

No, no, not yet.

He had to go. But still he did not speak.

In the small tremor in his arms I felt them say, "No, no, not yet."

How many times have I heard his pleading hands, speaking through his touch? But he knew not all they spoke to me.

I have known his hands to stammer, but now they did not, they made a golden rope round my heart. He made me his, his hands, their pleading.

And now his little gestures come again to mind, in the quiet hours.

I feel them now, all the secrets he could not utter.

Give yourself to me

You are the flower that blossoms in the night.

Give yourself to me.

You're known by the gathering dew.

Give yourself to me.

You're known as the fragrance that fills the darkness.

Give yourself to me.

You crash upon my heart like the breakers of a rising tide.

Give yourself to me.

Your light rises through my soul like the approach of dawn.

Give yourself to me.

You enflame the clouds of my sky with an onsurge of fire.

Give yourself to me.

You drown me in flood of song.

Give yourself to me.

Sins of the Tongue

In the quiet of the night your song called to me,
but you were not there.

In the stillness after midnight I sought its words,
but you were not there.

As the stars beckoned your music strained to shine back to them,
but you were not there.

In the deepening night the dying lamp flame flickered,
but you were not there.

I had not noticed when I had drawn my pitcher from the river for my last
time.

I was speaking to you now my love, without a voice. So tell me now, had
it any meaning?

I was standing hushed in a night athrob with yearning. Listening for a
message from beyond life's borders.

I was alone in the closemouthed dark, pregnant with my talebearing seed.

For this life my voice is ceased because,
You were not there.

Hearts for sale

In my morning I went to the crowded square and sought my life.

Who will buy me? I asked, on my market day.

The rich man came and announced, "I will own you with this gold!"

And he set to counting out his coins,

But he lost himself in his counting,

and returned to his home in love with what he owned.

In my midday I went walked the crowded lanes and sought my future.
Who will buy me? I asked, in the trampling market.
The Powerful man came and commanded, "I will possess you with my strength!"
And he set to ordering me here and there,
But he lost himself in his commands,
and returned to his home in love with what he could bully.
In the gentle twilight I strolled the flower scented gardens and sought my one true
love.

Who will buy me? I asked, in the still bower.
The dark haired Lover came and wooed me, "I will seduce you with my charms."
And he set to making love to me,
But he lost himself in his conquests,
and returned to his home in love with making love.
In the dark and windy night, the moonlight glistened on the wet sand,
The great waves crashed in disarray and sitting by the sea was this quiet man,
He seemed to know me and smiled as I came to him and asked,
Who will buy me?
He looked back to the darkling sea still smiling and he finally said,
I will not buy you.
And so I gave myself to him.

War poems

Warrior of Kan-gar

I will go soon, there to die
When I do not come home remember me this way
There is some tree in the enemy Forest,
That is forever ours.
Growing in their blackly fertile soil,
in the the better soil where I am will be hid.
A soil the Kan-gar hills have given breath
Gave her flowers, gave her trails to roam.
A soul of our, that drank of our water.
Fed by our stars, and the love of our women.
The earth will again know me then and recall,
Her songs, her light, her dreams of happy days.
She will know peace, the laughter of our love
With the peace my heart returns to her,
Under the enemy's heaven.

We do not flee

Here we brothers stand, the cleaved and the torn,
Our hearts heavier than our weapons,
Sweat and tear stained faces, masks of dirt and pain.

Battle wears the heart, like sun makes leather faces.
Here we stand, shadows far from home,
No clan or tribe or nation without the battle honor.

And still I smile, my clans flag in one hand,
My spears in the other, because we fight for Life,
We are warriors, and do not flee.

Red

Red! Red! Red is all I see!

No clay, no stream, now tree that is unblooded.

Red! Red is all I see!

I look down and to see my feet and all is blood there.

Red is all I see!

My brothers lay in careless poses all around me.

And red is all I see.

My hands are red, my spear and axe are too.

It's all I see, the Red that's all around me.

My feathers are wet with blood, my sandals and my skirt.

Red rains down, I feel the red weight of it on my face.

Drops drip into my gaping mouth, and comes my dying breath.

Red! Red!

Red is all I see.

Love, the Two-faced God

Her Story

These sounds beneath my skin run through my veins
They are my stillborn agonies,
I will not give them life.

I will withhold the gift of my bitterness.
I will not share my failing heart.
I rejected who I was for you.
I reject who I am with you.
I live trapped,
In a universe of concrete crystals.

