

Poetry Series

**Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah
Baer
- poems -**

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Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer(July,1951)

Raised in the midwest, writing poetry and stories since age 10, studied theatre and history, moved across country and back, working on first novels, an historical fantasy and a 'space opera', owned by two cats, and partnered by one rabbit,
a long time seeker, still seeking along at least three paths. Fascinated by horses, history, poetry, language, theatre, musicals, westerns, ballads, swans, owls, and pegasi

3 Cinquain To Describe A Golden Hunter

1 Eyes wide,
Bright as noon sky
Blue as forest shadows
Merry as summer festival
Gaze warm.

2 Proud face,
Shoulders steady
'brave of heart and hard of head'
A fighter,
always at your side,
Grin kind.

3 Hair gold
Lock's disarray'd
Flaxen headed lover
Hunter, warrior, wanderer,
Heart pure.

written in July,99

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

A Friend In Need

There comes a time in every life,
When you simply, freely have to admit,
You aren't doing this alone,
You never did this on your own,
And you never will.

There comes an hour in every night,
When the choice comes down to braving it out,
or seeking the comfort, the counsel of friends,
asking for their thoughts,
their quiet strength,
their cooler heads, their help.

There comes a moment in every day,
When you've done everything you can,
and you know
the task must be completed
and you know
the task will be completed,
by other hands.

There comes a day in every life,
When you see there's no going back
not from the path you're already on,
not from the way you chose,
not from the light in a close friend's eyes,
not if peace is the prize you seek.

And so you give up the task,
And so you turn from the path,
And so you bequeath all you have,
And so you leave all behind,
This is the last step on your Way,
And so you rest,
carried safely in one woman's heart,
until it beats next to yours again.

(written in 2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Advice

Loneliness is poison
black as the spreading veil of space
dimly lit by dusty stars.

but
Happiness is neither drug
nor antidote to be taken
once an eon
until the current supply dries up.

and
Bitterness is a weapon
better used in suicide than
murdering.

So,
shed the anger
that ulcerates your heart,
free the captive named Memory
who steals your life,
lose the fear-ridden dream
that mocks your every hope.

You need not run
towards life,
only
Do not let it get away!

written in Jan. '78

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

After Anger

Hercules, you're wrong
the death blow Iolaus took
should not have been yours
it should have been mine instead

Why wasn't it mine?
Why wasn't my heart pierced?
Why wasn't I the one sacrificed,
if that's what was meant to be?

Oh most Ancient Ones, gods of my people!
I grew to womanhood in your lands,
I grew up loving the grandeur and music of your names,
It was not your tales and songs I ran away from.
It was not your temples and rites I despised.

But those who told and sang the songs and tales,
But those who ruled in the temples
and enacted those rites,
I learned to distrust, to despair of,
to want none of.

Now I stand again alone
Queen of my people as I never wished to be,
as I never thought to be.

Bereft of a new love,
who was once a stranger.
Bereft of a once dear brother,
who became a stranger.

And I cry out to you,
Most Ancient Ones,
Creators and sustainers of my people.
And I call to you,
Great Shining Ones,
Goddesses and gods of my people
a litany I make of your names for my prayer:
Ninlil and Damkina, Enlil and Nisaba,

Nammu and Ashnan, Erishkegal, Dumuzi,
Mami and Enkidu, Ninsar,
Enki, and Ninsurhag,
Nergal, Uttu, and Lahar,
Lamasthu, Sin, and Great Inanna!

If its this warrior's heart that must be pierced,
If its my blood that needs to be spilled,
If it is this woman's life that must be sacrificed,
Take it from me, take it quickly, take it freely.

Only
send back the true brother who should be king here,
generous, kind and laughing once more here
Only
send back the new love who should be standing here,
golden and ruddy and vibrantly alive here
to the land of the living where they belong,
to the people who need them.
And I am yours.

(written in September,1999)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

After Denial

Ah gods! How could you do this!
He wasn't your target of choice!
His heart was not to be your sacrifice!
Not here, Not now,
Not in a foreign land
[where they didn't even know he'd need a coin for Charon]

Not for somebody else's cause,
[who don't even know a warrior is honorably burned on a pyre!]
And not for *her*! Why for her?
That Sumerian-princess-sea-captain!
She didn't want to go home again, she said
home was nothing but trouble, she said
well I can't argue that
but she didn't mind taking our dinars
to dropp us off in this gods-forsaken land

Why, Iolaus? blast it!
Why should you give your life for *her*?
A warrior's death you wanted,
I know, but this isn't how we planned
back to back, we said,
brought down together, we said,
or not at all, we said!
You broke your word!
You broke our deal!

You broke my heart.

(written Sept.1999)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

All Vows

Someone taught him, early on,
Vows are promises made
to the g-ds,
his heart knew better.

Someone told him, long ago,
Vows are too sacred
to be made between mortals,
his soul knew differently.

Someone claimed vows
were meant to keep private,
His instincts couldn't agree.

Someone, more than one,
tried to make him false,
tried to make him cheat,
tried to make him run,
tried to make him betray.

He laughed, He groaned,
He wept, sometimes
But he knew, But he felt,
But he saw,
But he lived as though
all the sacredness of vows,
meant nothing,

unless they were made with hope,
unless they were shaped in honor,
unless they were honed in struggles,
unless they were born of love,

And he made it so, And he made it known,
And he made it felt, And he made it live,
that no one was known more
for keeping vows,

than one, bold, laughing warrior,

than one, golden haired hunter,
than one blue-sky eyed lover
Than the best the living world has ever seen,

Iolaus athanatos esti, Zei!

(written in September,2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Another Solstice

A winter's rain washed away the snow
making this new old home seem more like the old new one
reminding me of gray, wet winters,
where I took so many walks
loving the green hills and the white, far-off peaks

A winter's snow softened the seer, dry fields and yards
making this old new home seem more like my childhood's playground
A year ago I crunched out on hills of snow,
bundled like a toddler against the bitter air
A year ago I talked of hopes and dreams
I felt we all had those, and to spare

This year, like the fields,
I'm softened, quietened
by a blanket of clouds
this year I have smaller hopes
and milder dreams
for smaller crowds

But something hasn't changed this winter
Something never will
The wheel turns towards the longest night,
The earth Herself stands ready to hold still.

And Solstice comes again,
to shine in our hearts like the peaceful smile of a friend
to warm our thoughts like the grasp of a kind hand,
to cheer our hopes like the embrace of a much missed love.
It will always come
It will always shine
It will always warm
It will always give us pause
to hope, to dream and to love.

(written, December, 2004)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Bardery

1)

What is it we do
With words,
With images,
With sounds?

What is it we share
With poems,
With tales
With trust?

What is it we weave
With letters,
With lines,
With hearts?

What is it we live
With sobs,
With laughter,
With songs,
As once the Blind Bard wrote:
'I sing of gray-eyed Athene'?

It is only our lives,
It is only our world,
It is only our loves,
It is only our hearts.

Be wary, indeed, then,
That you tread softly,
That you construe charily,
That you speak truly,
That you grant these singers their due.

It is only our selves,
It is only our souls,
It is only our life's blood,
It is only our way through.
It is our only way through.

(written in December,2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Blank Page, Frozen Lake

Blank page,
frozen lake,
empty field,
snow bank tracked by a fence line
or the spiked birds feet of ideas.

Whether yours
or mine
or someone's in between.
Linking
instead of
Dividing us across
snow banks, fields and frozen winter lakes.

written in '78

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Bones

The steeliest, kindest eyes in the Fleet,
watching,
piercing with laser insight
and fierce ill-logic,
any mind:
alien, human, friend as truly as foe.

No pretense,
no facade survives his ice-blue gaze.
No arrogance,
no cruelty endures his life-loving wrath.

Once felt,
that wrath heals while it burns.
Once known,
he is the deepest, truest friend.
'Bones, '

dated 05/30/77

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Cailean

Jedi are star-children, Cai
so my gentle, green eyed granddam said
and smiled,
while I craned to search the jeweled sky,
all childhood's yearning in round blue eyes
to see fond, parental faces there,
so I dreamt.

Jedi are fire-children, Cai
This my sad eyed warrior tutor taught
and watched,
as I touched to shimmering laser-fire
eager and hesitant at once,
the blazing sword when given
marked my boyhood's end,
so I laughed.

Jedi are Life's children, Cai
so my somber, clear eyed master told
and grieved,
as my generation fell
each one brave and beautiful and fool,
thinking to heal the galaxy
dying for beings who called us
'hardly men at all'
so I wept.

Jedi will be our children, Cai
this my darkeyed, wondrous lady foretold
and knew,
as I twined my being with hers
beneath stars, beside fires, and before Life's call,
we were joyous, afraid and loving enough
to make ourselves
and our galaxy anew
so I lived.

(written in January,1982)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Catching Fireflies

Catching fireflies feels
like catching poems,
Or should I say that
The other way around?

Catching fireflies
When they dart into view
Is easier than it should be,
Is harder than it sounds.

They glow an instant,
maybe two
In our eyes, in our minds, in our hearts,
flickering at the limits of our sight,
At the far ends of our reach.

We, childishly, seek to capture
Their light, their life,
Their short-lived beauty
In the clear jars of our imaginings.

They are ephemeral things,
Never meant to be seized
Yet many a summer's night,
We spend, trying to hold
Their fragile, gorgeous lights.

And much of fall and winter's dark,
Likewise we make-shift,
Re-collecting their shimmering gifts
Of light, of beauty, and of life.

written 08/19/02

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Condemned?

Condemned, the big blond guy with the wings said
condemned to take up my life again,
to taking up my place again
by my heart's brother's side

Seeing how seriously that archangel, and that demigod took it,
I held back a yelp of pure joy
that rose in my throat
a second, no make that a third...
is anyone keeping count? ah Tartarus!
I only know I've got another chance!

I would spend a hundred lifetimes,
maybe more,
if they were offered me,
taking my place and keeping my place,
and making my life's work at that half god's side!

I would give a hundred lifetimes,
and many, many more,
if I thought they were in my grasp,
undoing mistakes, retaking missteps
avoiding missed steps once more.
But, let me not tempt the Fates!

