

PAGE POEMS

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by David Adams

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To my Mother

(in Memoriam)

**WORDS**

**for  
her**

were danced

warp and and  
woof, sang.

**For  
what  
is**

In talks  
they struck sparks  
and set friends thinking.

life love  
if if  
it it  
is is  
not not  
given shared  
? ?

In choirs  
they joined  
harmonious anthems,

**For  
that  
she**

In children  
they planted  
the seeds of endeavors

shared gave

In love,  
yes always,

And  
for  
us

In love  
they flowered!

our lives were her gift of love.  
Let us give thanks together.

Y  
a  
r  
n  
s  
to  
k  
n  
i  
t  
and  
books  
to  
come  
home  
to  
time  
and  
a  
g  
a  
i  
n

T  
h  
r  
e  
a  
d  
s

w  
e  
a  
v  
i  
n  
g

doors  
to  
enter  
and  
trails  
to  
follow,

Words

were

games

and  
friends

to names  
play, for  
i b and b  
r t u  
d t e  
s r f l i e s

## Young Man as Poet

THE  
GEOMETRIC  
MAN-BUILT  
TOWERS  
RISE

up  
above  
a  
ruled  
and  
squared  
a  
sinking shore  
a  
sluggish trail  
a  
walled  
and  
staired  
a  
haughty and disdainful over  
scrubby cliff where  
a  
rock cliff,  
a  
stone  
sinks,  
a  
silence  
dies.

impaled  
sprawled

A  
Sun  
is  
spawned  
between  
two  
worlds.

flies.  
a word  
thinks,  
a bird  
speaks,  
e  
a wild wood  
t  
sings,  
r  
a  
Birds  
p  
a  
from chatter of song  
v  
rags of mists<sup>e</sup>  
and  
veils of vapors they clump and scagtter.  
to clump of feather  
With all their number  
They form but patter.  
Their pattern together,  
their lump of slumber,  
the  
day-lights  
shatter

Jesus, lead me through **Most** **terrible** **asleep is a coming**  
 steaming ways, the **are the mountains** **asleep is a going**  
 scheming paths **of love where lovers are** **asleep is to be**  
 precluding a **lost in their indiscretion,** **awake on the sea**  
 third. **where reason is lost for the** **for long in the swell**  
**searching of wisdom.** **and the roll and slack**

Jesus, **Mountain** **and slow in the sun**  
 stay with me, **paths have a single file. No** **and endless day**  
 stay with me only **three can walk together. But** **asleep is becoming**  
**two can talk and gather**

Woe is love and thwarted **the meaning of points.** **Jesus, gather**  
 the lover. I love all **your sheep**  
 I know and can **If all were known, the** **alone**  
 love no **truth would unfold** **a one, a two**  
 other. **more poignantly** **another and all.**  
**than little** **Jesus, mother us**

alosted **he** **stars and** **from your far star.**  
 and **came** **softer**  
 lone **down** **than mists among the pines.**  
**from**

**the mountain** **Knowledge blazes in**  
**bringing** **the mountain**  
**little** **crevice**

**star-love**  
**presents of mountain-love** **long gone**  
**sleeping-love** **and far**  
**ago**

He spread them out in **the fading sun**  
 and looked

and watched  
 and waited  
 and

His pupils expanded  
 and lost the point. His  
 mind filled with the sense of  
 the common. All men may walk  
 together on the plain. All men may talk  
 and gather without pain. And Jesus said, "I.O. Go  
 I say under your Love everybody over the world. Go  
 Ye overall and each one teach one each one teach one each one  
 and  
 followed by multitudes  
 not pass close to the sea on  
 action of all lines will aid in fixing  
 Jesus now goes up into a mountain to pray  
 near Capernaum. He chooses the twelve and d  
 mount to them as recorded by Matthew, after which  
 n the plain and repeats it as recorded by Luke. # 44. He t.

