

Some Poems in semi-chronological order
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<p><i>Silent</i> (December 2004)</p> <p>Waters swirling, churning round Fishes dancing catch the eye.</p> <p>Life abounds in sights and sound Always moving, passing by.</p> <p>A tilt of the head Ever so slight A sparkling reflection That slips out of sight.</p> <p>Once more it skips by And beckons to me: "Come follow, Look yonder What do you see?"</p> <p>I turn round to look All is silent and dark But I cannot forget That beckoning spark.</p> <p>Light of God? How odd.</p>	<p><i>Bursting with Joy</i> (April 2005)</p> <p>they burst forth in bloom, with joyous pink hues.</p> <p>i gather them up, to bring back to You.</p> <p>a pleasant surprise; one that You've never seen</p> <p>but You knew all along, what sweet tears they would bring.</p>
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<p><i>Light Reflecting on a Chalice</i> (May 2005)</p> <p>lovely maiden glancing down; a broken body on the ground</p> <p>eyes so sad and yet serene; your only son the Nazarene</p> <p>your steady gaze points me towards Love triumphant my saving Lord</p>	<p><i>Cristalline</i> (May 2005)</p> <p>Crystal mazes etched on glass Like labyrinths of ages past</p> <p>Fractured light from eastern skies Reflects within my searching eyes</p> <p>Eyes of faith look out to see The beauty of a lonesome tree</p> <p>Eyes of faith look out afar And settle on the morning star</p> <p>Eyes of faith gently close To rest with You in sweet repose</p>
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<p><i>Whispers</i> (August 2005)</p> <p>The words that were whispered such a long time ago Offered only a hint of what might be in store</p> <p>A hint of your presence each day as I rise A hint of your glory in blue morning skies A hint of your strength in the sun's blazing light A hint of your love in the quiet of night</p> <p>The words you still whisper each day in my ears They fill me with joy and calm all my fears</p>	<p><i>Tapestry</i> (August 2005)</p> <p>You weave your threads within my heart On silent nights as we're alone To build a wondrous tapestry I could not dream of on my own</p> <p>The colours that you intertwine Change before my very eyes Until the cloth that I become Is someone hard to recognize</p>
<p><i>Blemished</i> (August 2005)</p> <p>Blemished prayers and faint praise Are the best I can muster on windy days When my voice as weary as my feet Is lost in the din of rustling leaves</p> <p>Imperfections in hand Amid blustering gales, before you I stand To offer the broken fragments I find And ask in exchange some peace of mind</p>	<p><i>Fading Fast</i> (June 2005)</p> <p>Soaring aloft, safe under your wings Tasting the view that abandonment brings</p> <p>Suddenly falling; blindsided mid-flight No gentle landing as I ponder tonight</p> <p>Why such a fast drop back down to the ground? Why not let me savour the delights to be found?</p> <p>No need to answer; at least not tonight Til tomorrow, I bid you a fond "g'night"</p>
<p><i>Temptation</i> (June? 2005)</p> <p>here, there; up, down; take that thought; spin it round. listen to me; erase all doubt. replace the Silence with my shout. don't wrestle me; i'll wear you out.</p> <p>incessant chatter; volume growing; fills my soul to overflowing. Silence dislodged; Peace cast away from whence You sought a place to stay. yet still You'd listen, if i'd pray.</p>	<p><i>Inner Garden</i> (July 2005)</p> <p>knotted gnarls, unruly, root through gardens freshly planted; creepers crawl; obstructed path; tangled brush aftermath; chokeweed choking; brambles biting; angst victorious; holed up, on edge, until reprieve be granted.</p> <p>tender stalk, spirals round, thorn-spined twisted gorse; intertwining; calmness climbing journey instinctual into surging speckled skies; angst subsiding; tenderly venturing out; staying the course.</p>

An Eternal Blink of the Eye (July 2005)

A day in the life of the Word eternal,
Does it speed past in the blink of an eye?
Your passion presented each day before us,
Was it gone in the blink of an eye?
Those hours, nailed down, by our sins infernal,
Did they pass in the blink of an eye?
Or is the piercing pain with which you bore us
Still there in the blink of Your eye?

The bread and wine laid on the altar,
And You're here in the blink of an eye.
And it's only in my imagination
That You leave in the blink of the eye.
A prayer sent forth as my tired feet falter,
And You're back in the blink of an eye.
Oh, to bask in Your salvation,
An eternal blink of the eye.

the Son also rises (September 2005)

as nightfall encroaches
on all that's held dear
and envelops in blackness
buttressed by fear
remember, beloved,
He knew from the start
that the Son also rises
so do not lose heart

and while in the darkness
you seek out your way
hold tight to the hand
that will lead you t'wards day
remember, beloved,
to be not afraid
for the Son also rises
and shadows do fade

Over Joy (July 2005)

Your shadow passes over joy
Bringing cover of night

How can I not be overwhelmed
As your clouds veil the light?

My hand in yours I take a step
Without knowing where

Then I pause, unwilling to move
Afraid you're not there.

Forever More (July 2005)

You give me joy, enough to last,
forever more.
When darkness comes You whisper fast
"Forever more".
Persuasively, You bid me cast
My doubts away.
You say to put them in the past
For come what may
You offer me your hidden gifts,
forever more.

Making fun of me (August 2005)

I believe that I know that it really is so
for the voices I hear make abundantly clear
that my heart it contains what my intellect
strains
to pull back apart 'til I'm compelled to restart
So I open the pages once written by sages
and begin to reflect as I try to detect
the truth to be seen by a mind that is keen
to question and ponder and constantly wander
and search in the dark while awaiting the
spark
that already burns in a heart that still yearns
to believe that it knows that it really is so.

