

Poetry Series

Night Flyer
- poems -

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Night Flyer(11/4/1955)

Have been writing poems for a while. Started posting a lot in 2007 to various websites. A lot of my poems touch upon nature, aesthetics, visions and mystic states of consciousness. Like to take walks under the moon and stars or through the forest and these will usually inspire in me some poetry. Also waking up in the middle of the night is sometimes gives me inspiration to write. Am living now in a very quiet little town not far from Boston, Massachusetts, USA. Have also lived in South Florida from time to time. Besides poetry, I was also the guitarist for a band in Florida called Nostradamus. Our band put out a CD of original music in 1997 and for a while did local gigs at mainly coffeehouse. Have a bunch of videos on Youtube and other sites. Alas, I left my guitars back in Florida! ! !

A Greater Treasure

Worn coral paths of history
Wind gently neath the evening shadows
In this warm land of mystery
And restless site of ancient battles.

Deep turquoise blue of daylight fades
To twilight's sea of scarlet gold
Walk I, alone, by windy glades
As evening's symphony enfolds.

The palm trees sway in tropic breeze
As golden Luna starts her rise
If you were here, this heart you'd please
I search for you in endless skies.

But you're not here, my search in vain
As Luna shines her brilliant glow
This gold moonlight can't rid the pain
Of love that fled so long ago.

So stars, keep burning all night long
My bruised heart's song is silenced mute
The heavens cannot right this wrong
Nor offer calming substitute.

The shining stars, I'll gladly miss
To your warm kiss, they cannot measure
The bright heavens offer no bliss
Your sweet caress, a greater treasure.

Night Flyer

A Vision On The Autumn Breeze

October winds, they came at last
Across the hills and ponds, they passed
And strewed bright autumn leaves around
So wonderful, their stirring sound
Relentlessly, they lured my mind
Down ancient paths that ever wind
So forthwith I sped through my door
Toward Massapoag's long sandy shore
And to the windy beach, I came
As waters glowed with twilight's flame
I felt your love on me enfold
As I gazed out on waters gold
So movingly, our hearts were one
Neath crimson rays of setting sun
Though far across the land, you dwelt
Eternal was the love I felt
That spanned the mountains and the seas
And rode the wild Autumn breeze
Now Autumn days to Winter, turn
This vision will, in my heart, burn.

Night Flyer

A Winter Scene

Cottony lace surging across the season's sky
And starry jewels scintillating in dreamy heavens
White birch spires lost in the swirling clouds of December's majesty
That blazing spark of winter's glory
Imbued with precious evergreen scent
Shining down through leafless branches
A mystery that draws us up
To this silent celebration of Christmastime.

Night Flyer

An Ode To Mystras

A wind-swept plain in morning light
Beneath the heights of ancient slopes
The golden rays that drowned the night
Renew again these broken hopes.

From this deep valley I have seen
Grey castles on a steep terrain
Old Mystras still sits so pristine
So high above the Spartan plain.

Her rocky slopes tell the story
Of the blood that washed her castle walls
Through battles won, she earned her glory
To wounded cries and trumpet calls.

The brilliant silver armour gleamed
As armies rushed her citadel
Her gallant knights against them streamed
With bravery, the castle held.

The years have passed like the hot breeze
That still swirls o'er her ruined walls
Fair jewel of the Peloponnese
You've earned a place in valour's halls.

Night Flyer

Angel

Silver curtains of moonlight,
Undulating slowly over glowing hillsides
Bathing me in their radiance.

My moonlight walk,
Through darkened, foliated passageways,
Opening to mountain vistas of eternity
And of soaring angels,
Marble visaged in the silver glow of dancing mists
Neath the full moon's glow.

Crimson woman of my Summer dreams,
In the guise of a smiling angel
Her flowing hair in the swirling wind, like fire
Her touch, soothing me like quenching waters.

She leads me through smoky cloud realms
On the burning rivers of her smile,
To distant meadows of Summer's moon.

Night Flyer

Aurora

Fair Aurora,
Paints her sky with brush strokes of amethyst
On misty clouds, she rides
Past the glory of the Morning Star
A sea of opal pours through gates of sleep
And pearly clouds gather like foam on timeless waves
As she pushes back the night on her turquoise tide,
Making way to mother-of-pearl.

