



Upon a Quiet

Michael Shaluly

Upon a Quiet

POETRY BY
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DEDICATION

To my beautiful, loving wife Mia Marie, for your constant life encouragement and without whom this book would not be. To my daughters, Aimy and Meara, for being the best possible children, and to my sons-in-law Matthew and Rankhses for your support. To my grandchildren, Mia Sue, Melina, Quinten, and Paxten, all of whom have added so much joy to life. And last but not least, to Julie and Karen for your steadfast promptings, help, and guidance to create this publication.

Table of Contents

Introduction

1

Chapter 1

The Sweet Mystery of Life

4

Chapter 2

Gratitude of Self

19

Chapter 3

Our Kindred Souls

34

Chapter 4

The Movements of Love

53

Chapter 5

Nature's Coveting Hands

68

Chapter 6

Ruminations and Reflections

97

About the Author

119



INTRODUCTION

Consciousness has confounded humanity perhaps ever since we gained self-awareness. We find ourselves immersed in a fascinating display of the workings of the universe, yet it is still puzzling as to why the universe even exists, why we are here to experience it as we do, and what our conscious awareness actually is. It is when we grant a moment's tarry to contemplate our material, "outer" existence that we begin to discover an invisible, "inner" existence that is guiding us and speaking to us constantly. Just as our wandering desires are drawn outward to the subtle lights in the night sky, so too is our mortal mind drawn inward to that subtle "light" within us that nudges us to wonder. It is this light, that desire to discover, that drives humanity forward in an effort to explain itself. We could say that light is behind our ambitions, though it is hidden from us as we work and struggle in the shades of time gifted to us in this world. Certainly, light finds us in the form of inspiration from time to time,



spurring us on through various expressions of beauty and wonder, both natural and manmade, that we attach to. Poetry can be such an expression and is a wonderful way to probe the boundaries of thought and roam around within this mystery of consciousness.

When we find that spark of inspiration, it is the start of an inner and outer journey to discover more about ourselves. Looking outward at our place on Earth forces us to look inward to marvel and wonder not only about nature herself but also at how we perceive her. Trails of light leave clues for us to follow the history of our universe, the home of our awareness. From the earliest moments of creation, the Cosmos began a journey of expansion, and the movement of light reflecting from galaxies and gasses gives us a glimpse into the beginnings of the physical universe. By measuring the distance and speed of galaxies, and calculating our way backwards, we can get a hint of what may have been the first speck of time. But what do we really see when we gaze out into the cosmos searching for answers? We are looking at reflections of light that tell us not only about physical things, but also about our own evolution. We are looking at, and participating in, our consciousness within a universal consciousness unfolding and continuing to be. We are, in essence, looking at ourselves, and our own history of being, for every aspect of us is



UPON A QUIET



part of the same cosmic matter that is everywhere. Human beings focus on physical events, yet within the framework of all things that we know lies the evolution of consciousness. When light came into being, we came into being, and we have been translating light through every thought, every word, and every action that we take.

This book is a contemplation upon that same light that animates this journey of life that we all share. Through the written words here, it is hoped that you might be led to find that meditative space within you and listen to what the quiet has to share. Each poem has its own rhythm and meaning. Grant them the time they need to formulate a meaning and lesson for you, and perchance you may glance at that wondrous spark of light within you that is always striving to be!



CHAPTER ONE

THE SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

We are unable to remember the moment we first became conscious. We know we were born, and at some point, during our early years, we became self-aware. Our memory takes us back to our childhood, but for most of us, not to that sublime moment when we “awakened.” Over time, we grow up and we can remember and recognize how our self-awareness grew and changed over time. We also watch children grow up, and we therefore get to experience conscious evolution as an outside observer. That is the sweet mystery of life before us; consciousness seems to be a separate thing used by us to observe, and we can wonder if anything would exist without it. We still don’t know what our awareness is, even though we live in it and with it.



Grant a Moment's Tarry

You, oh towering slumber
Bequeath a moment's tarry.
As my eyes enfold around you,
My hand in yours, you guide me.

Eternal succor of this world
So soft you drift around.
Peering through the quiet
Wrapped in silent sounds.

Drifts of day do come and play
Cast out at your behest.
Thou, purest home of prayers sojourn
In your ethereal warmth, I rest.



A Light from Heaven Handed Down

When a flower blooms her pleasantries
Unto forest floor of colored themes
Cues the wandering, reflective, longing sense
To dance with a chance of mystic romance.

Inside a murmur sweet and pliant
As the seedling start of a redwood giant.
That all that ensue for centuries
Sojourn in shades of chattering greens.

A source of sense from whence it appears?
From friends or family or wandering peers?
No...

'Tis only one utterance of virtue have we
From the depths resounds the soul of Spring.
A torch to light the shadowed walls
Of mystery inside our hallowed halls.
Beckons one answer from the muddled fight
"To the wise I shine this august light!"

Consciousness endowed all around we see
Her beauty ascribed abundantly
With a solitary breath upon us we abound
With a light from heaven handed down.



Unseen Self

Will you come to me
Upon pleas finding quiet rest?
Will you come to me
Upon moments of great duress?
Oh muted cues and weary heart
Exploring that unknown abyss,
Your bewildered throes I ponder
Those glimmers that beckon bliss.

Will you come to me
When tears adorn my falls?
Will you come to me
When joy abounds my halls?
Your touch brings inspiration,
A glimpse of your subtle wares.
Yet desire's hold must relent
As you slip through the grip of my prayers.

Oh my mysterious unseen self,
Animating that which I see
Upon my thoughts alone you appear...
This magic of you through me.



An Inner Promise

An elusive promise makes an advance
Alluring she comes with her sultry stance.
She hides in thoughts that roam their way
To surface whenever drama is stayed.

Her soft-spoken pleas are heard at night,
They tap the shoulder at waking light,
Her veiled appeal crafts an approach
Through clamors of thought she deftly broached.

Subtle signals from a hidden place
A silent rope to lasso grace.
Hush to hear that welcoming void
Her trek to me divinely deployed.

From hallowed chambers of selfless search
A restive spark on slumbers perch.
A blanket of warmth to stay delight
Upon the dark spreads her loving light.

When gasps of grief find hidden guide
When hope has slipped and lost her stride.
When life is silent and you awoke
When wordless wisdom to me you spoke.

Through joy and sorrow, depths high and low
You breathe your vow with desire in tow.
On breath, you stare with soothing stillness,
Eternity we share, this is your promise.



Candles Lit

Candles lit upon an altar
A diversion from the norm
To shine a light where wonder lies
As moments deftly fly.

Candles lit to guide the steps
When darkness grips the sight
For light she gives that we adore
As shadows trod no more.

Far and wide we stretch to see
The wonders befallen our way
Yet whence the night regains a hold
The subtle flame reigns bold.

Candles lit for hallowed places
Awaken, come, and share
A love in crevice hidden deep
Awakened as we weep.

Candles lit, such simple fare,
That commands our deepest thought
Your hand upon a barren plea
That the innermost might see.



Divine Direction

There was a time I was unaware
Yet aware I am right now.
A flash arrived with perplexing stare
But I can't remember how...

That twinkling was given unbeknownst to me
To express, to love, to think and be.
A gift so divine that I sometimes shiver
As I search to find the giver.

This glimpse was granted to hold evermore
An internal eternity to explore,
A second's pause and timelessness received...
From divine direction, a power conceived.



From Time to Time

From time to time there's greatness
Displayed for all to see
Some weakness overcome
Of our storied human journey.

We sort our pleasures in rows
So memory can choose between
And douse the boring throes
With a sweeter remembering.

Moments fade so quickly
Into thickening fog of old
Just a few shine through so brightly
That our life in them we enfold.

A guiding source of sorts
As we search amidst those flashes
To light our way ever forward
From the dulling ember ashes.

And when brightened light comes calling
With a ping of memories chime
We place her in our longing
As we do from time to time.



Moments That Stop

There are moments that stop
So we can take a look.
An instant to ponder why
Time stopped just now.
To see that there is much contained
In a brief fragment ignored.
To wonder if Divinity watches
Each breath we disregard,
And what might we say
If we knew each moment was holy.



Oh Breath

Oh breath, you follow my days.
Whilst here on Earth
You accompany my travails.
You rest with me when I am tired
You inspire me when I am down
You abide me with joy
When fortune comes around.