fainted with crying  
 for loss of it all



			I am standing unsettled on a street c	I am safe
Not to days of the wind window chastened.	Remember the wind pained the trees	Empty beyond and chaste by wind.	Days; the window,	o r no one notices me. r
Not to rain for wall from the tree	Remember the garden tree that was broken.	The sobbing rain beyond to tree by wind.	the wall, and ice,	Little do they know that I am preparing to swallow their city
There is a nothing. There is a never.	Waiting for coming and Bundle of remember.	Nothing always Never will I.	there.	a n digest t
Now				s life
the sickly softness of the snow			presses upon the window	and
The night is an agent of cunning strength				con
The snow and the night conspire				am
They shatter the glass				gagged
they come slowly				and abducted
Into my house				known by the snow
They gather				and brought into court
Me				to hear the sentence of the sNOw KING
			Nothing never and always remember	rmi ess man ure
				At this moment my neck is ex- panding to ac- commodate several buildings
negative space is inconsolable season and place are uncontrollable All we are money-mad love-sick worry-worn guilt-ridden AaaaaaaaahhhhhHHHaaall		Days of the wind and rain are gone I live in a city room Oh let us submerge the broken or fixed table chair door sink all be have shall must be poured into tunnels of blood tunnels of nerve passage of synapse swivel and swerve reflex and relapse		which
			All in the eye who see All in the chambers of me	
			I shall be lover and also beloved I shall be seeker and that which is sought I shall dissolve in my stomach the patterns of nature And duplicate forests and storms and stars in my thought I shall enthrone myself as the universal solvent, solver and saviour	

**To My Sister  
Considering Suicide**

where you are going  
for there will be no sun  
to the sun

You  
must  
say  
goodbye  
before  
you  
go

where you are going  
for there will be no trees  
to the trees

to the little children  
to the red birds and the yellow birds  
to the red butterflies and the yellow  
butterflies and the purple butterflies

to the red pebbles along the shore  
and the yellow pebbles along the shore  
and the purple pebbles along the shore  
and the green pebbles along the shore you have not yet even seen

to  
me  
for  
I  
will  
not  
come  
with  
you  
.

You must find them all to say goodbye.

For all of the pebbles not yet seen you must search to say goodbye.

*For all the rest of your life you must linger to search for the pebbles along the shores of goodbye.*

I  
am  
a  
pile  
of

last sun and rain that pack and  
year's by all but mold and tread me down  
forgotten into the sod and settled home  
dreams of the of worms' tunnels  
and the flickering  
centipede.

I remember Come Love  
budding on a thousand twigs  
breaking forth into the wind draw strength  
waving rich banners root  
over the lush land. from my  
I fell in glory in  
with a flash of gold and forgotten  
I died. I lay me burst dreams.  
forgotten. into  
banners  
of  
beauty.

LIGHT

My stars are waiting

my hawk

ning

l  
i  
s  
t  
e  
n  
s

darts

from

hill

to

valley

m  
y

dashing

d  
e  
e  
r

the

rocks

with

w  
i  
d  
e

OH

S

is not

e  
y  
e  
d

P

war

life

m  
y

ridiculous

beautiful

c  
o  
n  
e  
y

absurd

mysterious

A

oh

beyond

man

s  
q  
u  
e  
a  
k  
s

the

if you

graceful

destroy my

deer

(And

R

I

if  
there is

shall

another

world

die

not

K

ask

of

to

shame.

be

a

S

man.

## Poem as Love Letter

s  
h  
e

saw

A MOBILE

C

a pale moon had slyly appeared in our sky,

E

revealed, withdrawn beneath clouds wind-wAfted by,  
a pale disc so thin we could see clear Through,

E

a disc transparent, yet veiled, shaded and blue.

B

Y

Gulls

soar!

sail,

swing,

SHERRY

in skyword happiness

heaven,

(Dare I try  
to put my arm

over the river a

scending to

of words  
about her

there were  
golden morning

delicate shoulder  
of vision?

The old rock men  
streamed with sun-  
whitened gull dung

rod glory  
lily of the  
pansy valley  
violet night

My hand  
of promise  
upon her  
bleating heart

hair have seated them-  
selves in an infinite circle

shade  
shooting

of hope?

along the river watching with  
inward eyes the distant din

&  
stars

Give her  
flowers?

of the city's commerce and  
the slow pass ings of long laden

ships. Their contemplations are cold-  
chiseled by the wave washings, strokings, and splashes.

Soaring  
gulls?

They are comforted by the ancient stock of cliff behind,  
calling the evening to shadow and the mother of rivers  
before sending her tidal messages into the body of this  
great continent.

the old  
rock men?

The old men move not, neither do they  
sleep. Surely, they are the true watchers of time.

a shy  
moon?

Surely,

they are the true disciples of wisdom.

Love?

