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Rude Awakening: A Sampling Of Mystical Verse

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Cover Page Footnote

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THE FERTILE SILENCE

I long for the lore
and thaw
of your ardent proximity,
for the subtle innocence
of our play.

I collect
such moments of eternal sudden
like the stark beat
of a clock,
sharp
and fin-thick the clicking
pocket of time
we dance before the stretch
of dawn.

We bask in hesitations,
in tender pause
to savor a light, a shadow,
that inspire
our search for the fertile silence,
the slowness of eternity,
when you and I
can share the quiet
of a winter's night
and read the scroll
of the heart,
listening
to the voice of dreams.

Within
our blue-stained house
you speak
of calliopes
and red and gold popcorn wagons,
and tell me the wisdom of clouds,
while I weave
the smile of colors
on a wall,
holding my fingers
beneath you
and caressing the pink sand
that flows against my tears,
that slips
through my gaze.

When I feel
the slow glazing of sound
the eyes
make when touching far
from across a room,
I sense a glimpse of shrill light
peeling away
your muted cry.
It is a yearning for some unspoken
tendency
of the heart,
a rustling speech,
and I listen
always for your key upon the door,
for the latch
of a window,
when your hands search
for an opening
in the glass.

We come sometimes
to points
of silence that are different,
to places where
the darkness seems to shine,
exploring
the mystery of water,
seeking the song of jasmine,
the knowledge
in a blade of grass.

When the sun
has rolled up her amber hair,
gently threading
the gown of her seasons,
you lie awake
with eyes glowing
in the warm
darkness
of our fervent arms.

Know, my love,
though the mountains may lose
their voice
and the sky turns to liquid,
I come forever
to taste the fruit
of your emotions,
embrace
the marrow of your words,
the symmetry
of your thoughts,
listening
to the music
of your silence.

H.B. Dill

RUDE AWAKENING: A Sampling of Mystical Verse

Strolling — heart naked —
in the Beloved's verdant garden
My sight caught hold of
stark comeliness:
A thistle in bloom,
A thistle like none ever
I had known,
Or been known by.
Its beguile had penetrated
my sensitivities
And made me want
after its beauty.

Or — had I been
So, so foolish as to
Willingly — that afternoon —
Anticipate the delights
that Love's store would
have for me?

And so I marvelled at it,
And it smiled back my way.
Ah! — but what a fool was I!

For in but brief time
Its blossom had turned from
Midday Sun toward arrogance
Through the pursual.
So I stepped back once,
Then two paces,
Three,
That it might take notice of its
own shadow
And learn what it had always been:
Just a weed —
Just a weed —
Whom I had grown to love.

Donald Blais, OCDS

Molasses

Sticky soft oozing
January snail trails, the
Procrastinating
Sugar just lazes about
the vats soon to smell of rum.

Chris Tanner