But I still see Love,
And yearn for Love,
And my love sees me.
We are caught in the riptide of merciless desire,
And cannot swim towards the other.
Immortal tides in this world,
Are stronger than human flesh.
My eyes sing the song of tears.
This is hopeless path-eternal,
The path of Love.
The gentle fingerprints of my shadow,
on the mist of your memories,
They do not stay.
We are the Neverlasting.

I was meant to be a sin born star.
I was conceived -- a soul of brick.
Carved into my marble heart,

Love was hewn in pain-relief.

My eyes are burned shut.

I see through my body's scars.

I bleed grey blood.

I weep ice.

I swallow bile.

And never sleep.

In this pale-skied utopia.

I sought my warmth from the long exhausted fire.

I sought my peace in the battlefield.

I bled my heat into the hearth.

I buried my joy in an unmarked grave.

That day my silence died,

I found out the evil truth.

Liquid lead has filled our ears

And we speak just to ourselves.

And then we rarely listen.

His Story

The heat of her poured through me,

Liquid red and heavier than steel.

Like the forge poured metal of the sword,

She was hot steel, honed to razor edges.

Black fire flashed through the slanted window of her eyes.

I drank her in and burned, and guzzled more.

She is my fire, my own bloods heat.

I look at her and craved, I craved her all.

Screaming lava ran through all my veins.

Blood danced in my heart with sudden frenzy.

I desired her love, and yet she did not love me

My heart clung to her -- a chain,

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Its collaring grasp grew harsher
As she struggled to be free.
My despair clung to her,
Clutching at her small kindnesses.
Dragging her into the sea of tears.

She has shattered my soul,
And I build my prison from its wreckage.

Oh Desired!

Oh Desired! You who are beautiful like the rain dark storm
Whether in speech or song, the mute becomes the poet when she remembers thee
Summer has put her lips to earth's bare bosom, and forth this flower springs
I am become the seed, the subtle body, vapor formed in the unreal crystal phial
This flower is without hope, because hope lives in the morrow, and flowers have
only today.

Oh Desired! You who are beautiful like the thunder, like lightning, rain for me.
To be overcome by the fragrance of flowers is a delectable defeat.
For He who owns the flower is the scent always enjoyed, without seeking.
May this flower speak to you more than can be written.

The Flowers, hieroglyphs of angels, loved by all men though they never discern
their meaning.
The Flowers, prized by men, who crack open the cherry trees and never find their
meaning.
The Flowers, planted by God in the womanly soil, while the men invented vases.
Does your hand tremble with delight when your hot fingers close around my living
stem, cool from the shade, and alive with newborn vigor?

Oh Desired! King of the summer stars -- pity the desire-ridden.
The girl plays and feels neither hunger nor pain, with disheveled hair,
Beginningless and endless, I am granted liberation.
I am storm-tossed by the beauty of the storm, yet she who remembers you does not
sink in the sea of forgetfulness.

Oh Desired! The power and the power holder are one.
The power to give, and in whom the power reins.
Oh Desired! Granter of pure bliss, your eyes are fire, your fire adorns the crescent
moon.
You are my Possessor, my smokeless fire.
Devourer, consume me with your fierce love.

Destructor, consume me with your purifying fire.

Dispeller of fear, protect me from my self.

Oh Desired! He who surveys me, between sun and moon and fire.

By He who looks upon this flower is her sin enjoyed.

Hold my petals in our playful dance. Hold me, cooling and beautiful, the lavender in the phial.

Dispeller of Sorrows, generator of my manifold dream, charm the world with your beauty.

God of love, my moon, my modesty.

My mind is smitten with passion,

the temple bell has stopped, yet I still hear the sound of the flowers.

Oh Desired! Ray of beauty who outvalues stars and suns.

There is, in your glance at this flower, that which humbles the greatest of the world's braggart lords.

I am the flower's contradictions

- delicate and yet in fragrance strong,
- so small in your hand yet bright in reflected beauty,
- so short in life yet so long remembered.

Oh Desired! May we dance in the sun,

Where I'll wear wild flowers in our hair.

The Promises of Joy

Aimless dissatisfaction, insisting in my blood.
A me I wished, and knew not how to be.
Waves of yearning that left a trace -- a quiver.
I raised my head to look for absent life
The old tired want weighed down my limbs.
My closed eyes strained for visions in the dark,
Searching for my bygone self.

Lurking, unremembered, a vanished memory,
Survivor of a buried past.
Reliving pangs of blank prophecy,
The endless living need of things.
Condemned to dissolutions shore.
A distant change.
A hope.
A life.

Then somewhere beyond our sight,
A me began, in hesitating hues.
This desert heart, this sick and weary mind,
Too weak to reach out to my self,
Tried to recall a long forgotten bliss.
And thru the mist called back
The promises of Joy