

## Stardust

It happened very slowly  
With a quiet ennui  
It spoke of its entreaty  
With a feint neutrality.

It gently soothed and lulled  
Imbued me with happiness  
It tended to my needs  
'til its will I acquiesced.

I was an empty parchment  
For the writer to compile  
A voyage of discovery  
From a sacrificed exile.

I revelled in its beauty  
A passion I took delight  
It became my inspiration  
As my soul it did incite.

Protracted contemplation  
It was still without a name  
With reticence it entered  
To no grandiose acclaim.

Then came an ideation  
As I glanced the stars above  
Could they be whence it came  
And could its name be love?

## Pollock \*\*

There is beauty in chaos,  
with hidden calm between the strokes.  
Yet weary longing -  
incessant and cruel  
he will ignore.  
Give it time, God,  
it will align.

The canvas could see;  
beauty less than symmetry.  
Random moments of meeting.  
Random pathways crossed.  
No predestiny.  
Just chaos.

In time the paint will settle  
and the scream will cease.

**Moral Worth and the Idle Pursuit of Metre and Rhyme**  
**A response to A Woman's Shortcomings by Elizabeth Barrett**  
**Brown**

the metre and rhyme  
shall fall, I fear  
I idly watch it  
scatter,  
'tis a delicate reason  
that placed it there -  
no matter.

I follow her words  
across the page, where  
eyelids rise and  
fall,  
there men shall weep  
and she shall seek  
the truth -  
a feeble measure.

she is love  
and I am she  
and servitude  
spits up fire -  
she boasts of strength  
few can attain,  
but the truth's  
a feeble measure.

now speak of love  
sweet heady love  
masquerading  
behind a smile

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for silence hides  
a thousand sins  
'tween the lines  
there is no guile.

sweet eyelids rise  
and gently fall,  
- designed to catch a lover,  
and men shall seek  
and you shall weep  
'tis a small and  
feeble measure.