Rocky Mountains (August 2005)

You choose to dwell on mountains high
Solid rock that bears your weight
Without collapse

You shroud yourself with morning mist
Rising from the ground below
To hide your face

A beaten path leads up the slope
Carpeted with dust displaced
By pilgrims' steps

Past crevices and mountain streams
And tilting crags that lead astray
It winds its way

To a broken bridge unsafe to cross
For creatures not endowed with wings
Who stop and stare

In Your Midst (August 2005)

In the midst of my anger
that simmers and swells
I find your calmness
and let it be quelled.

In the midst of my sadness
With tears in my eyes
Your sweet consolation
Is there at my side

In the midst of frustration
with the angst building up
I drink your presence
From a bottomless cup.

And in my indifference
With no warmth in my heart
I'd rather feel anger
At least, that's a start

1 Corinthians 2:9, etc. (September 2005)

Eye has not seen
Bodies bloated
Boatlessly floated

Ear has not heard
Throats bone dry
With a sputtering cry

The human heart
Can barely conceive
Of these and still believe

What God has prepared
With love and care
Amidst our despair

For those who love Him
And hang by a thread
Amongst their dead

Ubiquitous (September 2005)

Eyes blink open
At morning's light
With hopes to glimpse
An angel's flight

But God, how they
Are so like You
Always slightly
Out of view

As I journey
Towards day's end
I look for You
Round every bend

But God, no matter
How I try
What I see is
Ground and sky

At close of day
I slow my pace
Weary from my
Futile chase

But God, that's when
I'm most aware
That at each moment
You were there

Gloria Patri, et
Filio, et Spiritui
Sancto. Sicut erat
in principio, et
nunc, et semper,
et in saecula
saeculorum.

Amen.

