

Living Færie

Looking for the Green Man

John A. Mills



Living Færie: Looking for the Green Man

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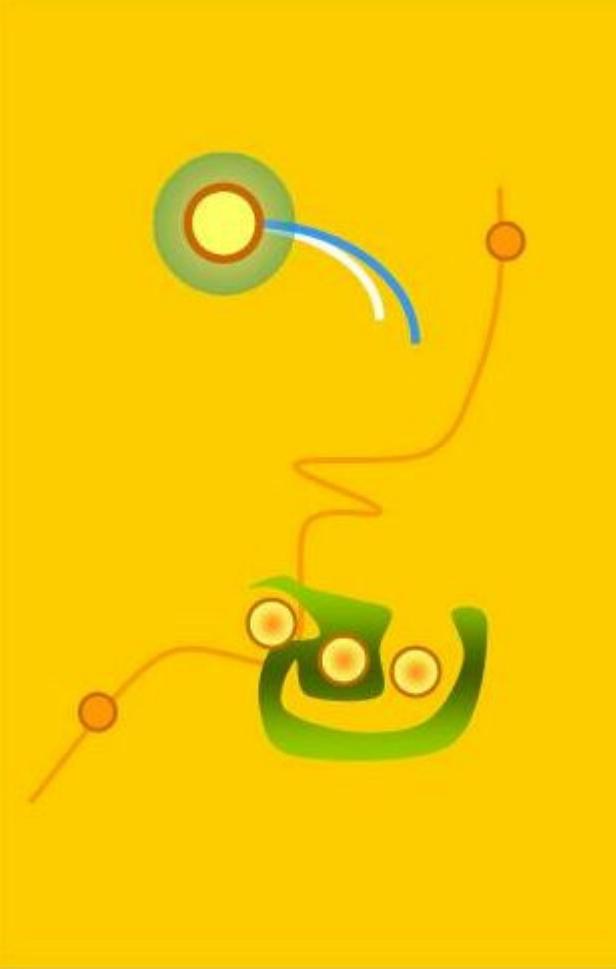
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Preface: To My Muse

O, Muse, for years now you've revealed
To me enchantment within th' world, unsealed
Through mythological and færie tales
That open rational material's veils.
Nature has been dead to us, our sight
Blinded, since the dawning of reason's light –
The world become utility's warehouse,
The fire of our imagination dowsed.
But you, O Muse, the soul offspring of God,
Have been reminding me where fairies trod.
Now I see a fairy in the rustling trees
And hear her fluttering wings in buzzing bees.
I feel in th' sparkling light of dawning day
The presence magical of living fey.
In morning fog I sense them all around,
Their mystery of life in th' holy ground.
Behold, O Muse, th' work of my heart and soul
T' discover færie in my poet's role.

Fanwood, NJ
April 2010

Færie Living



Fog

Færie veil,
 Beyond out of reach:
 Elves and dwarves
 Unicorns and dragons.
Spring enchanted,
 Parting the veil:
 Hyacinths and tulips
 God's mysterious road.
A bond otherworldly,
 Parting the veil:
 A smiling trunk,
 A winking blossom.

Canopy of Leaves

I stand beside the double trunks of the Maple;
I follow their curves upward higher and higher,
To the canopy,
Held up by branching branches,
Thicker, then slender,
One branching smaller than its parent,
Then yet smaller from it,
Like a fractal.

Above all, the late Spring leafy canopy,
Like nodes at the very ends of the slenderest branches,
Makes a roof over færie town.

The spirit of the tree enters me and ...
I see the thriving secret town
That only spirit eyes can see:
Fairies fluttering about the branches
From weedy house to weedy house;
Fairy lovers hiding high in the leaves;
A fairy school stretched along a limb;
Fairy children exploring a tree hollow;
Young fairies climbing on top of the canopy
And swinging to the neighboring Oak.
High in the canopy, two craggy hollows
Sp on lovers and jumping fairies.

In the sparkling early morn light,
The Otherworld in-breaks,
In the shimmering leaves
And swaying limbs.

In the fog shrouded morning,
The Otherworld comes alive
In the flutter that wasn't there,
In the ghostly finger that was only vapor.

In the hot noon-time sun,
The Otherworld fades away
As the leafy canopy stills
And the branches simmer in heat.

Rolling Along Past

Rolling along past ...

a stream snaking through the dense growth,
water rippling over stones,
smiling leaves rustling in the wind.

Rolling along past ...

cast off boxes and bins,
lumber and asphalt,
mattresses and luggage.

Rolling along past ...

unused siding, forgotten box car
parked by abandoned loading docks,
an age gone by.

Rolling along past ...

backdoors and swimming pools,
barbecues and bicycles,
exposed to the rolling voyeurs.

Rolling along past ...

a vacant lot soaked in swampy water,
a hidden world of frogs and rats
and mosquitoes as large as a toe nail.

Rolling along past ...

a power transformer, coils and cables and trestles,
the visible of invisible flow,
lighting up and carrying along.

Rolling along past ...

an unseen other world:
hidden behind and beneath
the long ignored realm.

Unwanted Shoes

To Jeffrey, on Jeffrey not wanting to wear his hard, blue shoes.

Funny is how they make me look,
Not as a player or hero, but a worm in a book.
I don't want these hard blue shoes;
They aren't me, they give me the blues.

Not those – I'm going to wear my sneaks;
They let me run as the lightning streaks.
Off I go, further and further, faster and faster,
Around the corner, into the world vaster and vaster:
Across the tracks and across the highway,
Through the clouds and along the skyway,
I run and run, free and far,
No one to teach, no one to bar.

I zoom down into the greenest, thickest trees,
Alone, among the blustering, growing breeze;
The birds chirp, leaves rustle, and branches snap
Strange noises and at my feet a yawning gap!
Darker and darker, stronger and stronger,
The wind and the rain come longer and longer –
Puddles everywhere, no where dry to step
With feet soaked, all gone is my pep.
Shivering and cold, which way is home?
My sneaks were only good to roam.

I felt a tapping and you know what a treat!
There were my hard blue shoes at my feet!
They were pointing home, crying, "wear me!"

Sneaks in hand, I put them on, saying, "bear me!"
And off, up, up, and away I ran
Mounting upon the wind, far above the land.
My hard blue shoes brought me back
And how I knew what I had lacked:
 Those hard blue shoes that were not me
 Offered me more than ere I could see!

Wanted Shoes, or Pink Sneakers

To Jeffrey, on Jeffrey wearing his pink sneakers.

They're my sneakers and they make me gay.

I think I'll wear them every day.

They're special and comfortable and **PINK!**

They show I'm special. What do you think?

I'm not gay, but they sure are fun.

They let me be the stand-out one.

I'm soon outta here for good,

And off to a more distant 'hood:

So I'm going to leave my mark

And maybe a new boy's fashion spark.

I walk the halls and stroll the stores,

I drive my car and do my chores,

Always wearing my sneakers, flashing I'm me

– An upstream swimming fish in the sea.

And the girls stop me to say how cool.

They know they're great; I'm no fool!

Maybe you think I'm weird.

Maybe you think I'm queer.

But it was how I was reared.

And I say why not cheer!

A Great Adventure Unfinished

Twisting and turning over and under –
More mysterious than lightening and thunder –
I crawl through a tunnel of orange shining light,
Up to a crow's nest of far seeing sight;
My friends scramble up eagerly behind
And we see shadowy figures of a strange kind
In the far, distant dark green wood
Approaching fast our neighborhood.

We let out a raucous hoot
And turn down a windy route
Across bridge and over net
To our fort's deck and parapet.
I wrestle control for the best seeing place
And focus in on one mysterious face –
Is it good or bad, ugly or sweet?
When they arrive what will I meet?

We scramble down the slick spiral slide
To the next lower level towards the far side
Into a plastic room of bubble portals
And up a ladder amid our chortles
To an upper room of carved gargoyles –
Split tongues, pointed ears, and full of boils –
Through that haunt we scampered up stairs
Into a maze of translucent geodesic squares;
Up and up, through and through we wound
Into the open air exposed without a single bound,
And there not far away in the next room

We faced the strange faces of our doom.

A great abyss stood between here and there,
Only a tightrope bridged the spacious air;
Never and no way could we meet those
Who were our adventure's incognitos
If we would not tread that narrow tightrope
And chance the fall with ne'er a hold to grope.