I see you not, yet know you are there
Oh, my mysterious friend
From whom I cannot hide.
You hold me in dreams from slumber pure
You nudge to awaken with currents fair
In times of strife, you remind
That the divine is in me
Else you would not be there.

How do you find your way to us?
We who seem separate
But you, our one source.



One Word

One word,
One movement,
One look,
One thought,
One moment...

The power over the future this has.



Prayer

Oh, abused and misunderstood
Selfless soft moderator.
Forgotten when our needs are far,
When our world is steady
And all in life, we think,
Is in place.

In times of need fleeting hopes turn to thee;
Thoughts of despair given to your care
In hopes of wisdom and divine direction.
A magic potion to swab a wound
Or heal the damage our humanity wrought.

Alas we see from our eyes not yours,
And demand an answer envisioned there.
We want now an absolution
Over a lesson that takes time.

You are patient and there
Regardless of our care
Thoughts of you lend strength
Before we even approach.

You are grand and timeless
You are infinite in options
Like a best friend you remain
Even under duress.

Taken for granted
I must ask you now
Accept my thanks
For your presence.



Silent Voice

Silent voice, she peeks randomly
Voicing a secret residing in me.
A question she forms without answering
“Who are you, really, to hear me be?”

Thoughts chase now this flickering flame
That etches upon minds canvas stain.
“Before I came and after I leave
Where am I during this life reprieve?”

Ah, useless upon this path I traverse,
Leading to nowhere upon this earth.
Yet silent tomes, she comes again
Renews her nudge that never ends
That my inner ear I cannot close
To the voice softly hidden in hallowed prose.



A Stroll by Waters Edge at Night

A stroll by waters edge at night
Mulling uncertain the questions of life.
Lapping ripples console unrest
Vanished inside that white foam crest.
Footsteps volley with this breath of ebbs,
Tender detached from my mindless web.

A distant plane begins her ascent
Her spotlight stares at water's glint.
Revealing breakers hidden just before
Creatures darting below water's door.
The light glistens wide across the swells
Finally sweeping past to break the spell.

The roar of engines made her rounds
Absorbing the subtle soothing sounds
Till soon they surface once again
And open the door for life to grin.
Looking back from here as the light is rescinded,
I realize now that my walk is ended.



Temptation

What to do
When there is naught
To entertain or relish?

When the tummy is full
And the senses tamed?

When the hobbies are old,
The books closed,
The television uninviting?

Such are the doors
Through which temptation begs enter
With promises of fulfillment
For new desires it creates.



CHAPTER TWO GRATITUDE OF SELF

We often take our many blessings for granted. Indeed, life itself is a blessing and a privilege, yet we find ourselves wrapped up in complaints about the “way” our life is going. Learning to see life as the gift it is can be an illuminating journey, and expressing gratitude towards everyday life and occurrences can be our road map to get there. Simply saying “thank you” to ourselves, often, for conscious life can be a mental tonic to keep us focused on the beauty and grandeur that has been granted to us, even when we are going through some difficulty. As stated in that wonderful Rosicrucian publication *Unto Thee I Grant*, contemplate thine own frame; fearfully and wonderfully art thou made!



A Picture Drawn

Birds flying past the green of a tree
Alluring me to their gliding scene.
Hovering poise and mirth that suggests
They sing of home, this place to nest.

Grains of sun lift their winged dance
Fluttering for food, perhaps romance?
A dart to here and then to there
A playground aloft so joyfully shared.

My heart embraces such imagery
As delight now frames an affinity.
Till once long past I am privileged to see
This memory now that resides in me.



Flight by the Window

Flight up above our ancestors' dreams
Watching below those flickering themes
Hinting of life in a grand display,
Shimmering amber! A holiday!

A façade of peace that blinks with zeal
Underneath the brilliance, what might it reveal?
Calm and gentle reflections veil
The rushing bustle that beneath prevails.

Within this glow are hopes unseen,
A light within light, or so it seems.
A flowing source connecting beings,
A testing ground for living things.

So a prayer I send into this shroud
My invisible spark from divine endowed
A greeting to those that create this light
From here where I sit on this blessed flight.



I Picked Up a Paper Wrapper

I picked up a paper wrapper
That blew in front of me.
I might have left it to blow here and there,
But I wanted to do the right thing.

I stopped to help an elder
To cross a busy street
I was going the opposite way,
But I wanted to do the right thing.

I kept on working steady
When the doors were almost closed
The company was going nowhere,
But I wanted to do the right thing.

I slowed for someone in traffic
And let them go ahead,
It slowed a bit my passage,
But I wanted to do the right thing.

I refrained from speaking ill
Of someone who did me harm
The opportunity was there,
But I wanted to do the right thing.



UPON A QUIET



When I am alone and no one is watching
With the chance to take and run,
I do my best to give and hold
Because I want to do the right thing.

For at the end of my day I realize
From the days looking back at me
I needn't have picked up the paper,
If someone else had done the right thing.



Open Window

I left the window open
To bond with earthly ardor
Yet you nestled in her depths
To pierce the morning breeze.

Upon her back you latched
Clutched to delights bouquet
Lurching to raise your brows
And give notice to your intent.

You arrive upon a familiar scent
And the linger of a lost love.
Upon the taste never forgotten
Of a memory's tender delight

Oh pain, why must you hide in wait for me?

Hovering in the sweet of morn
Veiled in her heart pouring forth
As she sings her charms of promise
You clash with hopes of day

Yet the moments move in rhythm
Past tones you proudly parade
A reminder of a power in me
To send you tumbling away.



UPON A QUIET



My hands indeed are mortal
Whilst you are mental sent
My human will I summon now
To close the window's vent.



Peace Came by for a Welcome Stay

Peace came by for a welcome stay
Upon soft winds blowing
Behind sunlit rays.
Upon snowflakes twirling softly down
Their quiet released on sparkled ground.
Upon blue sky horizons after storms relent,
On colored leaves and rose's scent.
She rose with the moon shining 'cross the bay
The quiet of night to support her reign.
Upon showers that quench earth's thirsty floor
She patters her sounds of heaven's shores.

Yes, peace came by for a welcome stay
Upon a child's face, asleep from play.
With a mother's smile of loving care
Upon a baby's wide, bewildered stare.
Upon white peaked mountains with clouds arrayed
And hidden gusts stirring powder astray.

Oh peace, she came by for a welcome stay
She entered my study where I quietly lay.
I caught her moment of subtle advance
With a wink, I awoke from a soothing trance.

Yes, peace came by for a welcome stay
Yet when I questioned her
She went away.



Peace?

Peace is a word that perchance cannot be
At least as a permanent thing
All of nature requires a tug of war to survive

When hunger bites the lion will roar
To warn prey to flee and vultures to soar.
Yet when contentment comes
To the shade the beasts succumb.

If there is drought thirst will conquer
If there is monsoon flood will conquer
Tho between them desire is quenched.

Only in the mind of man can there be peace
Perhaps only man dreams it
Perhaps only man can create it.

So you must answer.



A Sailor's Hand

Mist hides soft in a low caress
Of breeze and sun and colors behest
A craft adrift upon ebbing slaps
Through speckled foliage of frothy caps.

Quarters ashore parlay a chance
To swoon the heart a drifting glance.
Soft-spoken ebbs upon empty shore
Lays carpet before a muse's door.

Briny scents drift 'round and bold
To pure white sand peripheral fold.
Beyond these shores of earthen land
Lies heavens pen in a sailor's hand.



Shining Morn

Stirred upon my conscious stare,
Is a shining morn of brilliance bare.
Breadth of sky brimming blue
Sparked with life's reflective hue.
Creatures sipping dripping dew
With living sounds to welcome view.
Golden rays that clutch the gaze
Blink upon these temporal days.

All moments past here gathering
In sweet melodious assembling.
Reckoning brief with the rising sun
Conceding joy as shadows run.
Petals color soil's realm
Darkness banished from its helm.

Shining morn with light advance
Love smiles within your waking trance.
You shine this morn from sacred ground
You map our birth to endless bounds
You give all to me no matter me
From slumber's close I follow thee.



Sweet Anguish

Those events which drive us on
Some so sweet and joyful to pen
Some so bitter and hard to contend
Yet all reach out a supporting hand
To scale our walls and traverse the land.

A challenge made means nothing when
A challenge made has an obvious end.
So be it sweet or be it bitter
All goes on to make us better.