Night Flyer

Autumn Sky

Sapphire blue and cirrus white
Silver smile of bright moonlight
Leads me down where spirits meet
All along this silent street
Fleecy clouds that glow on high
Brighten up the midnight sky
Haunted cries and past life streams
Fill this windy realm of dreams
Stranded now on ghostly lanes
To far hills and astral plains
Blue moon shines her mystery
In her light, I know I'm free
Spellbound, I behold her rise
Opal of the crystal skies
Fills the night, her jasmine kiss
Starlit boulevards of bliss
Autumn sky, my mind, you've raised
To your heights, I drift, amazed.

Night Flyer

Cruel, Cruel Love

A bank of mists burns scarlet gold
Across the dusk in Autumn skies
As sunset glows with colors bold
The emptiness within me cries.

How deeper would these colors shine
To watch this scene 'tween loving arms
And feel the warmth of lips divine
Across my brow, romantic charms.

And what I'd give if I could find
That girl with eyes that softly gleam
She smiles at me within my mind
But fades away just like a dream.

Somewhere out there, lovers embrace
In pastel rooms with candlelight
Neath crumpled sheets of velvet lace
Their passion echoes through the night.

But here for me, a wretched poem
To cry out to the empty sky
And to the Moon as I drift home
Oh cruel, cruel Love, you've passed me by!

□

Night Flyer

Epitaph

I vanished in the midnight wind
Neath silver glare of hallowed moon
Pale mistress Death, she calmly grinned
And firmly held my hand too soon.

Into the night, I quickly flew
As deep sadness possessed my mind
To shadowlands, my spirit drew
And left the mortal life behind.

And now you read this chiseled poem
As whistling wind in moonlight plays
Forever will my spirit roam
While quickly pass time's fleeting days.

Don't call on me, I can't explain
Death's mystery, in nature, lies
Someday you'll walk that misty lane
Far past the clouds of Autumn skies.

Night Flyer

Flamingo Dawn

Shimmering light on dawn's lake
A rising sun of caramel gold
This flamingo land silent, in waves of motion
Its smiles rising over flowing distances
Blue heron gliding over silver waters
Mirroring the lazy sky
Sun disk exploding forth with golden rays
Piercing the horizon in brilliance
Flooding my eyes with liquid gold
This super nova of tropical fire
Surging forward in dancing rainbows.

Night Flyer

From Here To Persepolis

Desert star of melting silver,
Gleaming through the clouds
The crossroads of desert merging in midnight's gloom,
From here to Persepolis
This royal road of ghost castles, disappearing into nowhere,
Neath glowing starshine
Like fields of rubies in the night.

Crescent moon in the heights of clouds, luminous, over desert vistas
I hear the Silk Road calling me
Toward endless mountains, unconquered in the purple night
My dreams, my treasure, slipping by like hot desert sands
Carried by the wind over crossroads of infinity.

Castles crumble in the clouds
As Shahrazad of the night sings her stories to the wind,
In waves of desire, over Parthian roads of barrenness,
My passion burning like stars in the sky
Feeling the warm caress of desert winds against my face
As I follow my love to the end of time,
Through the swirling sands of Persian nights.

Night Flyer

Ghosts Of Summers Lost

When dusk comes, I take my walk
Meeting ghosts of Summers lost
Near the lake, they often flock
On the paths, in youth, I crossed.

Breaking waves upon the beach
Bring the winds of evening's blue
Feeling lost and out of reach
On this twilight rendezvous.

Voices calling on the breeze
Past the rocks where I would play
Laughing banter through the trees
Echoes from another day.

How the drifting white sands fly
O'er this barren, windy shore
Like the years that pass me by
Leaving ghosts forevermore.

Night Flyer

Goddess Of Eternal Night

Magic marble purple, melting into the windy night,
She stands in the distance, on a hill,
High above the plains of Infinity,
The Goddess of Eternal Night,
Holding a torch of white fire,
Cold chill of the night, through swaying branches,
Her flames beckoning all minds transfixed in this moment,
Across endless reaches of Autumn darkness,
The Luna glare pulsating in a chilly breeze,
As my weary mind sets sail for Her kingdom,
Bathed in the splendor of Her burning light.

Night Flyer

In Distant Memories

I remember the Moon over the bay, at Sanibel
When we walked its golden sands, hand in hand
The colored lights of Fort Meyers shown like gems for us,
Across the mystic waters,
The orange Moon in its perfection, smiling down upon us
As we tread on the soft sands, through the gentle breeze
Our new love soaring on that special night
Two poets, two friends, walking out toward the sea,
The crystal waters reflecting the fire of burning Luna
Deep truths we shared that night, by those glistening waters
And our love, eternal
Your laughter drifting, I recall, across the midnight bay
O what I'd give to join you now, on that magic beach,
So long ago, so far away, in distant memories...