I could climb and wind back to the ground
Onto sure terra firma, the rope confound.
But I know that because I walked there
Across safely and certainly and did not dare,
When I climb into that far away room
I would find naught but dull and stale doom.

Storm

Gathers a Storm, a Storm of the Anguished
Threatening thunder of the brooding Vanquished

Serene is my garden green
Between the lilacs and the roses,
a mid spring dream.

I hear a rustling on high
The leaves above move against the sky.
The trees frown and brood,
Darkening the spring fresh mood.

In the glaring sunlight the cosmos drizzles
All our efforts at shelter frizzles

O how God weeps
Our sins she reaps

The compressed sky cracks and blasts
Free at last!

Dæmon Crab

Anèriklés rested from his planting.
He looked beyond his Garden
To the dry land.

Here and there, he saw a garden oasis.
He bent down

And sowed vegetables, herbs, and flowers.
In the soil and the seed as nowhere else
He was right in the right place at the right time
Embraced in the garden's rhythmic song.

Anèriklés stood before the Oracle,
Surrounded by the solid rocks of the cave,
Her caldron burning bright,
Students in shimmering robes
Holding torches in an enclosing arc.

She glared deep into him.

**You bear a sign within you,
A sign that governs your future
Of life or death.
But I know not which.
The Wizard can determine your fate.
Go to him and receive his incantations.**

Anèriklés departed from her cave
Into the shadows cast by Helios,
Into sunlight clouded on a cloudless day.
In front of him the Mountains Diabolic
Reached beyond, disappearing into the sky.
Through the Mountains a river carved
A road, dark and obscure, to the Wizard's Lair.

Upon this road into every-narrowing ravines
Anèriklés trod with eyes front,

Daring not to look right nor left
Into the shadows.
Each step drew him deeper and deeper
Into darkness closing in on Helios.
The Wind whispered down the road:
Death. Prepare for Death.
The shadows followed Helios.
But within the shadows shades followed Anèriklés.

He rounded a bend and was stopped by a rock.
Behind it a light beckoned him:
An aura of glowing brilliance of sheltering hope.
As he approached it the whispers faded away.
The shades withdrew
And Helios filled the ravine with transparency.
But when he reached for the light,
It fled.

At last Anèriklés emerged into the Lair.
The Wizard raised his staff and said,
Have you any sign before?
No, never. I've been free of sign and mark.
I see a sign that is dark and doomy.
Return when I've prepared an incantation.
Before you come, you must be cleansed.
I will give you a potion.
Then my incantation will reveal the truth.
Now, go! His voice reverberated.

Anèriklés dreadfully left for the Mountains.
Out of the shadows emerged a shade
Blocking his way.
Beyond he saw his Garden
And its rightness,
Engraved on Sòtería.
The shade's pincers struck at him

As close as can be
And not touching.
Again it struck and again it struck.
He froze; all the world stopped
Except the pincers.
Then Psyché wailed:
And he escaped, fleeing –
But an atom of his soul stayed
With the phantasmorphic crab.

At last before him stood Gynéa, his true lover.
With open arms she greeted him.
He fled into them.
There he remained with her through the night and day.
He dreamed:
Unformed darkness
Dread
Dropping to death
Pincers converging
Anèriklés started awake,
Climbing out of the Abyss.
He went into Gynéa's soul
He dreamed:
Sòtería hung upon the highest peak
Of the Mountains Diabolic.
He with brilliant Pístia climbed towards it,
Rhemia sheathed, having warded off the shades.
But then he slid and tumbled back down the peak.

As night gave way to Aurora,
He beheld about them an aura of light:
A shield, Pistía, hovered next to him.
He held it up and hope stirred within him.

Now Gynéa bound on him Alethéia,
Her knot curves faded, but visible.

Together they hoed and planted their Garden Amnesia.
With Pistía against an Oak shining on them
And Helios showering nourishment into the soil.
The plants offered their fruit:
Beans, tomatoes, peppers, eggplant.
The land rejoiced in its fertility.
Anèriklés and Gynéa rejoiced in the right moment
And Alethéia glowed.

As Anèriklés plucked out unwanted invaders,
He found a Ruby in the soil
And thought of Thygátrion.
He said to Gynéa,
*The sign within me cannot be evil.
She has lost once.
Surely Theos would not have her lose again.*
He fastened the Ruby into Pistía.

Dear Philos, insightful and caring,
Crossed over the land to Anèriklés:
You are not here.
Are you well?
*I have a sign deep within me.
The Wizard has not calculated its danger yet.*
I am with you through this,
As is Theos.

Now Anèriklés prepared to return to the Wizard.
The potion he drank:
He strapped Dikáia over his heart
Sparkling with the new found Ruby.
He bound Alethéia to his waist
Now dully glowing,
And clasped Rhemía, sheathed, onto Alethéia.
And lifted Pistía,
Now shining with Dikáia.

Thus armored he advanced to the Mountains Diabolic.

As he approached the Mountains' portal
A storm gathered, hiding Helios, blackening the sky.
Pistía faded overwhelmed by the gloom.
In the shadows and in the electric air
Shades gathered.

Anèriklés stooped to avoid the pincers.
As once again he traveled through the ravines,
The shadows advanced.
The shades struck with piercing pincers,
Just held back by Pistía.

As he stepped into the Wizard's lair
He was taken into a cave deep in the cavern.
There he was ordered to leave behind
Pistía, Alethéia, Rhemía, and Dikáia,
Determined, though, he grasped Rhemía.
The wizard entered and ...

With his wand reached into him.
He brought out the sign's image.

**I must take this to a Wizard who knows this sign.
I will return in a week.**

Unsheathing Rhemía, Anèriklés asked:
How damning is it?

**I cannot be sure, but I've seen this before.
It may not be evil – indeed likely it is not.
And even if it is, we can fight it off.**

Anèriklés bound himself with Alethéia again
She glowed brightly.
He fasten on Dikáia and Rhemía,
And with Pistía headed home.

Again the shades haunted him on the journey.
He espied a Ruby in the crevices

And thought of Nymphé.
She too had a sign – but outside.
He prayed to Theos,
*She too comes to the Order of Wizards
And fights the shadows.
O Theos, should a life be taken,
Let it be mine.*

And Dikáia's rubies sparkled brilliantly
And Pistía shined out.

Gynéa and he watered and fertilized their Garden.
The plants reached for Helios
Hour by Hour they grew.
From the yellow and white blooms
fruit emerged.
As Helios shined,
Uranos opened with nourishing water.
Pistía covered them.
Alethéia bound them.

Dear Philos crossed again,
How went it?
*The mystery will be resolved soon.
I carry Pistía always.*
As I do.
How goes your Mother?
Day by day.
Pray for her.
I will.

Dikáia glowed.
Again Anèriklés went into the Mountains Diabolic.
Alethéia glowed,
Its light obscuring the shades.
Pistía shined, hiding the shades.
But as Anèriklés approached the Lair

Alethéia faded; Pistía darkened.
The shades solidly
Followed him into the Lair.

He waited –
Stripped of his armor,
Grasping for Pistía,
Feeling the pincers approach
In the dark fog

The Wizard at last appeared.
The sign is innocent.
You are free, except ...
Another sign is coming.
Wait. Return three months hence.
And I will observe again.
We will banish it!

As Anèriklés left
Alethéia glowed brilliantly.
Free at last – almost.
As he entered the Mountains Diabolic
Alethéia's light guided his way,
The shades cowering,
Withdrawing from the light.
Before him, obscured by Alethéia's brilliance
Was Sòtería, just out of reach.

Anèriklés returned to the Garden of Amnesia.
Helios shone bright and transparent through the green.
The green embraced him in forgetfulness.
Gynéa side by side worked with him
As Alethéia bound them hip to hip.
Pistía leaned against the Oak glowing faintly.
High above in the azure sky,
Sòtería waited.

His nights were peaceful and oblivious,
While the crab slept in its lair.
Then he fell
Into formless darkness.
Around him the Garden withered, rotted.
Its soil died, Helios clouded, Uranos closed tight.
He and Gynéa wandered, starving.
He woke from the Abyss in sudden panic.
He reached for Pistía.
Alethéia, dull, would not bind.
Though Sòtería's light glowed,
He could not don it in the shadow of Dæmon Survival.