An Unassuming Sound

Patient pace abides his hobble.
Bent back and limbs from yesterday follow.
Weary steps progress so slow,
They impress first glance of little to show.

Yet past the gate of untutored stare
His caring eyes covet pearls to share,
His message anxious to find an embrace
And fill the voids of mysteries face.

The body fades but understanding won,
Spoons of failures' humble construction.
Mounted atop one and the other,
A foundation crested with a noble character.
Ascendancy fostered in a seasoned soul
Guides admiration towards a living role.

If you were to be wise
Then hold your ground
With the ageless wisdom
Behind an unassuming sound.



Upon that Golden Night

Upon that golden night
When soon the sun will set
My past robust came calling
Towing happy and regret

Full of life and chatter
Moments lost restored
Roaming round till future
Appeared knocking at the door.

Upon that golden night
When soon the sun will set
Shadow's light gave flight
As coming dreams were met.

They flowed with sight and sound
On shapes and smells they found
Till crickets rang the toll
And the present found its round.

Upon that golden night
When soon the sun will set
I nested all my worries
Unto her billowing crest.



She treated them with care
Shining them just for me
So whence returned I knew
Gifts indeed they be.

Upon that golden night
When soon the sun will set
Appeared a want and calling
All of which were met.

Merging into haze
With colored throes delight
Peace now comes to light
Upon that golden night.



CHAPTER THREE OUR KINDRED SOULS

Being a part of humanity is inescapable for any of us. Yes, we have the ability to remove ourselves from civilization and live alone in a distant land, but even then, we are an integral part of humanity, consciously creating within its movements. We share this world at this time with other human beings; we inherited the human condition here on Earth from those who came before us, and we will bequeath our work to those that follow. Thus, all that we do has a purpose of continuing human understanding through the society we continually build and setting the stage for future generations. We should embrace this element of our manifest connection with others. No matter our place in life, we share the hopes, dreams, and ambitions of a conscious kingdom in search of itself.



A Mother Kneels

Attentive lines for happy tears
Gently blown dry from mothering's years.
A blank looking stare so vivid and alive
A child misbehaving for her tired eyes.
The scene evokes joy and she laughs out loud.
Before overruled by her guiding shout.

The wind touches her face, the trees bough to her,
Yet nature's soft solace for now is deferred.
Overwhelmed, a prayer from her lips quietly floats
Somewhere it may reach this little heart she hopes.
Her soul never ceases to send tender care
For this love of creation she is privileged to bear.

In the depths of restraint a glimmer of bliss
Within memories made of this greatest of gifts.
A tempered flair will soon come to pass
But this memory she knows will eternally last.

A glimpse of love brings a hint of a smile
The trees bow once more
And she listens awhile.



Envelope

A letter arrived addressed to me
In an envelope sealed so no one could see
Curiosity overwhelmed as to what was within
This paper enclosure so very thin.

Around the world through fortune and strife
Ignoring ethnicity and ways of life,
This subtle veil upon a script
Holds fair promise within my grip.

Might love disclose her sweetest verse,
Or a friend once lost for me they search?
Romantic views I pray to see
Upon that parchment just for me.



Father's Plight

Deep sigh to face a sleepless night,
Troubled mind finds tomorrow's plight.
Check the doors, make sure they're locked.
Look in on the young ones (they counted the flock).

Roam their walls and heed their breath
Pause awhile at this peaceful breadth.
The warmth of this spot in all the Universe
Brings a smile's light and a tranquil birth.

Grand is the duty, the stance to take
With growth of conscience upon your plate.
Eyes fixed upon examples you make,
Impressed upon a life you shape.

Your desire grows to understand that
"Giving" must guide your unwavering hand.
So when you awake to greet the song
With care be joyous and join in strong.



Hand in Hand

Hand in hand they went to the top
Of a hill overlooking a valley's drop
A father and daughters out to see
A sunset's colorful dive to the sea.

The sun was settling in orange hues
Nudging the young girls as if on cue
To ask their father who they must pay
To witness such beauty to end the day.

He answered it's yours from the day you were born
And will remain as yours after life is well-worn.
Now raise your hands and touch your gift
To the heavens above send a thank you kiss.



Home

Whence the time comes that we journey afar,
An assurance travels the time with us.
When the day is long and efforts fail,
A place of rest taps upon our weary shoulder.
Indeed, she finds us upon journey's glory,
As well as the befallen holes that pot the way.
When strength wanes from the hours toil
She reserves a place for him to reemerge.
Insecurity and fear cower at the thought she portrays
Even though the lock on the door is weak.
Yes, to look upon her ceiling when night comes
A pleasure to the mind apart from the world.
Her walls speak when we are lost
And give secure direction to continue.
When we know not why we try
To her shelter we go to listen.
For she speaks a language that only the mind can hear
That the ears might rest from the tumult outside.
Her face lights the torturous last miles of a journey
Upon a road tempting to cast us asunder.
So, we continue, for we know she awaits
With a welcome to let go of directions hold.
Relief rejoices across her threshold
For here graces the seed of peace.
Thus, no matter our travails be near or far
We know to her arms shall we return
For homeward bound is a special place
Yet home herself is the heart's desire.



House in a Snowy Field at Night

Driving along at night I saw
Out there at a distance far and alone,
Amidst glimmering snow from a shiny moon
Chimney-smoke rising from a flicker-lit home.

Small and solitary in a field
With window's light she did reveal
A warmth I felt somewhere inside
For my home at a distance far behind.
Alone was I in this desolate range,
But beckoned feelings now connect
Myself to this field and her solitary speck.

As I passed by under bright dark sky
Blank pages awakened in my mind's eye
A moment revered upon a starry plane
And her unmoving sleepy weathervane.

It scribes of family and warmth brought about
From stories at fireside and rounds of stout.
Of visits from grandkids in cold winter air,
Warmth interrupted to build snow-things there.
'Till hands are numb and ears are frozen,
Sends scurries to warmth and smells from the oven.



Of morning duties amidst quiet air
White cold majesty gripping the stare.
Chores observed by a theatre of eminence
Every move an echo in the distance.
A love affair develops there
Between actor and spontaneous theater.

As dusk descends upon daylight's end
To frigid gasps of night
Into the abode of softened flickers
And close the door behind.

As I pass by I wonder if the warmth
I feel is shared within these
Walls of light I happened upon.

Driving away, she stayed there frozen
In my rear-view mirror never forgotten.
And from that site now ever recites
The warmth of a house in a snowy field at night.



In the Clutches of Time

Sitting awhile in a small cafe
Lingering moments come round for a stay,
Waiting for that magical event.
That never seems to come.

A solitary toast then the door swung wide
With years gripped in palms and aging eyes
Finding the table beside me.
Dismay wavered then wandered to torment another,
As a lesson whispered to place in my coffer.

What had they seen that I had not?
The vicissitudes that work now to wrinkle me as them!
Where the hand of the planner of time has been.
Splendidly they stood in spite of him!

They chattered and spread accolades
Eloquently filling the past with praise.
How did they escape the blind caress
That seduces youth ambitious for success?



I know them not,
But they have seen the world at war
Country and countrymen on their knees
In search of preservation and freedom.
They have felt the ground cold and hard
Emerging to fertilize the soils of life
Then and now.

If these words ever reach another
These youthful aged perhaps
Will no longer be,
Will never know that I sit here beside them
And write of their journey on a table napkin.

But perchance you may trace
The handprints they placed
If you find yourself as you read now
In the grips of what may seem impassable.

And as my mentors whom I never knew
Walked away in the clutches of time,
I realized... I need wait no longer.



It Never Leaves

I ran into a problem
Without an answer it seemed
When from my past a teacher spoke
And explained the uncertainty.

Later my child came to me
With a puzzling predicament
Soon my late father filled my mind
And answered with perfect sense.

An alliance rose within me
At my saddest moment in life
Filling my heart with solace,
Removing my thoughts of strife.

And when caught up in happiness
My soul singing with content,
They are my patrons that hold me aright
And keep my time well spent.

Before I drift into slumber's night
Wandering towards some struggle or plight
They escort my thoughts to make things right,
A force of guidance forever in life.



Life Touching Life

A young girl bright and full
Peering out the window to watch the world
Catches the eyes of another young girl
Peering out the window to watch her world.
As glances touch
A beaming smile is shared...
As life touches life.

