

Submission to Sixfold - February 2016

The Sound of Light

the sound of light
falls to the dewy grass
whistles through the humid weeds
swings by the wind of the prairie

the spark of light
parch in the dark sky
flashing down the porch
and old wooden door
of a lonely hut in the mountain's lair

the sign of lives
sowing the seeds
in every eyes we see
in the sky and dancing flowers
when the wind chime swirls like a pendant
a little girl opens the door
stepping down the
she runs like a wingless angel
to the wilderness of the prairie

dancing daisies
swinging pansies
surrounding wooden fences
where horses running free
out of the stall
flapping their hair in style
over the broken sunlight in their eyes

the wind blows from the mountain
carries down the summit whisper

to the girls braided hair

with the sound of light she grows

like wild flowers beyond the mountain's cloak

she never asked more

for what is worth in her life

already sing with her

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Autumn Leafs Under Spring Sky

O, dancing twigs
on a spring sky
rotten and dry

too many scars
blossom on your autumn leafs
when spring is smiling
a seasonal calling

how can you refuse?
an offer of bliss
then you'll die alone
of your lonely arrogance

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Dawn's Recitation

golden gate embraces

far eastern sky

that meddled on faces

beyond shadows,

light falls

down the thin line

of open sky

murmuring recitation,

a heaven's prodigy

a sacred remedy

for lives that follow the path

the sanity of light

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Wild Desert Hyacinth

The dense flying dusts
Over years painted the sky
From the windcarved dunes
Where the persistence sabkha
Glowing Hyacinths among dusts

Old traveller man's shadow
Burning under his feet
And his weary camel
As old as the desert wind
The land of golden dusts
Battered by sun and cold sharp nights
Where the oasis hunters
Travel through time

After years when oil was found
The old cities shift their faces
Into secret paradise
With every sacrifice
It is the dream to live
Between culture and faith
Between earth and heaven
Just as beautiful as it is

But like a wild desert Hyacinth,
a dense pyramidal spike of bright yellow flowers,
Life is not always about beauty
For we, human, justify differences
Differences and rarity, sometimes, are another names of hate

Not every beauty is true
Not every dream is pure
But we, human, must stay to our roots

To keep our tongues and minds
In conversation with the Lord
And we could not fail to see
That every plants grow on the same earth

Wild desert Hyacinth grows
Vividly under the sky above dry dunes
Blooming beyond endless summer
For not everyone to see
Its dignity and glory
Doesn't mean that it doesn't exist

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The Merry Vineyard

red grape vines
bleaching over sunrise
its fingerlike leaves popping
with the sound of butterfly wings
red grapes glow hastily
a beauty's ally

we dream of curling twigs on the vines
green canopy of leaves shading the land
fresh fruit bunches spurt under rain shower
glimpsed, blinked, sparkled
overflowing lights

how sweet,
the smell of crushed grapes
inside mouth
under the feet
dancing merrily
we'll never get old under the vines
even if we grow old anyway,
we'll get old happily

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