Deepest Dreams: Poems Exploring the Depths of Nature, History, and Faith

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Author's Introduction

The poems in this collection explore everything from the natural world and history to faith, death, and spirituality. They are grouped roughly by their theme, and if I have written poetry that "tells the truth, but tells it slant" as Emily Dickinson would say, then each poem contains a piece of my deepest dreams, hopes, and fears. Some of the poems are more "personal" than others, engaging with something that was real, even if we did not know it before we read the poem. Some of the poems, however, are more an exercise understanding of some unexpressed piece of yourself. If you find a feeling able to a growing warmth in a space you had not realized you cast in a much needed release of something you did not know you were holding were, or perhaps even, a sense of kinship with the words on the pages or sense that something we said that you had thought every bites before but could never put into words then it is truly poetry that you have read.

Salvatore Quasimodo sets a fully standard for this type of creative expression: "Poetry…is the revelation of a feeling that the poet believes to be interior and personal which the reader recognizes as his own."

If poetry can bring this experience about, it is an anchor the soul in a thoroughly disenchanted age, then it serves as its own reward. My hope, therefore, is that these poems would bring your deepest dreams, feelings, and questions into the light, that we might explore and marvel at them together, and, perhaps, rediscover a piece of the enchantment that has been lost.

Storied Silence

Two grandparents grow
Two getting older,
A call from two grandsons.
Phone pressed longingly against aged ear.

Grandma is no longer young.
She cannot hear as she once could.
Calling louder into the void
I hold in return
The sighs and signs
Of an aging life.

Grandpa speaks more to cats than to friends
Though he can paralyze a deer
With a single bb pellet
And cry softly at his mission
We are to storie, not to learn…
His shot addled to the for
Of memories lead
Left forgotten.

How selfish to act
As if they will outlast me
Simply because they have come this far
Overcoming the hounds of time.

How cowardly when,
Like Schrödinger
I does not observe
The dreaded future.

As if I could, at any moment
Find in the further dial tone
A sweeping silence.

I refuse to open the box
For fear of what may be inside—
Grandpa's cats alone
Crying for food or friend.

Grandma's soon entered Rosebowls
Never again to hear her weapons
For a repeated phrase—
A repeated life.

This most picture we stare in that case, night after night, feeling the steady, unrelenting approach of the virus I so earnestly desired not to meet. That which I greatly feared had in fact come upon me. In her I grew in, and adamant that God was Good, and tried and proved, perhaps, that night, the most depicted and reluctant conveer in all England. —C. S. Lewis

Strange Waters

The waters seemed cold
Unwilling to look back at me
As I stared down death.

The sea raged with violent passion
Seeming to dissuade me
But my course was set.

The thunder tore sky asunder,
The air was charged with the storm—
Charged to rend my courage in two.

Neither my will nor my body could stand the pressure
Nor my soul, for I would surely die
Was this truly the way to life?

There, below the mainsheet
There, along a plank made from a dead tree
I dredged my soul.

And when a dreadful baptism
Required me to eternity
It was under the deep blue waters
That I finally went out to see.

Omnipresence, Omnipotence, and Omniscience

A trinity of power
In, through, outside of all things
Yet personally present in every moment

You shape this world with Your being
Yet I cannot find, cannot touch—
You, imbuing reality with existence itself.

From time immaterial to futures unknowable
Angels rejoice when we turn to You
But do You not ordain from the foundation of Creation?

Power unstoppable, will unbreakable
You allow creation to deny Your divinity
All for love?

To come it seems a jest, the irony of it all
But how can You laugh
When nothing is unexpected?

How can the Creator,
Gilded in splendid glories
Be creased in humility?

Humble in knowledge
Using wisdom
To aid the foolish.

Humble in power
Through generous restraint
Your love contending with judgment.

Even in creation
You refuse to reveal yourself—
Hiding in plain sight.

Why is it so rarely mentioned, the humility of my God?
Perhaps because, like any who are truly humble,
You have no need to boast, and instead, bless.