The living world spreads out before me,
once more:
lovely even in a chilling season,
wide enough for taking chances,
bright enough for mortal eyes,
And I know my life to be not so much charmed,
as blest.

[written 11/18/02]

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Connections/Reconnecting

A golden voice,
A blazing pair of eyes
Caught our attention.

A heart-stopping grin,
A quick-silver laugh
Held us fast.

A gleaming head of hair,
A whirling, bronzed form
kept us avid.

A wild spirit,
A gentle wink
Let us in.

A warrior's courage,
A hunter's cunning
made us wonder.

A hero's friendship,
A journeyer's heart
let us dream.

A brilliant source,
A glad cry
brought us together,
hoping,
as he became immortal,
so might we!
Iolaus athanatos esti! Zei!

(written in 2001)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Curiosity

What are you?
Why do I feel the
origins of my self
gazing out at me?

Was I you?
half-formed,
waiting,
changing deep within
without knowing me?

Will you sleep
incomplete, unknowing?
and
Won't you wake
whole,
winged with joy
swooping down,
waiting, changing, sleeping over?
I
wonder.

(this poem was written for Robin Wood's line drawing titled 'Curiosity'
I dated 08/17/77)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Dreams A Third And Final Pern Poem

Oh, Shells!
Oh, Shards!
It was just a dream, again!
But ... so fine a dream!
I rode the glistening green back
Of a fire-lizard,
Doing things no dragon ever will!

In and out of the smallest weyr-windows
Swept we two,
Down dim night-glowed corridors
Peeping into chambers
Long unused,
Or spying on sleeping weyrmates,
Curling close, closer, closest.
We soared past all, giggling,
Too tiny to be heard
Too quick for their gaze

Through halls filled with master's maps
We flew
Eyeing colors, lines and shapes world-sized to us,
Happily, we gazed on snoozing wherries
Tickling noses, ears or toes, with a tiny touch
Madly through twilight kitchens
We raced
Dipping a finger here, a wing there
To taste
Scooting past the great cook fires.
Magically we sped to the hatchling's cave,
Where the huge dragon queens shone
Like suns, even in the dark
We watched them sometimes shifting,
Stretching, and resettling,
Just barely their jewel gleamed eggs to show
Impossibly, the dragonets within.

We would have fled, elated,
at the sight,

But one small form, wetly green,
Looked straight at me,
Stretched a bit and smiled
Inside my head!
I woke up,
Heart flying,
Nerves jumping,
Joy bounding,
But truly,
Wasn't it only a dream?

written in October,1989

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Dyad

Voice 1

It was wonderful, it was fantastic,
it was ecstatic,
being in her arms again,
It was all wrong.
I should have known.

I gloried in her gaze,
I drank her scent,
I reveled in her fire,
I should never have come here,
I can't again.

Her eyes shone with tears,
her lips trembled so,
Her touch swept my mind away.
I said not a word to her,
and that was unfair.

What we lost is lost,
Who we were and who we loved,
Both are changed for good
What we knew, is gone,
all we have is here and now,
What will be, cannot be known,
Whether right or wrong.
But I know.

I can't stay here,
my place is leagues away,
My punishment's my joy,
and yet my charge as well.
I can't take her,
She's made her homeland free again
We both have tasks to do.
But how do I tell her?
Gods! How do I tell Nebula?

Voice 2

It was incredible, it was so wonderful,
it was magickal,
Being in his arms again.
But I knew all the while we loved,
It was all wrong,

I flew to his touch,
I shone in his gaze,
I leapt to his music again,
I cried out my joy,
I let go my doubts and pain
The wanting was enough.
But not now.

He is still beautiful,
He is still rare as silk,
He is still gold to my bronze,
And morning to my dusk
And he still wants me.
I cannot doubt that now.
It's so unfair.

We are so much alike,
maybe too much akin
I know the man who sleeps here beside me,
No, I knew the man who sleeps here beside me.
But then I saw him die,
And now he lives.

He gave his life for mine,
he'd give his life again,
He does what's right for him,
That's no surprise, So do I
When I can, when I say,
when I take off my crown?
No, I can't,
and he knows it.

I cannot go with him
Now as then I'm bound to stay
We had so little.

And so much together.
We understand so much without a word
Yet, how do I tell him?
Oh great Goddess!
How do I tell Iolaus?

(written in 2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Exchange

I can't imagine a moonless world
(Illogical, Lieutenant, Vulcan has none.)

I've yet to see a thousand alien worlds.
(alien, Lieutenant, is a relative term.)

I have been reaching all my life
for unseen, unimagined stars.
(a human's reach, must, it seems, exceed their grasp. Yes, Lieutenant, I've read
Browning, too.)

I want to hear their music,
dark, precise, and fiery cold as you,
who say you've never heard the stars sing.

written in Jan '78

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Fantasy

Fantasy is
wish-fulfilling,
day-dreaming,
star-gazing,
shedding all fears,
all self
self conscious no longer.

Standing as a woman grown
as high as she hopes to
as deep as a brief span allows,
as wise as love,
as drunken-gay as making love

Walking slow
without false blushing
to that one who needs
but cannot ask her [child]
that one who wants
but will not take her [man]

Giving, touching
holding,
cherishing both
until the man trusts her with the child,
and offers both.

(written in 1977)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

For Amy Lowell, Patterns 1970

Intricate strings of words,
meaningless,
but pleasant to the ear,
set in careful copperplate
a schoolgirl-perfect hand.

Time escapes,
while she writes of times past,
Love slips out by a crack in the floor
while she sets down
five lines for the price of one.

Music shields her,
a bittersweet coating of sound.

Sitting alone is not enough,
Walking alone will never be enough,
again.
Voices break off in laughter
the words are not hers,
but purloined, borrowed or begged,
from the latest magician who came
to town.

(written in 1990)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

For 'Hamlet' In New Zealand

In a dark place,
On a nearly empty stage,
We can all see by the light of words penned centuries ago

Not just by the unmatched gift of the world's poet laureate,
But the incredible, generous gift of a troupe of artists,
And the irreplaceable gift of the man at their lead.

And by the gift of many friends,
I came as close as possible to being there,
To seeing and hearing and feeling that play,

That glorious work of art and fire, of light and music,
which for centuries has stood as the triumphant proof
of each generation's actor's art,

richard burbage, and edmund kean, and the truly tragic edmund booth,
elenora duse, and even sarah bernhardt dared the role of the dark prince,
john Barrymore, john gielgud, and lord olivier all tested themselves as
hamlet, and won their times' high praise,

so many, it would take all day to name,
but these few more must join the list
and a list it is, a trial by fire and light and music
such as the world has rarely seen,

so i will add, burton, and williamson,
chamberlain and gibson, jacobi and
branagh, all proving themselves
in the greatest challenge of the western stage,
all differently, as the bard's work allows
And now, proven twice over, one name more,

Without seeing, without hearing, without journeying to that stage,
we still know a 'Muse of fire' stooped from Olympus
to charge the boards with vivid, passionate, powerful life
and for that gift the only word left us is 'thanks'.

much thanks, michael.

(written in 2004)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

For Kevin Todd Smith

Quiet tears are best
sometimes,
letting us sit aside
and know the grief again
letting us set aside
the trials this loss
make so little by compare.

Quiet smiles are good
some days,
reminding us
that he loved to smile,
reminding us
how we loved that grin,
wicked as he knew it was.

Quiet thoughts are fine
some nights,
bringing some measure of peace
again,
bringing some memory of joy
once more,
giving us heart to go on.

But sharing all these
can be better still
Keeping each other
safe and whole,
Touching each other
across the world,
Holding each other
from the pain.

Assured by memory
as we are
that our brilliant, daring,
graceful, caring
Kevin
would be well pleased.

(written February,2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

For Maggie, 1944

Tracing fire with our fingertips,
Etching air with your crystal eyes,
You remade me,
Into your love,
Etching fire,
Tracing air,
Sculpting souls,
Welding hearts,
One being
Formed of two

Stealing rare days in your smiles,
Snatching life by our few hours,
You discovered me,
In your loving,
And we laughed, on the edge of sobs,
In the boundary of tears,
Snatching days,
Stealing life,
Laughing, sobbing,
One love, complete
Shared by two

(written summer, 1979)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Forgetting A Second Pern Poem

I wish I could stop
The memories flooding my senses
When the wings rise without me, now.

Jewel bright eyes, glistening hide,
Tender mind-friend,
Joyful bond

All as clear to me now
As the moment
Before my life-friend died.
Drumming wings
Raking claws
Ferocious grin,
Hammering cry
All steal upon me afresh
When the alarm is called and I cannot go.

Crippled, cast off,
Cast away, Useless
I waste here
Since my cherished mind-mate died
Screams still echo in my head,
Half empty now, as a scorched-out weyr
Mine? His?
Who could see closely enough to tell?

Thread falls again,
Others rise to the fight,
I lie here
Hopeless, dry-eyed
Wondering
Why haven't I died here?
I feel our pain
Our loss, our separation,
Our living wasted turns to come.

Memory is a trickster
Alone on my cot It lies to me:

Back it brings the first times
So strongly I almost can feel
That first touch of dragon's mind on mine!
My friend! I go between to new Wonders!
Hero Times await us, Come!

Helpless,
Alone in our weyr,
I watch myself climb to his back again,
Overcome with reunion,
Flooded with after-light,
Now, let others
Do the forgetting!

written October,1989

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Gabrielle's Song, 10,001 A.D.A.*

I hear the cries of 'No! ' 'Go back! '

A bard always listens to her audience.
So, I'm here, again, to ask
How far back along my many paths
shall I retrace my steps?

Shall I be what I never was
a 'girl my parents wanted'?
They're gone, and I can only wish,
gone to Elysium, past any help from me.

Shall I be a foolhardy, foolish woman-child
risking much while looking for 'adventure',
full of daring, full of tales?
I liked her too, but never will see
the world again as simply as did she.