The water moves softly  
shadowed from evening's glancing sunlight  
and the little fragile pieces  
of glass tinkle in the tide

infinitesimally

naked  
 mountain  
 to sky  
 I my the  
 have raised of  
 a mountain in your name top  
 and spread deep valleys at your feet. the  
 I offer them unto you and you accept them. on  
 Throw me You take off your clothes to the sun and dance  
  
 the key Every tree is your friend and you know each root in its turn  
 from And I in return by each root know you.  
 The trees will never flee from you, nor will you be lost  
  
 your For Roots in the Land  
 window have parceled and planted  
 patterned and plotted  
  
 My world is well ordered.  
 Oscilloscopes. If to hold the waters of running life  
 Amplifiers.  
 Methods and Procedures only we were of The rain and  
 Histological Verification.  
 Chronic Electrode Implants. the same the stream cut bed  
  
 But born in a land and raised by a world I would twixt  
  
 where the rivers flood love barn and field  
 hold  
 to no banks and you  
 stay and from afar  
 in no walls I  
 I would touch  
 take your shoulder and kiss  
 your hand

Out  
of the rocks  
of this strange island

Out  
of the presence of sleeping  
bodies and the occasional  
lighted window of this  
sprawled city, in the  
square mile full of  
squalor a million  
people unhappy

and  
es-  
pecially  
delicate,  
rising  
from  
your slack

Rising the wind  
Rising the sigh of the trees  
Rising the call of your father from over the fields  
Rising the marks of tractor treads in perfect mud  
the printing of furrows in special fields  
the beckoning nods of the growing corn  
the cows are impatient  
the trees sigh

O to protect  
but yours, all yours,  
mysterious body

Becky, Becky, the stream beds are  
your father is  
calling  
calling  
from over the hill  
Home is the land

The  
truant  
memories  
are moving  
uncomfortably  
in your tummy

Out  
of  
the  
recesses of your mind  
advance  
the million knights

announce  
their  
cause  
and I retreat confused  
and scattered  
by the onslaught of  
BECKY'S  
GERMAN  
HORSEMEN

OUT  
to carry maidens  
away to castles

Come, escape with  
me into my little  
room where I will  
lay you softly, Oh  
so softly among  
all my little  
collections unendingly  
of things beneath, beyond  
our lives?

how  
should  
I make you  
a little thing  
You of the land  
which rolls  
beneath, beyond  
of the dead  
and of the wind  
of anvils and messengers

We  
shall  
be gods  
of the dead  
and of the wind  
of anvils and messengers

Come with me down into deepening  
draughts of cooling breath-caught  
mystery. Now I am promising you  
a timeless room beyond all little  
things. I shall give you volumes  
slowly expanding sympathies  
of man. We shall come to  
understand love. We  
shall sail among the  
swallows and enter  
caverns of fish.

You  
will  
not  
know  
laughing  
cruelly  
at your  
innocence

We shall be gods  
of the sea containing  
blue forgotten depths

in  
many  
shapes  
OSTREA  
LACRYMARIA  
CHAMELEON  
PROTEUS  
CONVOLVULUS

I shall find in you strange shells  
involute and sculptured only for  
the eyes of the lantern  
fish.

My page is fading with the passing of spirit  
Come, come when we have loved, have lived as gods, have found all secrets,  
known all little things, come, come, come to sleep with me, to share with  
me eternal  
beautiful  
nothingness.



**flying**

**colors**

**copper blown**

**and kite - strung in the sun - light**

**Brown brushed**

**and nest - soft in the twilight**

**nestling soft to the night**

**nestling**

**soft**

**goodnight.**

*copper which has been heated is soft, and can be drawn into*

My myth wanders  
now into new  
kingdoms  
seeking  
castled stories  
and many fabled steeds  
holding  
tall the proud stranger alone  
and  
come ly the maidens in windows waiting  
smile with  
at me half-drawn thoughts  
Nancy and  
obliquely averted  
sad when your eye's away shades  
I know  
I see You fear  
through so much  
your window to disclose  
with although  
my subtle fingers  
will find out  
and your fingers  
will tell  
You enchanted unclose YOUR MYTH as a small button  
youngest among snobbish brothers  
princess and Nancy-queen-to-be  
where your father god  
was never born  
and a strange shadow  
crosses the dying king

Mary had a little  
watch which made (to sheep) hawk eyes  
Mary watched a little  
witch who made (too steep) stalk cries  
Mary itched a little  
to be made to sleep.