Commend Your God to Us

Fire spreads over barren scale
Igniting wood with wonder,
Flame reveals to him who looks
Creation roaring its creator.

Son of Adam, come and see—
Come find what can be found
Listen to this burning bush
That lies on holy ground.

You are set to build and break
The strongest dynasties
A storie to life will to wake
And part the collar seas.

When, the Crucendos,
Your hopes flee in dust
Let the plague on which you rest
Commend your God to us.

For then, on that same holy ground,
Where first your soul was formed
Shall you enter into that hunt
Where visuals of witnesses proclaim

I am! I am!
And no other name.

Pax Romana

Roman peace they called it
Though two words had never been
So unfamiliarly wed.

May they call the call the thrust
And deadly silence
peace?

The subjugation of nation upon nation
Complete with Power or Crucerse
The baking of blood in the sands with the baking of bricks in the sun
Creating the walls, the aqueducts, the resilient roadways.

The deadly spilling of the blood in sport
Brought decadent dreams of water to house and home
And the realization that war is most normal
When battles are full, hearts held hostage by desire.

Into this orientated came a man
Who offered not to feed the flesh
But to water the spirit with living waters
And the body with His blood.

His message carried on the roadways
Built as it made for His nation bands
By the blood of the heart of these—
Crossing to faith in the face of fear.

The terrified cries of men upon the battlefield
His healer then dares heaping stone upon stone
Their likelihood as precious as any warrior's
Spilled down the desire they wrought.

For here, the eternal wellspring came,
His word spread as that same blood,
A sea ruling over a barren desert
For they were a thirsty people.

Some for Death, whose cross He hung from
Some for Life, which He gave to the deserted,
Though they first deserted Him.

The Roman peace they called this age
But not for Rome or Reason's sake
Nor because borders failed to break,
But break they did in battle.

A war waged on hearts unseen
Where angelic swords gleamed
And demonic hordes conveened
To meet with death till to defeat.

At battle's end, the Word did spread
That God and man will only wed
Already, not yet, the Christ of Saint—
And still then, our souls resist.

Yes, Conqueror

Yes, conqueror, crossed the Atlantic,
Your ships cut the waves,
Thinking yourselves like Peter
You reached out, testing faith.

Like locusts, you hunted a blessing
For some desired Destiny—
"Another" was claimed to have captured it
Seeing white golden dark hands.

Your homeworld saw
Rare pools of blood—
Powerful servantheads
Broke upon your diesel chest.

My Mothers you dies
My Mitrisons you enslaved,
My Vimes you extolled
While you dug the Gnomes.

It is written:
Whatever you do
For the least of these
You do for me.

O Father, forgive them

Not they know not what they do.

Sojourners

I watch across the current
Of attorneys, like an invisible dance—
Calling for my familiar partner
Over ever-wide expanse.

Hashing watches back
His hands deep wine
He sows glow an inviting amber
In the natural noseday sun.

Only her shadow lies before me.
The screen never bright enough
To bring her beauty
Beyond its dim, rectangular cell.

When did we exchange electric touch
For energy bound in corked vines
And trade vines
For Wifi uncoud?

We fling wide our hopes
Cast through the ether net
Only to find those we love
Equally as practiced
As our poetry.

Wishing we could see beyond our limited world
We have become pocket-pilgrims
Journeying to shrines
Made by other's lives.

Only to find
That no one ever lived
Who lived eternally
Through mirrored faces.

Canopy

Under a canopy of stars
Lies a little town
That nature has known
Far longer than I.

The colors seem vibrant here
Enriched by the land, the air,
The mountains that cover
Over distant houses.

A fitting meeting place
For brothers to gather
And drink of Diana's bounty
A world not our own.

We look to the stars
And see another land
That we cannot reach
But cling to nonetheless.

We look to the trees
And thank them for strengthening our houses
For refreshing our sun-battered souls
With visions of golden green Cypress.

We pass into the night
Which shines upon the stars—
An ever-present backdrop
To the cosmic dance.

