

KINGDOMS OF SILENCE

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JAMES WALLER

A sample of five poems from the collection

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Crypt

God's hidden mirror
Has cindered the shadow
With morning rain
Fire elemental
Strokes the emerald banner
And shaled, shimmering
Pale golds of thunder
Awaken the crypt
Of coming light
A morning soaked
In changing shades
And the myths of the ethereal
Rise song!
Rise beyond shadow
Escape into the wandering blue
And discover your heart

Breath

Veronese is a drum
Of rolling light
Flying in oceans of shimmering breeze
With the breath of Hellenic thunder
Freed from the icon's hands
Written into
Light concealed
In the shining banners
Of limbs
Played into emerald shadows
Roll, thunder
Into the night
Roll into the blue
And pale gold drums
Beating
In Italian skies

A King

Jesus came in softened blue
A sire of blackened shades
A king
With a crown
Of deep meadow
In a harvest young and strong
In a tale
Old and deep
In a rain
Of pale gold light
Flooding the immortal.
Sire of shadows, falconer of myth
Sail into
Eyes
Whose pupils know the dawn
Singing in the deep,
Of Christ who married Russia
In the blood of Pentecost;
The icon shone
In shales of dark
In the flight of mercury
And ageless hands

Whilst the hunter slept
With spears of night which gathered
Into rings
And fell upon the earth
In the blue wind of morning

Black Flowers

I feared the night would end
I feared departure
I feared the strangeness of the timbre
In the lucid hounds of song
I feared the criminals of the darkness
Rising in a black mass
Of senseless notes
So I prayed to the Hebrew god
To a mirror shining in the night
In the passing of the seraphim
In the hidden equation of notes laid bare
On the bed of the Divine Question
To answer fear
Darkness fumed from the reflection
The sound of harmonies grew dim
Eyes of warmth floated in the ether
And the promise of black flowers
Bloomed inside

A Wing

A wing of unending silver
Is ringing in the trees
A stream of dying fires
Is smouldering in the shade
Forever shall I walk with ink, paper, and burning hands
In the dim light of notation's muse
With the brothers of the psalms
A train of sorrow rising
And falling in the hills
Through ashen graves of sacred dark.
The dove is flying in the soundless ether
The child sleeps on his feathered back
Beyond dreams
Beyond the fields
Which swayed with the blood Of Lethe's bulls
And which now wave in gold surrender
To the limitless gaze of the distant suns
The message of the wind is cool
The limbs respond in gentle motion
The age of solace gains with measure
In the stillness of Tenzin's lake
Below where her cave of snow

Shelters the palace of her spacious mind
The surface of the mirror ripples
With the sound of oars
Rowed by hands of bronze
Above the sunless fish who glide
In the chambers deep
Voices drift across the wake
From the brothers
On the morning tide of prayer
Where are you?
Where do you wish to be?
An oar, a hand of bronze,
A fish in the sunless sea...