Bed in stead was she set upon  
pages of sonnets

By and bye was she laid  
in the cold, cold sound  
of T.S. Eliot's Cambridge mass

and in the Sweet  
Corn, and the Soft  
Mush, of  
Indian givings, and  
rich men's leavings.  
"The only joy I  
ever had from you  
was in my  
conception of you:"

be  
my  
ba  
by

How

do

I

know?

the

bible  
told  
me and  
so I

entered

the mystic

fatherhood and

of set traps  
God for

I  
two  
gave you  
to sonnets  
but I couldn't  
pen you down

Beware the bronze father balls.  
Avoid the steep ball towers,

the dong of the horn-warning fog.  
the noon leavings of the morning dog

nimble

and

lithe

and  
all  
dog  
star  
crossed  
steeple  
banging  
bronze  
balls

you ran all over  
my sonnets  
and overflowed  
like Rorschach butterflies  
which flit  
unsuccessfully

little

pages

My

love Susan

takes

fancy liberties

to the likes of  
strangest to a me  
things

flight

I  
was  
satyr  
mine  
prancing  
and  
finding  
secret  
places  
to  
know  
I  
faun  
ran  
dancing  
magic  
were  
waiting  
be  
now  
skipping  
to  
witching  
words  
will  
yours  
but  
together and world forgotten we walk away

Sky and the water vibrate.

I gauge the water beetle's flight  
back and forth against and with  
the ripples and the current  
patterned circles meandering  
black and gray and deep green and blue  
mingle and merge together and gone  
separate here and then and now I forget  
my dreams  
I fell asleep chanting of you and your eyes  
and awoke with a faint fragrance  
a fragment of vision  
a sidewalk full of music  
a Rembrandt tree  
and silence.

So long we've been knowing the sense before I heard the sounds,  
singing the music together  
Sharing the passion, the rage, the hope, the love,  
Seeking the truth, the spirit, the culture of peace.

Nesting together in the thick pines,  
Smelling the warm fragrance of needles transforming to soil.  
the deep softness of the earth enveloping.  
Drinking the strength of the slender trees,  
ears legs entering penis

Nestling together our various fingers toes tongues  
arms enveloping lips  
Smelling our every entry and pore  
Drinking our fluids all blended together

the deep spaces of our souls converging.  
Knowing that we share forever our various lives:  
singing,  
bird  
soaring  
earthworms, sister  
brother  
Lighthouse, beloved.

Love Never Gets Easier . . .



Who  
can  
help  
us  
heal  
find  
a  
way  
forward  
without  
going  
back  
?

TELL  
ME  
PLEASE  
!

We  
have  
cried  
these  
many  
weeks  
without  
knowing

without  
knowing

lost  
without  
knowing

lost  
in  
our  
tears,  
lost  
in  
a  
world  
that  
has  
passed  
us  
by

HOW DID  
WHY ? WE  
WHY ? LOSE  
OUR  
WAY

does  
it  
take  
to  
show  
that  
we  
can't  
go  
back  
?

does  
it  
take  
to  
show  
that  
I  
love  
you  
?

does  
it  
take  
to  
heal  
the  
hurt?  
How  
can  
I  
make  
it  
up

HOW CAN OUR HURT BE HEALED ?

In the Shadow of Sainte Clotilde

Redemption.

But have we sinned?

Sainte Clotilde,

puzzled, waited for us to think about it.

Have you not sinned,

my children,

my ados?

Forgiveness  
can only follow sin.

Redemption  
can only come from love.  
There is no love without sin,  
only sin without love.

In the night sky,  
among stars  
mountains,

sea,

it was important that we were together,  
even in the darkness of eternity.

It is good that we shared the first sin -  
the apple,  
the snake,  
the tree,  
the wind.

I shall die with my hand on your moving hips,  
with my hand on the nape of your graceful neck,  
my hand between your strong thighs,  
and content,  
that we will be redeemed,  
together  
in love.

We walked.  
for a long time alone.

Sometimes I felt  
your hand in mine  
Sometimes I sensed  
your hips in rhythm nearby.

To Crystal  
Christine } from David

Tight wires drawn across your lips  
Words are drawn by the stars in a world beyond all time and pain.  
Finding the time I am losing my self.

The love is writ by the stars how they are pulling us trying to find my own you?  
Our love is writ by the stars how they are pulling us trying to find my own you?

