

Poetry Series

Raimi Stranger
- poems -

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Raimi Stranger()

Dream Within Your Dream...

... can we touch
to know the bliss,
holiness gone
with
a kiss,
for a life deny what is?
-was this world made just for this?
... knowing all the walls descend
seen then meaning of a friend
can I show you
worlds must end
scan the vision lives portend
-innocent the dream
of truth
penetrates this world so rough
Love though always
is enough
never feed soul from the trough...

Edgar Allan Poe - 'A Dream Within A Dream':

Take this kiss
upon
the brow
and
in parting from you now
thus much
let me avow:
You are not wrong
who deem that my days have been a dream
yet if hope has flown away
In a night
or in a day
in a vision
or in none
is it therefore
the less
gone?
All that we see or seem

Is but a dream
within a dream...

I stand amid the roar of a surf-tormented
shore
and I hold within my hand grains of
the golden sand
-how few!
yet
how they creep through my fingers
to the deep
while I weep
- while I weep...
O God! can I not grasp them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save one
from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see
or seem
but a dream within a dream?

Raimi Stranger

Envy Of The Undefined

One merely longs
for love
at night
the other journeys inward to the light
and these be brothers
...two will fight
confined within the muses' sight

Can world keep
world
from mundicidious
mutual death
in kindred lusts of mortal breath?
when only few
would fain decline,
if ever aught was given means and time
...as life
unfolding
will reveal
it is not always
as it seems,
the truth
as ever held within
to issue forth
within our dreams

...does love
survive the vapid claw
when time-bourne destiny
sweet purity destroys?
...the whole
insidious by design
or deftest sheer cold force
of soul?

Nay!
even time denies the night
decay enshrines the sure demise
of darkened powers' profit play 'gainst all who loved beneath these skies...

could Abel save ignoble Cain
from destiny of envy's pain
by fighting for his brother's heart
defeating life's illusions
... at the start?

Nay!
brothers fight
because they have forgotten love,
why wars below and peace above,
but strong appear weak
to the weak
... love surely nothing does contend
perfected ever
in the meek
...few know,
yet rightly,
of the end,
that all is solved
for those who seek

The inner truth,
fair in the end,
defines which brother fights himself,
which stands alone without defence
..which
purity restored
and which
impure of strife could never die
in envy of the
dream
of life...

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Hall Of Mirrors

A hall of mirrors set in time
aroused
the fire of earth
insidious illusion so sublime
and we induced
its birth
doors open
doors close
so many wander
unopposed
a lifetime long and grey
in circles
thought
on riddles old
some wander as they may
but others come in from the cold
a narrow way
till fateful day
of lust undone
by stories old
when all will come to
kiss the sun...
so death where is your sting
from wedding to our sin?
-for open too to many who
the wider door
doth fling

but one so fair
on eagles wing
and wise
he flies
yet 'cross the skies
undoes
for few
their sure demise

What riddle this set true today:
Two ways to One

Two earths
three heavens
peace at Last...

as first we fast
as last be first
the first be last
and yet all thirst
this rest in peace
for love of love
all things above

love freely given
we receive
free give again
the joy of heaven

life bounteous then
to all in need,
through love
be life to which we're freed
so at the end we all will thrive
for everything
that now we give

and tears now shed
will turn to blood
yet God
will call them from the mud
first feel the fire
few
as they could
as know and do
that which is good
and so the saga wends its way
as all will live
and love
one day...

Raimi Stranger

Messiah

From another place,
one seed
fell here,
on the edge of this hill.
This now-tall spreading
knew no surrender

No other measured
this steely purpose,
this was no war of proof
but your sure
becoming,
in isolation
from their gusty winds

and now you bend with the gale which blows
and your needle shower
scourges the bare blasted Scottish rock
and solitary pine,
you know the strange happiness
of your desolate home

and I know that
I shall come again...

Raimi Stranger

Speaking In The Wind?

As if with words
the symbols true
they tell a tale,
known to a few...

to me they 'speak'
of stalwart mind
in face of folly,
man-un-kind...

and who be sad?
as stand and die
in multitude
astride the lie?

before the flood
for love of life,
for sake of man...
before we die
how can the people
still not see,
does it not say
our misery?

we, blinded by the light,
not chance,
the message bids us
join the dance

to know what is not,
now, to love
Pied Piper
sets the tune,
no dove...
and few resist
but poor and lame
alone desist
afore the flame...

Could life remain
and bid that love
can never die
as is above...?

Nay,
sing anew an old refrain
the sunshine comes
after the rain...

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The End Of Tears

Youth runs with the will to beat the odds
and did you think
it was a game,
and you had found a way
to win?

what now your surety,
now it's over?

did you not think it was real for a while?
did you not know a kiss
or two
that could have
awoken your heart?

you run the old familiar
hideaways
just a quick fix,
turning tricks,
to face the gore again
and still forget
the meaning of your own tears

your grasp fails
again,
and you slip unknowing into the
unfolding masterpiece
...once more

did you really need to forget
in order to live
or did you see that it was all
an illusion?

how far then will you go,
how many unheeded promises
to yourself?

will you not then come home with us?

will you not
let us share your pain?
-for we have known it too
and now know
its end

or will you stay
mingled with crowds
a while
longer,
leave till later
that quiet part of you
that you
too
forgot to do? ...