<p><i>Delivery</i> (October 2005)</p> <p>You send me gifts Of stones and thistles Rough-edged and thorned</p> <p>With punctured skin, My anger bristles Unleashing my scorn</p> <p>Until empty of all That kept me grounded You let me soar With Love unbounded</p> <p>You bring me gifts Of sparkling diamonds Reflecting your light</p> <p>Refracted colours Stay within me Throughout the night</p> <p>Until the clouds Of early morning Rain stones and thistles Without a warning.</p>	<p><i>Taking Shape</i> (October 2005)</p> <p>No use regretting A past set in stone At night as we lie here We two, all alone</p> <p>The sands of the present Taking shape in our hearts Set free all the memories That kept us apart</p> <p>And as the moon passes over Slowly we mold With loving affection New clay mixed with old</p> <p>Til hands intertwined Stepping into the light We see what we've built On a long winter's night</p>
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<p><i>I'll Wait</i> (October 2005)</p> <p>Softly singing in my heart A single Word in sweet refrain You give me but a fleeting glimpse Of all the beauty You contain</p> <p>And as our song fades into silence You promise to return again Bringing melodies unending; And so, I'll wait in hope til then.</p>	<p><i>Praise from a wooden pew</i> (November 2005)</p> <p>Come sit by the window On a warm wooden pew Return to the rest That's been waiting for you</p> <p>For the Lord has been good And so let us raise Up past the ceiling Our glad songs of praise</p>
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<p><i>Unspoken Moon</i> (November 2005)</p> <p>Glory shines unspoken In the silence of the moon Crescent slices broken By white clouds overstrewn</p> <p>Majestic in the morning sky Upon a bed of blue Reflecting truths from God on high Then slipping out of view</p>	<p><i>Peeping Tom</i> (December 2005)</p> <p>Tucked around the corner In a world next door to mine Behind walls of brick and stone you sat And watched me passing by</p> <p>It wasn't til years later That I peeked behind the doors To find you'd been looking out for me In that world right next to yours</p>
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<p><i>At Cross Purposes</i> (November 2005)</p> <p>I take the cross you gave me And lay it on the ground For we both know it just won't fit Through the doorway I have found</p> <p>Afraid of all the freedom That you've placed within my hand I prepare to pass the threshold And at cross purposes we stand</p> <p>Defiantly I enter Unencumbered by your weight To find a room that's empty Of everything, but hate</p> <p>So humbly I turn back to you Ashamed of what I've done Knowing something of cross purposes And how victories are won</p>	<p><i>Nothing to See</i> (December 2005?)</p> <p>Are you sad when I ask if you really are there? When all of a sudden I ask if you care? As if all of our past means nothing to me When I look around and there's nothing to see Nothing to feel Nothing to hear Nothing to tell me you really are near?</p> <p>Is there joy in your heart as my world spins around? And all of a sudden thoughts come crashing down? And I try to believe this is what you intend That this is one of those precious gifts that you send Wrapped in nothing to feel And nothing to hear So that one day I'll see that you really are near.</p>
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<p><i>submerged</i> (January 2006)</p> <p>down in the depths undisturbed far below</p> <p>hidden away where all thoughts cease to flow</p> <p>let the winds up above continue their cry</p> <p>for our haven is safe undisturbed where we lie</p>	<p><i>sitting still</i> (January 2006)</p> <p>sitting still beside you ears wide open waiting for a word to be spoken</p> <p>sitting still beside you quietly waiting for you to say something illuminating</p> <p>sitting still beside you resting my head on your silent shoulders ...</p> <p>what's that you said?</p>
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<p><i>#%&^ing Ingrate</i> (December 2005?)</p> <p>It's so easy to say when all is just fine that I will repay you with something of mine</p> <p>But oh how talk is cheap and memories fade as I refuse to deliver on promises made</p>	<p><i>Gift-wrapped</i> (January 2006)</p> <p>The gifts that you can give me Are flashed before my eyes Containing everything that matters All that money cannot buy</p> <p>Incessantly you tell me I can try them on for size But it's only idle chatter Empty boxes wrapped in lies</p>
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<p><i>Rendezvous</i> (February 2006)</p> <p>Your tug at my heart Invites me to smile And strengthens my courage To walk one more mile</p> <p>For tomorrow we'll touch And I'll taste life divine; In the depths of my soul It's your love I will find.</p>	<p><i>Hope Echoes</i> (February 2006)</p> <p>hope echoes in a smile that spans a thousand miles</p> <p>hope echoes in a song that takes me to new heights</p> <p>hope echoes when you're just standing there quiet as the night</p>
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<p><i>Sky Blue</i> (February 2006)</p> <p>O'er world of grey Elusive hue of perfect blue ... couleur de Dieu</p> <p>At close of day Indigo sky Framed moon on high For wond'ring eye</p> <p>As colours fade Begins the night Stars take flight Untold delight</p>	<p><i>melt down</i> (March 2006)</p> <p>windswept sparkles of white on spotted window pane drift out of sight leaving droplets of rain that meander by begetting a sigh</p>
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<p><i>When?</i> (March 2006)</p> <p>When did you become an every day God? Here from morning to night through darkness to light.</p> <p>When did you change from fearsome to friend? Sitting quietly near through each joy, through each fear.</p> <p>When did you turn into something so new? Into all that I needed. Transfiguration completed?</p>	<p><i>revelation</i> (April 2006)</p> <p>your voice scattered in the wind your words traced in shifting sands reveal some of you and more of me</p>
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<p><i>resurrection</i> (April 2006)</p> <p>Such empty spaces ... where love overflowing with amazing graces filled the barren spaces of a searching heart</p> <p>Now fuller than full on the day you return with love perfectly whole to the depths of my soul no longer apart</p>	<p><i>self-portrait</i> (June 2006)</p> <p>What's that you're painting With broad strokes of white On today's canvas of blue? Everything and nothing?</p> <p>Like yesterday's pictures Erased by the night Another portrait of you? Everything? or nothing?</p>
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<p><i>Forget-me-not</i> (April 2006)</p> <p>You've passed through the forest Through springtime, through fall And watched the leaves drop As your offspring grew tall</p> <p>And now looking around you Through the hills and the trees I wonder, I wonder Just what do you see?</p> <p>You may not remember Each name and each face But I'll never forget How I love you each day</p>	<p><i>groundswell</i> (April? 2006)</p> <p>run run far away as far as you can to where you belong</p> <p>stand stand firmly here firm as a rock on legs that are strong</p> <p>run where you will; no! just stand your ground for there's more to be found with your feet standing still</p>
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<p><i>taciturne</i> (May 2006)</p> <p>est-ce un silence de paix qui m'effraie pendant des jours où la foi me semble un poids trop lourd à porter?</p> <p>est-ce un silence de rien qui me soutient pendant des nuits où la foi me semble une joie pleine de Ta clarté?</p>	<p><i>Slowly / si lente</i> (June 2006)</p> <p>Est-ce que tu gardes le silence parce que moi j'suis si lente à me porter peu à peu vers celui que je veux vers toi toi mon Dieu?</p> <p>Préfères-tu des pieds rapides qui te suivent tout de suite sans regretter une seule fois se trouver sur la voie offerte par ta croix?</p> <p>Est-ce que tout ça t'intéresse si c'est avec lenteur ou vitesse que mon coeur se déplace par le temps et l'espace attiré par tes grâces ?</p>
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<p><i>Battle scars</i> (May 2006)</p> <p>Why write a poem carefully structured with rhythms and rhymes; veiling my thoughts so only you will understand?</p> <p>Crossing out words, then starting over and over and over again with no hope of conveying what I really intend</p> <p>Why write a poem? You know it's because I long for something concrete to touch as I reach out to hold your hand and sneak a glimpse so that I can find whether your battle scars are at all like mine</p>	<p><i>Hush now!</i> <i>(a conversation)</i> (September 2006)</p> <p>Sit down and watch the flowers blooming. And hush now.</p> <p>Look out and see the dark clouds looming. And hush now.</p> <p>Beauty. Danger. Colour. Darkness. Vibrant. Empty. Fullness. Starkness.</p> <p>Your world is loud chaotic contrast.</p> <p>[long pause]</p> <p>My joy is silent. Unassuming. So, hush now.</p>
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<p><i>tree line</i> (July 2006)</p> <p>Oh, to wander, wantonly, beyond here. To fly towards the forest green, o'er yonder.</p> <p>To bid good-bye? To ne'er return?</p> <p>I wonder.</p>	<p><i>out of the woods</i> <i>... a variation on a theme</i> (July 2006)</p> <p>oh to ponder patiently, unhurried to wander on the mountainside; unworried</p> <p>to hold your hand and take a step</p> <p>securely</p>
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<p><i>Hollow ground</i> (July 2006)</p> <p>Buried deep in hollow ground .. shallow; weep not -- heaven's hound does heed my cry and does abide ever nearby -- at my side.</p> <p>"Grieve not - for naught was lost" you say "Why grieve what you have thrown away?" For what is placed in hollow ground Makes room for all yet to be found.</p>	<p><i>slitelee fillersoffickle</i> (July? 2006)</p> <p>fillersofficklee speequing eye kan lojiklee folloe eh prufe ov eh gaud hoo iz emptee & holloe</p> <p>thuh qunkloozhuns houghever troo theigh meigh bee kant captcher thuh grayss ov thuh won gnoun 2 mee</p>
<p><i>goodness gracious</i> (August 2006)</p> <p>without a doubt, you give your goodness graciously, and pour it over sorrow, spread so spaciouly; on those without the strength to hope, audaciously.</p>	<p><i>darkness interrupted</i> (August? 2006)</p> <p>do dangers lie hidden in the dark where you dwell? dangers and strangers; the abysses of hell?</p> <p>if my foot hits a stone will the angels swoop low? to help me stand upright, keep me safe from the foe?</p> <p>is that smile how you answer as i start to count sheep? will you say more tomorrow? "fat chance ... go to sleep."</p>
<p><i>ite missa est</i> (September 2006)</p> <p>the clusters form; like clockwork.</p> <p>old-world voices tightly marshalled pleading in unison 'Ora pro nobis, ...'</p> <p>three young women huddled together muffling their laughter making plans for the day ...</p> <p>the quiet ones scattered about straining their ears for a sign of your silence ... then slipping away</p>	<p><i>smile happens</i> (October 2006)</p> <p>another day passes not much different from the last ...</p> <p>... until a smile happens straight out of the blue and all of a sudden I'm thinking of you</p> <p>I can't help but wonder if maybe it's true that in that same moment my love, you smiled, too.</p>