He fled to the Garden of Amnesia.
There he worked
With Pistía shielding him
And Alethéia binding him.
But still he looked only to the soil,
And not up to Sòtería.
Only here was
He right in the right place at the right time.

Anèriklés now hung up
Pistía and Alethéia on the Oak.
There they faded and dulled.
Sòtería faded and faded into the breeze.

Anèriklés lived in his Garden of Amnesia
The fairy queen and her tribe,
the weather leprechaun,
the shadow fairy,
the mushroom gnome
the crow and crow man
watched over the garden.

Helios and Uranos nurtured the garden.
Anèriklés tended it

and breathed in its soul.
But in the brilliance of Helios
and the quenching of Uranos
Anèriklés was shadowed.

The garden bloomed
and the fruit ripened.
Gynéa and Thygátrion partook
Of the fruit of Amnesia
And Anèriklés rejoiced in the harvest.

As the Garden grew and matured
Each day when Helios fled
Hypnos crept over Anèriklés
And blesséd Limbo embraced him.
But in the dark light before Aurora wakes
Mnemon crept into his soul
And the threat of the shadows
Cast him into deep darkness,
The shadows pulling him down and down
Until he folded his soul into Gynéa's,
Embraced once again by Amnesia.

Yet unrelentingly came the time
To return to the Wizard
To finally expose the sign,
To learn whether he would live or die
To the Garden.

Once again Anèriklés faced
The Valley of Shadow
In the Mountains Diabolical.
About his waist was Alethéia,
dull and plain,
And carried across his heart, Pistía,
plain and faded,
Except for its shining Ruby.

The shadows hovered close –
never touching, never gone –
always threatening.

There in the brightly lit cavern
The Wizard again peered deep with him.
His wand, like a crab's pincher,
Exposed the sign.
Again the Wizard left for his Wizard
To return in a week or more.
Anèriklés shrugged and departed.

He returned through the Valley of Shadows,
Alethéia and Pistía still faded;
But now even Pistía's Ruby was dulled.
He, swift-footed, fled the Valley
never looking back,
never looking side by side,
curled up,
fleeing to his womb.

At last he arrived in the Garden;
But now to wait and wait.
Each day, bright, clear, brilliant, cast in shadow.
Each day, overcast, rainy, deepened in shadow.
Each day, he stood to resist
the pressing weight of the shadows
Tired, oh so very tired!

Dear Philos crossed once again,
Have you learned your fate?
No not yet ... not yet.
I will pray for you.
I will report to you ... oh, I hope soon.

And by Theos' grace,
He learns that the sign of Nymphé
Is innocent.

O Theos, let it be so with me!

Let me live and die in the Garden!

The days dragged on.

The shadows crept over the Garden,
Mnemon following, sweeping them up,
Leaving the Garden agéd.

The fairies undaunted

Bound Mnemon to the Garden.

One day the Wizard arrived at the Garden
And to Anèriklés said,

Your sign is innocent.

You are spared... for now.

Anèriklés put on Alethéia

And took up Pistía,
Its Ruby glowing fiery red.

And stretched his arms

To Uranos and Helios

And stretched his legs

Into the Garden's depths.

The Ruby's light arc'd ...

Anèriklés wandered in the ashes

Of his Garden;

Mnemon appeared before him

And the phantasmorphic crab overwhelmed him.

He held Pistía against the crab.

But the crab stripped off Alethéia

And left him naked.

Then Pistía's Ruby glowed

and glowed and glowed

from red warmth to blue hot to white super-hot

and struck his heart ...

And he and the Garden were one.

No longer did Amnesia cover him.
Now he ... garden and human ...
Seared and melded,
Were encased in a Ruby red egg

Stripped of everything:

Garden
Gynéa
Thygátrion
Alethéia
Pistía.

He ... no longer they ... empty and free.

He felt his arms and legs
stretching and stretching,
Breaking forth from the egg.

Out of the ashes,
Out of the egg,
Now a phœnix,

He rose up,
Sòtería upon his crested head,
Alethéia encircling his neck,
Dikáia engraved on his breast,
Pistía in his right claw,
Rhemía in his left claw
and he

Soared upon the wind.

Dramatis Personæ

Alethéia	belt of truth
Anèriklés	The Male
Dikáia	breastplate of righteousness
Gynéa	The Female
Nymphé	The Daughter-In-Law
Philos	The Friend
Pistía	shield of faith
Rhemía	sword of words
Sòtería	helmet of salvation
Thygátrion	The Child

Together

Our toes dig into the earth,
stretching to its depths,
branching and intertwining each with each,
meshing with God;

Our fingers reach into the cosmos,
stretching to its outer limits,
branching and interweaving each with each,
merging with God;

Stretching from the infinitesimal depths,
around to the infinite reaches,
fingers touching toes,
interpenetrated,
embraced and filled with God.

God's Signature

I lingered on a city street
By a church growing obsolete;
Beyond, towards Cosmic Freedom pointed
Its stony tower, in time and space disjointed.
I followed it into the morning sky
And felt welling up a joyous cry:
There in the clear and crystal azure blue,
Diaphanous, was the unearthly, soothing moon;
While a jet, glimmering, silvery bright,
Silently glided on a trail of white
Up I reached past Church and God's estranged child
And stretched between God and the moonish wild.

In the deep still and soundless cold
Where no fire burns and no tales told:
In the endless craters and puffy dust
Where no Eden bloomed to fall to lust:
In the airless void like an unspeaking sage
Where a moment's change extends for an age:
On the eternally sterile pall
Where no rain will ever fall,
No rainbow ever call:
Under unblinking stars in impenetrable nights
Where Endless Space caresses the motionless heights:
I stood in Luna's silence so deep
That a scream in the ear caused not a peep,
Encased in metal and plastic so thin
To be between hostile clime and skin.

From crater to rock I bounded,
My earthy weight confounded;
Leap by leap I raced to the horizon far,
Overseen by each ice cold star:
A twinkling in the bare moonscape,
A sudden, alien, sleek shape
Grew larger as I neared;
Up before me it's orb reared:
A precise and calculated technowomb
Teaming with immigrant Life abloom.

Encapsulated in its clear, invisible, skin,
Interface between the Still and the living din,
We worked and moved and played
And had our being each passing day
In geometric apartments and cubes,
Through circular alleys and tubes,
Among experiments and laboratories,
Before new frontiers and observatories,
Managed and scheduled for integration
Into the computerized and maintained regulation.

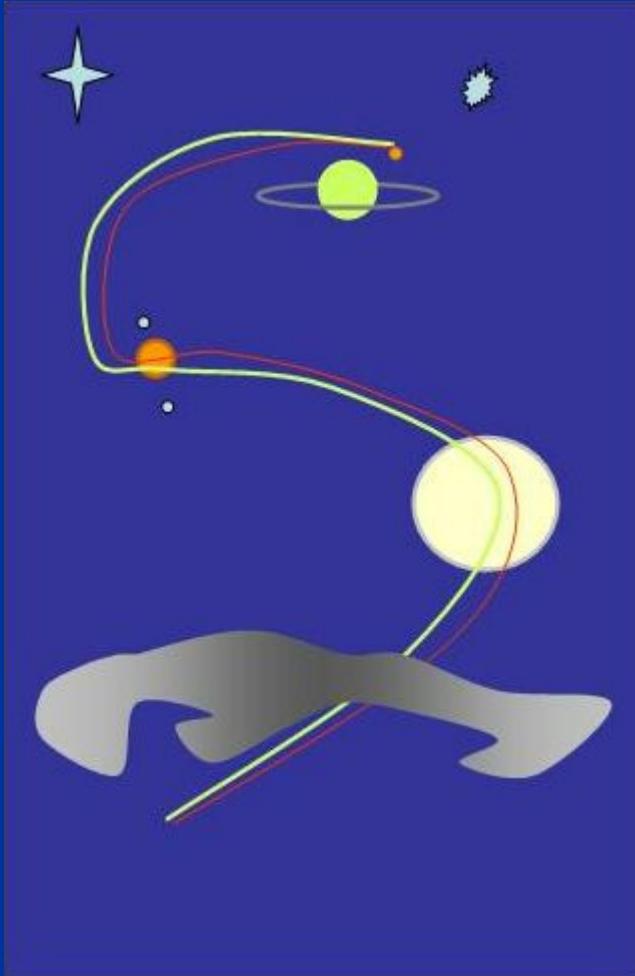
Yet, serendipitously, in a corner alone,
Obscure, unplanned, there had grown
A green, tall pepper,
Unsanitary as a leper,
Sprouting from some contamination,
Its fruit ineffably beautiful in configuration;
Growing against our hands and minds
With awesome graces and worldly kinds:
E'en across the void in sterile cans the green

Disrupts unperturbed by th' machine.