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Who Shuts The Door?

May I sit
awhile?
... I am fair tired from
journeying
through timeless stars...

tired of tears
tired of lies
tired of false desires.
tired of darkness
tired of pride
tired of corruption of hearts
tired of your sickness
tired of your gluttony
tired of your greed
tired of your guilt
tired of your imbalance
tired of your injustice
tired of your uncaring
tired of your sad grey eyes
tired of your fears
tired that you do not acknowledge
and yet
we are all the same...

and I wish to end it all

...or is it
you will fight me
still
your will
to you
yet but a thrill
not fulfilled for you
kill's bitter pill?
... you who yet have not distilled
the peace
that once
was built

within?

But if you are
then
instead dead,
yet seem
somehow
somewhat alive,
who then will bid me enter in
to warm old bones
by blazing fire
of broken ruin, life your own,
to breathe in the light
if
ought be left
still unconsumed,
in this foul place
that you call
home?

Nay, I'm so weary
I would end
it all,
as many fairest children
of them all,
turn back
to your ways,
filthy
black inside
in very heart
I gave them...

Who then comes here
to tell the tale
of those who say
it is
my fault?
... Who then will judge
of this old man
crippled
almost dead
iconoclast

who lost his one dear son
to pay for all
...and other,
from beginning,
went astray?
...Will any now accuse me sore
and
rant and rave
and go to war?

so
come
and
I will hear
thy poor complaints
against the few,
my comely saints
... and I'll hear right,
hear all
uncouth,
this then
the place for Light
of Truth..
bring me, within, no darkness here,
but keep it out!
I swear
I cannot bear
with it about
- show mercy pleasing to me too
as it behoves us all to do
come bandy words
if needs you must
see
who it is
in whom you trust
and who lives only for the dust
if I may bear you in my niche
with arguments
the best
of each
...and if your words
are not amiss

then I will grant your fondest wish
talk then
with me
if not undone
see who has heart
to cast
first stone

...mercy
just,
unending bliss,
my misery in thee
bourne
with a kiss
....aim well
and let your hatred fill
to darkened
storm
if be
your will
... and end my life,
if you do judge me with this blade
- now make your move
...else I will hear
fair song of love

Who will come home with me,
who'll stay
when I do take
all life away
in once-fair world
which needs must
pay?
...for it is naught
but is for thee
who made it thus
and so
it be.

... so will you ask
me in
to seek

right in the fire
to hear me
speak
awhile
of all
that now has been,
concurrent is,
and will be seen?
...who is now here who has not bowed
to light of word amongst the crowd,
who,
cruel,
judges,
won't forgive?
who bids me enter
so all live?

Come
I do ask,
and all are bid,
for none excluded,
nothing hid
I will have all to have their say
if choosing love
or
saying nay
...or curse me
and I'll turn away...

Have ye disgust
at my
dark skin
... or open doors
let me within?
...it's as you will
so will you say
who asks me in,
who turns away?

Who then
that is
so straight within

will look much deeper
than my skin?
- who clarified
from all that's dire
can come
in close
unto the fire
...know
I do now
right close
enquire

...beyond the 'chat'
of pain and fears
beyond the deaths
of many years
cast
to the earth,
returned above
the 'water'
burns,
'fire' quenches love
'seas' boil with troubles,
'clouds' you seek
-who ventures up here
so
to peek?
... fire from the air
-who durst yet speak?

Wouldst thou then
still
insult my call...
come forth and sully
pureness,
all?
I gave thee not
thy heart for this
yet come
be brave
by the abyss
...and yet my patience

stands atime
of any
that can muse
with rhyme
...the stories here
of few
who love
and seek to be with me
above
...these stave off timely
evil breath
the tide of time,
the march of death,
gentle as doves
see then these few
who live their lives
in brighter hue...
so I would
not yet end the trance
'til I have seen them
take their
stance...
and there is purpose
in this dance

...so who will set
this banquet scene
a stranger feast there ne'er has been
and if you choose
not sing true song
I will away
full swift and strong
and promise that
end
ne'er be long
...and after that
if still in doubt
not long again till lights be out

...who be refined
like gold from dross
tried in the furnace

without loss
who tarnished still,
who gleaming bright
who yet is blinded by the light?
who stands this heat
of holy pyre?
...those few
now sit
beside this fire...

Who speaks here first
and who be last?
who lost their tongue?
whose tongue be fast?
who sits aside awhile and cries?
who very young?
who, loving, dies?
I will have answer
from the heart
to know which ones are set apart?
didst learn to smile?
...the answer's clear,
and yet I see
but little cheer...
'tis only meek
who love,
and poor...
Who welcomes me?
... who shuts the door?

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