

Poetry Excerpted from "Pearls of My Soul" 1990-2005

Untitled 2004?

This bosom's heart is waste
Like a fetid swamp it tastes,
And smells of rotted meat;
No liberty too great
Or soul too strong to take
Can rescue me from this
Grave of my own digging;
Mountains crash and burn
A virgin's blood will earn
Some respite that longs
To seal your fate
Winters god will call
Heavens hark of brass
To ring in your ears
Till from them bleeds
Your tears

Surrender 8/06/03

My egregious fears
Rest inside my soul so sweet
And take from me
My tears and meet
The angels that do sit
Outside my window
But inside I dwell
Within a pit;
Above me rides
A dangerous spectre
Of demons' shadows
And deaths knell tolls
For me I know
The reaper comes
And with his whisper
I succumb

The Judge 7/10/04

Judge me not a filthy beggar,
A vagrant cast
Into the sea
A lonely maiden,
Cursed to wander

Within the confines
Of the guile,
And of derision
Of the horror
That I've seen
Upon the Nile
Judge me not a whore
So wretched
Whom you would
Scorn to touch
Or trust to teach
Your children
For whom love escapes
Too much
Look up into the
Moonlight
Which fear
And hate does such
Damage into twilight
With grief, despair, and
Shame
Remember all your family
Ghosts, friends...
Remember their names

Eternal Love 7/22/04

A love so strong
This lover's heart is lost,
And whispers to each
Loving thought that costs
Its fever swells to mighty
Heights 'tis true
To take what this love
Has given you

Promised 11/02/03

Aahh, the sad insipid screaming,
It's almost as if I'm dreaming
But, could it be from some strange demon?
Does it dwell within the nighttime?
And surround me in the dark?
Or am I doomed to this forever,
Not to know and not to care?
To seek out pearls of wisdom

And draw conclusions from the air?
My time has come, I'm promised
I suppose, no I am sure
That future things are certain
No retreat will I procure
At last this trail has ended
All alone, and cold, and bare
My blood and tears as promised
Spread out upon the stair

Springtime 5/22/97

Spring drops rain as listeners see,
What anyone's song sang to me;
Sleeping birds lie in rainbows red glow
While two birds behind me let anything go;
Rain is felt pelting down on the snow,
I have more honey than the honeybee can show;
Spiders like kittens, fuzzy and warm
Bask in the glory of the morning time sun;
Boats that spray water on the beaches' hot sand,
Cause all the bathers to seek out dry land;
Coming home happens and it wearies me so
How all the fun can turn back to snow;
Let the party begin and visitors beware,
That springtime has come and we know its all fair

Untitled 4/16/98

Let the tempest
Turn mighty
And waters run deep,
Tell tales of a soldier
While angels do sleep;
Hear Heaven's whisper
And Hell's gate will tremble;
Speak words of truth
While Gods do assemble

Tea of Happiness 8/31/99

Take a cup of sadness
With happiness tea
And sing along
With the hummingbird and me

A drop of love

And a dollop of hope
With a spoon of desire
And honeybee soap

Blessed desire
Will spill and fall
Have anytime soup
With no one at all

Soul Song 6/15/01

I have heard a whisper of tomorrow's praise
And sang a Latin refrain in tearful summit;
I do summon a Goddess to this domain
And expect exultation of divine sustain;
Let this be heard on *every* mountain
And sung from every sea,
My soul's song is a sweet nectar
That pours out of me

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