Through the clear, invisible dome
Suspended in space, our home,
A crystal orb blue and green and white,
Divided by a soft line between day and night,
Beckoned me to its streets,
Called me back to its sweets.

Up I reached beyond God and the moonish wild
And stretched to Church and God's estranged child:
I had seen God's signature in a superstring
And heard God's love in the Cosmic sing;
Would but Wisdom and its priests fall silent
Would that Science, its child, offer its Talent.

Space Fairies



Silver Apple of the Moon



The twilight has passed and night is becoming.
The dark is glowing in the silver light of the moon.
The harsh reality of doing is banished
And soft mystery is walking the land.

I stretch my arms to the moon
And the day's guilt, shame and worry
Melt in her cool heat.

Moonbeams play about me
Shaping a fairy, translucent and luminous,
Her silver wings fluttering and
Her flowing hair rustling in the moonlit breeze.
The demanding, unforgiving day where everything is known,
Disappears into the dark.

She holds her hand out to me
And I entwine my fingers with her slender fingers.

She offers me a silver apple
And biting into it
We stand on the shores of the Sea of Nector
In the vacuum-clear night...

Sheltered by the Tree of Mythic Life
Laden with silver apples
Ripe and delicious
Growing in the moonish vacuum,
Out of reach in our rational days,
Now nourishing me in the moon's sunny night,
So far away, close enough to touch.



The silvery Nectar washes to and fro over my feet
As I am drowned in sweet release.
In the emptiness of the moon's no-air
I sense clearly at last the World.

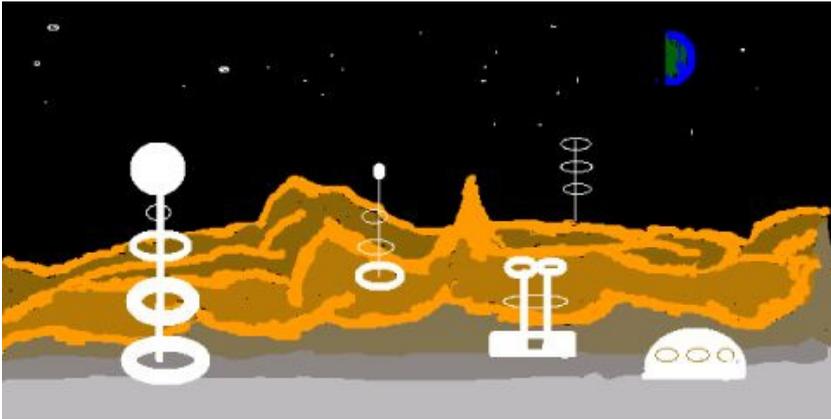
Upon the Sea and over the Land,
Moon fairies flutter about.
One approaches me out of the Land of Manna.
She invites me into her boat bobbing on the sea.
We float over the sea,
Her delicate fluttering wings propelling us.

Dreamingly she and I lull in the boat.
Above in the pitch black vacuum,
Unhindered I see Mother Earth,
Singing to me in colorful tones
And crying in the fog of material.
Like a fetus in a womb,
I float between Luna and Earth,
Between oceanic depths and desert shallowness.

Then our boat begins to rock and rock—
The waves slammed against us.
We have drifted into the Bay of Severity.

My moon fairy flutters her wings and
I paddle with my hands in desperation
Until we achieve the sweet, calm Sea once again.

Now we float towards the Golden Ridge
Rising just above Nectar Basin.
In the distance, I can see clearly ...
A strange and mythic town.



On shore my moon fairy takes my hand
And leads me across the barren Basin
To the foot of the Ridge
And walks me into Moontown,
A timeless town,
Embracing all-time.

I wondered
Among the Crystal Spirals and Domes,
She walking beside me, her wings folded.
She guides me up the gentle golden slope,
The gold fading as we walked by.
At last we reach the highest spiral.

We climb around and around to the top.
Stretching out before us is the moon's silver craterscape.

We can see the Fertile Sea in the distance
And still further the Tranquil Sea beyond Manna.
Sometime when I return we will go there.

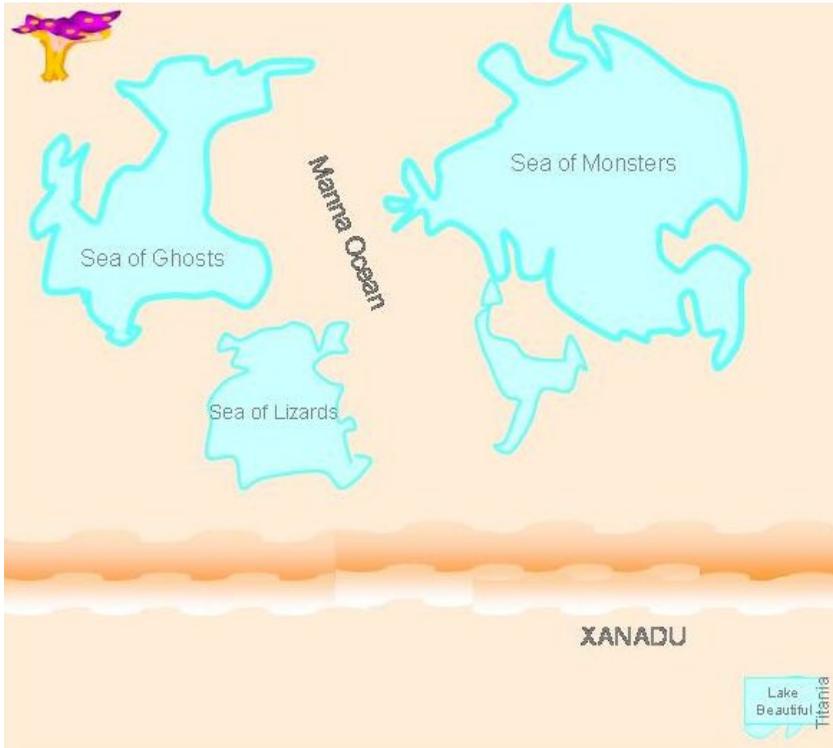
We stretch out together to look into the sky.
Unhindered, we see steady, shining stars.
Together we float into the infinite
Timelessness and Spacelessness
Beyond the stellar dome,
Intertwined together as one.

At last we return
And descend to Nectar's Sea.
There on the shore
She hands me a silver apple
And says forget me not ...
Return to me.



I turn and the dawn breaks forth.
The Sun's slanting rays shower
The garden and trees with golden brilliance
And the branches of the Spirit in nature embrace me.
With silver apple in hand,
I step into the Light.

Golden Apple of Titan



Helio descends
And Morpheus embraces my earthly day.
Hespera, Light of the Evening,
In the twilight between day and night,
Waters the Golden Apples of Immortality.
She beckons me into the dark mystery of Mother Nyx.

I am surrounded by the færies of the night,
Invisibly moving in trees and houses,
Silently replying to the chirping and howling
Of the denizens of the night,

Animating every stone,
 every grass blade, and
 every sidewalk
Joining together this world and the Other World ...

I cling to Nyx
And search the Night Sky,
Penetrating the sunless atmosphere,
The New Moon invisible,
The stars brilliant.
I focus ever so carefully
My telescope upon one deep wanderer
And Ringéd Saturn materializes.
In close conjunction, I discover Titan,
Mightier than Mercury,
Saturnian Moon-Planet of mystery.

I reach up to Titan
To embrace its mythic mystery of strangeness.
From within Titan's swirling atmosphere,
A bolt of lightening races towards me.
In a flash, she materializes before me,
Her golden skin and wispy gown
Glowing in the star-lit darkness,
Her greenish hair floating on her shoulders.

From under her robe
She produces a golden apple.
Stretching out her ghostly hand,
She offers it to me.
I reach for it and ...
We become two bolts of light
Rocketing to Titan.