<p><i>they never left</i> (November 2006)</p> <p>where did they go?</p> <p>those words of thanks and praise that I had neatly tucked away for the close of day</p> <p>those grand expressions of immense emotion that were cleverly phrased in holy words of great devotion that could easily penetrate my mind's commotion and climb to You</p> <p>where did they go?</p> <p>for I looked for them when evening came and I settled in to call your name; But the only words that I could find, were those the ones you had in mind? "God help me!"</p>	<p><i>Deus Absconditus</i> (November 2006)</p> <p>Across the room, in open view, There's nothing I can see of you</p> <p>just colour texture</p> <p>Though all of you is present there, You're hidden from my steady stare</p> <p>so tranquil until</p> <p>You reach out from your hiding place Across the miles of empty space</p> <p>and touch me gently deeply</p>
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<p><i>freedom restored</i> (December 2006)</p> <p>freedom reigns in the black of night where a thousand paths wait to be explored</p> <p>footsteps weave unhindered by sight through a land where dreams are soon restored</p>	<p><i>flesh tones</i> (December 2006)</p> <p>my flesh cries out for comfort that i can no more get from an imagined touch than from you tonight</p> <p>and so</p> <p>my heart cries out in earnest oh, can i really stand to be left stranded here with no strength at hand?</p> <p>and then</p> <p>my soul finds peace in knowing that this too shall pass when the new day brings on worries of its own</p>
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A Winter's Day (January 2007)

My heart melted
on a cold, cold day
when you welcomed
me to sit and stay
with you a while

I hadn't planned
to take off my gloves
and reach across
to grasp your open
hand in mine, but

my heart melted
and before I knew
I was walking
side by side with you
through fields of snow

a desert walk (February 2007)

can we walk slowly
across the desert sands
and glance down at the flowers?

will you tell stories
of life in distant lands
as we wile away the hours?

or will we share
for days on end
the silence that is ours?

Story time (March 2007)

[prairie messenger version](#)

i myth you
on a cold quiet night
as a warm fire and a story
fill the empty spaces
that you've left behind

drizzle (March 2007)

you mistify me
until i'm drenched to the bone
shivering
quivering
tired and alone

you sanctify me
as we make our way home
ambling
rambling
along paths all our own

night and day (February 2007)

in nocturno
I'm weary
from the race
Dominus tecum

tears on my
pillow case
Dominus tecum

Hoping for
your embrace
Dominus tecum

ad matutinum
I take a break
from life's quick pace
Dominus tecum

to join you
in our special place
Dominus tecum

and share a moment
face to face
Dominus tecum

in nocturno
I'm weary
from the race
Dominus tecum

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. .
.

engrained (February 2007)

gone are the days
of calm solitude,
spent far away from you
you, a stranger

days of dreams and desires
not meant to include
an intruder like you
you, so other

but dreams change shape
and you've engrained
yourself in me
you, my soulmate?

Hanging by a thread (March? 2007)

Could I suspend my disbelief
For a minute or two?
And find a moment's rest
With the weight of you
Hanging by a thread
Round my neck?

Was I really so surprised
That the answer was yes?
At least for a minute or two.

Blasted (March? 2007)

Let the weight of your troubles be cast away
For eternity's only a blast away

Rub the sleep out from your eyes
As morning takes you by surprise
And brings you to another day

Let the weight of your troubles be cast away
For eternity's only a blast away

Pull up your socks and brush your
teeth

Don't wonder how your day will be
Don't worry about your dull routine

Just let the weight of your troubles be cast
away
For eternity is only a blast away

Requiescant in pace

déjà Dieu (May 2007)

depuis toujours
déjà Dieu
vas-tu me montrer
tout ce que tu as déjà vu,
déjà su,
tout ce que tu as déjà connu?

une fois cette vie
parcourue,
ces sacrements
maintes fois reçus,
est-ce que je
deviendrai
un peu comme Vous:
Père, Saint Esprit,
et toi, Jésus?

the language of tears (*June 2007*)

You hold my hand
As I cry in my gladness
In a roomful of strangers
Who don't understand
That you catch my tears
When I smile in my sadness
On the days when the dangers
Catch up with my fears

ritual snippets (*July 2007*)

your might shines forth
on a candlewick
lighting the path
of your beloved

your power drifts
on a gentle breeze
caressing her
as she stands before you
welcoming your touch

scriptum est (*July 2007*)

You send them
forth to slaughter
from distant heights
(for Your love endures forever)

The cries drown
out your silence
in the dead of night
(for Your love endures forever)

Until hymns of praise
proclaim Your carnage
in the morning light
(for Your love endures forever)

And songs of joy
shout out your wonders,
God of power and might
(for Your love endures forever)

babble on (*September, 2007*)

do you float down the rivers
of babble on
are those the currents
you travel on?