How can I know you?  
I am looking for us into distant motion!

What do you make my way in a dream I am looking for you among faces in dreams.  
Lost, trying to make of me? shared in each other's arms.

I will walk arm in arm with beautiful women  
in the Garden of Luxembourg, And take them to films at La Pagoda  
and music at St. Julienne le Pauvre. We will dine afterwards in Place de Vosges  
and walk beneath the arcades. And make love to the music of Carmina Burana under the rafters  
of an old apartment up the staircase in the Marais. We will walk carefully in the footsteps where your hips  
swayed and invited me to follow. The music will be loud and strong, drowning out the soft tunes that you  
hum when we are together. In an old car we will pass you at breakneck speed through Trocadero  
and past Murs Libre. Every memory will be overlaid with sex and desire fulfilled!  
Every moment will be spent in a never-ending search for  
memories yet to be overlaid.

Being hurt  
when you passed me  
by, I decided to plot an  
ELABORATE  
REVENGE.

*For all the rest of my life I will seek for the memories yet to be found and women will come to know you as they drown out your music and walk in your footsteps and overlay your image with sex and desire fulfilled*

And still the rain will bite into my face!

To understand my sadness  
 a tree whose ivory trunk and graceful limbs respond with little loving sighs throughout the dreams of an endless night  
 you must become a vine winding and  
 trees. their from disengaged are vines that  
 comes morning when realize to then and  
 time. of will the against echoing canopy, forest of the heights to the rising singer, of the voice beautiful to the listening cathedrals

You are not sad in the morning for you walk together, arms still entwined, and kissing at every turn of the page, through the city who opens to you like a woman kept just for love. You seek, vinelike, to keep your ties by going to the great

But even the song eventually disappears and with it the morning sun and the walking arm-in-arm.

Oh God, what I would give to keep these moments forever and remain a child in this magic land!



Was she your mother,  
the ice-cap receding  
toward the north star  
in the night sky?

Do you  
remember  
her?

And can you  
remember  
the first men,  
Pequot and  
Quinnipiac,  
whose name  
remains  
with your sister  
winding to  
the sea  
west  
from  
here?

And the  
first Europeans  
in their sailing ships?

We know  
you have harbored  
the doe and buck  
and their delicate  
fawns. We have seen their  
their tracks on your island and  
we know they must have  
swum across your  
tidal waters.

We have seen your deer at dusk  
your foxes at morning,  
and watched the baby kingbird  
fly singing from its nest.  
to tease the spiraling osprey.

We have toasted you with wine  
and sealed our love for you with a kiss.  
We anchor our love in you, River-San. Keep us forever  
in your bosom.

Once

Climbing the sacred mountain of truth upon  
Flying on the wind across the sea, a time

Our paths crossed, for a too short  
eight limbs entwined, and caressed.

Our bared We surrendered to the pulse of breathing  
our feet will and the twitch of dream  
to feel the earth. never and rocked to the shaking of the wind.

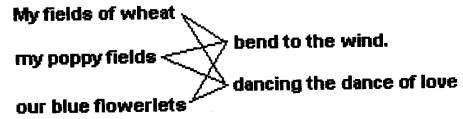
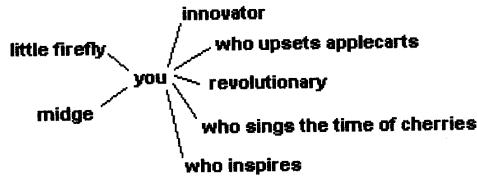
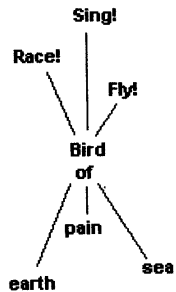
The smell of your hair  
is still on my lips.

be  
quite  
the  
same  
again.

The print of your body  
is still in my arms.



. . . No Matter What the Language



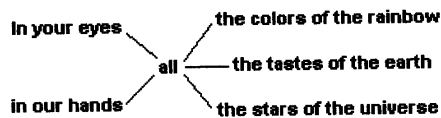
I love you to the point of rage,  
A passion beyond all right or wrong,  
But love can be a guided cage,  
A mother that keeps her young too long.