Or suppose,
if walking the past alive again was possible
I could be Queen Melosa's heir?
With Ephiny's staff, and Teireis' marks of caste
an Amazon heiress, who hadn't taken lives?
Who swore she'd never, ever kill?
Blood-innocent I stayed for months past then,
walking the wild and bitter world at a warrior's side.
But such never, ever was meant to last,
that's clear now, much too clear.

And there the nightmare truly starts-
My heart's friend died, and gods-thanked lived again,
Melosa's crown I wore, numbly, briefly, and joyously
removed,
My soul's love lived, but plunged us onto her older path-

No! She made her choices and I made mine,
And gods! If I could take some back, wouldn't I?
Wouldn't I!

Ask yourselves that question

who come seeking my answers
you see acceptance now in my eyes?
You hear it in my voice?
It is of this plain fact:
I made my choices
good and ill, angry and glad, generous and jealous,
sometimes simply wrong, and
sometimes very, very right.
But if anything is 'fated' in
this wide, wild, and dangerous world;
it is our choices freely made.
No one and nothing can undo them.

So I ask you, dearest listeners
if I've not sent you sound asleep
If you had the heart's core choice
of your life to make again
the choice to love, the choice to stay,
the choice to stay and love,
the one you defied men and gods,
immortals and angels,
queens and demons,
and all your world to make-
would you name it grief or pride? would you say it's folly?
would you call it Fate? would you name it failure?
would you shrug it off patiently to hear it named
'acceptance'?

I hear talk that bards are welcomed,
 even honored here.
I hear tell some seek to tell those tales
 I failed to scribe-
That's well, but know this:
We are a cranky, quick-tempered lot, we bards.
Who take it ill, to find our own scrolls writ-over.
So name not surrender what we call oaths kept,
Write not folly, where we wrote tragedy,
Mark not mere acceptance
what we know as the heart's core: love.

In other words:
Don't seek to meddle in the affairs of

fighting, scribing, smiling, sorrowing,
grimacing, daring, laughing, patient, raging,
Amazon-Queen-Bards,
for we are greatly gifted, and
have long memories.

*A.D.A. after the discovery of agriculture

(written in 2002)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

How I Spent My...

Mundane and silly things fill my days,
home chores and foolish notions,
distractions and must run errands,
fantasies and even fun.

Worries press in some days,
'real life' has its valleys and heights,
But I am adamant,
I won't stay in the 'lowlands',
or as Lewis wrote, 'the shadowlands'.
I won't slip off the mountaintops,
or as Maslow called them, the 'peak experiences',
Not if I can help it.

My struggles are with inertia,
and some times the score is tied,
My fights are with uncaring, unfeeling, numbness,
and I think I win those more than I lose,
My battles are mostly with myself,
and as I change, so do they.

My goals are simple really, and complex
stability, and newness,
security and dreams,
safety, and freedom,
remembering well
what Dr. Franklin said about that choice.

I only want life, love and the pursuit of liberty
I only want to stay in my native land, and see the world,
I only want to keep my best beloved close, and let her fly,
I only want to keep long time friends and make some new.

I haven't checked lately,
so I'd best ask,
Maker of the Universe,
is that too much to hope?

(written in July,2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

I Never Cared

I never cared for blue-sky eyes
quoth the slight-built bard
And then she turned,
and found the sky-brightest pair
Twinkling mischief at her,
Smiling gently at her,
Laughing warmly at her foolishness,

And she nearly fell
except they caught her gaze,
except they stopped her breath,
except they held her strongly on her feet.

I've nothing against
sky-bright eyes
quoth the small, round bard,
no bias, no disliking, nor distrust,
[The Who's song to the contrary notwithstanding]
Only I've long preferred gazes of amber/gold,
golden gleaming bronze, deepest, near black brown,
even those of warm, clear hazel, and sometimes glass green.

But then she turned,
and found those deep set, twinned blazing blue
sparkling and sparkling, sparing with a golden smile,
narrowed and glinting, flinting gray in a fight

Then she almost fell;
And she caught her breath,
And held herself steady,
And felt the world disappear.

I'd rarely given thought to sea-deep eyes
quoth the little bard, sighing
Until I turned and
saw them weeping,
found them worrying,
met them desolate, near despair...

And then I happily fell,
except he holds firm,
except he keeps fighting,
except he goes on loving,
except he **never** gives up

And nor will I.

(written in 2004)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

If All

If all I had were pictures
I could be content
to see over and over and over again
his golden smile,
his blue-sky eyes,
and
his graceful frame, so wondrously.

If all I had were stories
I'd be grateful
to read again, and again and once more
of his laughter,
of his loves,
and
of his hero's life, so bravely.

If all I had were memories
I would be glad
to share them, once, twice and again
to re-live,
to revive,
and
to renew them, constantly.

If all I had were friendships
I would be blessed
to find them still with me, over again and once more
growing strong with time,
caring when there's need,
and
praising when a goal is reached, finally.

But I must thank G-d,
and all who bring these several joys my way,
the legends, the bards,
the laughter loving groups
and
an actor giving one special soul his birth, beautifully.

written 03/17/2003

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Introspection

It is a gift
I never expected
nor looked for
to drop the stiff mantle
of twenty some odd hard won years,
and dive
headfirst [backwards?]
into laughing, singing,
loving childhood.

G-d, and everyone else knows
I did nothing
to earn this reprieve
from my cool, calm, quiet crab-cell.

Life terrifies me still
it just doesn't
paralyse me now,
not very often
I'm inside down upside out!
[I think I like it!]

written in July '77

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Invocation:

Dream Rider, Sky Huntress,
I call to Thee
Moon maiden, Triadic Lady,
as of old,
your daughter names Thee

Britomartis, Korythalis,
Diana of the Groves and of Ephesus,
Mawu, Hina, Sarasvati,
Kuan Yin, and Helice, Rhiannon
Chang-O, Inanna, Ataensic, Anahite
Pele, Ceridwen, and Astarte,
Isis, Danae, Callisto-Artemis!

Touch Your daughter
here before You
Shine through her,

Moon Maiden show Your light,
flood through her,

Tide Caller, wash us in Your love,
Work through her!

Shadow-shaper, send us Your magick
Speak through her!

In our circle
Bless our workings,
Be with us here
Be with us now!

written in October '83

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Iolaus

1)

Loyalty comes first with him, Friendship follows
Adventure beckons in his grin,
Heroism comes naturally
None of these need a single thought
They are who he's always been, who he'll always be,
immortally, impetuously,
inalienably, irrepressibly,
Iolaus.

2)

We watch a golden figure, We see a wondrous past,
We know him in our souls, We find him in our hearts.

He shows what really matters, he leads without walking ahead,
he teaches without trying, he lives the life we would.

We see a golden hero, We watch a daring life,
He knows us to our core, He finds us in his heart.

He knows it's who not what that matters,
He leads where only heroes go,
He teaches love and honor, He lives on in our souls.

3)

A grin like molten gold he has, A laugh like pure moonlight,
A glance like living flame he has, A voice like honeyed wine.
A form of bronzed gold he has, A head of wheaten flax,
A gaze of azure skies he has, A call like new fired glass.

Our halting words can't catch him, Our stumbling tries can't bind,
Our stories partly match him, Our poems somewhat find
the truth shining from him, the courage glowing fierce,
the honor burning in him, the love more strong than fears.

Our friendships best reflect him, Our courage calls him back,
Our stories speak his honor, our deeds now find him smiling,

Our poems sing his glories, our works now echo his,
his truth has always been ours,
his courage climbs with wings like eagles, in our spirits, too,
his honor abides deeply in us,
his love grows only stronger with the years.

(written in 2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Its Time

High summer is here,
after a cold and rainy spring,
after a bones chilling,
snow-banked winter.

This is my time of year,
This is when I'm at my best,
This is when I've always proved myself.

Yet here I sit,
tapping words out on a screen,
telling tales and remembering songs,
waiting for my 'moment' to reappear.

And it strikes me,
And it may strike you,
that sitting, tapping and tale-telling,
will not take me back into the world.

And it strikes me truly,
And it may strike you as well,
that waiting for something,
anything to change,
is not the way that something,
or anything changes.

As much as I fear it,
As much as I need it,
As much as I loathe it,
As much as I love it,

Change or Cease to live is the only ruling
the only path,
the only Law our Universe offers,
the only Law our Universe gives us,
the only Law our Universe follows.

So I must follow as well,
So I can follow, despite fear,

So I will follow, as best I can.
Its time.

(written July,2001)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

James T

Square jaw,
flat planed cheeks,
heavy brow,
shuttered, tawny glance,
full lips about to speak
no voice comes,
no life stirs this image
except for that
caught
fleeting,
by a light-trick,
freezing time.

And if the image stood here,
the man,
I would wish myself:
Scalosian Delia, hidden in plain view,
Blind Miranda, seeing his garden Earth,
Silent Gem, hearing love in his pain,
Proud Uhura, unashamed to speak.

But who is he?
fleeting image
living man
unknown, familiar
bewildering and beautiful?
James!

(written 10/76)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Jester's Song

Am I welcome here, now?
Or must I travel on?
I've been traveling so far, now
And yes, I can go on.
Am I welcome here, now?
I don't take anyone's place,
I've been hiding for so long now
I take up little space

I'm not the one you sought here,
I can't be him, I know,
I'm not the one you want here,
I'm used to that, it's so.
I'm not the one you loved here
And there, and there and there,
I've never known that kind of love,
I couldn't, it was never shared

This world is new for me, now
I'd like to take a chance
The world I left is gone, now
It turns to an altered dance.
I had only one friend there
Grief drove him mad, so long ago
I see him in your eyes, here
But held at bay, as you will it so.

Will I be welcomed here, now
Or chased away by grief and pain
Can I be welcomed here, now?
Or sent to search the world again?
Will I find a new home, here?
Or just some shelter from the storm?
Can I make my new home here?
The sky seems brighter, the sun more warm

Am I welcome here, now?
Or must I travel on?
Will you welcome me, now?

Or steadfastly, refuse the bond?
You didn't know the one you've lost;
On meeting, in your younger days,
You grew to know the man he was,
And cherished all his unique ways.