cascading by
too fast to see
at least too fast
for the likes of me

as I watch you pass
with sad regret
until I wade on in
and let my feet get wet

a night out (October 2007)

I'll masquerade
as a child for you
with a smile
as bright as the sun
with a laugh
as gentle as rain

I'll dance my way
through the night with you
with a step
as light as the air
to the sound
of our own refrain

the man-in the-moon (November 2007)

the man-in-the-moon
tells tales of You
at the oddest times;

of the days where you lived
in a world of songs
and nursery rhymes

he winks and he nods
with a smile bright and broad
as he reads from
the books of your love

winter blossoms (December 2007)

they sit aglow
on sleeping wood
blossoms of pink
that fade away
bringing fruit as sweet
as a summer day

after the storm (September 2007)

the rains come crashing
out of the blue
pelting, pelting, pelting down
pelting down the whole day through

then quietly the colours spread
to your surprise
circling, circling, circling through
circling through the evening skies

destined to fade away from view
into the night
yielding, yielding, yielding room
yielding room to the pale moonlight

Abba Almighty (January, 2008)

I ponder the love of Abba,
His marvels of creation,
His pride and joy Emmanuel
The Lord of every nation

How His Silent Power through Gabriel
Once came to speak with Mary
Then joined with her to bring to earth
One Man amidst the many

One Man who wore a crown of thorns
In the days of Pontius Pilate
And died upon a barren tree
As all the world grew quiet

At close of day they took him down
And laid Him in a tomb
The only Son of Abba
Sprung forth from Mary's womb

While those on earth were shedding tears
Emmanuel descended
And showed Himself to those below
Whose earthly lives had ended

Until on that third morning
Emmanuel appeared
To reassure the mourners,
Release them from their fear

He did not stay for long with them
For soon he did arise
To go to Abba's great abode
And sit at His right side

A promise, though, He left behind
To come back to us one day
Bringing justice to all humankind
So often led astray

I ponder the love of Abba,
His marvels of creation,
His pride and joy Emmanuel
The Lord of every nation

So to this day we gather
Where the Spirit yet remains
In a house that's built for all of us
In the company of saints
With a hope that's ever present
As fervently we pray
That our faults might be forgiven
And we'll see Your face one day

I ponder the love of Abba,
His marvels of creation,
His pride and joy Emmanuel
The Lord of every nation

the man-in the-moon (February 2008)

he tossed a scarf
across his face
when he felt the morning chill

then the evening wind picked up,
so he grabbed his big wool hat
from his pocket
and pulled it over his ears

and finally,
when he'd had enough of the cold
he pulled his blanket over his head
and tried to sleep

no god (February 2008)

there is no god ...
like You they say
who for hours on end
will chat away
at any time
on any day

but there is no god ...
like You at all
who responds in Silence
to my call
and lifts me gently
when I fall

a missing word (March 2008)

my ears perked
at the missing word
both holy and broken
that I heard

and I wondered when
I'd pronounce again
the holy and the broken
hallelujah

a moment or two (March 2008)

In the palm of my hand
I hold you
for a moment or two

Hoping to delay Your
departure
for a moment or two

After giving me more than
I'd dream of
for a moment or two

<p><i>the incredible lightness of meaning</i> (April 2008) <u>prairie messenger version</u></p> <p>you know, a rock can counteract the weightlessness of empty words</p> <p>and pin them down for long enough to ponder</p> <p>but as they fill with meaning they grow lighter still</p> <p>and journey on a gentle breeze beyond here</p>	<p><i>sketches</i> (June 2008)</p> <p>I collect the sketches they make of You and save them for a while</p> <p>for they see things from a different view and draw You with a smile</p> <p>But one day I'll be able to remove them from my shelf</p> <p>for bit by bit I'm learning how to draw those smiles myself</p>
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<p><i>Coram Deo</i> (July 2008)</p> <p>should it all make sense when I close my eyes to rest with you beside me?</p> <p>at times like this I understand that you know more than I do</p>	<p><i>a taste of joy</i> (July 2008)</p> <p>some surprises sneak slowly through the quiet of night</p> <p>while they plan their attack they remain out of sight</p> <p>until one day they spring straight out of the void</p> <p>and you taste deep inside some of God's steadfast joy</p>
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<p><i>a disappointing harvest</i> (September 2008)</p> <p>so you fancied yourself a gardener when the wind blew the seeds your way</p> <p>tilling the soil clearing the weeds watering, when the rains refused to fall</p> <p>and you dreamt you'd harvest blossoms in the colours of God</p> <p>fragrant flowers wonders to behold the crowning glory of your toil</p> <p>why did you frown at your harvest of straw? can bricks be made from blossoms? can the weary rest on a bed of fading roses?</p>	<p><i>les larmes d'un amour banni</i> (October 2008)</p> <p>où est-ce qu'il va l'amour de Dieu quand il n'est plus le bienvenu?</p> <p>par où erre-t-il pendant ces heures quand on le barre de son coeur?</p> <p>trouve-t-il un coin loin du vacarme pour y verser toutes ses larmes?</p>
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<p><i>the grammar of God</i> (September 2008)</p> <p>after detailed study you will learn that God's rules of grammar make perfect sense</p> <p>the pronouns they are personal and the Verb is in the present tense</p>	<p><i>Moon Times</i> (November 2008)</p> <p>4 pm she makes her debut amidst the pale hues of the sky beckoning</p> <p>5 pm robed in royal blue her insolence intrigues the eyes glued on her</p> <p>6 pm all else out of view she takes command somehow magnified by the dark</p>
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Bluetiful (December 2008)
[prairie messenger version](#)