We soar towards Luna.
My Moon Fairy joins us ...
We hover over

the Sea of Nectar that she and I had sailed
and Moontown that we had visited.

Onward we go,
And my Moon Fairy waves farewell.

Soon we approach mythical Barsoom.
Below I can see the long dead canals and oceans.
There! There is ancient Helium!
So close, so far –
I can imagine riding with
John Carter, Dejah Thoris and their children
against the Green Martians.

Now bolt by bolt
We flash by Asteroids and King Jupiter,
As Saturn grows and grows
Against the deep, cosmic darkness.

At last we dip into the Titanic Air
Coming to rest upon its ground.
We stand on the Ocean of Manna,
Its brown coffee-sand
Crunching under our feet.
We inhale the Methanic Air
In the pale green haze.
In the sky above looms Ringéd Saturn
Ever over-watching its brother
With dull Helios hanging close by.

Beside us, sheltering us
Stands the Tree of Mythic Knowledge
It's Golden Apples, rich and sweet,
Hanging among its red-violet leaves
Within our reach.
My Titanic Fairy reaches up and plucks one,
Offering it to me.



I take it
and feel the fairy energy fill me.

Close by in the distance
We see a sea,
Its torquoise waters waving upon the shore.
My Titanic Fairy beckons me to follow her.
We hike over the sand,
Along the way red-violet shoots bloom
As if guiding us to the Sea.
At last we arrive on the beach,
It's ethanic waters washing up on our feet.
Midget Helios sitting on the horizon,
Hespera's twilight dull and stretched.

On the Sea sailed ghostly boats
With ghostly people.
My titanic fairy tells that
The Sea of Ghosts is in the Other World
And we see it's image through the Methanic haze.
On the beach is a wispy boat
And she leads me into it.
We set sail on the Sea:
Helios no longer on the horizon,
But high up by Saturn,
Its paced slowed
As other-time stretches long.

We floated on the torquoise sea,
Calm and peaceful
The ethanic-water bright and brilliant,
The boats and denizens colorful,
And time slowed simply to be.

Then we espied a great fleet
Sailing upon the deep waters.

Upon the sails was the
Tree of Mystic Knowledge.
In their midst was one great ship,
With high decks fore and aft.
My fairy announced that
There sails Mab, Queen of Fairies.
We must announce ourselves.

Excitedly, her wings expand
And on her excitement, I too take wing ...
Before Mab we stand, not bowed,
For here no one is below.
She welcomes us heartedly
And calls us to visit the
Realms of Titan.

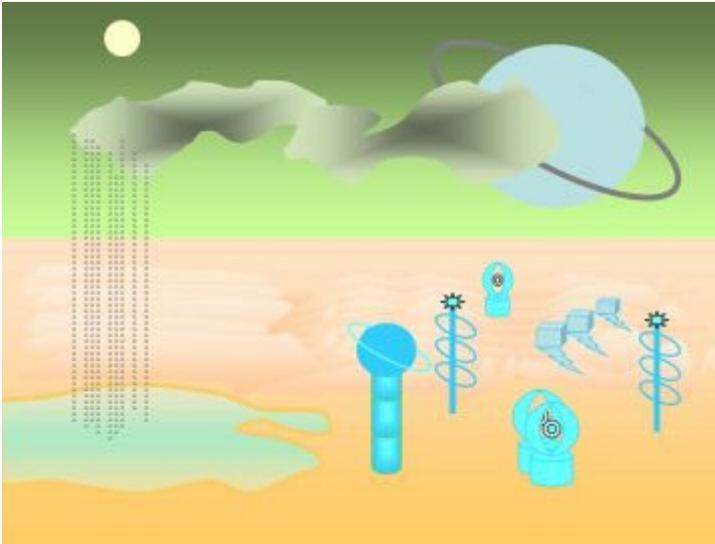
Upon wing we pass over the Sea
And return to this world...
Helios has risen and set and risen again
Since our timeless stay with Queen Mab.

Below us, through the methanic haze
We see another Sea, south.
In it swims great lizards
 breathing fiery ethane,
 ethanic water washing over
 scaly green and membranous red.
One with spiked tail and violet-red crest
 takes wing and soars towards us.
He has found his supper.
My Titanic Fairy dives deep and swift
Towards the Ocean of Manna,
Bearing me on her wake.

Soon once again we float
Above one more sea,
Large and roiling, volcanic in its turmoil.

Then out of its depths rears
A great Kraken, its mighty and soft body
Stretching up from the bottom of sea,
It's tentacles
 engulfing a boat and
 sweeping up its doomed passengers.

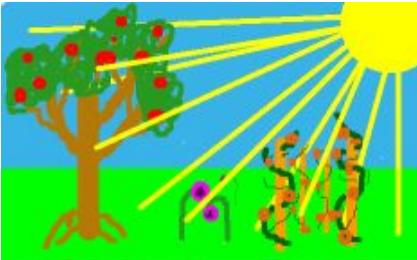
At last we cross over the sandy dunes
And cross into Xanadu.
Here we rest along the Lake of Beauty.
Its bluish green waters laps upon the beach.
The greenish hazed absent so
Ringéd Saturn is brilliant in the sky.
Red-violet trees circle the lake
And a gentle breeze flutters their leaves.



East of Beautiful Lake stretches Titania,
Capital of Xanadu.
We land upon its wharf,
Docking our wispy boat.

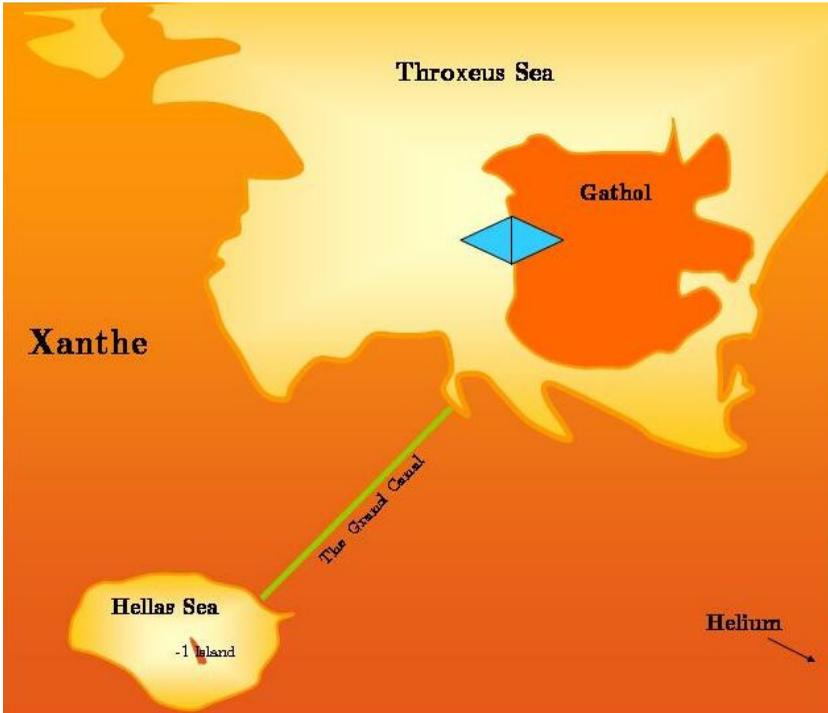
We stroll among Titania's
Crystal towers and glowing orbs, and
Strange lightening living units
Inhabited by strange titans,
Tall and stretched,
Fingers long and slender,
Greenish blue of skin,
Eyes of violet-red,
Seeing infrared and color.
They invite us into their
Praising and rejoicing
Of the wonders we had seen.

Titania and I stroll one last time
Among the crystal towers and glowing orbs.
She is fading,
 returning to the Other World.
I still hold her offering of the golden apple.
She points at it and proclaims
 Forget not me or Titan ...



I turn and
Aurora, Light of the Dawn, breaks forth.
Brilliant Helio's slanting rays shower
The garden and trees with golden brilliance
And the vines of the Spirit in nature embrace me.
With golden apple in hand,
I step into the Light.

Copper Gem of Mars



The night, dark and hidden,
The stars and the wanderers alone in the sky
Give dark light ...
Earth greens and reds fade to gray,
Rustling in the cool dense air.