A young man in his prime
With eyes ambitious and active
Meets the gaze of a young lady
With eyes ambitious and active.
As glances touch,
A warmth builds...
As life touches life.

A mother angry at actions of her child
Seeking direction from frustration
Observes a stare of innocent eyes
Seeking direction from frustration.
As glances touch
The strongest bond is strengthened
As life touches life.



A businessman struggling with tumultuous tides
Mulls over his place with a step outside
Hears a bird singing from a tree nearby
With resounding peace and nature's sigh.
As glances touch
Both take flight...

As life touches life.



Mother

An essence swept the Earth one day
And filled it sweet with tender grace.
Love bloomed forth a flowering force
To spread the subtle way of the heart.

Soft hands and bosom, a look of compassion,
Developed in her as gift and weapon.
Defending her children when the world opposed,
Her doubtless heart allays and consoles.

Hands so tender, a glance forgiving,
Her mind acute on reading situations.
Intuitive sight divinely bestowed
To help sense that which she may not know.

The world looks to her as the sun does set
As a strengthening power that she beget.
To her arms we aim when the day is closed
For rest and solace in her earthly glow.

Oh divine winds that blow
Bathe her precious heart with gold.
For she is love that binds our soul.
She gives us life that we might know
Angelic harmony from the seeds she sows.



Teddy Bear

The bed made, the room cool and clean
The shades drawn, though calm rays peak through.
Soft and furry, a model of care and love
Lays alone in wait for a friend.
All is quiet as he sits upon his throne,
The center of the warmth the cool room gives.
Arms spread wide to give sweet prize
To the eyes laid upon his greeting.

When the door swings open
Exuberant eyes, young and loving,
Meet a friend with hugs.
Face buried in fur without thought of acceptance;
Unconditional care and trust in another.

And as day comes to rest
“Tuck me in daddy” sweetly flutters
At night to a father fortunate there.
“And tuck Teddy in too!”

Then all is complete
For two wondrous worlds for a day.
As care and love are held softly
In little arms.



The Worker

Morning comes to find a day already begun
An alarm spoke out and a figure rose
Rubbing eyes to see dark before dawn
And the duties that lay ahead.

Rough hands still sore from yesterday
Send a cool splash of water
On the face, around the neck.
A glance in the mirror
A recurring thought-
“What is all this for?”

No complaints, morning ritual done
A moment of reverence and out the door.
The sound of morning,
Light shooting first rays upon the Earth...
Another great day to work!



They Did Not Have What We Have

They did not have what we have
When the Pyramids first touched the sky.
They did not have what we have
When the Louvre first graced the eye.
They did not have what we have
When the New World came to be,
They did not have what we have
When Whitman wrote of leaves.

But the Pyramids were put together
And for centuries have survived.
The Louvre's blend of riches
Have graced upon countless eyes.
The New World has flourished
With freedom as its' prize
And Whitman's works still inspire
Its' leaves still on the vine.



UPON A QUIET



They did not have what we have
But they accomplished marvelous things
That cross the skies of time and wonder
On awed and breathless wings.
They did not have what we have
But their works keep us awake
And push us forward to the past
With discovery at the wake.
They found a place of knowledge
To write and engineer.
A place precise to draw and see
To ponder what's underneath.

Did they not have what we have?
Perhaps we just don't see.



When the Nights Are Cold and Long

When the nights are cold and long
And winter shares his wares
Warmth might come around
Through softened amber stares.

When the nights are cold and long
Where wind does meet the skin
Trickle along the song
That brightens human kin.

On stage of nestled shadows
We trudge through darks embrace
A nudge from wintry elbow
To banter full of grace.

Nocturnal sky blinks clear
To chase that darkened fear
Resounding quiet to inner ear
Of the passing of the year.

When the nights are cold and long
And the light of day is banished
Our glass we raise prolonged
With hearts, the dark is vanished.

We share that human favor
Where the love of light burns strong
Tones of darkness for us to savor
When the nights are cold and long.



CHAPTER FOUR THE MOVEMENTS OF LOVE

How often do our thoughts turn towards love? As we make our way through life, love is ever present, even though we struggle to describe what she is or even remember that she is there. Is it such a mystery that the dying soldier calls for his mother with their last breaths? There is a connection of life through love, and it reveals itself in every kingdom of life. Each of us are the result of an act of love that began with a pure desire of our Creator. Thus, love is the great cordelier that binds all things together, and we can rejoice that we live within such a loving embrace.



Along a Night-Lit Park

We walked along a night lit park
Her hand softly nudging mine
My breath apace to race my heart
Her gestures for me to define.
Nocturnal bouquets heighten sensation
Of sultry unbridled fare,
Whilst fairer eyes coy observation
Holds court, else unaware.
The jester's chance tonight goes vacant
Upon the bliss of this convention
For only two focused lines of merriment
Consume all adoration.
Nervous laughs tingle the skin
As affection seeks a home
Consummation begs chance yet again
Through desire's sweet sounds intoned.



The Dove (Colombe)

Those hosts in silence who scribe above
Through grace they find our longing
Avow her stature shall impart love
To hearts in stillness, listening.
Precious strides define her pace
As she floats within our glancing
Pureness conveyed upon her face
Upon ours, the tears advancing.
Small and alone with gestures soft
She compels our joyous yearnings
Pureness in her that keeps her aloft
For this, our soul is searching.
An essence she waves with flowing white
Tranquil as the sun is rising,
A mystery conveyed of ethereal light
That enfolds our loves advancing.
Loud and lurid take their reprieve
Through her quiet, oh so deafening
To bow in silence and fondly receive
Her subtle, promised blessing.



Heaven's Door

I found myself at heaven's door
As my feet sank deep on a sandy shore
And seagulls' cries would saintly implore
To attend the verse of ocean's roar.

I found myself at heaven's door
Watching family together in deep rapport.
Hearts of children and pets, they pour
With love for each other through patience more.

I found myself at heaven's door
As a storm approached with flashing core.
Curtains of clouds pulled over the land
To deluge all around with slapping hand.

I found myself at heaven's door
When my love appeared to me once more
Her beauty drawn forevermore
In my arduous heart to eternally store.

For love awaits at our journey's end
In search for her is the time we spend.
She shadows and curbs our jumbled mess
She waits behind the self's redress.
Nudging us towards that to adore
As she guides our senses to heaven's door.



I Found Love

I found love
Wandering amongst all that I see.

She is more beautiful than I can describe.
Her touch is all that humanity seeks
And all that will set it free.

Her glance touches the tears of the wayward soul,
Her breath ebbs to blow them dry.

As oceans shine towards the moon's glow
And slap mystical sounds upon our rocky shores;
As our sun rejoices song towards the east
In joyful display of our conscious gift;
As the eyes of a friend greets us
With her essence from shadows deep,
Indeed, we see her.

Oh, blessed and hallowed when you appear
Upon a flower's scent across a field
Wafting freely upon Earth's breathing waves,
Living as we should live,
Giving divine grace to a blade of grass
And a drop of dew.



Oh beloved, she expresses herself
To the blindness that we see.
She is faint to our eyes
But all to our hearts longing.
We know she is there, for we feel her probing touch
Tho' we know not how to describe her
Or give her her rightful place upon our journey.

Without expression, she remains
Written upon our brow where our eyes cannot see.

So we search for her, our true desire
As she watches with surrendering patience
To guide us to her selfless ways
And the peace that she is
Residing within, everywhere.



Lingering Glance

On my way out of a busy center
A glance I noticed headed my way
Caught me by surprise its effective gaze.

Only seconds longer than a friendly hello,
Enough time to send tingles up my spine.
An event staged by blinks of an eye
Such power to move in so little time.

The sender was beautiful and enchanting
Does she remember me as I do her?

The figments followed for quite some time
Storylines played out in my mind,
Details repeated in many ways
Perhaps 'till I find myself
Looking at last breaths.

Indeed, a lingering glance.



Love Greet Us

Love greets us
E'en when we hide.
As we look
Upon crack and crevice,
She watches,
And quietly murmurs
Till we hear.
She is in the wind
She is upon the waters
And the leaves
Which gently float there.
When we fail,
When we succeed,
When we forget,
When we remember,
She waits and gives
As a parent to a child.
She is all that we are,
She is thought that
Beckons us to sleep
As night quiets the land.
And it is her touch
That wakes us in the morn,
That we may forever follow
Her guiding welcome.