Night Flyer

In Purple Dreams

In purple dreams I glide, over sultry evening roads,
Making my way homeward through night's crimson threshold,
Starlit dreams are melting across the ancient seasons,
Sweet scents of royal night, under cloudy swirling legions,
My mind reflected in galaxies, mesmerised, spellbound,
As the night wind gently flows, with supernatural sound,
In shimmering shades of shadows, in the wild jasmine breeze
Lies a pastoral scene of starlight through mystic swaying trees,
My journey's marked in colors, in passages of love,
I peer up through passing purple, to a presence up above,
Sweet woman of my dreams, gazing down from way up high,
Her lovely face reflected, in windy heights of sky
Dear Muse, your smile guides me to that home within my heart,
Till the night your sweet love finds me, 'neath evening's starry art..

Night Flyer

Like The Spring Wind

Warm Spring wind,
Streaming past my vale in swirling crescendos
Past the grey skies of the barren Winter's sorrows
A refreshing breeze,
Roaring past heaving branches in this new season's panorama
From the sparkling seas,
New life merging with the clarion winds over swaying trees and hillocks
This symphony resounding in victory
O'er the bleak wastelands of Winter's dominion
May new love, like the Spring wind
Glide and melt this Winter's heart that reigns in my being
May her kiss forever free me from the bonds of yesterday's prison
Like the sun warming the cold earth
And her touch, like a breath of new life.

Night Flyer

Mermaid

I saw her just the other day
Swimming in a Western bay
I saw her face
I knew it was love.

Smiling mermaid of the Seven Seas
Yeah, she looked at me
I saw her face
I knew it was love.

And she called out my name
And I knew it would never be the same to me
In waves of smiling ecstasy
She's calling from an emerald sea
Mermaid, calling me.

The sunset came and full moon rose
A windy beach where no one goes
To water's edge, I came along.

And then a voice called out to me
As moonlight swept the boundless sea
So beautiful, her mermaid song.

And the wind, it did rise
As I looked into her turquoise eyes
And heard the roar
Of breakers on that ancient shore
So close to me forever more
Mermaid, calling me.

She will be there
When I want her
Swimming out, into the blue.

Like an angel
On a seashell
Ocean girl, I love you
And you know she'll always be

Shining mermaid of the sea.

And she called out my name
And I knew it would never be the same to me
In waves of smiling ecstasy
She's calling from an emerald sea
Mermaid, calling me.

Night Flyer

Midnight Moon

Work your magic across the sky
Midnight Moon, pearlescent queen
To your smile, my spirit flies
Through the clouds and mists pristine.

Drawn by your hypnotic glare
Proud Selene, eternally
Captured by your silver stare
And the spell you've put on me.

Pearly mistress, guide me home
To my castle by the sea
Blessed, these miles that I roam
Neath your shining mystery.

From the fires in my heart
With rhyming verse, I honor thee
Before the morning makes its start
Thou blazing orb of poetry.

Night Flyer

Musical Dream

I dreamt I came up to the shore
And stared out on the windy bay
Bright city lights aglow, I saw,
Miami Beach, a mile away.

I felt our band had reached our dream
As ocean clouds drifted along
No doubt, dear Mari, it would seem
The whole wide world now loved your song.

In rapture, I gazed at the sea
Our band had finally met with fame
Our music now had set us free
And everybody knew our name.

This feeling of success, so real,
Nothing with it could e'er compare
To know our music gained appeal
Across the country, everywhere.

They beckoned us, those lights of gold
To share our music with the night
And build a dream of things untold
As I awoke in sheer delight.

But fame flew by, and left us here
And with time, passed our merry band
Still my sweet dream remains so clear
When I hear songs of Mari Ann.

Night Flyer

My Burning Quest

I hear your voice reverberate
Captured on crumbling acetate
The music we made in our past
We thought those times would ever last
My guitar rang, the drums did boom
I listen from this darkened room
Our music jams, our songs, our friends
Dissolve into a dream that ends
Those carefree days, our sweet escape
These dreams remain on this old tape
Our songs, we gave them our best try
But I forget, the times slipped by
The music of our hearts' delight
Is now just echoes in the night
To raise our band from its long rest
I vow to make my burning quest.