Mine eyes are drawn to the light.
In the dome of vastness
I behold Orion's Belt,
 three lights in a row.
I scan further to
 the Red Wanderer

standing near by his queen –

I stretch my arms to that Wanderer
and feel the earth shift.

The night, deep and mysterious awakens.

I see an imperceptible flash:

Ulysses Paxton, swordsman, has passed off Jasoom.

I reach up and cry out to blood-red Barsoom,
that startling red point among the stars.

I long for that titanic passing
to detour to Helium on the rusty dead seas.

But, alas, I'm returned to Jasoom.

I cry out to Barsoom ...

And in my longing,
my garden in the night's mystery
Flutters.

Barsoom's fiery fingers reach across space to me,
Play and dance around and before me.

Within their reddish orange currents,
A shape takes form and ...

Before me stands a red fairy,
her reddish translucent wings a flutter.

But unlike her sisters, she wears no wispy gown.
She wears but the metal of a Martian, and
Strapped to her bare leg is a woman's sharp-edged defense.

She plucks from her bejeweled harness

And reaching out to me,
Offers me a copper gem.

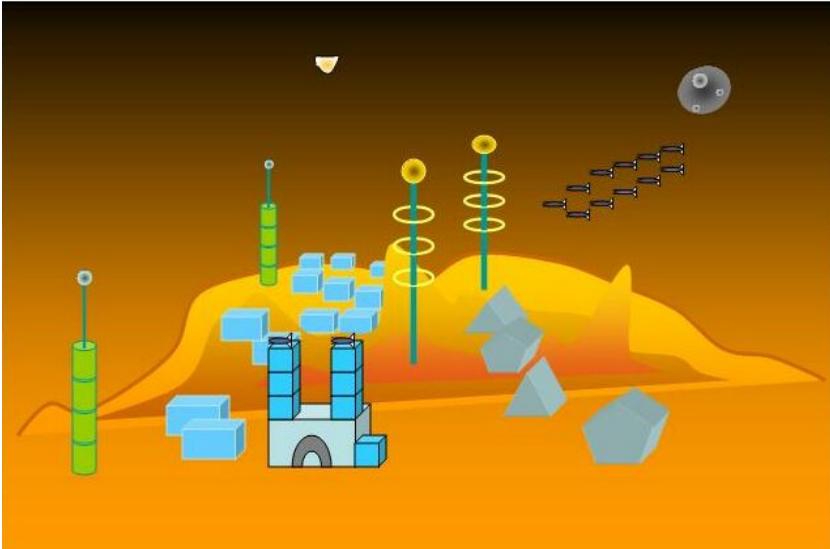
I grasp it in my hand ...

... And we stand upon a ridge –
rusty red regolith under our bare feet.

We stand in the shade of the Red Tree
of Mythic Adventure.
It shelters us in the thin Martian air
from the harsh miniature sun.
Its canopy arched over us
And down its trunk embedded are
copper gems.



In the distance, we see the far ridge
of the dry ocean –
We stand by Throxheus!
In the middle great Gathol sprawls
over its ancient island down to the ocean's bottom.
Dry wind whispers across its salty marches.
In the distance, we see the greened Grand Canal.



There is a blink of but an instant of dusk
And day becomes night.
I turn to my copper fairy.
Her green eyes glow in the pale light of the Martian night.

Overhead, Dreadful Cluros
reflects its light upon the ocean,
Dancing with the fast moving shadows of
Twice big Fearful Thuria racy across the night sky.
As I watch the lunar dance,
I feel water washing over my feet.
I look towards Gathol
And Throxus once again watered the shore
And Gathol is an island again.
No more the rusty red regolith,
But verdant green pasture
And fruit-laden tress with copper fruit surround us.

Then Thuvia sets and once again we stand in rusty regolith
Suddenly, like a blind snapped up, there was light,
Dawn passes in a flash,
And the miniature sun rises above the horizon.

Again we look towards Gathol
And behold it besieged by a great green horde.
My fairy touches me and I grasp the copper gem.
She stretches her wings
And we soar into the thin Martian air
Southeast towards Helium.
Swift as light we come upon a great fleet –
The Heliumite fleet has come for Gathol.
There upon the bridge of the lead ship is John Carter
And beside him, his ever-youthful, aged wife,
the incomparable Dejah Thorus.
Behold I see a child born of Llana of Gathol,
Granddaughter of John Carter,
Egburis, raised in ancient Gathol,
A warrior like his great grandfather.

From on high, in the gentle winds of Mars –
Never the fierce and punishing winds of Earth –

My red fairy and I, hovering on her wings,
Watch as the green horde turns and
And raises its radium rifles and fires!
The great fleet maneuvers elegantly
To avoid the barrage attack
Quickly the fleet propels against the horde.

The horde turns to run ...
... So unlike their aggressive boldness.
On the command ship, Egburis cries out:
In the distance was a brownish curtain.
We feel the winds ever so slightly,
The Martian thin air unable to sustain a sailing wind.
But comes rapidly upon us that curtain
Of fine Martian regolith, fierce even in its gentleness.
My fairy outstretches her wings over me
And together we dive to the solid rock of Mars...

... We arise from our sandy blanket
And stand again upon the shore of Throxus.
And about us is the grounded fleet,
 sheltered in canopies extended from their hulls.
Now they rise again, shaking off the regolith
And race to Gathol.

There upon the ancient island's ridges stand
The people of Gathol.
Among them stands Gahan, Jeddek of Gathol and
His beloved Tara of Helium, daughter of John Carter.
With them their daughter Llana
Waves to her son Egburis –
The green horde far gone or deeply buried,
No longer a threat.
The great family re-unites in its joy of peace.

My fairy guides me about Gathol
To see its ancient shore lines and

Its wondrous diamond mines.

But now my time is come to return
The Red Fairy outstretches her arms and wings to me.
Farewell to Barsoom and farewell to Mars.
All around are the reds and oranges and browns
Of the Martian climate, even by the Red Tree.

I hold out the copper gem to her and
She gives it back.
For an instant, between seconds,
Fairy Mars, dying Barsoom, returns to its ancient glory:
I see the gentle waves,
 subdued by small moons and a small planet.
I see mighty fleets sailing upon the seas and
Martian women and men in gorgeous trappings
Trading and celebrating,
Inventing and writing.

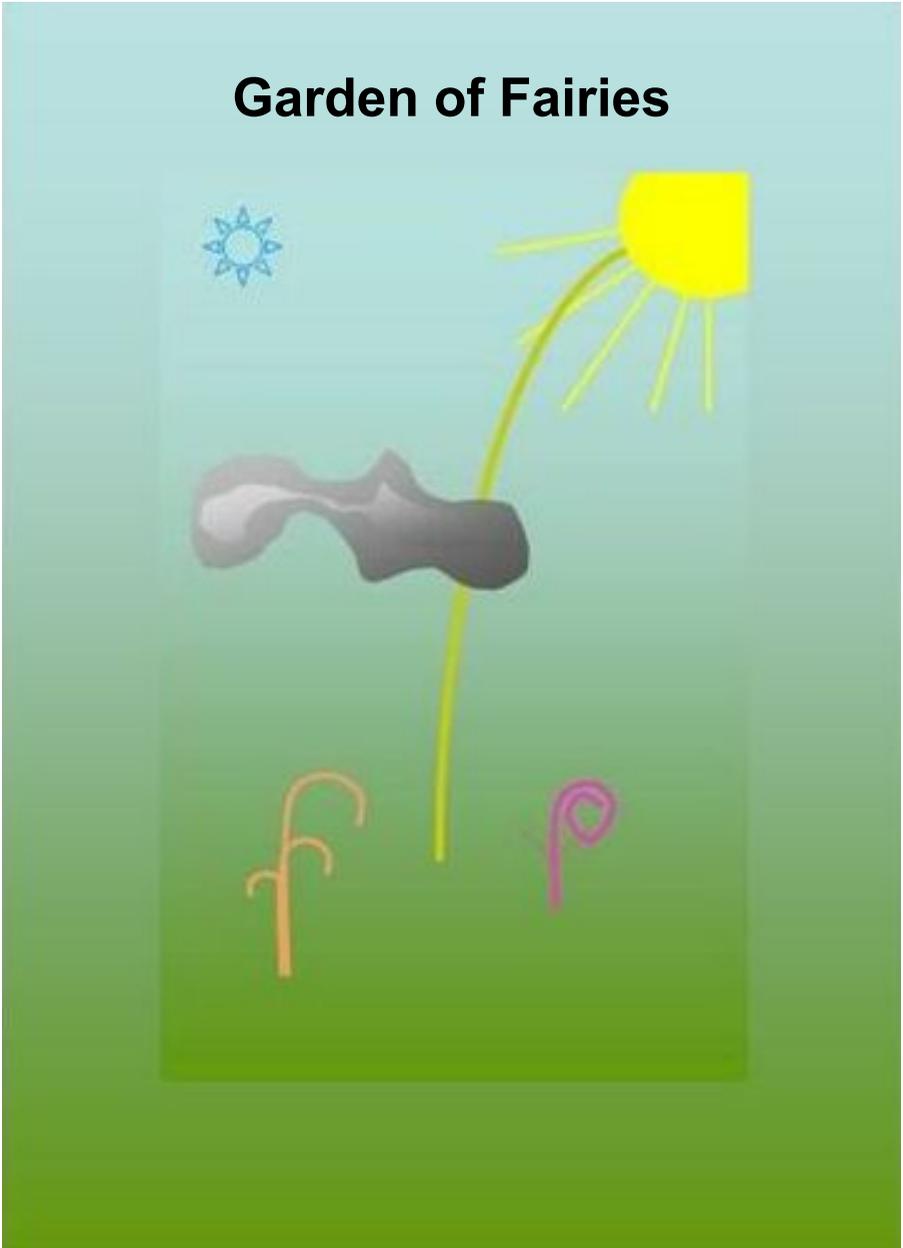
Then they vanish and I stand ...



