying their  
Earthen reservoirs of dirt and mud.  
They built monuments for themselves  
And this tiny, strange race,  
Skidded across her white belly  
And groped her tender breasts  
For all its vast expanse,  
Squeezing and sucking out her living seed.

They chiseled and hacked  
At the face of her divine brother,  
Striking him and spiking him  
And blasting him down  
To her raped and now made sullen heart.

And now the invading clan,  
Content with her dying breath,  
Sees it fit that now they've struck their  
Final blow  
On the deadened corpse  
Of the rotting King,  
May trample over her body  
To supply their needless fill.

Though I am one of these creatures  
Who carries out an existence of whose meaning  
I know not,  
And being a barren, vestigial waste,  
I and my kin live off the sap of her fertility,  
And knowing not the great gift that makes us be,  
That puts us above the feast of worms  
To whom finally we found a creature that we may be of some use,  
I feel a sorrow deep and vast  
Bubbling over  
In my shallow, unworthy bosom.

Though now I'm miles from that kiss  
And ages in between,  
Her ancient wisdom haunts me still,  
And what it tells me I do heed:  
That life that was is life that shall be;  
Like a river  
It is there and gone by,  
And though the passers ripple its furrows  
And sees it draining into a blue abyss,  
A thousand years shall pass and the river shall still  
Flow the same,  
For what was here before us  
Was power, might, and grace,  
And though in hands it seems to dwindle  
And sully at a touch,  
I tell ye that when we're gone,  
Things shall be as things have always been,

For when I gazed into that endless orb  
Of crystal water divine,  
I saw the end of time,  
And seeing that there was no such thing,  
I realized the secret to her youth:  
That age is where you are in life;  
Between the womb and the stars,

And since the womb doth rot  
And the stars are ever unreachable,  
Her spirit doth live eternal.

We have hearts that we barely understand,  
So why think she possesses not a greater essence?  
After all, since death can never live  
Or abide in abodes that raise their necks to the stars,  
Where else but she,  
The eternal one,  
Shall we join in the end?

To the First Americans

I tell all ye of spirits young and brave,  
Thou can't have lived nor have thine soul been saved  
If never have thee taken time to savor  
The beauty thou shalt never be a slave.

Have ever gazed ye at the golden disk  
Regarding neither danger nor the risk  
Of coming closer than men ought to gods  
When thinking life and death is all too brisk?

We are but ants in endless tides and seas  
Yet here we make our mount amongst the free,  
To stare at gray and blue and flaming skies,  
Assured through storms and peace that strong are we,

For when the coming night descends on us  
And folds a blackened sheath over our dust,  
Our land of liberty shall still remain,  
For it was in ourselves that we did trust.

## Ballade of the Receding Tide

On the sands by the sea I would rest beside thee  
And would covet the shore where your body did lay,  
For you said and proclaimed with your heart you loved me  
And would give me your soul for the rest of your days;  
So at night I would kneel and would lovingly pray  
That our love and our bond would endure for eternity  
And forever remain so illust'rously gay;  
Though we parted awhile and our love would not be.

In the sun I see glimpses of our old memories  
By the shore where our star would us kiss with its rays  
That would drive all my dreams into realms of reality;  
And so there I still stare and forever I'll stay,  
For the sands by the sea was where life was first made  
Between you and 'tween me when our secrets came free  
And your hand was in mine so our love would not stray;  
Though we parted awhile and our love would not be.

I remember the days that we spent all in glee  
When together we sat on that little old bay  
With our eyes and our bodies making great jubilee:  
"Do you love me?" you'd ask. "I will always," I'd say.  
So we ran and embraced and we kissed and we played,  
And for once in my life I found beauty the key  
To unlocking the soul and enlight'ning its ways;  
Though we parted awhile and our love would not be.

### *Envoi*

So my Prince, when your hair becomes thin and grows gray,  
I'll still bow to the times that we spent by the sea,  
And look back at what was without grief or dismay;  
Though we parted awhile and our love would not be.

Terza Rima on a Sunset

A hand doth sweep across the Heavens' eye  
And brings upon the earth a solemn night  
As final beams start swiftly fleeting by,

Yet not too long when darkness yields to light  
And yet again the sky shall dance with gleam,  
Making the blossoms stretch to Heavens' height.

Though now 'tis time to see the sky in golden sheen,  
For fragile are the threads that bind the earth  
From sky to Elysian supreme;  
So gaze my love, and bathe in Heavens' mirth.