Night Flyer

Mystic Words

From this verdant hallowed site
By the plains, forevermore
Bathed in golden morning light
I can watch brave eagles soar.

By the ancient, misty plain
In the shade of oak trees brown
Fed by endless Winter rain
I can hear the West wind's sound.

As I watch a rustic bog
Mystic words flow out to me
Sitting on a weathered rock
Neath the forest canopy.

A humble spot it may now seem
On this lichen covered stone
But like a vision in a dream
'Tis poetry's exalted throne.

So I come here every day
To this sunny Shangri La
Catching words that come my way
On the winds from meadows far.

Night Flyer

Of Distant Dreams

Of distant dreams that call in the silence of dusk,
Their resonance in tropic humidity
Calling to me through the jacaranda and palm
past the swirling spanish moss
Their melodies resounding like bells in the lilac evening
And the chorus of crickets that drifts out to a harvest moon sky
O distant dreams that calm my sadness
and wrap me in their warmth
on passing ocean breezes,
Meander through stirring branches of twilight forests
to greet my Summer desolation,
sweeping me to your fabled lands,
beyond evening's gateways.

Night Flyer

On The Road To Rebirth

Take this path unto the sea
Neath bright clouds, chalcedony
On a marbled path I walk
Past these twisted trees so dark
Here the moon eerily gleams
On this road of haunted dreams
To my destination far
Beckons like a silver star
From a place where waters dance
Guiding me, my midnight trance
Swaying branches lead the way
To a glowing moonlit bay
See it shine beyond the bend
There my sad life's journey's end
Feel the wind as I come near
To the endless ocean clear
Lapping waves, please take me in
Toward my rebirth, I begin
To your mystery, I leap
Pulled by ocean currents deep
Soon to me, a new life's shown
Out here in the great unknown.

Night Flyer

Pathways Of The Mind

A mystic path winds through my mind
Of misty gold, its trees sublime
Where heaven's winds caress the fields
A Summer dreamscape so surreal
And it spurs me to venture on
To emerald depths of Avalon
Where music dances on the breeze
And magic swirls amidst the trees
More blissful realms, I'll never find
These dreamy pathways of the mind.

Night Flyer

Poetry Goddess

In the depths of azure of my mystical dream
The warm summer winds that pull me downstream
On a river of gold that runs through my mind
Past billowing curtains of tropical vines
To a verdant green garden that captures my eye
Neath the circling dance of the birds in the sky
My poetry goddess, she waits for me there
So graceful in form with a beauty so rare
She's calling me back with a warm serenade
From heavenly meadows of blossoming jade
In the depths of azure of my mystical dream
And the warm summer winds that pull me downstream.

Night Flyer

Seasons Of The Night

The misty firmament above in the hours before the rising sun
Swirls patterns deeply etched into the grey sky
Windy realm of night with its soaring echoes
A play of wind, clouds and dancing moonlight
The spirits of the ages play, spread across the invincible night
They play unseen, yet fill the Arcadian meadows with their presence
To the wind, they vow a burning promise
To the night, their unquenchable energies
In the windy sea sky, adrift with misty cloud schooners
The season of the Solstice sweeps her glowing gown
Drawn by oceanic breezes
Her midnight tempest spawns vaporous clouds 'cross the gloomy moors,
Her Druid song haunting the moonlit fields,
This swirling mirth of darkness strips the tired senses spellbound in these
seasons of the night.

Night Flyer

Shahrazad

Shahrazad, dancer of the night
Behind the purple lattice of Persian screens
You dance to the rhythm of ancient voices
Swirling in the mirth of frankincense
Spinning into the night.

I drink from the silver chalice of your smile
Seeing crescent moons reflected in your eyes,
The echoes of singing voices radiate the vision of desert nights
As I feel my passion flowing
A river of silver and gold melting into distant plateaus.

Desert enchantress,
Spinning your dance eternal in the lapis depths of evening's promise
I surrender now to your smile
Let me drown in the music of your dark eyes
Your seductive voice,
Leading me to misty moonscapes and ruined castle walls.

Shahrzad,
Swaying to the syncopating rhythms of bells and drums.
Beneath a Persian moon.
Drawing me to the magic of your spell.

