

Unsonnets to A World



J. SWANSON

Unsonnets



to a World

p swanson
Feb 84 ~v

Love... perhaps one of the most profaned words in the English language... people are almost afraid to use it... yet it is the basis of all life... it is love that gives life its depth... its meaning... whether affirmed or denied... whether public or private... it lives in all...
... these poems came into being through many people... all of whom have been teachers to me at one stage or another in learning to appreciate this incredible world in which we live...





ten thousand words can never equal one
spoken through the heart ~ a thousand dreams
can slip between the years ~ a hundred roses
wither on their stems ~ until love speaks ~
then dreams pierce stars they never touched before
and roses grow where roses never were ~

love talks in eyes and moves in promises
that are not bound by churchbells or by rings ~
love fills the spaces measured between words
with secrets that have carved a million years ~
it is the melody that curves a smile
it is the silence travelled into sleep ~

wherever it is found love shifts the gaze
beyond all boundaries of time and place,

there is time for magic - time for love
to touch the still of snow and see each flake
as if it never fell before - to laugh a glance
that wanders secrets deep inside the skin ~

always time to know between the seconds
promises that cannot capture voice
holding close an evening in the warm
between tomorrows and remember whens ~

there is space to share a sudden smile
space to share the quietness of dawn
easing clear and brilliant through the hills
until the commonplace has been transformed ~

there's always time and always space for magic ~
always time and always space for love,





where two souls merge explosion of the sun
there is no ever after or before
all being one ~ the moment to unite
in miracles of worlds magnified ~

mythologies find birth and legends thrive
where spirits link in visions to create
until the avenues that pulse a touch
electrify each vision luminous ~

greens leap wildly on silver trees
and sidewalks are to dance beneath the feet ~
each song translates a thousand languages
vibrating voice of wind and open ear ~

then calm of calm finds quietness of rain
to live the secrets woven one by one,

look slow to touch the movement in the rock
look fast to catch the starlight spilling air ~
look deep to watch the oceans shifting ground
to feel the earth unpolished that is love ~
in slow unfold the seconds winding age
in quick the sudden sunrise on the dew ~
in deep the memories that weave the song
that is no more no less than everything ~

the greenest grass the wildest trees and flowers
shower in the gaze that dares to pierce
familiarity ~ and hollow thoughts
find children's laughter strong and echoing
to crack the barricades that shelter pain
and teach belief in wonder once again.





and do i love? through you the world grows
in hours passed and hours yet to be
uncovering the more of deepening
in avenues that web between our names ~
inside outside electric air consumes
till psychedelic buildings flash on lawns
that are the sky to luminosity
vibrating the awareness of the air -

and you in you through you i leap the laugh
that sparks my eyes in suddenness of new
and magnifies a world in disguise
till everything explodes to be explored ~

and do i love? in you through you expands
the power of the instant to become,

day of hours poised in images
of happenings and dreams and families
that play the patterns of memory
in silver rains and golden promises ~

and here and now out of a lifespell spun
the celebration circling your name
capturing uncounted yesteryears
inside the mysteries of those to come ~

day of hours opening recall
of loves that multiply in each love grown
where autumn walks and sunday afternoons
merge deep in faces that have come and gone ~

and here and now the moment rich between
the seasons passed and seasons yet to be,





sunshine lover almost I ignore
the warm in sweat and answering in smiles
weaving somewhere out of miracles
to leap the inches chained in measured miles ~

rays in heat of yellow penetrate
through quilted coats and write on pale cheeks
with warm and warmer golden of desire
bursting blossoms scent and strength in spring ~

forgotten flavours seize the afternoon
in damp of greens and bird trees trembling ~
surging blood to fire ancient veins
in the brilliance bursting crocuses ~

till thrilling out of casual response
exploding radiance I am the sun

i am made in faces i have known
and recomposed in an exchange of bones
carved wavy with intricate detail
in words that root in flowers ~ in thoughts that sing
the celebration of my skeleton ~
flesh reforms in faces to be known
hovering between shape and shapelessness
triggering the moment to condense ~
and always always blurred evisively
the untold gathering beneath events
refracting universes skin through eyes
balancing tomorrow's yesterdays ~

i crown the powers seething multitudes
of worlds that create the world i stand.





I walk alone inside your company -
you hear no breath no voice no pacing feet -
you sense no one beside behind ahead
and yet - as if in breeze your hair recalls
the quiet of your cheek - and words long gone
disturb your inner ears - your thoughts diverge
playing my name and drawing laughter near
to dance the silent waves inside your stare -

the moment shared inside our solitudes
I feel your laughter curling my skin
and gather you into my travelling -
our knowing rides in eyes that never meet
and miles cannot separate the thoughts
that web in closeness of unspoken love,

a scent of lilacs catches in the grey
and eases through the windows of my room
till memories of days and years unwind
in laughters shared and moments out of sight ~

such times are never lost - love recalls
and soars again in sudden silences
to close the strangeness of our distances
and blend the secrets wandering our names ~

remember when remember when remember now -
the evening sky explodes a double star
that flames us both inside its mystery
to multiply the richness of our dreams ~

all tomorrows walk our yesterdays
forever separate ~ forever one,





today i speak the greening of the hills
a late night driving into city lights
with your voice tipping music to the air
in swinging memories that almost were -
today i speak of love ~ the glance that flew
between an early morning donut shop
and coffee afternoon ~ between the cold
of solid lakes and white faced pines and miles
of country crossing fires into warm ~
the long of hours forgotten and recalled
in laughters of an instant thrown wide
to share in eyes ~ and we will meet again

