

Chosen and Other Poems

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I. CHOSEN

It begins to labor:
someone else's secret yearning sequestered
 beneath the cravings of good fortune or fame,
so known and yet un-known,
in whose clasp desire has grown beyond
 proportion
by some strange arrangement made
to lie here among the leaves, amidst the
 silence
gathered within the quivering heart
of an ancient story from a far-away speech
out of its quietude into its past today reveals
an enchantment expressed in words as alien
as the slopes of mountains that now
surround, captive,
yet captivating the overwhelming sound
of its first breath.

Transported now into this incoherent scene
by trees undisturbed as the years
over centuries stirred in their time
of melancholic mornings when the rain
 retreated
to the forests's black enclaves to sleep
there, safely untouched by the intrusion
 of this

momentary presence that stirs, uneasily,
in the glory of daylight's full bloom.
I am undertaken to mount the light
after night required the revelation that I am
alone and come into myself upon a landscape
occupied and opened by distances
in the permanence of age, elusive, solitary,
separate, while I write
the meaning into the hour's soul.

2. LEAVE-TAKING

Distance fades the last hours the longest;
lives on departure's insistent look
of fleeting dreams and things we understood
to be unmoved before they vanished into
the sudden emptiness of growing old
unable to tell the terms that ageing required
removed from promises imposed
upon the spaces of the present from the past.

Towards the uncharted address
proceeding in the sight of endless years
given to one's proper station on earth's
solitary route
of human futures, anxious as it seems, yet
gently drawn through imminent destiny
we forage the realms of relations
retrieving the most blessed wishes
along the way
happiness has bordered safely in the comforts
of its fate, perhaps, once, or several
forsaken selves
faded by the wind's fortune or the star's
enchancing glow upon the nights
that longed for waking more intensely
than the unrequited day.

It may be coming to a close,
painlessly, as when it summoned
the beginning's earnest move.

3. *SCRIPTED*

We simply get bound
by resolutions and agreements
going into the points discussed about
our lives in crises or worse
so that we design a state of rules
created out of fears, false hopes
and fantasies
and mess up the simply visible way
each one of us began with
with that hesitant first step
not very long ago
yet otherwise our sights were set
on scenes beyond the range
of this engagement.

Let us un-bound
much of the violence we have caused
around our words, which ought to speak
no louder
than the sound of truth.

4. APPLICATIONS

Laugh
before the rain defines the way
the day will shape the dark and light
events that have come down on our
was-there-ever-an entirely-definitive-
what's-it-all-about play
where everyone is for the record
done in hoping. I could listen
one more time after turning a page
written in black and white
how dare you cross the excitement of this
“clear and present danger”
the world has already seen
“live” on television.

There could be lesser risks
promoting a need for samples
of lesser claims to fame
when already the entertainment
part of life is
like a basically physically slow
unfolding which may surpass
survival or the stories nature intended
to be taken less seriously
than the laughter we never had
the courage to have.

5. COUPLEHOOD

“where I go
there you are.”

It will come
before you know it
it will be
a consummate light
leaning into the afternoon
of your life
it will speak
softly like a little bird
you must pause
listen patiently
as the evening settles
it will sing
again
and you will know
the song.