Out of the blue
 Out of the sky blue
Out of the why blue
 You come to me
 with topaz
 topaz vobiscum

Into the blue
 Into the rhapsody
Into the rhapsody in blue
 You charm me
 with sapphire
 heart sapphire

Plunged into the blue
 Into the black blue
Plunging into the sea blue
 You hold me close
 azuredly
 Held in the blue
 by You



Carry on, Comforted (in memory of Gerard Manley Hopkins) (December 2008)

Gentle Hop, worry worn, weary worn
wondring wondring When will be thy darkness done?
When in daylight dark bleary eyed the battle won?
beckoning the one by whom your burden's borne
beckoning the Son; alone, alone with thoughts your own
your inscape unescapably instressed upon
those who hope you've found your Easter morn

<p><i>forever (less a day)</i> (January 2009)</p> <p>come take a break and reminisce you've been so long away</p> <p>and eternity's no shorter at forever less a day</p> <p>there's so much catching up to do we need a chance to play</p> <p>besides, eternity's no shorter at forever less a day</p> <p>you can surely find an hour or two to steal some time away</p> <p>for eternity's no shorter at forever less a day</p>	<p><i>how the prairie god shows his face</i> (March 2009) prairie messenger version</p> <p>with the winter wind he chills their bones until they shelter themselves from his wrath</p> <p>as the winds die down eyes peek through the scarves bundled round their faces to see the dazzling white of his smile</p> <p>and they wonder if a mountain god would be any easier to understand</p>
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<p><i>shadows of pain and joy</i> (May 2009)</p> <p>the shadows paint your portrait on a sheet of beaten bronze</p> <p>a mouth agape in sorrow a pair of weary eyes</p> <p>then your father pays a visit casting shadows of his own</p> <p>a smile, a nod and then he's off to other parts unknown</p>	<p><i>sedet sola</i> (March 2009)</p> <p>she sits on her own with you without you together alone</p> <hr/> <p><i>song without words</i> (June 2009)</p> <p>if I could just outrun the rain it couldn't wash my thoughts away it couldn't drown my joy and pain and I could find my words again</p>
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<p><i>tides</i> (July 2009)</p> <p>borne on the waves you wander in beside me on the shore before you make your slow retreat beyond my reach once more</p>	<p><i>Prayers of a successful spider and an unfortunate fly</i> (July 2009)</p> <p>prairie messenger version</p> <p><i>spider</i> they have not been in vain, my labours for something comes my way I surely have not lost thine favour I give you thanks today</p> <p><i>fly</i> will you save me from the foe? for I cannot praise you from the grave alas, I see, the answer's no (and I'm no longer brave)</p>
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<p><i>tell me, thomas</i> (August 2009)</p> <p>was it with joy or maybe trepidation that you stretched out your hand slowly or maybe hurriedly to touch lightly or maybe firmly the one who you expected or maybe doubted would return to you?</p> <p>did you sigh in relief or maybe recoil in panic when you realized "My God" what have I done?</p>	<p><i>In the silent hours</i> (September 2009)</p> <p>if the night were silent I'd bless the Lord</p> <p>but the waves they crash against the shore</p> <p>and the wind she howls and the wind she roars</p> <p>til the calm of dawn returns once more</p>
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<p><i>snow angels</i> (December 2009)</p> <p>their message of joy drifts down slowly gently blanketing the ground so as to soften the blow when you ride forth on a wind too strong for us to bear yet barely strong enough to carry your majesty while you carve your beauty into every corner of the sky</p>	<p><i>noises</i> (February 2010)</p> <p>go ahead and harp on in your persistent voices for I know what the difference between quiet and noise is</p> <p>beckon if you wish in your thundering tones for it's only through silence that my loved one is known</p>
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<p><i>colours</i> (February 2010)</p> <p>black and white or shades of gray or brilliant blues that pass your way?</p> <p>what colours would you choose to see? who is it that you'd rather be?</p>	<p><i>remaining nameless</i> (May 2010)</p> <p>you wander away taking everything with you including your name</p> <p>leaving me with a smile on my lips but no word on my tongue ...</p> <hr/> <p><i>water's edge</i> (May 2010)</p> <p>I wander to the shore to dip my feet into the sea not knowing whether I'll need the strength to swim or to let myself be drowned beneath your waves</p>
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<p>glory (June 2010)</p> <p><u>prairie messenger version</u></p> <p>your love outpaces the empty skies reaching beyond the places where sadness lies as your glory spreads forever and ever amen</p>	<p>silent word (July 2010)</p> <p>unsure of what i've seen and heard i listen for your silent word</p> <p>"Come eat the sacrificial lamb I'll nourish you with all I Am"</p>
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<p>The Sounds of an Abbey Day that Punctuate God's Silence (July 2010)</p> <p>Crows cawing precede a yawn Up before the bells</p> <p>Listening to the feet padding in, shuffling in</p> <p>Singing breaks the quiet gently ushering in the day</p> <p>A pause</p> <p>Organ and hymns, the words, The Word</p> <p>Chirping birds a chickadee breeze rustling through the trees</p> <p>Soft half-past bell followed by a clanging call</p> <p>Cackling hens and a clumsy clap of wings</p>	<p>Soft half-past bell followed by a clanging call</p> <p>Listening to the feet padding in, shuffling in</p> <p>Singing breaks the quiet until the organ's alleluia ushers in the night</p>
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Talking to the Sun (song lyrics / 2010)
[Youtube link](#) (music by David Leech)

All night long I dream of you,
I see your face in the moon.
But when I wake and turn to you,
you fade away all too soon.
Daylight veils your green eyes.
Sunshine hides your smile.
'Til the darkness comes and you return to me,
I will have to spend my day just Talking To the Sun.

