

Poetry Series

# **Tyler Mason**

## **- poems -**

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Tyler Mason()

# A Joyous Woe, A Woeful Joy

A joyous woe, A woefull joy!  
Oh happy sorrow proud and coy!  
In gloom and glee and direful lament  
Be always with your life content!  
And seek to see your soul's regrets  
repent, but may you soon forget!  
Though teach yourself to be taught  
With what you've learned and what you've not  
And what you've found and what you'll find  
Is a solemn, sound, and peaceful mind

Tyler Mason

# A New Year

O! New Year

lo!

New roots to bloom anew!

Lest we wither...alas,

Yet...fortune!

All things resolute!

Lest we pollute...alack,

Arcane alleyways to muddle thru

Tho...I trow, that thereupon a garden grow!

And strewn about; the seeds I sow!

Lest someone wished to mow...

Begone I say to thee!

To and fro...I've nothing to show!

Yet...to know

To have known...knowing not

What's yet to be shown...

Is destiny, to own

Tyler Mason

# A Trip Into Town

My Dear, I've traded our herd for a swine  
...And I've given our well for a jug of moonshine.

I've sold our home for a mound of old loam  
...And your garden, my dear, for a withered coxcomb.

I sold all your gowns for the clothes of a clown  
...And I gave up our fields for a rusty scythe blade,  
And lastly, this day, on my trip into town  
I traded you dear, for a younger maid.

Tyler Mason

# Angel Eyes

amethyst airplanes  
crashing into a waning abyss of wax seas  
occult eyes  
to I, have wishèd away  
and sails...to silk the gown  
summoned by mysticete arias and shanties  
shells calling gasps and wisps  
and sheets upon the brine  
caress to heaven's silk-drawn sash  
above; to evoke chants of a paragon mistress  
...to dangle as tears  
as ashes of grown and narrow  
of bells of towers  
tattered to lavish gowns  
to hang mighty, pure hands of crescents guiding  
to gently grace the water  
and moon in gentle dreams  
to gather water in half-sawn spheres  
a sieve of ocean aspirations  
follies of wings to have flown alee  
to a seafarer of gypsy winds  
and tiny flaxen bells to jangle  
hymns of limniad lullabies  
to enchant the sleep  
to never let it wake

Tyler Mason

# Carry On, Wings (For Oliver)

Carry on, wings  
Over soil and sea  
For death is in the fen  
To gather, to garner, and give away  
What more do you have then?

Carry on, wings  
From spicate a spine  
To lilt and chortle and carol and croon  
From spinney and thicket and sedge a' twine  
Bedraggled and tattered and left too soon

Carry on, wings  
Now crippled relics  
To pound and pummel and batter and bash  
And shatter the sky like a sun-spire phoenix  
And rise from sleepy ash

Tyler Mason

# Collecting Leaves

Collecting leaves. Every shape, color, size  
Nature's puzzle, autumn's pride  
They spiral down from the towering trees  
And land upon their mossy knees  
Until they are only bones in the breeze

Oh, the ever-golden majesty!  
Of each an every one I seize!  
What better way to spend the day? : Collecting Leaves

I'll press them 'tween a hymnal's pages  
Or place them in a potpourri  
I'll wander through each glorious path  
Whose foliage sheds grace on thee  
What better a thing to do in life? : Collecting Leaves.

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Tyler Mason



# Dead Man's Villanelle

When I'm dead and still at last  
There will be flowers strewn  
I'll be flickering and fading fast

I'll be ages gone and ages passed  
Silent in the fragile noon  
When I'm still and dead at last

I'll be resting in my earthly cast  
Blotchy beneath a hopeful moon  
I'll be flickering and fading fast

Pick me a plot in an orchard vast  
With the lavender blushing in June  
When I'm dead and still at last

With sculpted hills and prairie grass  
And oaks that whisper ancient runes  
I'll be flickering and fading fast

When my life is pressed beneath the glass  
I'll have not a care, nor cry, nor croon  
When I'm dead and still at last  
I'll be flickering and fading soon

Tyler Mason

# Journey On

Our bones, though brittle, draw us forth  
To journey on another day  
And Mary's milk may keep us strong  
And God will never turn away  
By jagged stones which scar our feet  
..But beauty in each milky mark  
The many miles are but a leap  
And light shines brighter when it's long been dark  
No steps can descend that cannot scale up  
And rivers never know the way  
The pull of Heaven draws them forth  
To journey on another day

Tyler Mason

# Look Not Away, But Near

A scowling wind in the dimlit sky  
A swarm of eyes and an evil sneer  
A poor man hung and left to die

The reason is clear but who knows why?  
His face is pale but wears no fear  
A scowling wind in the dimlit sky

He doesn't speak, no use to try  
Why whisper in the devil's ear?  
A poor man hung and left to die

A rag-winged man ought not be alive  
A penniless man worth not a tear  
A scowling wind in the dimlit sky

He counts his worth with a feeble sigh  
And wonders why he's even here  
Poor man hung and left to die

His good heart hangs in heaven high  
Away from every soul too mere  
The reason is clear but who knows why?  
Look not away, but Near.