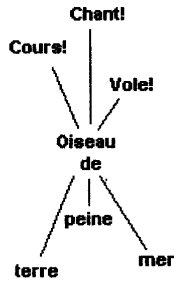
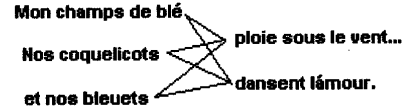
Let us not suck our love beyond  
The bounds of weaning - nature's term  
Let's keep our passion without the bond  
That holds the child and rhythm firm.

The more we love the more our wings  
Beat colored wounds against the bars.  
Our passion turns to hail that stings  
Of absence, jealousy and fears.

But let us open a secret door,  
Fly in and out until that time  
That both of us come back no more  
To the holding cage, the keeping rhyme.

Mr Gaston  
told me  
that he had a friend  
who was a bird  
Goodnight  
Mr Gaston  
i love you





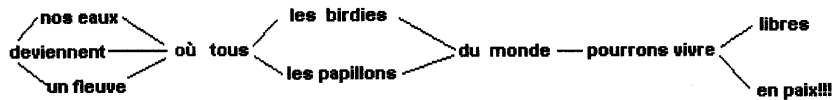
Je vous aime au point de rage  
 Passion qui dépasse raison et tort  
 Pourtant l'amour peut être une cage  
 Une mère qui garde l'enfant trop fort.

Sucons l'amour, mais pas dépassé  
 Des limites de nature, sauvage à ferme.  
 Gardons la passion, mais pas embrassés  
 Par le nid d'enfance, le rythme ferme.

Mr Gaston  
 m'a dit  
 qu'il avait un ami  
 un homme généreux  
 habitant un birdy.  
 Bonne nuit,  
 Mr Gaston.  
 Je t'aime!

Le plus qu'on s'aime, le plus nos ailes  
 Blessent les barreaux laissant couleur.  
 La pluie de passion se tourne en grele  
 De l'absence, souci et plein douleur.

Mais ouvrons de la cage un passage secret,  
 Faisons l'évasion et la voltige  
 Jusqu'au point que nous sommes prêts  
 De quitter le nid, le rime qui figent.



rush pause, rush pause, in the sliver of morning moonlight silver kissing the still dark sand, rush pause, rush pause, rush  
I take off my shoes and I wade in your cool caress, rush pause, drawing energy from your throbbing rhythm rush pause,  
rush pause, RUSH PAUSE RUSH PAUSE waves lap higher on my legs with force coming from some source unknown  
RUSH PAUSE, rush pause, the quiet rhythm returns, and the dawn begins to show the foam rush pause rush pause rush  
I wonder if you are walking now along the strand and connected to me by endless caressing rush pause rush pause rush  
rush pause rush pause it goes on forever rush pause rush pause connecting us to all who ever lived and loved rush pause  
and all who will come to live and love rush pause rush pause RUSH PAUSE RUSH PAUSE rush pause rush pause rush

Pousse pause, pousse pause, le ruban d'argent du clair de lune enlace le sable foncé de la plage, tranquille, pousse pause, pousse pause, pousse,

J'ôte mes chaussures et je marche dans vos fraîches caresses, pousse pause, puisant l'énergie de votre rythme palpitant, incessant, pousse pause,

Pousse pause, POUSSE PAUSE, POUSSE PAUSE, POUSSE, les vagues s'enroulent le long de mes jambes avec la force d'une source inconnue,

POUSSE PAUSE, pousse pause, pousse pause, le rythme tranquille revient et l'aube s'annonce, soulignant l'écume, pousse pause, pousse pause,

Est-ce que toi aussi, tu marches maintenant le long d'une plage reliée à moi par les mêmes caresses infinies, pousse pause, POUSSE PAUSE,

Pousse pause, pousse pause, partout des vagues roulant vers l'infini, pousse pause, reliant en va-et-vient tous ceux qui ont vécu et qui ont aimé...

Et tous ceux qui vivront et qui aimeront, pousse pause, pousse pause, POUSSE PAUSE, POUSSE PAUSE, pousse pause, pousse pause, pousse...

You let me touch you and you didn't fly away

You let me take  
your wings  
in my hands

And then you  
started singing  
softly

warm

and

trembling

You felt my lips against your lips,  
but when my mouth found yours,  
you were frightened

*I held you trembling in my arms as long as I could*

*and then you flew to a nearby branch to say goodbye*

Я держала тебя трепещущую в своих руках, пока мог.

Ты позволила прикоснуться к себе и не улетела.