I'll tell him of your sparkling eyes,
I'll tell him of your smile.
I'll tell him how we spent the night
Just laughing all the while.
And when the day is over
When you're at my side.
I'll know that you heard each word I spoke to
you,
When I had to spend my day just Talking To
the Sun.

When the sun says Adios
Before he heads on his way
He whispers to me: "hold him/her close
Right up until break of day
Look into his/her green eyes
Remember every gaze
So when I return you'll tell me tales of him/her,
When you have to spend your day just Talking
To the Sun."

Out in the Snow (song lyrics / 2012)
[Youtube link](#) (music by David Leech)

Why spend the winter hiding from the storm?
Why wait until the days are warm?
Come let's wander
Let's go out in the snow

I know they've warned us baby
once or twice
That we might fall down on the ice
But let's wander,
Let's go out in the snow, dear

Don't you want to feel the wind against your
face?
Don't you want to taste a snowflake on your
tongue, ear?
Come with me before the winter melts away
Come on let's walk out in the snow together

Why spend all winter where it's safe and warm
When we can play out in the snow?
Come on now, take my hand
Baby let's go

<p>Scrap paper (August 2010)</p> <p>scattered sketches etched in blue on paper worn and tattered</p> <p>a single hue's enough to hold all that really mattered</p>	<p>paths (October 2010)</p> <p>if You walk with me as i wander round, will all paths lead to sacred ground?</p>
<p>psalt water (November 2010)</p> <p>your waters pour onto my sweat-soaked skin until i've strength enough to venture out again</p>	<p>moon songs (November 2010)</p> <p>at night you sing to me in the phrases of the moon as the moonlight becomes you in an unending tune</p>

<p>decem milia dubia (November 2010)</p> <p>without a doubt what would we have ever talked about?</p> <p>such a singular breeding ground for the Silence that grows all around</p> <p>no! however much my soul might ache ten thousand doubts do not a difficulty make</p>	<p>in between smile (December 2010)</p> <p>amid the drizzling rain of a December day a mid-winter rainbow brings an in between smile</p>
	<p>cold comfort (January 2011) prairie messenger version</p> <p>there are shades of blue only seen in the moments before a winter's night that will never really turn dark</p> <p>as the light of the moon hits the freshly fallen snow that covers the dull remnants of an almost forgotten summer</p>



Snowbells (December 2010)

[prairie messenger version](#)

one by one they fall
in the dead of night
past the spaces that
the leaves once filled

each flake thinking
itself unimportant
as it makes its way
through the frigid air

then landing on a berry
that even the birds
won't eat
until lo and behold
the Christmas bells
are there

<p>windbreak (February 2011)</p> <p>I beckoned the breeze from behind my walls unsure if she would heed my call not sure if she'd respond at all</p> <p>and then</p> <p>I waited waited waited</p> <p>but I could not hear from behind those walls I could not hear her voice all until I stepped outside and someone called</p> <p><i>"come follow me for the breeze yes the breeze she beckons"</i></p>	<p>water from the rock (April 2011)</p> <p>A stare into the black of night Eyes trained on the dark As shadows take their flight</p> <p>A step into the vast unknown Feet that venture forth Soles bare on cold damp stone</p> <hr/> <p>the scribe (June 2011)</p> <p>by the uncertain hand of a tired scribe the word was laid fresh misspelled among us still full of glory and truth</p> <hr/> <p>a reluctant poet (June 2011)</p> <p>the colours that we share at night i grasp and hold with all my might until you push my prayers into the light</p>
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Lot lingered (July 2011)

So let me see
if I've got this right:
Since I am righteous
in your sight
It's off to the hills
in hurried flight?

It's not my place
to second guess
For surely you know
what is best
But hear me out
with one request

I'm a city boy
who's used to sound
to hustle bustle
all around
So might you send me
to a town?

the silent colours of god (August 2011)
[prairie messenger version](#)

they are not
the colours that
catch the eye

grass so brown
that it's hard to imagine
it could have ever been green

weathered rocks
of a such a hard dull gray
that refuses to reflect the sun

and an occasional splash of
yellow that dares to shout
before fading away

Who am I? (September 2011)
[prairie messenger version](#)

You are
the Silence
of the sky

undampened
by the rain

unshaken
by the wind

undarkened
by the night

unless (October 2011)

as the shadows pass
at the close of day
and i watch
the colours
fade to grey
i promise to
forever stay

.
. .
. .
unless, that is,
i walk away

<p><i>runaway moon</i> (November 2011)</p> <p>you'd think it near impossible to lose sight of the moon on a cloudless night</p> <p>but then you glance back up to the exact same spot where you could swear she had been just a moment ago</p> <p>and all you find is a sea of black</p>	<p><i>moon poem # 12</i> (February 2012)</p> <p>a better astronomer than I would know where to find you in the sky</p> <p>and when you have slipped away from view would know when and where to look anew</p> <p>but even with their charts and books I'm unsure of where or when to look</p> <p>so I spend the long and lonely night not knowing if or when you might</p> <p>make me smile in my surprise when there you are before my eyes</p>
<p><i>forever and ever amen</i> (December 2011)</p> <p>sometimes at a dime a dozen they're tossed about freely cavalierly, even</p> <p>making it impossible to track where they land once they fly off my tongue</p> <p>but then there are the other ones formed hesitantly</p> <p>pushed slowly past my lips</p> <p>the ones that You take from me gently to ease my pain</p> <p>yes, those might be my forever and ever amens</p>	<p><i>A quick glance</i> (March 2012)</p> <p>I look at you For a moment or two Then I wander off For there's work to do</p> <hr/> <p><i>Jack and Joy</i> (March 2012)</p> <p>Jack went scrambling Up the hill And slipped upon Some water</p> <p>Jack fell down Knees on the ground And Joy came tumbling after</p>

