

In Thoughtful Silence

The silence stabs into my heart
 Draining away the gathering dark
Opening my eyes to the unseen
 And helping me to see dreams
Strings that bind me go untaught
 For the silence ... unleashes thought

The Routine

Weary though his fool's heart be
 He dredges through the rank mud
His ears no more hear, his eyes no more see
 All felt is frozen rain upon a heavy brow

Blind and deaf obsession fixed
 Upon a garden, a fable of leisure
His head hangs low, his mind perplexed
 By troubles which from that garden grow

Through putrid air of victims past
 He smells the perfume trace of a lonely flower
Placed gently behind an ear, a fragrant savior to last
 His murky quest drags on, his harvest slow

While Taking A Walk

While strolling along a pathway
 A stranger did I encounter
An exchange of names and we find
 Our destination is in kind
So we walked for a day
 Conversing on life and rhyme
Upon many forks we did weigh
 Choosing in concert each time
But solemnly we paused
 Discovering named crossroads
One spoke of my companion's
 The other of my cause
We smile and shake hands
 And fall parting words as we diverge
Very seldom are found roads
 Which separate and again converge
But I have come upon a few
 Miles behind, perhaps one or two
Our paths could another day
 Come together again to dance
And as I took along to my way
 Another stranger did I chance