May I be welcome here, now?
I come, with clownish hat in hand
And if I'm welcome here, now
I'll gladly help.
Who leads this band?

02/12/99

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Jhan

Standing in the ruins of a rainworld home,
a second home,
more vital than her first,
she weeps.

These are the ruined choirs
of singers who will not live to sing,
These are the knife shards
of their shining galaxy of dreams.
These are the deep mourned children
of generations few can count.

Kneeling
in the havoc of a murderous pride,
his bleak pride,
more frightening because she knows its cause,
she trembles.

These were the gifted,
the beautiful,
the ever-young.
These were the guardians
the day-bright warriors
the would be magi.
These were the Jedi,
sorceror knights,
ancient of days,
wise, wondrous and innocent.

No longer running
fleet as a golden hind
from the Force-given fate
that pursues her,
pursuing all like her to death,
she turns.

Bowing
to the shatterer of worlds
the killer of a thousand dreams,

dreams once learned side by side,
she laughs.
'Kind, my lord, '

His sabre quenched, she laughs no more.
These are the dark times,
but she is freed.

written in June,1979

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Last Stage

[Authors note: The speaker here is not seen or named. S/he could be anyone of a long list, or if you will, a kind of Greek chorus of mourners for a golden hunter of long ago times.]

I once thought I would never walk this road.
once raged, such loss could not come to pass
once denied such grief could touch my life or his,
once begged the Universe, such pain might be reversed,
once wept my eyes dry, such emptiness they saw.

But here I am walking this road
with all those who loved him,
leaving the rage,
we no longer need it,
ceasing protests,
we are all familiars of sadness,
no longer bargaining,
we cannot barter Earth for Ellysia,
dry eyed and calm, we will persevere.

This small, sweet ache will never go away,
I cherish it, as I cherished him.
This unshed tear will be a long time falling,
I feel he hated tears and preferred laughter.
This loneliness serves as my reminder,
I cannot reach him now, nor lean upon him.

And yet, the morning sun, even in winter,
is brilliant as his grin, and warms me.
And yet, the gusty breeze, the chilling weather,
are full of his verve, and test me.

And yet the longer nights,
the sudden fall of dark,
teach me once more
how the wheel always, always turns.

I go on, feeling his challenge to answer,

I go on, sensing his courage to manifest,
I go on, knowing his delight to be living,
I go on, sharing his memory to honor.

We go on, as he would have it,
together, We go on, as he would ask us,
willingly, We go on, as he would wish it, bravely,
We go on, as he does, in our warrior hearts.

(written in September 1999)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Learning A New Language

The last time I accomplished this task,
I was too young to realize it,
that would be why it seemed so easy,
to learn my 'mother tongue'.

But now I'm much older,
so much older I'd not care to say,
And I seem to have won back
a new/ancient tongue,
new to me,
ancient of days in the world.

And like any way of speech,
it carries it's own way of looking at,
it brings it's own way of understanding,
it gives it's own way of, in it's own phrase,
healing the world [tikkun olam].

Now the sounds
string themselves into words for me,
Now the exotic looking letters
carry meaning to me,
Now the poetry and music
of an ancient tongue
are almost mine,
and I can only hold my hands up
in praise, and love,
for this gift of learning
at such a late hour in the day of my life.

next task: Homeric Greek!

(written in January,2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Learning A New Language Pt 1

Learning a new language is walking a new path,
you'll wear the same shoes, carry the same gear
look up at the same sky,
greet the same sun, or moon or
stars on their rise.
But they'll all have new names,
in words you won't recognize,
shaped by new forms,
built with new sounds,
learned only slowly, often stopping,
following strange symbols.

Why trouble?
you'll ask yourself sometime
Why struggle?
Wasn't one complex idiom
enough to do daily battle with?
Wasn't one kind of music
plenty to sing?

The soul cries 'Yes!
Have a care, look out behind you,
lest you forget your mother tongue! '
The heart cries 'No!
Stop worrying, lest you
waste your mortal curiosity! '

Life cries 'Move on!
Don't miss a moment, don't miss a step,
don't miss a single chance,
lest you miss a wonder! '
While Love cries 'Hurry!
Over the next hill,
there's great treasure,
called beauty, called wisdom,
called magick, called dreams,
depending on the language
you choose to speak.

(written in 1999)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Lylyth A Pernese Poem

Lylyth

the shell cracked,
the creature within cried,
its jeweled eyes gleamed
and
something tugged at my heart
something I never expected
something I never felt before
yes, the new born sent out his ravenous hunger
but deeper than that
an almost frightening need
to be touched, to be loved
and to connect.

I ran to the broken shell
to the bronzely gleaming dragonet
sharing
suddenly his desperation,
to be touched, to be fed, to be filled

Shreds of meat healed his first trauma
but not that need
and I've heard newly delivered mothers claim
their effort left them
terribly hungry
Now I realized, being born is hard work, too.

His need went on,
the little creature's searching
never stopped
until I touched him.

Yes! then he cried out within my mind
You are G'vral!
I am Lylyth
all the dark shell-time
I waited you
you are lifemate, G'vral

When I am grown
together we will touch the sky!

But for now,
I have worked so hard today
is there no more food?

I laughed, more meat there was,
in plenty
and more love in my heart for this
small being
than I ever knew
His need,
I saw,
was no less than my own,
only he was aware beforehand
and I was not.
So much wisdom in a creature newborn

Lylyth knew I was as hungry as he
to be touched,
to be known,
to be loved and
to connect.

Strange,
to feel fulfilled of a need
I didn't know I had.
to find there was an empty place
in me
only when it was filled
to know I was waiting, searching too

Yes, Lylyth, I am your lifemate, G'vral
And when we both grow to the task
together
we will touch the sky!

(written in 1996)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Memory A Not Possibly Fitting Tribute For Kevin Todd Smith 1964 -2002

If memory serves,
it seemed an early spring had come,
snow melted and gone,
no fields of white to crunch through,
no ice gleaming on bare boughs.

Then came word of a hard, hard frost
half the world away...
we could not
we had no wish to
we would not believe
such a theft of chance,
such a cheat on life,
such an awful, awe-ful loss could be.

How could so great a heart be stilled?
How could so deep a joy be stolen?
How could so fine a grace be taken?
How could one so much alive be gone?

Shock stopped our voices,
Anger stole our truer feelings,
Grief numbed our hearts,
Loss stilled our hands.

Silence, sharp as Pain
Stillness, deep as Solstice,
Sadness, real as the longest night,
Sorrow, dark as winter's twilight
Only these were known.

But Memory must and will be served,
of a flashing, brilliant grin,
of a lively, impassioned voice,
of a tireless, boundless grace,
of a gentle, passionate man.

In his memory
For his memory
We need,
We can,
We must
and for 'Kiv', we will go on.

Ares/Iphicles athanatos esti! Zei!

(written February,2002)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Monologue

Princess, you're right
I'm not staying
I'll be gone just as soon as you're safe.
You've got your war to take care of,
I've got my troubles,
got to get away.

Lady, you know better,
I don't belong here
I've been playin your hiding game too long,
You need worlds and lives to fight for,
I need free space
the Falcon's holds are all I know.

Highness, I'm right
you just can't listen, now
and despite your bright eyes
you won't see
You can't live away from your causes,
I can't live a rebel and fly free.

Leia, we're wrong
if we keep this game going
I've seen
how the kid looks at you, he loves you
and you
love the span of his dreams.

Princess, I'm wrong,
I've confused you
and turned your head 'round
like a gear.
But I know you're special,
with wonders to give
And you'll know to begin
when I'm not here.

written in '81

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Morning/Mourning Of The Pistoleros

Artie!

where have you gone?

In a moment's flash, you're not here.

Left behind's an empty-eyed husk
barely recognizable in death.

Your essence torn away in pain and blood,
your form folded in a wooden box,
hidden beneath protecting earth.

Gone?

Friend,

where are you now?

weary heart shattered,

ruddy face pale,

Lightning grin and agile hands stilled,

Brilliant guesswork and subtle barbs silenced,

all that you were has disappeared

all you left is empty,

unfamiliar, mocking,

Dead?

Compadre,

how can you die?

Too alive to vanish from this world

you loved and laughed at, hated and fought for
you've paid

the mad world's price

for giving, for daring, for making a difference.

Lost?

Partner,

How can I mourn you?

What will show the world who they've lost?

who'll fight your causes,

hopeless or otherwise,

who'll shout your laughter,

who'll see my tears?

I, forgive me,

have a failing,

never photographic memory
struggling to hold on now,
I need your strength
Forgotten?

Artie, I swear NEVER!

On every time you saved my crazy life,
I'll keep you alive
with every cause I fight and hope for
with every ounce of energy and wit
and caring most of all
that fierce caring you spared no one
while I breathe
while I move and speak and dare
No one will forget you,
my friend, my brother,
No one will EVER forget you, Artemus,
who remembers me.

written in 1982

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

My Attempts At Sijos:

1)

On not seeing him again, I find a known, sweet melancholy,
Many times, near and far, I've heard the sighs of those who saw.
If I keep this old hope at bay long enough, will I cease wanting?

2)

On never seeing him except, as sparks of gold caught by a trickster,
As quick-silver moves, held in a much loved moment of time,
I keep fast to this coast of despair and love, and I'm restored again.

3)

But fanciful as I am, the whisper comes from far within,
Time and place themselves are tricksters, as you well know, my heart
And so, some place, some time, near or far may see my fantasy live.

(written in 2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

New Poem For J

Poetry Still is my Love, and Song is She,

Glowing heart-bright,
Shining golden-bronze,
So close to where we started,
So long since our beginnings.

That she still loves Is my greatest wonder,
That we hold fast is my constant joy.
Sorrows and giggles,
Hugs and pains we've shared.
Dreams and fears,
Gaiety and doldrums, too.

Still we look forward,
almost always forward, never straight ;))
Times change, and Places change,
Faiths change, and Faces change,
Minds change and Lives change.
'Le plus que ca change...'