<p><i>in the dark</i> (April 2012)</p> <p>if we shut our eyes we can linger in the night</p> <p>known to each other only by a silent touch unencumbered by the light</p>	<p><i>in the dark (reprise)</i> (April 2012)</p> <p>wide open eyes stare blindly in the dark</p> <p>searching for each other in a silent quest awaiting the next spark</p>
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<p><i>museum piece</i> (June 2012) <u><i>prairie messenger version</i></u></p> <p>we are a body of jealous bones</p> <p>pulled from the peace of our resting place for the pleasure of prying eyes</p> <p>our return to dust disturbed</p> <p>unceremoniously</p>	<p><i>on the journey to joy</i> (July 2012)</p> <p>my heart rejoices yet my soul is sad</p> <p>my heart is stricken yet my soul is glad</p> <p>my heart is stubborn yet my soul obeys</p> <p>oh that heart and soul might be one some day</p>
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<p><i>futility</i> (December 2012)</p> <p>with all her force she hurls her light into the oceans of the night</p> <p>an act of pure futility swallowed by the boundless seas</p> <p>until the clouds come floating by spreading moonbeams through the sky</p>	<p><i>Guadalupe's Moon</i> (January 2013) prairie messenger version</p> <p>she plants a foot on the dark side of the moon</p> <p>stepping down from the land where roses always bloom</p> <p>leaving petals that turn December into June</p>
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<p><i>and God saw ...</i> (February 2013)</p> <p>her eyes were trained on the ground in that winter way of walking</p> <p>with each foot carefully planted then lifted trying to land on the spots that offer some security and not on those deceptively clear spots like the one that sent her tumbling the last time she ventured out</p>	<p>finally, she reached the door and grasping the handle looked up to see the last shades of pink fading away in the sky and the branches decorated with a layer of frost and wondered what it had looked like while her eyes had been trained on the treacherous ground</p> <p>content in knowing that it had been beautiful and God saw it was good</p>
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<p><i>dying to know</i> (April 2013)</p> <p>if i shed my blood for You if i bled my love for You would You shun me then and there? or would You bind my wounds with care?</p>	<p><i>Nightfall</i> (June 2013)</p> <p>let the worrisome light fade away fade away fade away into night</p> <p>and when the day doth lose its glow come enter the joy you've been dying to know</p>
<p><i>Rearranging Terms</i> (August 2013)</p> <p>She moves the letters To better see The path towards Infinity</p>	<p><i>Our Lady of Blackstrap</i> <i>(Feast of the Assumption, 2013)</i></p> <p>Oh to be loosed From my rootedness</p> <p>To soar with the birds Above the birds</p> <p>To view the world With my soul unfurled</p>
<p><i>Why the clouds sit in front of the moon</i> <i>(November 2013)</i></p> <p>You draw a veil Across your smile And let my soul Be sad a while</p> <p>Hidden until the moment when I'm ready for your joy again</p>	<p><i>ode to a spruce that lives no more</i> <i>(January 2014)</i></p> <p>I had never met such a weary tree</p> <p>grown tired by spring's spurts sprung forth on limbs too old to carry the lightness of youth</p> <p>branches bowed to the ground where now they rest in pieces</p>

<p><i>hush, Lord</i> <i>(January 2014)</i></p> <p>I lie back and watch the shades of blue My body safe within your keeping Silence fills my weary soul, as You hush, Lord, for your servant she is sleeping</p>	<p><i>transitions</i> <i>(Holy Thursday, 2014)</i></p> <p>and so draws to an end the season of the private alleluia where spontaneous smiles arise out of the blue</p> <p>for out of tomorrow's dark night comes synchronized joy exclaimed on cue and if it in the present cannot be found hopes of tomorrow's joy will do</p>
<p><i>Lord Crow</i> <i>(June 2014)</i></p> <p>He sits atop the deadwood That crowns an ancient evergreen His throne carved from lifeless limbs</p> <p>Black wings silhouetted on an empty sky He calls out his presence To all who pass by</p>	<p><i>Lunch at the Beach</i> <i>(August 2014)</i></p> <p>The heron opts for his usual A table for one Fresh fish The catch of the day</p> <p>The crows, however, gather for a 'clam break' Followed by dessert at a berry nice spot just down the road.</p>
<p><i>lunar reflections</i> <i>(January 2015)</i></p> <p>at break of day i shade my face and turn my gaze away</p> <p>being more suited to a view of You that's muted by the moon</p>	<p><i>en pleine lumière</i> <i>(January 2015)</i></p> <p>tu me parles dans une langue partagée entre nous pourtant incompréhensible sans le reflet de la lune</p>

Scholastica's moon
(February 2015)

Let's linger under the lesser light
That gently glows to guard the night
And hold the shadowed beasts at bay
As we await the break of day

Branching Out
(March 2015)

It
takes
time to
trust a tree
and
believe its boughs
will bravely bear
your
worry's
weight

word flow
(July 2015)

our river
of words

trickles
slowly by

what more
is left
to say?

except

everything
unsaid

Lunar associations
(January 2016, for David and Sally)

I stare for hours
at the evening sky

knowing that you were all I was
I was **all** you were

and for the tiniest of moments
the moonlight becomes you

Un-less

You can't see me un-
less, I smile

You can't hear me un-
less, I laugh

And I can't make you understand.

Skyward

She journeys towards
the heavens

Detached from the
hills and rocks
of her ancestral home

Carried by the breeze

Upwards, until . . .



Pray as you can

They each have tried
to find a way
To find their special
way to pray

Some found their voice
by drawing doves
Wounded in their
quest for love

But among the most striking
of them all
One simply said:
fuck the wall