... upon green Earth again.
I stretch my arms to the brilliant blue sky
And thank the fairies for my spirit journeys.
In the brilliant sun and gentle breeze,
My garden stretches to the brilliant sun
Soaking energy.
The roots of the Spirit in nature embrace me.

In the far distance, darkening clouds gather
And the wind gusts ... and gusts ...
And lightening plays in the blackening clouds.
The fairies release the energies of chaos ...
... transformation is at hand.

Garden of Fairies



Lenten Blooming; Easter Glory

Up out of the cold, dead winter ground
appears a Purple crocus
delicate seemingly, unsure;
yet blooming despite the cold air
– sovereign of the Equinox

Stiff in the Spring breeze
the sleeping dogwood's buds burst
White surrounding blood Red fruit
– cold Death defied

Like hallelujah trumpets,
the White lilies sound forth;
 azaleas,
 hydrangeas,
 wild roses,
 pansies,
 crabapples,
 cherries
all sing out!

Morning Prayer

In the sparkling early morn, I look beyond my fence,
Down the careful backyards, one after the other,
Between serene rows of homes
 to the left and to the right:
Their decks, azaleas, gardens,
 smiling oak trunks and bearded moss
 radiate færie.

Along that luminous road, God's mystery opens up:
The unseen and the unheard shine in the brilliance:
What wizards have passed in the night?
What humans will emerge in the day?
What deep beauty lies in the ground?
Where will God take me today?

Fairy Garden

The early morning sun
Just midway in the sky
Showers my garden with translucent light.
The green vines and leaves
Glow, Sparkle
Energized.

The Spirit flows through the green
Leaves and vines and stems,
Nurturing them
By the sun's light and the earth's water.
Green tomatoes hang on their vines
The weather gnome measuring the rain,
Lost in their stems bearing
Big boys, plumes, and cherries,
Awaiting to be red and yellow.

A corner for weeds
hides Heather's squirrel
That dubious king of thieves.

And right by, Queen Mab sits on her wooden pot,
Invited by love,
Sweet and young,
Her insect wings spread in fertile strength.

She sings to the Spirit to nurture and mature the garden.
The Spirit turns the leaves towards the nourishing sun.

Soaking in the sun's soul
Radiating light
Joining the watery nourishment inside
Until buds appear
And blooms, small and white, open
Dropping off to reveal the green fruit
Warming in the sun's soul.



The mushroom gnome, dear friend,
Guarded by his mushrooms
Guards Virginia's yellow tomatoes
Her spirit watching over them.

A tomatillo bush is just shedding its blooms
Revealing small buds wrapped in green layers,
A mysterious, new offering of immigrant soul.

Green peppers, trusted and reliable are ready for the salad
And egg plants just now are appearing under their blooms
Both givers of taste and nutrients
In the great cosmic web of need and care.

The lettuce has gone to seed next to
Italian chicory, Brussels sprouts, and kale in full leaf,
Wrapping around the corner,
Hiding the shadow fairy
Harbinger of the Otherworld.

The butterfly hanger stands high,
Carrying a planter full of pepper seedlings
And Juci's red tear drop
Of sweet nutrient for the unseen humming bird.



Behind, green beans still bloom and sprout
After their Spring crop,
Long and bulging.

In their midst,
The crescent moon smiles
Embracing the earth,
A channel for the Otherworld.



There's a row for nature unhindered to grow wild
Flocks, tiny lavender petals hidden in the weeds
Nasturtium, little golden trumpets
Almost lost in the marigolds,
And tall airy bachelor buttons, spokes of purple petals.

Tucked away in tall and short
Spidery and leafy weeds

Smart weed with purple granular pedals
All overarching marigolds and begonias.
Over all stand watchful
An old faded, falling apart straw man
And his friend the scarecrow
Like Oz unafraid of
Rummaging crows and squirrels.
Far in the back two exiled tomato men
Hang upside down
On the swing,
Swaying in the wind,
Leaves turned to the sun,
Fruit ripening, as promised.
All awaiting mother and daughter,
Bent over in the sun's soul,
To harvest the fruit
Of my labor
Of the fairy's blessing
For salads and soups.



Kreskaĵaĉo

Kreskaĵaĉo –

ĝiaj purpuraj floroj beriĝantaj oranĝe-ruĝiĝe –

plektanta,

tordanta,

volvanta

ĉirkaŭ l' antikva ĉiamverdarbeto.

Kreskaĵaĉo –

koloriganta purpurige, oranĝige, ruĝige

stulton brunante malhelverdan

plektanta,

tordanta,

volvanta

ĉirkaŭ l' antikva ĉiamverdarbeto.

Weed

Weed, twisting, tangling, wrapping
around the old evergreen bush
Its purple flowers giving way to
orange ripening to red berries

Weed, twisting, tangling, wrapping
around the old evergreen bush
Giving color where only dullness was
purple, orange, and red in brown and fading green.

Færie Found

Færie is back there:

in the serene yards
within the morning midst,

It is not the quiet porches
or the nymph on the bird bath;

It is not within the trees
or in the grass.

Færie is back there:

in between the moments
in the instant of no time and ...
no place;

It is the ethereal magic
and the gossamer moment;

It is the broken branch that's not a nose
and the Spanish moss that's not a beard;

It is in the heart's and the mind's
and the soul's love for verdant Gæia.

ਯਗੋਲਿਓ ਗੋਲਿਓ

Úgoliel Goliel

A fence separates my yard &
... the mysterious, strange yard of my neighbors.

In morning's re-birthing light
when færie is fading,
and afternoon is still a fairy tale,
my backyard touches theirs
– a fence between us.

I stand at the fence looking beyond,
under my sassafras and old apple,
in my pachysandra,
beyond my chain-linked fence,
to another fence and yard

then another
and another ...

farther & farther, smaller & smaller, ...
beyond sight to the unknown.

Beyond: the forsythia is blossoming yellow,
the nymph stands frozen in her stony bath,
the cherry blossoms fall like snow
a deck sits quiet and empty, waiting
yard on yard lie quiet
house by house stand silent
birds chirp and tweet
in early morn when fairies have passed.

I stand on my side of the fence
wondering what paths are there
imagining what journeys await,
dreaming of the otherworld around the corner.

Beyond must lie *sidhe*
and other lands
and other creatures.

Mine eyes see
suburban houses and yards
toys awaiting children
trimmed trees and gardens
yellow, salmon, and purple.

But in the margins
in between
out of the corner of mine eye
beyond, under, and over
between night and day
lies færie – a laughing bush beckons ...

I climb the fence ...