Moment of Affection

Affectionate tincture clasps
Her eyes and mine
Distilled through the warmth
Of sharing the sweetness of our days
And a favored moment bound
Briefly to one another.
Oh, so irresistible her natural allure
My fiery hope
Her glance means what I wish for.
A soft touch upon my brow
An acceptance of my desire.

How might I tell her what I feel?
How might I share the rapture she creates
In this space between us?
I know not of love's secret movements
But I know it has found me at this moment.
My natural feelings for her
May bring her joy, though
She may not know it if words fail me.

Oh sweet voice that whispers in my ear
Of this special moment never forgotten
How might I ask you to guide me now?
Give me strength to reveal
Her beauty to her
That upon the face of our existence
An awareness of love will be etched
Forever with another.



Oh Love!

Oh love, persistent caller rejected
Glad I now stop for your stay unexpected.
Endure me along to walk with you
To savor the allure you have imbued.

My self, abandoned to enchanting bliss
Revealing a sweetness unaware I missed.
My spirit swayed from despair to rejoice
Compelled to compassion... there is no other choice!

Oh love, forever please stay with me
Hold me through my life's journey.
My guide, my friend, my soul's desire
May I abide with you till my days retire.



Painting Desire

Soft skies recite a sunset
Laying colors upon the water.
Her music springs from nowhere
To grace this hallowed moment.

Alone with saintly patterns to watch,
Immensity consumes a solitary glance
To reflect her reach across infinity.

How splendid is the glow of love
For she harbors what we see.
She is radiant and unceasing
As she paints desire for us to continue.



Smile Upon Me Today

Smile upon me today
That I may reflect upon another
The strength your smile brings.
Such gracious influence between us
That closes apprehension
And opens pleasing patterns.

Hold fast to the gentle power
Of a friendly act
Lay bare your sacredness to others.
Conscious moments, so precious and rare
Embrace them when they arrive and
Offer them stay for others to see

Smile may you greet me today
And invite me to your tender means.
Light my stride upon the soil I tread
Brighten my thoughts that appear to others,
That when they make their rounds and return
They reflect a smile back to me.



White Snow on the Land

White snow on the land
For a sad heart to ponder
Why she's not with me.

Glimpses of her emerge.
A soft flow of white
Her naked shoulder.

Her fragrance drifts in the quiet.
A blanket of beauty is
Soft hair in my fingers.

Splendor divine the view
Consumes all that I know
With thoughts of sweetness.

And though she is not here
She is with me.
Can she see what I see?

White snow an endless scene
Beauties bounds are vacant
And love carries me forward to greet her.



You Are Centered There

What could be written
That would warm the skin and arouse the heart?
What could be written
That would satisfy my soul that you see my passion?
Slowly and secretly my eyes feed on you
As your soft skin beckons desire.
Might I taste your lips so supple and sweet?
Might I caress your bosom that so lovingly calls me?
Your fragrance is as sweet as mother nature,
Your eyes so deep and enchanting.
You calm my heart not
With your look and your touch
For these only arouse new passions.
Though you see me not,
You are a splendorous gift.
Blessed are my surroundings
That you are centered there.



Your Smile

Your smile evoking cloudless nights
Perfumed scent whispers moons' light.
Serenity's gate now is spurred
By our fluttering hearts once allured.

Oh smile, smile, smile at me
Invoke that raging melody!
Traverse this cresting energy
Of love awakened between you and me.



CHAPTER FIVE NATURE'S COVETING HANDS

There is no greater artist than nature herself. She surrounds us with indescribable beauty regardless of the circumstances we have built around us. She is always there, giving all of herself to us. It is as if she is calling us to witness her and to contemplate her. Perhaps that is nature's mission, to help guide human understanding towards a higher realization of the blessings of life granted to us.



A Star Shines

A star shines.

Magnificent beauty in nature's splendor,
Its radiant glory spreading harmonious patterns.

A star shines...
But it shines not upon itself.

It shines with light, life, and warmth
Remaining in its wake.
Reflections of natural beauty for
Wondering eyes to behold.

Warm rays of energy giving life
To an abundant world.
Crossing horizons to touch every cell
With its gift.

Retreating gracefully with a final present
Of splendorous light.

Ever spiraling in humble duty...

A star shines.



A Storm Is Coming

Blue skies above gives way
To billowing clouds from far away
That grow and tower across the horizon.

The sweet smell of wet Earth
Encroaches across the land.
Trees sway to its arrival,
As foliage glints welcome.

Sunny grip loosed upon the day,
Leaving spots in the eyes
And red upon the brow.
She hides to re-emerge,
To flash a message all 'round.
Yeah, a storm is coming...
But all is well for now.



An Autumn Schoolyard

A brisk autumn afternoon stood watch
Her chilled breathes casting a hearty mood
Over rustling leaves in an empty schoolyard.

Till the bell rings to change her view.

Adolescence spills to her delight
With the voice of freedom echoing pleasures
Into her unsullied afternoon.

Youthful sagas flow upon her embrace
Games banter between boys' red noses,
Heartened by watchful giggles of girls.

A cloak of shyness comforts some
Others mischievous set meandering pranks,
All soon to disperse to storied shadows.

Hence the toll of the bell is distant and forgotten
Whilst schoolyard memories dance with leaves
Amidst the love of autumn standing watch.



Ancient Wind

Oh spirit, you spoke, and thus began
A journey of awareness upon this land.
You prodded from a slumber of sacred rest,
To bind to us in this terrestrial test.

With us you amass upon sacred ground,
Your desire whistling through field and mound.
The trees, they welcome your familiar note
Memories so distant, upon you, they float.

The clouds, you move them here and there
To cast a shadow and stir the air,
With whistled tones upon our brow
You give voice to the land even then as now.

As you wander past, those creatures near
Take notice and speak that you are here.
You build your link to express and declare
That you dwell in the bosom of earth and air.

You harbor the breath that sparks into life
A subtle inhale of invisible might.
Our thoughts are sewn to your winged flight
With you we drift to our masters' light.



Babbling Brook

O babbling brook through forest fold
So simple you wind your tale
Express final rest for leaves of gold
Undressing the woodland's veil.

Pronounced your say as you flow and sway
All ears they come and follow
Spread wide and far on reach of day
Through night you pledge tomorrow.

O babbling brook through forest fold
Hymns upon us to ponder
The noble voice that guides your hold
Upon us from deep asunder.

The chorus comes and bellows by
They follow your guiding fervor
To babble elsewhere to hearts aligned
All of us your grateful observers.



A Cool Breeze Blows

A cool breeze blows across my brow
Her gentle hush says “listen now.”
And beneath this tree she speaks to me
Through rustled leaves now murmuring.

“Uttered to commence the Universe
Rounding edges of all the Earth.
Hailing you often but lost in the shuffle
Of heavier clamors that toss and tussle.
Swallowed deep beneath the wind
Storms thundering strong across your limbs.
Swirling gales and falling sleet
My subtleties silenced and buried deep.
Moving creation can’t penetrate
Tenets that bounce but never abate.
But if inclined for a holy wait
Share my melody unceasingly shaped.

“Ushering smoke from conflicts fought
So heavy and hot with thoughts distraught.
Quelling pain that reigns around
With a tender whisper of saintly sound.

“Newest days have dawned my shoulder,
Awakening babes from ethereal slumber.
A whiff through nostrils, they behold their mother,
And a mystical world of light to ponder.



“The countryside welcomes with bowing fields,
Hay dancing to rhythms of my whistling skills.
Generations on porches with lamps lit at night
Granted me smiles for the fragrance of flight.
Their arms open wide through sighs of relief
As I gently hushed lamps and bid them to sleep.

“Salt air clutched from seas to soil
Upon cries of seagulls escorting toil.
Subtle suggestions to dwellers at hand
To listen as feet sink into sand.
To contemplate beginnings at the end of day,
Enchantment at hand amongst lapping waves.

“Sweet scent of perfume I waft to the man
To alert him to a chance of pending romance.
At night by the moonlight I embrace lovers there
Who partake me in deep breath and passionate fare.

“And now you drift beneath this tree
Finding a quiet to contemplate me.
My gifts are yours as you inspire me in
Arouse the silence to recall and begin.”

A breeze she went across my brow
With a gentle touch suggesting how
I might whisper now to the pondering throes
Of wisdom hidden in the breeze that blows.