Tyler Mason

# Love Is A Cave

People proclaim that love is a cave  
A catacomb with stalactite spears and a nightwing's sight  
And we could wander forever  
But we'll never see the light

And I proclaim, Love is a cave  
A cavern of diamond rows that never spend  
And we could wander forever  
But we'll never see it end

Tyler Mason

# Macedonia

Inhabit the brain with telltale imagery...  
For metal breeds in dark places.  
So, thenceforth, journey through bright brilliant skies...  
Clouds laced intricately in a macramé.  
And worry not of planets falling like maces.  
Look unto your wild, lynx-eyed lover  
And beckon forth the lyricist in the clouds.  
Let him play lute or madder flute...  
Onward to Macedonia.

Tyler Mason

# Milady

Milady said she spoke too softly  
diamonds dancing on her tongue  
Milady moved her fingers lightly -  
from her fingers rubies hung  
Milady said 'the moon's entrancing, '  
lapis lazuli in her eyes  
Milady said she felt like dancing  
out into the emerald sky

Tyler Mason

# Mulberry M'Am

A tight-woven birch basket  
Weary with wear  
A God-given garden  
An orchard lass fair

With bushels of berries  
And fictitious fruit  
A little lost cowbird  
A peppermint flute

I gander, I gather  
Not a nook will I spare  
I wander, I wonder  
Which fruit flowers where

I walk - widdle pathways  
I stumble across  
A berry patch prickled  
And pebbles - peat moss

The berries be golden  
With puce ladel leaves  
The vines; powder white  
A wonder she weaves

Mysterious berries  
A woman walks near  
I ask her 'what be they? '

'Why, mulberries dear'

'Mulberries m'am? '  
'Be they poison to eat? '

'Of course not, ' she said  
So I suckled them sweet

Tyler Mason

# Night

Idle stars at the speed of light  
Devoured divine at dusk's delight  
And tempests tremble at only the sight  
Of castles crumbling in the night

And what night pulls close aloft its crest  
Are solemn stars and brindled dress  
And what night holds tight upon its breast  
Are tranquil tears and spheres fluoresced

Angels fly furtively feverish white  
And howls in the hollow, pale rider twilight  
Silver shackles clutch a horse of graphite  
As the cold, whimpering wind takes flight

Tyler Mason



# Quiet Dawn

Janus: the God of doors  
Across the sea; opposing shores  
Tarnished knobs of glitz and gold  
The ancient isles of ash and coal

Posiedon's palace; beneath the purling sea  
The pylons puncturing the nylon sheet  
My makeshift ship I set athwart  
Deep into the ocean's heart

The beasts do beckon and the waves do crash  
Yet, true, I venture, sweetly unabashed  
And I, only, need to decide  
If they're waving me unto or waving awry

Yet, blindly forth, uncharted and insane  
Zeus begets a might rain  
And the sea of diamonds turns to coal  
As the crashing waves swallow me whole

Yet, truly, unruly I go upon  
In the desolation of quiet dawn

Tyler Mason

# Saw I,

At the tip of the mountain saw I, a flame  
as brilliant as a thousand suns  
And I haven't a clue, for who, to blame  
For when I climbed to the top saw I, none

Then, looking down I saw, aglow  
A light as white as a thousand winters  
But when I reached the land below  
Saw I, it break in a thousand splinters

Then, at once, again at the mountain's peak  
A light which blinded the brightest star  
Thought I, the beauty which I seek  
For now, be best admired afar

Tyler Mason

# Something Is Calling Me Someplace...(But Bells)

War is won though never fair  
Those fought the war to fight  
But bells clang and clamour somewhere  
And echo through the night

Night is shown the descant din  
Of light and livid shields  
Morning come, can mask no sin  
Is leaden, guns we wield

And shells have shocked as thunder wires  
And souls are suckled sere  
Our bodies left prey to buzzard fires  
And our minds left lay in fear

Those cast and come and gone away  
The last to live will lose  
For I can't think no weaker way  
To pay the devil's dues

Cuddled in his grisly oak  
Death needn't make a fuss  
To all mankind, life's but a joke  
And Death's no match for us