(Time stops; length ceases)

And I land beyond ...
the nymph frolics in her bath
showered with crystal water;
the apple blossoms fall like fresh white snow;
balconies of white marble live with fairy soirees;
meadows lush nourish unicorns and griffins;
palaces of gold and silver
thatched with white bird feathers

stand side by side with cottages
of white stone and apple blossom thatch;
crystal skiffs with silvery fairy children
sail the moats;
along the windy garden paths,
golden fairy women and men
stroll and discourse.

Beyond stand a silver tree and an earthen tree
rooted together
entwined, spiraling around each other,
stretching beyond the sky ...

Their trunks are long and solid,
dividing into infinitely many branches.

The woody face of the silver tree,
locks shiny silver bark,
eyes blue, sagely watches and listens

To the leafy face of the earthen tree,
locks rich brown bark,
eyes green, vivaciously talking.

The trees embrace, awash in the photon shower.

Along the length of their entwined trunks,
knotting mountains peak through the clouds
and verdant valleys melt into the silvery earth.

Their branches leaf in translucent gold and green,
white and pink apple blossoms
open to the warming photosphere.

On each branch end lies a *sidhe*, a juncture,
dividing into infinitely many pairs of trees $\frac{1}{2}$ again,

fingers of fog withering around and above;
beyond the fog, along each tree-pair,
new junctures and *sidhes*; and tree-pairs
beyond the fog, along each tree-pair
more junctures and *sidhes* ...

I step upon the embracing trunks,
knowing
at each *sidhe* is a choice
each new branch a mystery to be discovered.

Úgoliel goliel saith the Eldar:

Unknowing knowing

Knowing mystery is knowing there's more to know is
wisdom.

Mushroom Forest

The cool shade –

an oasis from the sultry, sparkling sun –

Embraces the damp ground

And its mushrooms:

stems and caps springing up

One by one,

gathering around an old tree stump

One, two, three inches high.

On one sat a hookah smoking caterpillar

Alice stretching her neck to chat.

On another fluttered a fairy

overstaying from the night.

By another a dragonfly soared

fencing with a lady bug.

That færie inch-world thrived with

it's cares and lives.

To Life

Old apple tree

 branches gnarled,
you are awakening in the Spring
– again

 leaves leafing and
 pretty pink buds appearing
 promising blooms and fruits ...

Just to be uncared for

 and grow and never ripen
to be wormy and drop off
 and rot on the ground –
a messy, smelly nuisance

But the worms and bugs

 – and soil –
they partake of your unvalued fruit
rejoicing in you, your beauty, and your promise –
as old and gnarled as you are

Old apple tree

 branches gnarled,
sleeping in the Winter gray
– again

 quiet as death
 alive as the womb

Crystal Beads

At the right angle,
Morning light with tiger lily,
Along the elongated leaves
Crystal beads of færie dew
Line up hanging on the edges,
Delicate, passing
Until tomorrow's dew.

Shades and Shadows

Shady and Shadowy:

Down the slope,
I approach an old, wooden bridge,
Overgrown with leaves and branches.

Shading and Shadowing:

A tunnel along the sunny, curving road;
Bushes and trees arching over the bridge;
The bridge running over the creek.

Shaded and Shadowed,
By bush on bush, tree on tree:
Dare I approach and cross?
Is there a troll lurking under
To demand its toll –
Shade and Shadower?

Lovers in the Bulbs

In the sparkling Spring,
bulbs awaken in the breeze:
Purple, pink and white hyacinths,
cylinders of little blooms;
White and yellow daffodils,
stars around yellow and orange horns;
Tiny purple grape hyacinths,
clusters of hanging beads;
White Easter lilies,
now wilting in new life;
Fetal tulips still folded,
ready to burst in unfolding splendor –
All bedded on spiky green leaves
full of energy
guided by the Sun.

On the ground of this Færie Forest,
moist and rich,
hidden and shaded,
from the Daystar,
was asleep a fairy couple,
embracing, entangled under a leaf.
Long after the Dawn
when Færie plays,
Long before the Dusk
when Færie awakens,
The lovers dream as one
in their own world of mysterie.

Dance of the Crystal Globe

Crystal Globe, atop its solar stem,
Planted among the Irises,
By day transparent, clear, unchanging,
Drinking up the Sun's light and ...
By night, **blue** and **red** and **green**,
Dance in the globe eating up its photons.

In the dark I watch my solar globe:
Within the crystal,

 The **red** dance of sun beams at dawn,
Fading into

 The **green** man cavorting in the crystal,
Fading into **blue** electric bolts

 Dancing their turn in the crystal.
And so the **red**, **green**, and **blue**
 dance within the crystal through the night
 until at last the photons are exhausted.

I blink, in the moonlight
I see Merlin atop the globe
His crystal-topped wand raised high to Luna.
Around the crystal globe dances

 The Moon Fairy,
 Titania, and

 The Red Fairy.

Around and around they dance
With lightening flashing from Merlin's wand.
As the fairies dance, they sing to the Irises:

*O Iris, blooming beauty of the rainbow,
Cradled in your sun absorbing leaves.
Your petals shine with yellows and purples
In layer on layer on layer making one.*



*Your standards, pedals three, surround
The hidden anthers, pedals three, hiding
The woolly beards for a new generation.
Your falls, pedals three, face the soil below.*

Merlin begins to whirl upon the globe,
His lightening encircling him.
The fairies dance and sing:

*O Iris, channel of our Soul Source Divine,
Embraced in the Light and the Dark,
Three layers of three pedals, a secret revealed,
Of the Trinity, three in one, Unity:
Your standards rise up, like Christ resurrected.
Your anthers, hidden, yet accessible like God
Source of creativity and new life.
Your falls, faces the earth like the Holy Spirit.*

Merlin once again raises his wand to the Moon ...
... and vanishes.
My fairies fade into the night
As the crystal globe, drained,
Becomes transparent and clear,
Awaiting the Sun.

Last Fruits

The leaves are falling

 This November day

 A washed in the cold sunlight.

The tomatillos are at last bursting their husks:

 Just two – destined for salsa;

 Many more hard under their husks,

 Doomed to end life there.

Two green Yellow tomatoes,

 Green for weeks and weeks,

 Never to ripened,

 Are now helped by a brown paper bag.

Last Fruits holding on

 In soil carpeted

 With dry leaves, brown and orange

The remnants of Summer time.

The Last Harvest –

Now to sleep, the sleep of winter.

Farewell, dear loved one.

Postface: Panentheism

His hands so gently strong embrace his son,
Unseeing eyes behold the depth of loss
Of youth and age and every painful cross –
So Rembrandt poured his being through his art.

O God, as Rembrandt shared his soul and heart,
Your Soul imbrues through everything as One.

(No pagan godly cosmos here that finds
The final hope and answer for our life
In things and means evolved from natural strife;
'Tis not an autogenerated world

Whose inner order on its own unfurled,
But of Your holy mind beyond our minds.)

Your zöotic force compels the null to being;
Without it there is neither form nor means –
Impossible would be humans and machines:

O Jesus, You're the thread, the patterned tie –
Photonic rigging guiding earth and sky –

Our Christ, the cause and source of our perceiving.
What matters family, job or friend?

Via Negativa

O God, what matters preaching Sunday morn
Or e'en the blowing of the final horn?
But only if you will, those will be so:

One thing alone to Jesus do we owe:

To tend whatever God would have us tend.
For You from You we make machines to teach –

Via Positiva

A huge metallic ant, a star projector
To show the public by a cosmic specter
The Horseman made of a triple binary dance
And Betelgeuse with a star inside its expanse --
And so extend Your revelation's reach.

Lilac purple side by side with dogwood white:

Via Creativa

From Your creative blooming dynamo –
Animating spirit that denies its foe –
Out of inert and shapeless elements,
We co-create superb developments:

Threads of glass to carry sound and sight by light.
We're coming home, O Lord, right here and now

Via Transformativa

Into your sure unfailing open hands,
Unquestioned, naked, just as we can be
To stand under the freedom and commands
Of Yours arising from the world's debris.

I have a vision of Your holy rule:

A ring of light within the inner slum
Of ports and ways for chances that will fuel
Rebirth out of a pandæmonium,

Transformed: a light unto a darken world.

O God whose breathing breathes in all creation,
Through nature guide us to divine elation.

Amen.