Arms 'round one another
We welcome the mystery
Of young days turning
Long nights burning.

With the passion of fellowship
And the heat of minds
That none shall know
Save our present company.

Lamplight pierces the darkness
As we descend from our lofty throne
Memories drifting on the wind behind
Songs waiting along the roads ahead.
* * *

I make to the temptation
Of leaves whispering my name.
Thrown aloft by autumn wind
They beckon me to join them.

My companions lounge with me
As I lay down in a hammock of blue
Gazing up languidly at the clouds
That stroll across an azure sky.

My journey home is of no consequence—
My cares but a passing concern—
And for the first time in many years
I feel the coming call of peace
Upon my restless soul.

A brief stay here has confirmed to my heart
That under this canopy
I could lay down worries and fears
That have waned long upon my shoulders.

Yes, I could call this place home—
But not because of nature's spell
Rather, because of the ease I've met here
Who make it so.

Nature's Lover

When beside the noseday sun,
You're conscious with otherwinged hope
Lovely whispered longings come

As grass sits atop the dove
Lest you not behind
The wind, the sea will carpe—

And simple pastes you soon shall find
When you sing a la Nature's dirt
Then spring forth, O soul unchained

Quick comes a maiden serenity
Flower-filled with pastoline wave
To sing with you atop the rise.

Then, where sin and frame conspire
Most precious melodies
Surely she shall claim the skies

And offer you the breeze.

Weeping Willow

The weeping willow sighs
Her hanging branches
Lightly shedding
The brown foun.

Sun shines through her grace
Golden rifts in her emerald wall
Falling, glinting, gleaming
Around ribbons of green.

Her leaves and branches flow in the wind
Moving to some invisible current
As if the earth were a riverbed
And she swaying seaweed.

Her solemn, enchanting figure
Swifts about in eddies and storms
Each twirl-whistlen sooo mellow
Clothing her in a swish of jade.

But winter freezes her greenery
Shortening her jade into raven shards—
Fingers that falling, tear at her roots
Despoil discovering her in drifts of snow.

So, she seeds the summertime
When leaves sprouted her,
Pressing in to all sides,
Hiding her face from the sun.

Cement-to blizzer stone
Behind her mournful vale
She entices her leaves to grow
Keeping her from daylight's gale.

Probing light sets to pierce
Her self-wound fortress,
To reveal her barren bark
Kept hidden for an age.

And in such lines of deadly solitude
When branches refuse the gentlest touch
Then does the Gardener enter in
To caress the saddened, dying bush.

With care and comfort he reaches out
And prates back the impenetrable leaves
He opens up her emerald wall
And breaks through her illusory chaos.

For when the sun shines clear that morn
And Willow lives, expanding soon—
The pain and sorrow and hurt she'll see
Will be left-fluttering harmlessly in the breeze.

The Muse

She may be found in the shadows
Or a sunbeat, turned just so—
Light reflecting off morning dew
Bearing her whispers back to you.

Perhaps her likeness may be formed
By strong writhers in woodchiem fire
Seas of grass swaying in eastern winds
Drift-forests, beckoning with silver-turning petals.

Her voice, soft sweet-tongued warrior
Tracks a bold track
Upon the page of time
Where pen and quill bespeak divine.

Her legacy formed by the words
Of those who have known her
For a brief time, between stanzas
Only to lose her
At the turning of the page.

Hashing beacon of her is certain
Save that she comes and goes as she will
Leaving tender hearts bathed
Shattered by attempts to pursue.

But come, beaten and bent into fuller form
By the journey to her shores
Find what it is they tirelessly sought
And give back to man a message:

"She is only for those
With the will to bend
And the courage to break
Upon Destiny's rocks."

Destiny

Leaves fall
On cool ground
Chasing winds
Long gone now.

Days rust,
Lives cease
Fallen scarlet
Open spaces.

A leaf is stuck
Carried about
On a mean breed.

Both unknown
Of their destination.

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