But this is unchanging: Song is my Love, and Poetry is she.

rewritten 3/27/03

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Ni Var For 'The Naked Time'

Being your slave [No man can be! I am.
What shall I do [Command, yours]
but tend [Demands, yours]
upon the hours and times [Watch, never ends.]
of your desires? [Desires end here.]

I have no precious time at all [Life, reaching for you.]
to spend, [Dreams, spent on you.]
or services to do [Service, given you.]
till you require. ['Never lose you! ']

(dated 05/77)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

No More Bargaining

I don't remember making these choices
that turned life upside down.

I made other choices, many choices
that changed who I was to who I am.

I didn't want this new life
that ties me to the land
I didn't want a queen's life, a royal life
that calls for pretense, for trickery and intrigues.

I was free and my world was my own
I was strong, none defied, no one dared
I was brave, no man beat me, no one could
I was smart, no one kept me, though some tried.

All I wanted was that freedom and I cherished it.
What went wrong?
Better to ask, What went right?
A brother-betrayer's call,
A lover-protector's touch,
I asked for neither of these
yet they came and they fought, and they died.

Once I would have said,
that was their choice, what men do is no matter to me.
Once I would have said all life's a risk,
Why should their risks make any difference?

Now I wait, waited on by courtiers,
taught by priests, praised by toadies,
None care for me.

Now I sit, dressed in gold, draped in silks,
drenched in spices
No one I want will see me

Now I stare from the walls,
from the roofs, from the porticos,
Nothing happens.

I cannot move time backwards,
though I will it with all my unpierced heart.
I cannot look forward
to anything I can imagine happening here.
I did not choose this life,
Anymore than I chose his death over mine!

If the old gods are not dead
they must be deaf! I'll cry no more to them,
I'll make no more complaint,
And no more choices.

(written September 1999)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

O I Know

O I know,
WS in this instance does not
stand for Will Shakespeare
but you do
speak him fluently
and no doubt
you are as human as any.

But
your flowing-current voice,
your molded, mobile face,
your laughing, weeping, scowling, grinning
golden-green eyes
make me willing {or nearly so}
to be seen as I am,
to see you.

written in 1976

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Only A Legend

Of course, its only a legend,
of a silver haired magus [sorcerer, wizard, knight]
the long ago galaxy believed dead [dishonored, defeated, destroyed]
who waited
learning patience from timeless sands,
learning power from mad whirl-winds,
learning peace from crystal nights.

Only a Legend
of a golden-pale youth, [seedling, future, hope]
that long ago galaxy did not believe alive [growing, surviving, thriving]
who dreamt
seeing distant worlds in crystal star fields,
seeing far glories in shimmering dunes,
seeing unknown beauty in shadowed sunsets.

Only a Legend
of a dark, bitter lord [madman, monster, murderer]
the long since galaxy named Terror [omnipotent, infallible, insane]
who lost
forsaking day for deepest night,
forsaking honor for bleak pride,
forsaking the way for an empty path.

Only a Legend
of a braggart pirate [pilot, schemer, smuggler]
that long past galaxy called Reckless [swaggerer, cold-heart, cynic]
who knew
the chance for change when he saw it,
the risk of his word when he gave it,
the gamble of his life when he took it.

Only a Legend
of a dark eyed lady [princess, rebel, orphan]
the long vanished galaxy thought Lost [bereft, helpless, and undone]
who won o'er
the peace of the self-less magus,
the dream of the golden-pale youth,
the terror of the dark, bitter lord,

the schemes of the braggart pirate.

Only a Legend of a long ago galaxy
where a magus smiled,
where a youth soared,
where a lord failed,
where a pirate crowed,
where a lady laughed
where a victory paid for the life of a world.

Of course, it is only a Legend.

written in June' 79

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Poem For Michael's 'scottish Play'

Canst thou not minister to a mind dis'eased?
Macbeth/William Shakespeare

We listen to the murderous thane/king
and hear ourselves
We hear the speech again, and again
in our lives, in our hearts, in our souls.
We've known those times
our thoughts turn against us
our faith flickers and fails,
our dreams darken and die
our lives grow lonely and harsh
our arms go empty, for lack of love
We've come through those nights and days of no more hope,
at times, coming through seems all
we can hope for,
at night, alone, faith seems frail,
ephemeral as a play,
at morning, we feel empty,
shallow as a waiting grave
at midday, at dusk,
we see only shadows.

But
if we know people everywhere feel these 'rooted sorrows'
if we know for ages women and men have 'come through'
if we believe in the human heart's strength and stubbornness'
if we remember to reach out, again, again and again,
if we read the Bard for hope,
not for despair
if we search out those ties
that hold us to the earth and to each other
if we cherish, and share the times,
the nights and days that warm us,
if we open arms and hearts,
souls and minds
then we know what in this darkest play
the Bard would teach us:
evil's hold can be broken

despair can be defeated,
sorrows can find healing,
we can win back our lives, our loves,
our world
and even death is not an end.
and we can, we do, we will go on, and on.

06/19/04

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Poetry - For J

Poetry is my love,
Song is she

Music her eyes,
laughing ballets
Glancing brilliance
smiling night.

She twines round my soul/self/psyche
Venus she becomes.

Love herself
do I lie with
unclothed,
enclothed in finger flames

What may I
dull tone-deaf prose
to her eternal rhythms be?
Only a poor heart,
struggling to speak my love,
Who is purest poetry.

written 10/22/80

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Prophecy For The Past

If Alderaan lived,
I know what my future would be
bound by elder ways,
held to custom,
married, to antiquity.
Now
Alderaan is dead
and I can choose.

If Alderaan lived,
I am certain
nothing could halt the process now,
not a whisper,
not a shout of offworld protest
of outsider's prejudice
of rimworlder's narrowness
But
Alderaan is gone
and I am free to choose.

I am what I was before,
Alderaan's heiress,
her senator,
when again there is a Senate
her princess,
if ever again, there is a Court
[the galaxy will rightly fear such, now]

He is what he has always been,
my brother,
my closest kin living
the only surviving male of our line,
my twin,
heir in his own right to the ancient ways.

If Alderaan lived
I would be wed
by laws as old as Nature
on that globe,

to the one who has strongest claim,
on my loyalty
on my heritage
on my duty
on my blood.

And

Alderaan is gone
so I must choose.

If Alderaan lived
I'd have a consort,
chosen carefully
the cream of our generation
the second,
the last generation
to lose so many
to Chaos, and to Shadow,
and to the Dark.

Now

Alderaan is dead
and I will choose.

I know who would be
chosen for me
by Councils,
by Allies,
by Family,
those few who escaped Moff Tarkin's rage.

I can imagine
bloodless shock
whitening his face,
as their choice
is announced.
I can see his disbelief
even anger
that ancient custom
so presumes
to order our lives.

By custom,
By law,

By right
such rights
as rulers long ago
gave themselves,
we would be wed
we would be feasted
we are doubly fated, now.
In all the galaxy
none could be found
more closely to meet the needs
of custom,
of law,
of heredity,
of power.

If Alderaan lived,
these ancient ties would tangle me,
closer than a spider's faery web,
choiceless,
helpless,
hopeless
No matter where my heart might live,
No matter where my love holds strong,
no less reluctant for all I cherish him,
my twin.
Alderaan is lost,
yet I must choose.

If my loved homeworld lived today,
I would pass my lifetime
at Luke's side,
for I would be
my brother's bride.

Alderaan lives in me,
How will I choose?

And if I choose to free myself
from that fate,
to love with a whole heart whe'er I will,
to make my life my own, and give it as I will,
to throw off the robes of power, and lead only those who willingly follow,

and discard the roles of state, and know the woman beneath
I know o yes,
I know too well the price
the thousand, thousand, thousand lives
of Alderaan

written in June '83

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Pulling It Off/Not By Power

The smallest things
sometimes
give the greatest lift
to faces,
to hearts,
to whole days.

How can I say
How changed I feel, once more?
How can I paint into words,
the small drops of peace,
falling on my heart
like a quiet winter's rain?

Truly it is no doing of mine,
Surely it is through no strength I have,
no power in these hands,
no plan in this weary brain
framed this gift.

Yet here it shines
Something I was shaped to be,
Something I was formed to do,
Something I am gladdened by,

Grows in my hands,
Rests in my restless core,
And becomes real, once more.
in my healing heart.

If only I could share,
If only I could sketch with words,
If only I could pull this off...
It may be, I have.

(written in August,2002)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Renewal

Autumn is an odd time
really
for starting over
yet here I am again

As the world falls asleep,
as the year dies,
As the Wheel turns,
strangely
I'm alive again

Birthings hard work
I've heard midwives say
some do
and some don't survive

What then can a spirit in labor
do
to stay alive?

Everything's the same,
yet changing,
Everyone seems glad,
yet strained, confused,
gods know life's
forever rearranging
Why don't I just
get used to the refrain,
dear Muse?

I must remember
dreams are always worth it
I must recall
that worry can't prepare
I choose again
to build a life
the way I planned it
long since

I reach out once more,
sure that you are there
and there you are, again.

written in October,1999

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Scoundrel

Scoundrel?

Yeah,

I'll admit it,

I like that, like the sound coming off your Royal pout,

that's too small and much too taut

For a scoundrel as far flung as me.

I didn't mean it

meant nothing by this

sudden, lingering,

holding, clinging

kiss

That was too close,

too claustrophobic and

too crushing

for a free spacin pirate like me.

Okay, maybe

I asked for this,

with my teasing around and such

I'm just trying my absolute damndest

to do something I don't think's been done:

To be brief and specific as possible

I mean to wake you

from deep sleep!

I thought I could strike a new spark in you

one you don't seem even to miss

of feeling,

of life,

of being who you are

of giving a damn what you seem.

Do you know what you seem

Gracious Royalness?

Do you feel when you act,

or just act?

From your holy distances
in your Hothian high summer of isolation
Brilliant leaderness
Flirtsome giddiness
Bitter rightouship,
Angry honorness
Do you guess who you
smile-stab, tease-crush?
Guess again, Princess,
it ain't me and my hopes.