Distant Mist

Loamy green of grass, she smiles
At my journey watched upon the miles,
When sudden afar my sight dismissed
To the distant now claimed by gathering mist.

Colored leaves and mountains high
With dreams that ramble through the mind
Stopped awhile beyond hazy screen,
Lost for now in this blanketing.

Beyond its edge are my wonderings
Of green or red or animal flings.
But in mind alone exist these things
As sight now belongs to misty wings.



Fresh Cut Grass

Honeyed smell of fresh cut grass
Connecting paths of seasons past.
Fragrance aloft of nature's potion
Drifting its way to seed our emotions.
Bridging time and space to give
Reminiscence a chance to live.

To perform the task a chore to some
A chance to others who may come
To experience a gift that divinity bestows
Beyond the senses that we most know.

Abiding with nature's exuding grace
A greeting from the Earth and her varied face.
Blue skies and plants and the ground create
A reception for the senses to communicate.

Trees giving shade after sweat and toil,
Beckon comfort and reflection upon our soil.
Here they remain for all creatures later
With great respect for their selfless labor.

And as rows of grass wind and descend,
The worries of the day begin to blend
With sweet repose as we care for our friend.
Alluring is nature how she opens her doors
To this inner beauty we can explore.
Where the mind can dwell, create, and see
And so faintly touch...
Infinity.



Galaxy's Face

Alone in darkness full of light
Brightening heaven's void of night
Centered before invisible shrouds
Upon vital spinning stormy clouds.
Afar she flickers, she blinks finesse
Whilst solar winds blow strong redress.
Small worlds within emanate as one
Lone recognition gladly shunned.
That your eyes might rest on that unseen
And ponder spiraling sacred beams.



Give Me a Rose

When tears consume me
Flushing sadness from my brow,
Give me a Rose
That a smile might be whetted in its bloom.

When clouds hover above
And winds shove me about
Give me a Rose
That calm may blossom in my being.

When I see victory
Swooping me above others
Give me a Rose
That I might be rooted back to earth.

At my moment of defeat
When anguish lingers strong
Give me a Rose
That I will know triumph can sprout again.

As the shades of day fade
Into the reaches of darkness
Give me a Rose
That fragrance will guide me through the night.

And when I reach the end of my days
And the arms of the West beckon
Give me a Rose
That my petals might open unto heaven's door.



I Opened the Door to Winter

I opened the door to winter
For she bode me from the window.
Her soft white beauty surrenders
Enchanting murmurs she blows.

I couldn't resist her charm
Nor could I resist her allure.
All my sight a sweep of her arm
With white so soft and pure.

I opened the door to winter
So anxious to lift her veil
Yet a painful rebuke was her answer
A chill so harsh to inhale.

I struggled to touch her velvety skin
My anxiousness leading the way
Yet the wind slapped me once again
To the reality I must pay.

Such beauty before me I know not what to do
As I return to face my pride.
My mind wants to hold her close
But my courage at the moment has died.

I opened the door to winter
And though closed it quickly to her,
My will shall send me again
For my door has now opened to winter.



Inside a Breeze

Inside a breeze I found a thought
Roaming about the life I'd wrought.
A cool soft touch she passed along
Upon the morning's sunny song.

Such soft inflection through the leaves
A cadenced breath that shadows me
Each thought comes draped with deep intent
Awareness kept till mind relents.
Awakening me to the breath I breathe...
Such a delicate thing inside a breeze.



Intertwined

Attention clasped to a gesturing rose,
And her scent she sends from within her folds.
Invisibly wafting a conscience there
Alighting the heart to yearning stare.

Some yonder sense commenced to begin
A beckoning call to beauty within.
Nature's charm drifting wide in search
For love to watch from upon her perch.

Calm reigns fair with this approach
A threshold waits for tender broach.
This gift sojourns from the hand Divine
Beyond the blind, we are intertwined!



Just a Crow

On fretful terms I started home
To traffic I nudged so painfully slow.
Sitting at a stop, impatient to go,
A crow lands near and watches my show.
I wonder why and what can he know?
He's just a crow and I'm anxious to go.

Heat and commotion fill the way
Cars and emotion on full display.
Looking up and away for a brief reprieve
A crow flies silent riding a breeze.
I wonder why and what can he know?
He's just a crow and I'm anxious to go.

Turning for home in a tense flash of motion
Street curves shedding anxious commotion.
Green lined road leads quietly away
Up and down hills that roll and play.
I open my window to breath the air
As I hear a crow call to attend my stare.
I wonder why and what can he know?
He's just a crow and I'm anxious to go.



He lulls me to stop to watch and listen.
As he swoops around and blends in the distance.
Air sweeps past to calm things around
With feet on the ground I soar with this sound.
The crow calls out, his flying heart pours
A plea from afar into the silent roar.
A mystical sound that makes me ponder
Creation itself as my mind wanders.

I'm just a man now anxious to know
Of a place I found when I followed a crow.



Leaf Fluttering to the Earth

Leaf fluttering to the earth
Playing its way
Round and down
Along the ground.
Floating while falling.

Giving at once
A sense of beauty
A sense of decay,
A sense of beginning,
A sense of ending,
A sense of death,
A sense of new life.

As it comes to rest I observe
Questions are answered
With questions still.



A Light Cast Upon a Tree at Night

A light cast upon a tree at night
From a hidden gadget below.
Electrical wires running round
To feed it life to show.

As one moves past it makes a splash
Of leaves and bark and shape.
Yet if the light were held away,
Would I have noticed the tree at all?



Light in the Darkness

Dusk's sultry nature so still and stark
Bound by stars, those living sparks.
Their brilliance lost in daily light
Yet throned as the brightest in the darkness of night.
Night wind timbre rifts trees about
Arousing to nature's suggestive clout.
Whiffs of earth sincere and coarse
Awakened by twilight and dewdrops source.
Reflections mature with the passing sun
As daylight fades, a new light is begun.



Mountain Guide

From my perch I glisten towards you
Reflecting all that God hath made.
Birds circle my luminous features
As dew drops crowd around.
Tree leaves glisten with sweetness,
Aromas of morning tears,
A moist salutation of Mother Earth
To reward open eyes and ears.
Her words upon me pronounce purity
Every bead of radiance
Her way to inspire through me.

Might your soul awaken to my torch
Guiding the footsteps of life?
I cast upon the ground
A pathway to your essence.
Join me at the summit
Where I may reflect your splendor
To those who look up at me.



Song to Me

Blissful blue from dawn of light
Sparkled on waters that grace the sight.
Earthen smells clutch upon this scene,
The bright, awakened, now stretched serene.

Vaporous cover over water ascends,
For ground and air to make amends.
From green of grass to above she begins
The dust, dew doused, now breathes again.

The colors, they stir, aroused all around,
Dearly accepted through creature sounds.
Awareness heightened as the reach extends,
Darkness retreats, holding quiet's hands.

Night-time silence exchanged from the shore
To melodious refrain of life's rapport.
Singing a song into the evermore...
Immersed am I in this heavenly score.



The Flowers Bloom

Bright bursts forth on open petal
A breath of color exposed
Sun reflects upon silky patterns
To begin a sweet repose.
Bees about their eternal quest
Content to pursue desire.
Blooms oblige such random dance,
Till dusk they all retire.
'Tis how she found me in silent retreat
Or else she wasn't there
A universe revealing to me
Her wanting strong to share.



The Glassy Lake

A glassy lake before me one morn,
With fog rising for effect.
As if one were trying to perfect
What a scene should be made of
To awaken the soul.

All about a quiet reverence,
Nothing to break the stillness.
A language of repose
Overpowering all other speech.
Thought takes a deep breath
And holds it for awhile.

A tube of light opens upon the sky
Splashing upon this peaceful sight.
Smoky rings ascend Jacob's Ladder
All reflected in the mirror on the water.

Soon a young boy walks to the bank,
Missing the event.
A rock skips across the pond
Received gently as thought of the world
Breathes again.



The Sun, the Rose, and I

My glance clinging to the setting sun.
Awe and mystery and love in one.
Cosmic work of divine inspiration
Feeding my soul a full dissertation.

Thoughts race descending rays
That illuminate the mind
As darkness envelopes the day.

Silhouetted against the smoldering sky
Appears a rose riding nature's sigh.
With opened petals stretched out in song,
She waves goodnight to a friend going home.

