Molasses

Chris Tanner

St. John Fisher College
Molasses

Cover Page Footnote
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 tin-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

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

Chris Tanner

And so I marvelling 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

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?

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