I owe a friend we have mutually
to teach you what he taught me
He loves all this glory you're spreading about,
He wants it and you in the deal,
He sees in you worth, love and wonder
He believes in the heart you don't show.

So go ahead, name me a Scoundrel
I've heard worse
and while we're stuck here
I'll turn teacher
start schooling your heart
if its there
and open your eyes
on a dare.

Princess, believe me
its in me to show you
you're wrong
playin 'which do I want? '
And its worth it to me
cos I've started to know
there's a place I belong,
if I'll ask.

I won't tell you
what plans I'm brewing
they're not to your taste or your ken
Just remember
there's nobody owns me
unless I give them free and clear

Now goodnight,
little Princess
I'm weary
pout prettily as you keep watch
I'll work on your lessons
while patching this Lady we ride in
and talk to her sweet
so she'll heal.

written in Nov '80

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Shock And Awe

A Sentinel Poem

A guide?

When did I ever need a guide?

A helper?

Why should a grown man need a helper?

A partner?

I've never been much for partners.

A friend?

When did I ask for a friend?

Most people I've known as little as I know him
had no use for me beyond the boundaries of my job.

Most people who've tried to 'get close' to me,
I've done a fine job of running off, more than once.

Most people who claimed to know me,
I easily proved a thousand percent wrong.

But there he sits,
watching me like a bug on a plate,
chattering away while taking notes.

But here he stays,
seeing things that no sense of mine pick up,
reading my weirdest moments like a book.

None of my well honed tricks work on him,
Disregard, he disregards,
Sarcasm, means nothing, he shrugs it off,
Impatience, he smiles at,
Anger, he mocks right back where it came from.

I don't think I can get used to this
wide-eyed, eager, almost innocent regard,
I don't think I'm gonna to like this
constant, unending, unbridled curiosity,
I don't think this 'partnership' if that's what this is,
can last an hour, much less a day!

(written sometime in 2003)

Shock And Awe, Pt 2

A sentinel?

In the middle of a burb outside Seattle?

In a police department in the middle of a burb outside Seattle?

How can that be?

How can that happen?

How does he manage life

with senses wide open,

in the midst of all this modern chaos?

A detective?

lost in a rainforest for how long?

surviving without any aid outside his mind?

What kept him going?

What kept him sane there?

What heart deep strength kept him alive?

With an ancient gift he doesn't recognize,

What will he do here?

A partner?

He doesn't want a partner here,

He claims not to need one,

He's fine on his own, he says,

He always has been, he says, alone that is, .

And the signs are there, clear as daylight

at the edge of that forest,

Yet I don't agree.

A friend?

That's what I'd like to be,

That's what I'd choose to be,

That's what I think he needs,

more than a guide.

And that, like all the other answers

to the questions in our lives,

Remains to be seen.

(written in 2003)

Silver Gilt

Hold still!
Stop blazing those teasing
golden eyes at me.

I know
you have little taste
for my poetic license,
but
you don't see you:
warm, burnished as molten gold,
in the after glow of loving.

Now laugh,
It doesn't matter one.0001 credit
that you've shown this golden loving
to a fair number of the fair, and the dark.

It is a gift freely given after all,
not a secret hoarded to rust away.
Surprised?
Don't worry too hard
about it, love.
You learned this bit of wisdom
at least 12 parsecs ago
without undue thought
frowning your gold fringed brow.

And I?
I learned from you
to give freely,
to feel
moon-silver in the gold of your arms,
to laugh
to be more alive
than in any life I'd known,
and maybe to teach
a 'hard case'
love's silver-gilt poetry.

written in June 1979

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Sololiquy

Skylady,
haunting gently my nights alone
sweetly close yet nowise near
and I
still I fear to follow
where you've flown
if anyone could tell me where.

Night's lady,
aswim in Shadow, grey with mists of dream
I can't hear you, touch or feel,
while I cling,
a drowning man, to life
do I only dream you?
did we share?

Dreamt lady,
sing the silence
laugh the answers, sob or shout
I lie in coldness, deaf and numb
now learning I need you here!

Song's lady,
I strain to listen,
fight to reach you,
rage and mourn,
yet stay,
holding what we made
two spirits small and bright
blazing from eyes you gave.

Bright lady,
the lives we formed here
I cherish as I now would you
They'll finish the lessons you well began,
calm my bitter spirit,
free my binding rage
love my angry self, know me.

My lady,
how I wish I'd called you that!
that's what I must do,
they tell me
those who'd heal me,
those few friends who know
these left who've all raged,
lost and dreamed.

Then, lady
no wondering, no more wandering for me
then, Love,
I'll reshape all these dreams
I'll weep and you'll hear me,
you'll sing out my name
just want me aloud,
I'll be through!

Soon, lady,
gods willing if any still care
Ill find where you've gone all this time,
so easily, I'll reach you
and never sure how
just let go and 'jump' for your smile!

Now, lady,
I hear you,
there's no turning back
I see you, touch and hold fast
no Shadow here
no darkness, no grieving,
now Skybird, together
just watch us fly!

written in Dec '80

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Solstice Is Stillness

Take a deep breath,
Let yourself hold a moment,
You'll feel it

The whirling world,
the winter sky
the very universe holds still

Just when we least expect,
Just when we're truly spent,
Just when we have most need

The shortest night,
The brightest stars,
The very air goes calm.

Hold up your hands in prayer, if you will,
Hold out your heart in peace, it is time,
Hold it all in your soul.
Let stillness hold you now
And be glad
Then go on.

(written in December,2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Soon

Soon

I tell myself
I'll learn the trick of it
lose excitement,
forget.

When

I ask myself
will I shake it off
cut loose,
regain my cold, calm self defense
of apathy?
[I cannot really want that crab-shell back.]

Damn!

There you are again,
Shaking my composure,
Shattering my masks,
invading,
surrounding,
demanding,
Why?

You seem so close to being my past,
to thinking my thoughts,
what am I afraid of?
Will the fragile world dissolve,
if you succeed?

written in Sept '76

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Sorrow Isn'T A Poem For Eowyn-Kitty

Sorrow isn't a dull, numbing ache
Not at first, the bard learned
Instead it comes like a blow, like a blade, like a blast
deep within your heart,
it tears, as your tears fall
it burns, as your thoughts blaze
it cuts, as you sit helplessly by.

Sorrow isn't the beginning of anything
Not when it hits like a fist
Instead,
it signals the end of hopes, of plans, of fond ideas
down inside your soul,
it rages, as your mind cries no
it screams, as your fears come real
it mocks, as you hopelessly watch on.

And
Sorrow isn't the ending, either
although you may wish it was,
Instead it feeds on each tear shed,
each memory torn, each denial mouthed
at the root of your spirit,
it preys on every weakness,
it hunts out all your doubts
it locks down all your wishes,
as you haplessly wait it out, however long.

(written summer,2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Spring Comes Again An Attempt At A Villanelle

1)

Spring comes again, disbelieve it as we will,
Longest night is past and with it, shortest day,
Turn, turn, then turn again with the year wheel.

2)

Snow quiets the world, keeping deeply still,
Cold holds hard, holds dark, holds very Time at bay,
Spring comes again, disbelieve it as we will.

3)

Winters seem forever, only covering what we feel,
Something deep is waking, as old as Earth, as shy as May,
Turn, turn, then turn again with the year-wheel.

4)

Only change is endless, is timeless, never still,
Whispering wisdom tells us, make change welcome, be unafraid,
Spring comes again, disbelieve it as we will.

5)

Sun's new year's past, and with the Moon's we heal,
In late winter's trembling light, to the darkest days put paid,
Turn, turn, then turn again with the year-wheel.

6)

With snow-drops showing, and daring buds atop a hill,
The lesson's learned again, even winter cannot stay,
Turn, turn, then turn again with the year-wheel,
Spring comes again, disbelieve it as we will.

(written in April,2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Summer

Summer

Spring was long and cold this year,
Summer seemed late and full of rain,
Only when Midsummer turned the Wheel,
Shortest night into longest day,
Was the season itself, once more.

Homebound, waiting, sitting out storms,
mostly the hours dragged,
only friends far and near, and farther still
breached the distances between.

But through their eyes,
and with their ears,
and by their gifted words,
we waiting, homebound,
sitting through storms,
heard wonders, saw marvels,
and relived many dreams.

Not the thunder of storms,
but the thunder of drums,
Not the flashes of summer lightning,
but flashes of golden genius,
Not flooding, pounding rain,
but pounding, powerful iambs.

Never have we felt closer,
Never have we been nearer,
Never have we shared so fully,
Never have we so lived a dream,
of 'EnZed'
of Maidment,
of The Large Group,
and our own magically special
Hamlet.

(written in May,2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Tabla Rasa

How could I forget him?
The one who changed everything,
The one who turned my life around,
The one who showed me who I am,
and who I can be?

How could I not know him?
the friend from my childhood days,
the school mate from Academy,
the kid with 'no father',
except the Father of the Gods!
the boy who wanted nothing,
but a friend to watch his back?

Why did I ask,
How could I want,
What made me wish
To forget the best,
To lose the happiest,
To give up the luckiest,
To shake off the proudest times of my life?

And why should I be surprised,
that he came looking,
that he never gave me up for lost,
that he fought with every word and look,
that he wouldn't take my 'no',
that he knew me so well
better now and always, then I know myself!

(written in August,2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Tabla Rasa, Part 2

Why didn't I stop him?
Why didn't I stop myself?
Why didn't I see what that one life meant?
And why didn't I stay at his side,
Ready and willing to stop that wish a-borning?

We both walked into that wall,
with our eyes open,
We both acted like something vital
wasn't important at all.
We both let the other think
Nothing was wrong.

But I could have warned him,
I could have found another way,
I could have made sure
I could have asked
And I could have made
an even bigger mistake.

His eyes forgot my face,
His ears forgot my voice,
His thoughts forgot our friendship,
His mind forgot my name,
But his heart, his fierce, brave heart,
held it all safe,

Not in a hundred years,
and not in forever
could the friend of my friendless youth,
could the mate of my Academy days,
could the fighter watching my back,
forget who we are.

