

## The Journey

## Garden for Me

Where, where is treasured garden, unseen here on high?  
 Naught below, I perceive but armies' lines, battle's cry  
 Acrid black cloud, burnt powder, rising ash,  
 but darkness below save sabre's pale deathly flash.  
 Death, destruction, horrid vision I see from above,  
 scorched earth, screams, raging fire; where is love?

Where is my garden? Through billowing haze I cannot see.  
 Where, where is my garden, have you hidden it from me?  
 Exquisite garden, a gift to treasure jealously,  
 what have you done children, Eden, gift from me?  
 Into the garden went all, all to meet your need,  
 What have you done to your garden? Saved you any seed?

Where is my garden, have you destroyed it, why?  
 Care you not for what you're given; rather you die?  
 High upon cosmos' black night, I see my garden afire;  
 no sweet Eden in even's peaceful dusk, but man's consuming pyre.  
 Progress, onward at all cost, hack, slash and burn aright  
 Oh blessed tortured Eden, endless empty ether's isle, alight.

Will you destroy that, to you thoughtfully given,  
 your ravaged garden sterile, rely on manna from heaven?  
 Consider your actions then well, obvious outcome dire,  
 home, galactic island refuge, your world, our garden afire.  
 Think not, another, our garden for to keep,  
 taking your rest, unconcerned in apathetic sleep.

If not you, each to save the garden for his brother,  
 who then to tend our garden, preserve it for the other?  
 Children of your children, born into earth plead,  
 Where, where is the garden? Father, have you hidden it from me?  
 Father! Father please, our garden can I see?  
 Father! Father, did you really save no seed?  
 Where is my garden, Father? Where is the garden for me?

## **Mockingbird in Winter: Song of the Cherokee**

**Though spring be now but a memory fleeting  
it lives on somewhere, in a strong heart beating  
Days gone by of glory, honor, valiant deed  
dreams of warm soft kiss and sprouting seed**

**Joy and hope! Ahh! Sweet summer's youthful days  
World awash in Helios' enchanting rays  
Gentle whispering rain, mother earth flowering, young  
wondrous myriad life from her bosom sprung**

**On! On! The invincible chilling breath  
yellowing of the leaf, autumn's singular beauty, death.  
Days of summer and of spring, with fond remembrance recall,  
but in the end the gale-battered leaf must fall.**

**Though misery and despair ride hard the frigid winds  
in the cold grey dawn of what might have been,  
though joy and hope take mighty rushing wing,  
mockingbird still, in winter sings.**

### COBALT NIGHT

Oh, sweet wonderful cobalt night  
 food, fire, loved happy faces, warm candlelight  
 Welcome respite from the tiresome endless day  
 home with Venus' ascent, the traveler worn from long weary way

Running laughing, hide and seek, olly olly oxen free  
 chasing splashing, jumping climbing, squealing childish glee  
 Dread even' comes too soon, ignoring dinner's call, children play  
 comes night's lollipop forests, ice cream mountains, dreams of bright new day

The farmer digs the day long at dry-cracked hard pan clay  
 bending aching back, forever scratch the earth and pray  
 Shading blistered plaintive eyes, praying rain, that it might  
 giggling children, wife, hearth, prayer's rain, oh, blessed night

Running hard the day long, before a driving wind  
 Blow! Blow! He prays, him to his patiently waiting lover, send  
 The lonely mariner upon mighty silencing deep  
 reddening skies becalming winds, lover away, begrudging sleep

Anxious wringing hands, the young wife waits, watching the empty way  
 praying for her husband and the babes at her skirts, she watches through the day  
 Oh bitter night! Candlelit window, tear stained pillow, fitful dreams of black  
 bring her lover home, she prays, home forever up night's empty track

Frightened young soldier, alone, upon the killing fields  
 dread in his eyes, death upon his face, weapon at hand he wields  
 Into combat's chaotic din, children, wife remembered, heart's longing sight  
 lonely frightened young soldier, far away, cloaked ever now in dark cold night

Two young lovers, children really, but in yearning hearts, woman and man  
 laughing, gay, carefree, talking of marriage, hand in hand  
 Veiled from tattling jay eyes, away on the far windswept height  
 two young lovers embrace. Oh, sweet wonderful cobalt night

## The Journey

## FARAWAY HILLS

Oh, unforgiving sea, heaving bounding sea all 'round  
 No dearest love's delightful land, massif's high ground  
 Ought but sun-raked surging desert, no birds, no life, no sound  
 Naught to slake ravenous thirst, though dreams' pure fountains abound

Rising falling, night and day, to dry lips the torturous draught bounds  
 Without respite it taunts and plays. Oh sea, terrible sea all 'round  
 Watery deep, ought to drink, curse'd misery without fail  
 Wave upon wave, pray carry me to my beloved, oh gathering blessed gale

Wave upon wave carry me I plead evermore  
 Toward that unreachable unseen distant shore  
 To taste, before home to thee you bring once more  
 Cool deep springs of my true love's lips on fair faraway shore

Carry me on to my love's far distant glade  
 Wash I pray, your servant unto her idyllic shade  
 Blow to the cool green mountains of that faraway place  
 That I may gaze upon, once more, my beloved's dear face

Wave upon wave, bouncing sea all about  
 Mean poisonous potion, yearning belly, without  
 Siren's cunning beckoning melody, "Come, come down,"  
 Poseidon's call silencing forevermore, all sound

Oh mean sea! Circling teeth take me then now, sweet eternity sleeping  
 To but give me up rising then, heavenly gales weeping  
 Oh dread deep welcome me at last, to your bosom as you will  
 For even as the rains, come again I to my true love's lips, upon fair faraway hills

## The Journey

## Lonely Frightened Young Soldier

Would that one be well lived, content, past his prime,  
 in that war, when it comes, could be fought by those, in their time.  
 So that young lovers, enchanted, enthralled, enamoured like we,  
 could pursue love, life, victorious, happy, loved, carefree.

March on! March on to the fore,  
 Soldiers, lovers pressed on to war.  
 Farther, farther march on evermore,  
 Sons and fathers innocent, far away, forced to war.

Child and bride, lover, friend, wife,  
 far away, unheard, in mind through raging strife.  
 Soldiers, fathers, husbands, lovers, as wheat to the mill  
 Battle's tide grinding that way and this, beloved grist beneath the wheel.

Children, when they come, precious gifts to cherish and hold  
 hold them close, nourish them well, heart and soul.  
 Share, the children of two lover's hearts, one,  
 for all life, joy and happiness graciously won.

Oh! To be with children, wife, in that pleasant circumstance;  
 dinner, fire, laughing, happy, full, music, dance.  
 Beloved's frightened eyes shining toward desolate plain so far,  
 stationed there now, lover marshalled, ordered to war.

Winds sweep horrid cries and clamour over charging plain,  
 high above two desperate armies struggling, "Pray Lord, not in vain!"  
 Rushing acrid clouds obscuring vision, valiant armies without sight,  
 clashing blades, flashing sabres, bitter darkness' only light.

Fathers, sons, neither hating nor angry, but war, die or fight;  
 Afraid, so far from home, surrounded, oh hateful night.  
 Vast ordered armies abreast, many men, alone, face the foe,  
 children, wives, lovers at home, broken hearts filled with woe.

Lonely frightened young soldier upon the killing fields,  
 dread in his eyes, death upon his face, battle ax and sword he wields.  
 Into battle's chaotic din, children, lover remembered, heart's longing sight,  
 lonely frightened young soldier far away, cloaked ever now in cold dark night.