somewhere between the fire and the snow
to live the words our silences have grown,

soft the sunshine soft the rain recalls
this day ~ this day to crown in miracles
of seconds winding minutes into hours
into summers slipping autumns winters springs ~

trees branch upwards outwards to collect
new greens threading last years memories
catching seeds to spin the winds of change
in mysteries of seasons yet unborn ~

soft the mornings ~ soft the evenings sing
deep in days and nights of come and gone
sprawling the histories between
around above below and through your names ~

this day this day to hold to celebrate
worlds that your world infiltrates,





and i am here to chide your emptiness
in hugs and memories we have not shared -
i waken slow from long nights travelling
to find myself with you - so strange to think
there was a time that did not link our thoughts
to forge a bond more durable than blood
that neither time nor distance can remove -
always near - the i - the you - combine
to speak in images and solitudes
that pulse outside of hours and inside nights
of dreams and dreamers reaching vibrant hands
to fill the echoing of endless skies -

sight unseen we collect the years like kin
and clasp the richness of where we have been.

will i love again? you are not here
and yet you are ~ mornings open grey
in rain and rain that washes tears away
and everywhere the colour of your eyes ~
the radio in news with every voice
recalling streets and cities in your name ~
i am not there yet every time i turn
the walls grow mirrors to reflect in laughing
sunday afternoons beside the stars
and evenings talking midnight through the stars
and always you ~ above below around
inside the person that i have become ~

will i love again? only if
again means that my love has never stopped.





our quietness is company enough ~
long shades splintering a walking street
the dark of clouds the cold and slow of wind
dancing to occasional of cars ~

the swift of crows that dive and mock and swing
above the trees do not disturb us ~
we walk an endless pavement ~ gathering
a webwork darkness deep into our thoughts ~

a tight of clasping hands links moving shadows
close in a fragility of space
that will watch us separate and spin
horizons fissured far and far apart ~

each step intensifies our transience
winding paths that we can only guess.

a moment only ~ close you whispered by
the faded dim ~ eddying through leaves
and twisting branches of a midnight tree
that drew you deep within its standing space ~

white of white the full moon overhead ~
a far door slams from where I cannot see
and you are gone ~ yet still a distant voice
vibrates my inner ear ~ I know I know

the promises we promised not to keep ~
but answer this ~ if we are separate
in pace and thought and if I am not haunting
you tonight ~ why are you here?

I watch the tree till branches tip to collect
a mask of leaves thrown blacker than the sky,





these things count ~ a crocus pushing green -
lightning shattering a midnight sky
the closeness held in wordless company ~

these things live ~ a child's laughter clear
the crackling of wind in autumn leaves -
the breathless still of freshly fallen snow

these things last ~ an unexpected rose
the brilliance of an afternoon in friends
the silent fires haunting memory ~

woven seconds link to disappear
in movements that the eye can scarcely trace
till year by year blurs quietly aside ~
but pristine moments echoed in the soul
scale a separateness that will not fade,

did you hear me ~ did you hear me call
your name? i sent it through the mountains on
the wind ~ to sweep the valleys west until
the oceans heard and carried it away ~

wave by wave into the west of south
echoing my voice like telegraph
until a distant coast burst into hills
whispering and whispering your name ~

today it snowed ~ yesterday was sun ~
tomorrow hides behind a shadowed dawn ~
an empty chair ~ the stillness of your room ~
a closet waiting hands ~ the half filled drawers ~
the desk sits ready ~ fresh sheets on the bed
did you hear me call you home again?





today a letter ~ written in your voice
and heard in eyes ~ i knew the laughter
whistling the door and rustlings
of curiosity that tripped the music
on the radio ~ i heard the spaces
ringing paragraphs and read the watching
in between the lines ~ you twisted news
beyond the weather sports until i saw
the north east winds grow currents to convey
the hidden snows ~ and in the windowed streets
snows began to fall in feather flakes ~
the seemed too fragile to survive the cold ~

there is an hour waiting to be met
without words ~ i think it will be soon.

has it been long? the day that threw its dawn
across your eyes ~ you never asked the clouds
but they were there in thunder energy ~
pale mountains almost out of sight
loose rocks stumbling your feet and streams
of no bridge icing through your clothes ~
has it been long? a late sun splitting skies
piercing closet rooms in crowds and desks
and wooden chairs and walls papered in names
while the stained fingerprints pressed signatures
on foreheads of a filtered populace ~
now fires spit and crackle into orange
a slow sleep collects and nods inside your head ~
day almost done ~ tell me ~ was it long?





night alive i catch the answering
to words i threw into a different moon ~
now full faced it stares above beyond
and writes in jagged slivers on the snow ~

and through the window ice light spears the wall
while shrill winds play the floor ~ a warm cocoon
i sit the sleepless hour ~ reading shapes
that cluster on the chairs ~ shadows budge
and spurt towards the floor then rise again
as if in frenzied dance to winter gods ~

and gods i never recognized before
pass giant hands across the moon and reach
to empty hearths ~ and oaken fingers snap
into a thousand fires of the sun.

i dreamed a birdless night ~ the outflung sky
in stars where no moon shone ~ the trees were belted
shadows rising solidly to heights
that were nowhere ~ the wrinkled lake spit silver
blinking on and off ~ moving always moving
like a prayer that could not find a throat ~

and then and then as if the mountains secretly
condensed ~ a single note erupted high
and died ~ then softly grew again until
trembling earths and airs lifted the skies ~

and more and more the musics multiplied
the trees grew branches far above my head ~
the lake grew mists ~ a new light broke ~ and i
scaled the world of the rainbow's end,