We were friends from childhood days,
We were journeyers across the living world,
We were warriors for many a cause,
We were called heroes, by those who saw him clear,
We were inseparable, and if I have my way,

always will be.

His heart was never surprised,
that I came looking,
that I wouldn't give up,
that I fought with everything I had,
that I wouldn't take his 'no',

He taught me everything,
He turned my life around,
He kept me to the path,
He showed me who I am
And who I don't have to be.
He knows me so well,
better always and now,
then I know myself!

(written in 2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

That's What We Need... For

1) That's what we need heroes for,
not chasing monsters,
not leading armies,
not rescuing maidens, fair and dark.
Not slaying dragons,
not beating bad guys,
Not saving the world again, ho-hum

These are the easiest works they do
Much harder is what they show:
How to stand when we want to run,
How to be still when we want to cry,
How to hold when our hands feel numb,
How to dare when we'd rather hide,
How to speak when our throats would close.
How to love, giving up pure pride.

We always cherish heroes
the more so when they're lost
Sometimes we luckily,
get the chance to thank them
for their cost
By loving, speaking, standing
By daring, staying, holding on,
Showing we are heroes, too.

2) That's what we need dreamers for
not chasing rainbows,
nor hunting fortunes,
not fighting nightmares, dark and deep
not seeing visions,
nor telling futures,
not even sharing their paths with us.

All these are what they would do
unmasked
Less plain the things that
shape their task.
How to hear what our hearts can tell,

How to know our own whispered voices,
How to listen to our Muses call,
How to see what our minds eye paints.
How to sense our own spirit's touch,
How to trust our own psyche's choice.

We heap praises on Dreamers,
often following where they tread,
But Dreamers are the first to say
'walk your own way, instead'
For we are all Dreamers.

3) That's what we need warriors for,
not battling demons,
not flinging javelins,
not fancy swordsplay,
They'd do that anyway.
Not for manning castles,
not for waging warfare,
not for scheming,
skirmishing or squelching revolts.
Little doubt, the world
would know as many wars,
if these still went on every day.

But
a warrior's honor is legend,
a warrior's bravery well-known,
a warrior's loyalty's a by-word,
a warrior's heart cannot be stolen.
And so
we go on praising warriors,
even while we long for peace, as do they.
And so
we strive to show ourselves
as honorable, as true,
as brave and whole hearted as they
for we are all Warriors.

4) That's what we need Lovers for,
not for longing glances,
nor subtle touches,

not for deep embraces by night and day,
not murmured sweetness nor hungry passion
nothing that clear here,
staying PG-13 :)
Nothing so explicit,
and nothing illicit
please, all those can be better done in
or offscreen :)

But
the trust that grows to one-ness,
the care that builds from kindness,
and
the courage that welcomes closeness
All those we deeply need.

And
if laughter leads to loving,
if ease opens our hearts,
if gentleness clears our vision
tenderness bespeaks our souls,

Then
lovers too, must be cherished
Then closeness too, is a gift,
Then loving too, is our healer
And we are all Lovers.
Amor vincit Omnia Zei!

5) That's what we need mentors for
not for proving,
not for drilling,
not for testing,
RL does that, everyday
not for prodding,
not for 'examples'
not for reminders
we'll fall over those on our own, anyway

But,
to inspire us
to challenge and reward us,
to encourage and enliven us,
to laugh with and provoke us,
especially to think

especially to care,
especially to try, again and again, and again
Mentors are teachers with smaller classes,
Mentors are directors of two actor shows,
Mentors are those we always remember,
and sometimes
even they don't know
and sometimes
even we don't know
We are all Mentors.

6)

That's what we need comrades for,
not for giggling with heads together
giggling is good, but bear with me,
Not for munching, till cupboards empty
munching is fine, but what's for tea?
Not even for drinking the blender dry,
drinking is great, but where do we crash?
Not even for barding half a dozen poems,
most in one night might be more than you asked :)

O dearest, and most wondrous Muse,
Thou far lovelier One than Ms. S. Stone,
I am frazzled with finishing your latest
please go to sleep now,
and leave me alone!

Comrades are those
who put up with us
When our plotlines go clink instead of click
comrades are those who cheer us on,
and on and on and on
But comrades,
I must leave you now,
as the deep night approaches dawn
But with deep thanks,
because
we are all comrades.

written in August, '99

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

The Connection

He laughs
and we can't help laughing
He cares
and we learn to care

He loves freely
so we are free to love
He weeps,
and we too can mourn

He fights,
so we can keep fighting but
He dreams
so we too, can dream

He fails sometimes,
so we can fail, too, yet
He dares,
so we still can dare.

He's mortal,
so we can know loss, yet
He's constant,
so we can hold true

Oh and did I mention?
He's a golden, quick-silver, cerulean, graceful, bronzed whirlwind
named Iolaus?

written in June' 2000

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

The Hero's Hero

He was the one I never questioned would be there,
the one I never expected would go
so far I can't find him now.
and I can't.

He was the one I never thought of as mortal,
the one I believed in no matter
what seemed to come between
but he's died.

He was the one who was truly heroic,
giving every beat of his heart,
giving every gleam in his eye,
giving more than half of his life
giving up his life, and people call me a savior?

He was more than I have the wit,
or the heart to tell,
He was more than I have the words,
or the reason to know,
He brought the wit and the heart,
He brought the words
and the reason back into my life
so many times.

How can I tell him?
How can I tell anyone?
The hollowness, the howling, aching, raging grief I feel
The helpless, numbing, mindless, voiceless loss I feel.
Just to call him friend, which he was so much,
or even brother, which he was so much more than,
or even more than that is not enough,
cannot be enough, will never be enough.

So, I suppose I can only say: He...was **my** hero.

(written in September,1999)

The One Named Kirk

Steady hazel eyes seem dark,
until they light with laughter,
shine with pity,
warm to love.

Flowing-current voice seems stern,
until it breaks in sorrow,
grins pure mischief,
pleads vast hopes.

Mobile features seem a proud mask,
until they brighten to rage,
frown with worry,
burn with pride.

Star bright blazing life,
burns clear within this man,
Illuminating
reaching out,
discovering,
the depths of a galaxy,
the reaches of a soul,
Finding truth,
diversity, and joy.

written in November '77

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Though Hope Is Frail*

Though Hope is Frail*

a reactive poem by Rielle, who wishes for everyone that we can heal from the heartache of recent days, recalling only heroism.

Words are overused,
Minds grow numb,
Hands shake.

So much loss,
Faces wan with pain,
Eyes blank with disbelief.

How strong are we?
Can we come back from this?
And what will we find when we do?

Wounds, slow to heal,
Gazes wary, weary all around,
Spirits stunned, stung.

Yet,
I must believe, I do believe,
We are here to heal a broken world,
And all its broken hearts.

So,
After a knockdown punch,
I stand up again,
Lifting my heart towards a rain-washed sky,
Hoping, by that simple act, somehow,
To begin lifting theirs.

(written in September,2001)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

To Welcome The New

To Welcome the new,
Release the old
To enter the future,
Let go the past
To take up new lives,
Give away those lived.

It sounds so practical,
It seems so sensible,
It should be so feasible
It should be easy.

It's none of the above,
Yet in some ways
Tho' it's almighty hard,
We do it each of our days.
We just move forward.

We are made to change,
We are shaped for change,
We survive by change,
We live in a storm of change,
From the Maker's hand.

Today was another change,
We stand on the edge of vast change,
And afraid or unafraid of great change,
We all walked forward.

Some may say we had no choice,
Others say even that is a choice,
But I say that by hand and voice,
We all make a difference.
We always can,
We always will.
It is what we do.
We are the changers, and the changed.
And we go forward.

(written in January,2000)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Trek

What happens where
the future impacts on the present?
matter-anti-matter-nothing?
No,
traces remain
the quick of eye see them,
shining, placer-gold
in veins no one has reached, yet.

What exists where
time converges in the mesh of
now-then-when?
memory-dream-fantasy?
Yes,
truth remains,
hidden in puzzle forms and
odd-familiar notions.

Who lives where
the universe collides with itself?
we-they-us?
Yes
all remain,
now meeting far,
then meeting here,
meeting
sometime?

(dated 3/77)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Understanding Found

Understanding Found

You found me. I still don't quite know how.
You saw me. You saw into me. I can't even now say why.
You didn't know me,
yet you taught me who I am, and guessed who I could be.
you taught me self sight.

A sister better than I could wish for,
A mother kinder than any known,
a lover I long sought after,
a friend who let me
save myself, you became,
and you are still.

You are Gaea! I told you, blissful once,
You are the life force I'd only begun to glimpse,
with just the dimmest sense of Who She is.
You hold within you
Maiden, Mother, and Wise One
and gave me to see Her
in myself, as in a mirror, darkly.
Your touch is healing, always
your gift is loving so greatly
Your smile is moonlight,
Your love is song,

Past, Present, Future, Dream-Time we've held in our hands,
holding together
Sisters, Cousins, Partners, Daughters we've compared our life to,
staying together
No definition holds us,
going on together,
odd or otherwise.
Most of all we've been friends and lovers and mothers
to so many bright brave feline kinder,
and so many songs and stories,
taking us onward

being together.

We knew we were special,
and specially gifted,
We knew we were strong
and constantly tested,
We knew we were walking
'the road less taken',
We knew we were breaking
ground for those coming on behind.

We know our worth, we know our meaning in many lives,
We know our hearts's depth, we know our spirits' reach
Because we've given and been gifted,
We've been tested and proved our strength,
We'll be builders of homes and nest makers,
We'll be havens and sometimes hellers, too.
We'll be star climbers and dream catchers,
We'll be our heart's wide wayfarers,
our soul's safe moorings,
Always friends, more than sisters,
forever lovers, never in truth apart.

Once I was Kore, and you Demeter.
Happy and grieving, loving and sad,
This pattern is well set and well-remembered,
Our times are rare together and preciously spent,
Do not mourn me out of my season, though,
I may go but will always return.