Tyler Mason

# Summer She Saw

Summer she saw  
and the swing was empty  
She called to her mother  
with nature's voice

Her tiny feet trod upon  
fresh blades and crippled stems  
as she lifted a yellow crown  
adorned with honey bees  
from the soil  
upon her head

The weeping beech chattered  
as crescent wings slowed and settled  
and she merrily took to the shade beneath

The dogwood blooms  
looked like fresh paint  
Delicate and soft  
on a dark canvas  
of ancient tree bark and sapling oil  
as the sun's rays crumbled  
with a sallow hue  
like threshed grain  
trampled by a palomino  
and brushed away by a straw broom

The faint breeze tickled her face  
as the cool dust settled between her toes  
and a dim blue shadow loomed beyond the treetops

It settled with night  
and a shivering moon climbed the celestial turret  
nakedly, till it became nestled in a cloudy tussock

She saw summer grow  
and watched it fade  
When summer gardens boiled  
for the last time

Tyler Mason

# Sweet Anise

wrinkled cloth on a tiny wooden chair  
hidden behind the sky like a paper mask  
soft and blue as a Daphne bush  
in coal black whispering sweet anise  
jasper & jasmine orbs  
afloat, aloft  
unmoored as anchors  
casting sails into sun-stricken skies

Tyler Mason

# The Dust Collector

High amidst the sinking sands  
The dust collector sinks his hands  
Into the strange, bewildered lands  
Where not a single timber stands

The sun is dull; a raven flashes  
Eyes as dim as buzzard ashes  
Long and lovely are her lashes  
Sweet and dim her shadow crashes

Tyler Mason

# The Search

My love, I search for you in my dreams  
But never can I find  
And things are seldom how they seem  
In my illusive mind

Amidst my thoughts' cruel trickery  
The endless ocean laughs  
I reach to touch the scenery  
But feel only endless grasp

I long to thaw the freeze of time  
And hear the tintinabular ring  
of an ancient chapel's wedding chime  
and tinseled grass in spring

I'll scour the sands and the skies above  
Forever search for you, my love

Tyler Mason



# The Unavoidable Truth

Wishes lie beneath cloaks of eerie wonderment  
Guarded by the uninviting truth  
Lifting the veil  
Removing the mask  
Opening the curtains  
Picking the leaves from the tree and watching it stand tall and naked  
Noticing the bare beauty of dying and being born again...  
The unavoidable truth

Tyler Mason

# The Wind

All day long I sit on the limb of a withering old oak tree  
'Loft caverns of clouds and sterling shrouds  
I watch till the Sunlight's wee

Peaceful and simple, Morning and me  
Cerulean wimple, the Sky wears she  
Vermillion cheeks that glow when she's shy  
But never have I, seen the Wind go by

And both her children, Gust and Gale  
Blow upon a seafarer's sail  
And rise 'neath the wings of a bird on the fly  
And all day long I sit on the limb of a withering old oak tree  
And wonder why

In silk and in angels the motion is sweet  
And Wind wound right leads dancingly so  
But lifting the Autumn to her tiny feet  
Is the Wind I've yet to know

Shade, she sleeps somber in silver a shadow  
And Light, she leaps in gentle glow  
But the ghost who embraces as seeds are sown  
Is the wind I've never known

The echoes of Night rest still by my side  
And Light, now lambent, flickers and flies  
Though she who walks in dusky disguise  
Is she, the Wind, blowin' by

Tyler Mason

# The World's End

Scorched and charred.  
It took all and every atom there...  
Of to be vanished,  
And only to the world's end  
I appoint my sole possession;  
My soul.  
For ashes sprinkling sweetly around the land  
As of to a cake  
And all our lives only to be dead  
And to see the long desolate miles  
And silence in every corner of the world  
...Here, in my temperate state  
The moon serves as my only friend  
For now I've time to contemplate  
Here, at the world's end

Tyler Mason

# Where's The Silver?

Colors, colors everywhere  
Colors all around

Reds and purples and blues are there  
But silver can't be found

I look around, and now I've found some yellows and some greens  
I look until my eyes are sore, but silver can't be seen

I look unto the vibrant clouds, but there's no silver lining  
Where is all the silver that the miners should be mining?

There are no silver bells a'ringing  
The silver songbirds are not singing  
The orange sun hangs in the air, but I can't find silver anywhere

I look for hours, look for days, look for silver anyplace  
But there always seems to be another color in it's place

I've given up this useless search  
There is no silver left to find  
I dropp my head and start to cry  
When out of my pocket falls a silver dime

Tyler Mason