And as I watch his retreat to the arms of the Mother
The sun bids farewell to the eyes of the beholder
With final gifts in domes of color.
And as cool evening air began to caress,
I stood with the rose and held it to my breast.

The sun, the rose, and I
Each alone but side by side,
Joined together in our Father's eye.



Trail of Splendor

Grass trail under foot, through my toes she spreads,
As golden rays flicker through soft leafy beds.
Fondness finds way to a dwelling within,
Of splendor all around that enraptures my skin.

Bountiful beauty beseeching to reach,
For an answer inside beyond mere speech.
A grandeur ruminates these colors outside,
A welcoming so cherished somewhere inside.

Scent of honey that wafts to me
Affixed to that light that filters through leaves.
My affection desires that heart hidden there,
Where splendor awaits our love affair.



Tree Alone

Upon an empty path was I
An engrossed and lonely passerby
Meadows green in daylight shone
A tree centered far and alone.
No mother towered above her sprawl
No relation sprouting near to call.
In a void alone grasping so high
Lonely she was maybe more than I.

Her presence filled the emptiness
A spot of bliss for forlorn finesse.
Enticement to creatures dwelling 'round
To come for shade and shelter sound.
The tiny to revere upon bark and sap
An abode for work and lives to pass.

Soft winds tarry for a vocal stay
Bid welcome here with suggestive sway.
As branches beckon back and forth
Birds from afar fill with mirth.
A place to rest their weary wings
Whilst whistling worldly melodies.

From firmament to heaven she connects all life
An embrace of might to disperse His light.
Oh blessed leaves of earthly treasure
Your spirit is raised beyond all measure.
Your voice triumphant to me you sigh...

You're not alone and neither am I.



Vista Never Seen

A prairie opened wide,
That's never seen with eyes,
Such beauty by itself in yawning tides.

An island full of trees
That floats upon the seas,
Alone below the sky in skimming breeze.

Waterfalls from cliffs,
Whilst below her sprinkles mist,
Her rainbow unobserved with sun's assist.

Gems buried deep,
Where sparkles cannot seep
Hiding from the shovel underneath.

An unfolding cosmic scene,
Though a planet in between
Blocks a view from great discovery.

A thought becomes aware
From a heart of tender care
Tossed from light of day upon a fear.



Though remaining the unseen,
These hidden beauty things
In mind they find their way into our being.

They patiently abide
Their time whilst pushed aside...
To vistas never seen we ever stride.



CHAPTER SIX RUMINATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

We are men and women of desire on many levels. Ultimately, we all desire to attach to that greatest, pure desire that created us, so we struggle to define what that is, where it is, and how we might commune with it. We naturally forget that we are autonomously attached to this higher self! Thus, it is when we feel the tug of that inner calling that we reflect upon the voice that wordlessly speaks to our being, that is always there to listen and to guide, and to contemplate who and what we are and what this conscious journey is.



A Butterfly Flew by Me

A butterfly flew by me one early day
Whilst in the midst of a busy fray
She carried me aloft upon her wings
To quiet peace amidst the things.
“Where am I?” suddenly a voice did ring...
“Where I stand, or upon the wings?”



A Cold Morning

Covers warm and wrapped around
As sunlight slips through windows bounds.
Slumber resigns her absent hold
To morning silence gripped by cold.

A roll to the side finds nippy sheets
A nudge to the covers brings chills to the feet.
Strategy is needed to rouse from bed
And step to the room where the fire fled.

Else I might lay here for hours on end
Watching the ceiling afraid to bend.
Why can't I enjoy this comfort longer
Wrapped in welcome warmer cover?

If only a log could float from its stack
And flame up brilliant from a magical match.
The bed could then float before the hearth
To bring to my bones the courage of warmth.

Then my clothes can find their merry way
To the mantle's glow for a tepid stay.
After to find a miraculous path
To attire my body with a warming bath.

Ah, I feel better with my winning scheme
Happy to defeat the frigid theme.

But alas, refrain before so bold!
For I still must move and confront the cold.



A Gentle View of Home

A view from afar upon my valley town
With shadowy clouds hovering 'round
For worry to wander and be forgotten
Upon placid shifting winds.

Rain drops fall, they perish to the ground,
Quiet disturbed by their tender sound.
They speak in flowing fragrant streams
That abides an adrift to other lands.

People stir soft, so silent in the distance
Their chatter hushed in muted elegance
Looks of despair glared when there
Now soundless and shrouded
Upon a drizzle's stare.

As clouds darkened into one above,
Another lifted from below.
Awed was I that a storm revealed
Such a gentle view of home.



Blank Page

A blank page intent from beneath my pen
With a promise to reveal some “thing” from within
A long cord of history approaches from here,
To paper and ink have the talented steered.

As time rolls by and the day gets long
The blank is still blank, no lines come along.
Restlessness comes, for much might be done
From thoughts that roam and make the pen run.

For upon that page the sun could flare
To inspire blank stares to awaken and share.
As well could a mountain arise right there
And be moved with a stroke upon the bare.

A great power roams here awaiting my move
Yet my heart still thinks that my mind must approve.



City Morn

A city morn, a hectic café,
Breakfast to face this blustery day.
Overwhelmed am I for my first foray
Into this chaos to lure business my way.

That cold shifting air on these shadowed streets
Blanketing commerce with bustling feet.
Sounds aplenty, they bounce here and there
Finding beauty at rest amongst waking despair.

Shadows from buildings billow stark and grand
Yearnings from hands, how they've shaped this land.
Such looming towers, they move to block
The way for the light to lay its swaths.

Her sidewalks, so filled with hurried calls
Aromas of commerce join the rise and fall.
Pigeons, they flap to her storefront ads
Past white steaming cups on boulevards.

Chance thrives here and makes her way
Into these streets and alleyways.
My feelings align into this history born
Amongst heights that speak on this city morn.



If I Could Get Past Fear

If I could get past fear
As I trod this earth so dear
Perchance I'd see a new reality.

If I could bury her
Before her thoughts confer
A wider truth might surface unto me.

She barges her own way
To thoughts once joy and gay
Her hold so strong I struggle to be free

Into my very stay
She nests into my day
Casting doubt upon the beauty that I see.

If I could get past fear
As I trod this earth so dear
Perchance I'd see a new reality.

As I watch my children grow
She often makes a show
To punish me with great authority

An idea arrives anew
With an effort I can do
But darkened daggers aim so pointedly.



A relationship arrives
As love inside contrives
Though this may be her strongest specialty.

If I could get past fear
As I trod this earth so dear
Perchance I'd see a new reality.



In the Mirror

Good morning again, I find me there
As if it were always so.
A presence built with hidden care
Wrapped with earthen dough.

What shaped this presence to embrace mine eye
What struggles resisted your desire?
Behind this form the artist arrays
Obscured by the sight of my attire.

Tis not a given that tomorrow arrives
Nor what we see would be.
Favorable thoughts somehow contrived
Arranged steadfast to me.

In the mirror I greet what arises here
Made through measures unseen
Love and reverence guide and steer
From the depths of an arcane sea.



Last Breaths Will Come to Call

Those moments to come are feared indeed
When our temple stutters and struggles to breathe
Comfort will elude the corporal senses
Wandering and waiting in memories' trenches.

Nuggets of time were our home for awhile
Character built from a culture and style
Bricks are placed upon moments gone
Bestowed with splendor recalling each one.

Along portraits adorning our dwelling halls.
Strewn with favored times recalled.
A salve to soothe those labored thoughts
Blessings that shroud the battles fought.

Who is it that talks to us at that time?
What was it that gave us life to define?
If words are spoken within our minds
Will the speaker appear from somewhere divine?

Truly, last breaths will come to call
We'll cherish each one, one and all.
No thought given when breaths were abundant
Yet if divine at the end, we remain triumphant.



Let Me Alone with God for Awhile

Let me alone with my God for awhile
Upon a breath of spring air
That dances through leaves.
Upon that brisk calling that flows 'round
Clearing skies to bright blue.
Touch me with your refrain
And carry me aloft to meet you.
Silent tarry evokes your presence
Through calm's sweet doors.
Lullabies from nowhere sound
Adoring chimes into your silence.
The animals are hushed;
Forward they come to receive you.
As day blinks to clear her eyes
To salute your coveting hands,
A flowing fountain of fauna
Welcomes your guiding goodness.



