

Bangkok Madonna.

Come Eastern love on tiny velvet feet
Where my heart lies, beyond the darkened snow,
Leave scents of lotus, shun your sunrise seat
Beneath the dawn enchanted let us go.

And we will stray forget of the day,
Seasons of laughter in the shade of you,
A comely sadness now and then will lay
Your raven eyes with tears like morning dew.

Your many voices whisper on the breeze,
They play on leaves of aspen as on strings,
A flow of fading music will I seize
And rise one May born morning on my wings.

An archangel

He is a midnight walker and he wakes at brazen doors,
On flaming feet he hurries over accidental floors,
Of starlight is his mantle made, he wears a diamond stick,
Traversing desert waters where he moves unseen and quick.

And were he seen by human eyes he were considered fair,
When courting Supreme Beauty in her high primordial chair,
Or sliding his wrought dagger from it's silent,superb sheath,
And carving Beauty's shadow which we gaze at here beneath.

(1971)

The Cosmic Pilgrim

I left my dark and lonely room
A thousand years ago
I walk now in the darkening gloom
Upon the time-space continuum.
The gleaming city in my eyes
Is moving as I go,
Behind me far horizons
Are sinking lost and low.
I am a cosmic pilgrim,
I am the human soul,
The Heavenly Jerusalem
Sinks beyond the pole,
And I shall never reach it
But I walk on and on
Till all the stars are gone.

UNDYING ROSE

We stood there by your window
As night was drawing close,
Our love did shine like petal leaves
Upon a crimson rose.
I told you then, I do recall,
How Beauty once must die,
Like withered leaves do in the fall
With whispers of goodbye.
And we stood close, you held my hand,
And shook your curly head,
You said I quoted ancient books
I happened to have read.
I now admit that then I thought
You were a bit naive,
But I have read and I have sought
A truth by which to live;
And now I know that you were right
For inside me still grows
The Beauty that was worth the fight
The petals of a rose.

A SUMMER'S PRIDE

I saw her sitting carelessly
Among the signs of May,
Her face more bright than ivory
Outshone the infant day.
She came through twilight tears of dew,
Unconsciously shy,
Our touches still were trembling new
As we approached July.
With silver showers tinkling through
The leaves of lofty days,
We sat park-sheltered listening to
What rainy August says.
A misty sun which frostily
A summer's pride undid,
Sank ignorant and winterly
Beneath her careless lids.
I search the waste and wilderness,
I roam the mountain-land.
My heart is ceaselessly caressed
As by a withered hand.

THE FINAL REVENGE

Over the Caribbean Sea
A tropical storm gathers,
The furious white teeth
Of sizzling foam on angry waves
Gleam in Roentgen lightnings.
Deep under the central Pacific
A continental plate
Begins a fatal eastward drift.
A rising tsunami
Begins it's journey towards Japan.
In the Brahmaputra Delta
The first mangroves drown in silence
As the yellow waters
Quietly begin to rise
Unnoticed by playing village children.
That whirling giant asteroid
Which is now passing Jupiter
Is bound to hit, I think.
I conclude that nature has at last realized
My beloved has hurt her knee.

Stone Age Hunter

With ice-blue, cold and smiling eyes
The stone-age hunter, bow in hand,
Looks calmly at the deer that dies
Where oak-trees fill the darkening land.
With eyes more dark she sits before me,
They change with every changing smile,
With shifting moods a thousand seasons
Attempt the hunter to beguile.
I reach out for my broken bow,
Her eyes, I think, are Greek-Phoenician,
My feathered arrows on the ground
Have let me down when most I need them.
Now outside dies the twilight day
But inside me the hunter's flame
Looks madly for another way
To win the sweet millennial game.
She laughs, outside the window
Now Cassiopeia twinkling stands,
And sadly, after countless seasons
I must walk home with empty hands.

Afro Queen

Ebony is the facial sheen
Of my betrothëd Afro Queen,
The Niger Delta in her veins
Inaugurates the season's rains,
From dancing feet to fingertips
The rhythmic movement of her hips
Gives every moving body part
Status of a work of art,
She carries with her when she comes
The music of the ancient drums,
A living, laughing incarnation
Of some forgotten incantation,
That comes before the morning light
From deepest, equatorial night
To perch in silence by my soul
Like some extinct Jurassic owl
And whisper when the night is deepest
Obscure, paleolithic secrets
Until her love I buried find
Deep in a royal Afro mind.