

Lux Aeterna

I am love, beauty, melody and light,
Embodied in ephemera, as all
Of us are in this earthly plight.
But let me leave you gently to recall
That Life is not a slave to time's dark veil,
Which lay its ever-present claim today
Upon this body grown infirm and frail.
No, I am Life, I am eternal day,
Where night can never come to steal my breath,
Or take you from the sweet loving embrace
That is myself, my soul--never in death,
But always in a Life that you will grace
Along with me, this life can never die-
All lightness, all one spirit, you and I.

Thus

The river carved the earth, said someone wise
but how did hard give way to gentle flow?
Thus--hard is soft and soft hard. Only guise
to say what passing thoughts can never know,
a million years are one yet unconceived.
If time is what demands that granite yield
to such forces, as you and I believed
to be the way, the wise one thus revealed
beliefs are insubstantial as the mist--
the only thing that's true is Thus, the place
where time and no time lovingly exist
with thing and nothing and no space and space.
Is love like that, refreshed by time anew,
or no time? There's no difference, if it's true.

On Twenty Years

A sweet confection is a poem of love!
It strives to revive alchemy so old
changing a truffle or a chocolate dove
to something rare, a thing of liquid gold
that no lover could ever quite resist--
A taste that's pure delight, but nothing more
unless the taster's felt the gentle kiss
of something deeper. Then a hidden door
with frosted white glass slowly opens clear
and lovers bathe in light that's made of time.
How can a moment wrapped by twenty years
be hidden in layers of trifling rhymes?
Confections may remain so, nothing more,
until love's opened that frosted glass door.