Let me alone with my God for awhile
Whence the hours find beginning
And thoughts find their reason.
Embracing all senses with life
That we might quiet them
To hear the voice that creates,
That lives beyond our living,
That holds our hand as we ponder
In an endless search for you.
Yes, with tangled hearts we draw near,
And as your affection comes forth,
We hear your smile
And contentment touches our being.



Power of the Mind (A Place Inside)

What is the power of the mind?

A place to wander and discover,
A place to dwell in tranquil splendor.
A place that goes wherever you are
A place that ponders your gaze at the stars.
A place where heroes show their face
A place where our desires may always take place.
A place to visit the beach from home,
A place to see friends when we are alone.
A place to be alone in the throngs of a crowd
A place to hear yourself when it gets too loud.
A place to discover the greatest mysteries
A place to answer them with divine authority.
A place to taste the sweetest beauty
A place where a taste is wholesome and healthy.

We should visit more often.



Shades of Time

My heated skin and sweltered crown
From sunny rays on sweaty frown
When I see a shade run 'cross the ground
And I aim for her arms that stretch around.

It's a battle fought as the sun does rise
From light to shadows' cool disguise.
Dueling upon that brightened earth
They trace the pace of descending mirth.

Those shades of time, they creep to a tree
Leaves flicker and wait with honeybees.
That dart and fly then rest a bit
Till shades full cover is tightly knit.

The fruits of her branches join the unrest
Light and shade and breeze contest
Flickering through this busied life
Ensnared within that descent of light.

When finally, the fruit to the wind released
Tumbling to earth, to her a feast.
Relentlessly gripped till the bright runs dry...
The shades of time now released from the vine.



Sleepless Night

Toss and turn for a peaceful respite
Futility revels at this drama of night.
Hours in color reach through the dark
To remind the mind to find its mark.
Seconds tick on one by one
Gathering strength to raise the sun.
Peaceful surrender, her alluring chant bellows
She lays in this bed but from a distance she echoes.



Temporal Time

What is this temporal time
Wherein a world is born and vanishes ?
What is this temporal time
Which is lent in portions of passions ?
What is this temporal time
Of boundless beauty and wonder ?
What is this temporal time we ponder?

It does not wait nor hurry,
Harbors no favorites, hides no truth.
It seeks justice relentlessly
Affixed to every intent and event that passes within
 its watch
For it shows its face in our mirror
And follows our every step.

It heals wounds and sometimes reopens them.
It spans a lifetime to bind a book of life.
It gives and receives without equivocation.
It is fearsome and fearless, though we sometimes
wish it would go away
So that we do not have to face tomorrow.
E'en though tomorrow may bring wondrous things.

With its passing, we know not if it still exists to us,
But we know it is left behind to author for others.
And to accompany them to the mirror each morn.



**Train Whistle Afar
(Echoes Upon the Steps of Home)**

I laid my head against my pillow
To drift to privileged lands alone.
Soft fluffy sounds greet my ears
The house retreats to quiet tiers

From a distance she approaches front and rear
A whistling train now shares what I hear
Wandering across the years as she blows
Echoes upon the steps of home.

Who else is awake tonight I wonder
To hear their history through the window wander.
A story spread at the speed of sound
To crack and crevice upon our ground.

Those asleep in slumbers place
How will this whistle reveal its face?
Reverie has her talents to show
Echoes upon the steps of home.



Train whistle afar she speaks
To a youngster scared of darkened creaks,
To a widow with fond memories pain,
To a man trying to sleep through daily strain,
To a mother worrying about her children,
To a student studying for examination.
To tossers and turners with an eye on the clock,
To lawyers, doctors, and professional stock.
To lovers apart a romantic sound
To haters apart a poisonous round.

I journey awhile with the train conductor
I sit with him in his small antechamber.
Upon the roaring rails we traverse
Dim light, small room, and a whistle birth.
We talk awhile, he tells me his pride,
My mind wanders upon a whistle ride.

It follows me back to my pillow soft
Where I realize I rode the whistle aloft.
She gently whispers her final goodbyes
While I follow her trail to the final chimes.
I close my eyes and inwardly roam
Echoes upon the steps of home.



Travelers

Wandering to and fro,
Young and old fritter away
Moments as they anticipate
Another moment to be directed.

And at voiced command
They trudge a path
To a waiting craft
Which will carry them to
Their destination.



Upon a Quiet

Somewhere back there
Those first thoughts began.
Some were dismissed
Though others were penned.

It is that pit of the forgotten
Where we fathom when and where,
Upon that quiet...
Where thoughts, undressed, are bare.
In that holy resonance,
A breath becomes aware
Prompting our expression
Into such mystical fare.

The light we see was sifted
Through the most divine of sands
Unto this mortal form,
And placed within our hands.
Internal, eternal questions,
They hide inside our dreams
Upon a furtive touch,
Expressing as we breathe.
A floating fog of beauty
Surrounds this path we tread
Knitted to our being,
Allured, we all are wed.



We Are Afraid

We are afraid to see ourselves
In the peace of solitude
And present our findings to the world.

Traditions arise to obscure our way.

Passions unchecked awaken amiss;
Inspiration escapes as stars glisten but go unknown.

Shades of infinity touch the heart through wondrous
works-
A subtle voice rising from its depths to faintly remind
of home.

But we are afraid to go near.

Afraid to approach Omniscience,
To remove the cloudy veil of comfort
Or quell the passions with calm power.
To understand that which can set one free
From the soothing shackles of ignorance.



Without Words

Long ago prayers were answered
Upon smoke dispersed to heaven,
Floating symbols voicing guidance
To pronounce, without words,
That man speaks.

Stirring from earth from sagas ago,
Imprints of antiquity divulge
That we have long been here
To ponder, without words,
That nature speaks.

And as the sun rises in the East
Our pleas still lift upon it.
Shower of ancient rays shine hope
To see, without words,
That God speaks.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

by Meara Shaluly Trine

Michael Shaluly was born in Greenville, South Carolina in 1961. As a young student, he was drawn to poetry, and found the works of Henry David Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Robert Frost, and Emily Dickinson especially inspiring. He found time to enjoy these introductions to poetry while working in his father's store. His father had immigrated from Lebanon, and Michael, as a first-generation American, found himself impressed with the human connections, sense of community, and family feeling that the regular customers brought to the store's environment. This led him to develop an inquisitive nature about human interactions and connections.

Born into a Roman Catholic family, Michael always felt a reverence for spirituality, serving as an altar boy and attending Catholic school. To this day, he maintains a great respect for the traditions of major religions. Early in his adult life, Michael was drawn to the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis (AMORC), where he feels he has drawn his greatest inner inspiration and understanding of the mystery of life. The dual inspirations of poetry and the study of natural laws and spiritual wisdom



in the AMORC tradition inspired him to create original verse and develop his craft during much of his adult life.

Over the past thirty years, Michael Shaluly has built a successful international business, has volunteered with his local chamber of commerce, has created a foundation to support manufacturing and trade education, and has been a loving husband, father, and grandfather, or “Gido” as it is known in the Arabic language. During this time, he has served his beloved order, AMORC, in many fashions, including Master, Regional Monitor, Grand Councilor, and Ritualistic Director. In addition to these functions, he has served as Chairman of several conclaves and mystical weekends, and as a speaker and presenter at many events and countless online forums. Over the last thirty years, he has also continued to compile a series of works fueled by that childhood spark and as an expression of the wonders, joy, and wisdom gained through a lifetime of fraternal membership in AMORC, along with a love of this experience we call life and consciousness. Encouraged by his wife, children, and grandchildren, all dedicated members of the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis, this compiled work of original prose contains selections of the past thirty years of inspired work. Michael Shaluly hopes this collection of work provides you with a sense of wonder, fascination, joy, light, life, and love.

THE ROSICRUCIAN ORDER, AMORC

Purpose and Work of the Order

The Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, is a philosophical and initiatic tradition. As students progress in their studies, they are initiated into the next level or degree.

Rosicrucians are men and women around the world who study the laws of nature in order to live in harmony with them. Individuals study the Rosicrucian lessons in the privacy of their own homes on subjects such as the nature of the soul, developing intuition, classical Greek philosophy, energy centers in the body, and self-healing techniques.

The Rosicrucian tradition encourages each student to discover the wisdom, compassion, strength, and peace that already reside within each of us.

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