I've told you stories, I've spun you dreams,
Some part was always real,
We've been together
Countless times,
We're never separate, very far.
That's why I hold you dear
And how you know me
No matter what my tales or
Why you grieve,
That's how you find me,
Over, and over again
When time blurs my mind

Except to your touch.

I'll write you stories
You'll sing me poems
No matter where I am,
No matter who
I'll hear you,
you'll find me
We'll begin again
Till karma is done... and beyond
You love me always
I always love you
Nothing changes
But time, space and form
We are reality,
We are magic
We are forever
You see,
I just found out.

first written 12/30/82 [rewritten May 8,2009]

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

What Does It Mean, To Be Touched?

No one I know here would say
They don't know what it feels like to be touched.

Maybe lots of folks would say
We wouldn't be here still if we weren't 'touched'

All those who've been here and gone
And some like me, who come and go and come back once again
Know exactly what they mean,
Know exactly what they feel,
Know exactly when and how
Someone sauntered into our lives And touched us all.

Electric? What a cliché! But undeniable.
Exciting? Well, that and more, much more.
Exhilarating? Without question, nothing compares to it,
Embracing? Goes without saying, though g-d knows we try to say.

Explanations are harder to come by;
They can be facile, They can be familiar,
They can be deep, really deep.
It doesn't matter,
they are all true.

We grew together, We found each other,
We found worlds beyond, We found ourselves.

We saw shining wonders, We saw high tragedies,
We saw grand imaginings, We saw our world.

We were moved, We were stirred, We were inspired,
And when the 'touch' goes deep enough,
true enough, strong enough,
We still are.

07/13/02

Whisperings

Whisperings

A belated reaction poem to the first year past for all of us who in sorrow, and in sharing, in pain and in pride `made it through the rain'*** of the last year.09/18/02

The heart whispers:

Dare I ever care, again?
Dare I ever love?
Dare I look up once more?
Dare we look away?

The mind whispers:

Can I chance another blow?
Can I stand another loss?
Can I risk another jolt?
Can we turn away?

The self whispers:

Will I ever be the same?
Will I always want times past?
Will I never heal from this?
Will we claim our lives?

Clear as a song, the soul answers:

We are who we dare to be,
We risk every day we live,
We change all the time.
And that is well,
that is love,
that is life,
that is real,
And we do go on.

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Who Dare To Name The Stars

Who dare to name the stars are we:
wanderers
in a darker than wine-dark sea
sailors
on silver winged craft
creatures
of a new formed destiny.

For us
the jewel-stars become
numbers to awe the mind,
sirens to lure the heart,
suns to light the myriad worlds.

To us
those diamond myriads are
brother beings, aswim in space,
crystalline constants, changeless as Time,
alien ancients, alive with Fire

Their cold brilliance
steels our will, stirs our dreams,
lights our eyes.

We, who sail their black velvet tides,
who search their multi-hued shores,
We
who dare to name the stars.

written in 1978

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Why Walk?

It's a good question, she thought
Why walk when you can fly?
Walking takes more time, and time
is precious to us all,
But walking gives more time for thought,
for plans and dreams, and imaginings.

So I walk a lot, these days,
and sing and dream whilst I go,
To pass the time and keep my heart alive,
But still, as all who see the skies always do,
and I hope, always will,
I dream of flying...

Winter's crowding in, and yet stays mild,
As I watch clouds scudding across the moon,
covering and revealing her glow,
shielding and letting her shine again,
And see myself, and see us all,
slipping across our lives, hurrying here and there,
keeping a cover of clouds and dreams,
but sharing our shining selves,
our thoughts and plans and tales, and songs,
and keeping all our hearts alive.

(written November,2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Winter

Funny how the body remembers
what the mind forgets
Winters were gray and rainy,
breezy but clear, only touches of fog,
turning hills and branches green again.
for so long.

But now my spirit remembers
my legs turn back to child times,
my feet crunch across fields of snow,
wrapped deep and
unassailable as a child,
oddly unafraid.

And when the sun climbs
a winter's sky,
or the moon rises full despite the cold,
my heart recalls times past,
when winter stilled the world,
so it could rest.
Stand still,
It still calls within,
Feel the calm, even through the cold,
Fear nothing, the wheel has only
turned once more.

A breathing-space comes here,
when all must rest,
before the rushing life of spring.
Persephone lies with Hades once again,
And Psyche holds Eros close,
But fearlessly now,
They know, always,
what we forget,
as time nudges us towards age,
Life returns, renewed again,
Just as we do, after a sleep.

written in 2002

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Wisdom

Wisdom

is a small, ashamed aching
reluctant
at best,
to seek its cure.

It is Wisdom,
in fact,
for which there is no antidote.

Some tell you
Wisdom is a grey beard old man,
or a lovely, austere woman,

No,
she is an envious, taunting child,
demanding your attention,
and blurting your secrets,
when you least wish anyone to hear.

She speaks bitterest truth and
there's no escape from truth.

You
may feel shame to run
from the child, Wisdom.

She does not lie convincingly, like a man,
or deceive without words, like a lover.

She
has only passionate,
obsessive honesty
and piercing,
painful reality
puncturing dreams you dare not even speak.

Wisdom may
be killing you by degrees
but her innocence remains intact.

Dare you

cry out your pain?
Never mind
Wisdom
has closed the ears of love.
In wisdom, my friend, stay mute.
In love, my fool, stay wise.

written in April, '78

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Would You Have Me Smile?

Would you have Me smile?

(inspired by a report seeking to
'debunk the 'black myth' of the Inquisition'.)

"If you take one life, you destroy all the world. If you save one life, you save the world entire." paraphrase from Hillel, first century C.E.

Would you have Me smile,
to hear fewer of My daughters and sons were set aflame alive
here than there, or there than here,
for their belief in Me?

Would you have Me nod,
on being told not so many of My children suffered
then than now, or now than then
for keeping faith with Me?

Would you have Me stop My tears,
with tales of how fewer of My people died tormented
in the counter-renaissance,
than in the modern holocaust
for staying true to Me?

Would you ask of Me 'thanks and praise'
for 'proofs' fewer of My lowly ones,
My precious ones, My beloved ones
came to the glad release of Death
in 'acts of faith' than in acts of war,
for living close to Me?

Then I say to you:
Blind, foolish and cruel you are!

When will you know
All who die and live are _My children_
All in all times who suffer and keep faith
All in all times who die and live believing
All who they believe in, _I am_ ever was and ever shall be,

By _whatever_ names they call on Me;

Lady or Lord,

Isis or Bright,

Krishna or Allah,

Adonai or Elohim,

Gaea or Mary

for _all their griefs_ I mourn still,

for _all their lives_ I rejoice always!

written 6/9/95

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

Xena's Cry, 37 Years After It All Began

You don't understand it?
Well, take a number, cos,
Clever as they say I am,
Gifted with many skills, neither do I.

Who better than I, I ask you
Knows she should have gone,
Knows what she risked and lost,
Knows she should have gone home,
She should have stayed gone, long since.
Who better than I knows
What I have done, what I have killed,
What I have destroyed in her world alone.

But warriors need bards,
So she's told me, time and time again
And now, when I've finally read
Only some of her many, many tales
I'd have to say:
I don't have any idea who she's written of.
I never had the courage she shows by half,
I never did any but defend my kin,
I never gained anything but grudging allies and bitter enemies
I never fought for anything but the world I knew,
As I watched it bleed, as I felt it burn, as I saw it die,
bit by bit and one by one of those I most loved.
Excepting only one.

I've loved? You ask even now,
the same way someone once asked:
'You have a friend? '
Yes, in my own strange and damaged way,
Walking the warrior's path didn't teach me how to love,
That took so many others ... so many, so often
While I had no understanding.

But then the world shifted under my feet,
And I fell as far down as I'd driven my way up,
And I walked away from all the fighting, until

I saw a terrified, defiant woman-child
Stand up to bastards who would steal her from her world,
From her life.

I am a warrior, could I do less?
And so we fought together,
And so do we still, fight together and apart.
It's still a warrior's world, where
When the kill is there it must be taken,
Without heed, without thought,
With swiftness, at the same time with great care.
She cares so much, she never ceases to,
She gives so much, to so many strays like me
I've learned that skill from her,
I've learned so much from her,
Some things her tales don't touch on,
So I will.

Yes, she made her choices,
As did I. Freely, as is the way of mortal hearts,
Gods thanked, we stay mortal,
No empty halls on Olympus' mount for us
We made our choices both and separate,
Some knit us close, some nearly killed us both
Some both of us will mourn, life long,
Whether short or long
But she has a strength within
Like a blazing hearth, like a raging battle,
Like a ringing hymn, like a bard's quiet song.

If still you can't understand
Why she's still here,
Why she still calls me friend,
Why still this queen of Amazons and bards
sings and fights by my side,
Well,
Take a place in line, stranger, cos
Living by and losing her as I often have,
As I hope never to do again,
Knowing her as I have, loving her as I do,
Neither do I.

(written in 2002)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

You And Me, Mr. Spock

You and me, Mr. Spock
where do we fit?
A sharp eared peg
into the nearly deaf hole,
or
do you hear too well?

Tell me,
my far seeing friend,
is your world empty as mine,
on too-bright days
when all eyes shine

or
is it full
of equations, cosines, graphs and logic,
cold as a vault
to freeze out the thoughts
of those who would intrude.
never knowing the pain of reaching out,
of reaching in,
without being reached.

Half the time,
Half the soul
of a man.
who cannot grant himself
only once
only one
even half a secret
must be shared!

first written in 1969

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer

You Would Think - A 'Pretender' Poem

You would think being able to disappear,
Becoming part of the scenery, part of the unseen mob,
Would be a lark,
Would be a game,
Would be a gift.

You would think, being able to take on any life,
Hiding within a thousand masks,
Would be a laugh,
Would be a joke,
Would be great fun.

You would think, being whoever they want,
Wherever and whatever they need,
Would be a grace,
Would be a joy,
Would be a kind of miracle.
But you'd be wrong.

(written in 2003)

Gabrielle Ciarann Roniyah Baer