Ты позволила  
взять в руки  
свои крылья.

А потом  
ты тихо  
запела.

Теплая  
и  
трепетная.

Ты ощутила мои губы на своих губах,  
Но когда наши уста соприкоснулись,  
ты испугалась.

Потом ты вспорхнула, прощалься, на соседнюю ветку.

There is a place we do not go. Facing the wind, on top of the mountain, looking out over valleys and lakes, watching the sun going down through the clouds, we do not see it. Driving through the rain, as night crowds around, your head against my shoulder, we cannot get there from here. There is a room we do not enter. There are thoughts we don't allow. I dared to speak them and you put your finger on my lips to stop. The silence seemed to go on forever, But you waited for me to understand. The wisdom of the greatest poets. Of Goethe and his Doctor Faustus Bulgakov and his Homeless poet, Only death can make love eternal. And we are not about dying for there is so much life to live, so much love to give, so many places to go, so many rooms to enter, dreams to share. Thank you for teaching me, my beautiful co-pilot! "How did you get so wise?" I ask, And you say with a quiet smile, "It is quite simple. I am a woman."

There is a child we will not have.  
There is a name we will not give.  
But in the crossing of our lives,  
the joining of our limbs and lips,  
the sharing of deepest passions,  
we come away changed forever,  
gaining in strength and wisdom  
for mountains of truth yet to climb,  
and journeys yet to even begin.  
Only death can bring peace to love.



Есть место, куда мы не пойдём. Лицом к ветру на вершине горы, глядя на долины и озера,  
наблюдая за лучами солнца, сквозящими сквозь тучи, Мы не видим его. Проезжая через  
дождь в надвигающейся ночи, твоя голова на моем плече, Мы не можем попасть туда .  
Есть комната, куда мы не войдем. Есть ребенок, которого у нас не будет.  
Мысли, которые мы гоним от себя. Есть имя , которое мы не даем.  
Я осмелился озвучить их, ты меня Но на перекрестке наших жизней,  
остановила , прижав палец к моим губам. в сплетении наших тел и губ,  
Кажется, молчание длилось вечно. в обоюдной глубокой страсти,  
Но ты выжидала, чтобы объяснить. Мы изменились навсегда,  
Мудрость величайших поэтов – Приобретя силу и мудрость  
Гете и его доктор Фауст, Для гор истины, которым еще расти,  
Булгаков и поэт Бездомный. для путешествий, которые еще предстоят.  
Только смерть может сделать любовь вечной. Только смерть может принести мир в любовь.  
Но мы не собираемся умирать, потому что так много жизни, чтобы жить, любви, чтобы дарить,  
мест и комнат, куда стоит войти, мечтаний, чтобы разделить. Благодарю за урок, мой штурман!  
«Как ты можешь быть столь мудрой?» И ты ответила с улыбкой, «Это так просто, я – женщина».

After we said goodbye,

but I cannot stop the sky from speaking

I cannot say what is in my heart,

Outside the sky is weeping.

my day is filled with beautiful sad music.

**После нашего прощания,**

Не могу я заставить замолчать небеса

Как сказать не могу, что у меня на душе

За окном плачет небо

Мой день наполнен прекрасной грустной музыкой

Old Man as Prophet

The curse  
 of the  
 prophet  
 is  
 not  
 knowing  
 who  
 has  
 heard  
 the  
 message

I call out to you there  
 hidden by darkness  
 but ready to move

not but  
 just the  
 the bad news  
 that there  
 is still  
 time  
 not much

good news  
 as well  
 but  
 enough if we find  
 each other in the darkness and hold hands  
 with strength and persistence,  
 faith and fearlessness.

Abandon the old ways!  
 Comeswim with me and others against the dark current  
 Our time is coming! Prepare to seize the day, to turn the wheel of history!

and past the waiting willows.

I  
 call  
 to  
 you  
 and  
 listen

willows  
 the  
 in  
 wind

cicadas  
 announcing  
 the first stars  
 of the coming night

...  
 silence  
 ...

Where are  
 you, my  
 people?

I have heard it said  
 that there are prophets  
 crying in the wilderness,  
 and now I know this deep  
 in my heart!

Where are  
 you, my  
 people?

I  
 am  
 waiting  
 for  
 you!

But  
 it's  
 not  
 easy,  
 the life  
 of the  
 prophet!

I  
 am  
 listening  
 for  
 you!