Night Flyer

Silver Dreams

Silver lace spun cross the sky
Pierced by Luna's blazing eye
Moonlit walk takes me away
Down quaint lanes of autumn gray
Cooling winds of season's end
Follow like a long lost friend
Till their fury sets me free
Neath this glowing tapestry
On to silver dreams, in flight
Borne by soaring wings of night.

Night Flyer

Spectral Siren Of The Night

Up on a hill, I saw a light
In bitter cold December gloom
On frozen roads of windy night
Past avenues of graves and tombs.

I carefully walked, stricken with dread
On rocky paths of ancient years
To byways of the lonely dead
Where midst the trees, they shed their tears.

The winding trail, it took me high
Toward Moose Hill's haunted mystery
I heard a woman's eerie cry
That like thin smoke, flowed down to me.

In misty dark, I made my way
And came upon a thorny hedge
On broken paths, as clear as day,
A stone house on a craggy ledge.

She smiled at me beside her door
With sparkling eyes and scarlet hair
A face that made my fires roar
Voluptuous beyond compare.

She bade me then to come inside
And through that door, I quickly raced
White candles glowed on every side
As flames danced in her fireplace.

This spectral siren of the night
Right next to me, her body thrust
So mesmerizing with delight
It stirred those burning flames of lust.

The fire in her eyes, it gleamed
We kissed and then she gently spoke
But disappeared, twas just a dream
And in my bedroom, I awoke.

Next morn, I climbed that steep terrain
In hope I'd find her by her door
A pile of rocks, all that remained
Of some old house from years before.

A weathered gravestone stood nearby
I walked to it and then I saw
An epitaph from years gone by
Its worn words shook me to the core.

'In life, they called me Lizabeth
For years lived on that ledge above
Though turned to dust, conquered by death
My spirit lingers here for love'.

Night Flyer

Strange Visions

The desolate graveyards of yesterday's tears
Are lying below me in wilderness clears
The pale spectral faces that wait behind doors
They gather before me o'er bleak granite floors
These ghosts of my nightmares drift silently on
As this tempest rages so long before dawn
The midnight's dark voices in hallways, resound
As I feel the presence of spirits earthbound
Night whispers, they're calling, as strange as it seems
These voices enthralling in ominous dreams
Strange visions I'm knowing, so ghostly, congeal
In Luna's bright glowing o'er landscapes surreal.

Night Flyer

Streets Of Hull

Rivers flow down towards the bay
And with them, lifetimes swept away
Of cobble stones and windswept sand
And legends of our native land
I walk alone down avenues
Of shifting sands and ocean hues
And faces from another time
From road to sandy bluffs, I climb
Down by the sea, the windy shore
Whispers their names, who are no more
Pale ghosts who wander by the sea
Up from the waves, they call to me
Of whalers, who for glory, yearned
And sailing ships that ne'er returned
Of sailors brave and lovely maids
To them, the ocean serenades
I sip my beer and hear a gull
Lost on these timeless streets of Hull.

Night Flyer

Tapestry Of Life

If you could see the tapestry of life on which all our lives are woven,
Then you'd feel the purpose to which we've all been chosen,
As our lives surge forward like waves on an endless ocean,
There's so much we can do to fill our world with devotion,
The value and effect of all that we do,
Transforms our planet and environment too,
The pain, the sadness, the joy and the growing,
All enrich our lives with the seeds of all-knowing,
The wisdom that burns within, heals us like a song,
Like the rays of the sun as it warms a cold empty dawn,
So if we treasure each moment like it was our last,
We're treasuring our lives, future, present and past,
When we see that glory lies in each moment, we'll be drawn,
Like dandelion seeds carried by a mystic wind, to a new golden dawn.

Night Flyer

The Freedom Of The Sea

Brave sailors who sailed distant seas
In ages, crossing Neptune's realm
Sweet treasure's call, their minds, it pleased
Through surging waves, they took the helm.

With sextants held neath silver stars
They plied swift currents in the breeze
And sailed their ships to islands far
Past harbor lights and port cities.

For what rich treasures spurred their quests
For gold or silver, were they sent
With wanderlust that never rests
To ends of earth they gladly went.

But give me treasure that is real
The chance to write some poetry
On swirling waves, this heart will heal
And feel the freedom of the sea.

Don't want to stay here anymore
And drown in my uncertainties
I'd rather hear the ocean's roar
And see Gibraltar's majesty.

And know that I shall join someday
Those ancient mariners of yore
And reach that land so far away
Elysium's enchanted shore.

Night Flyer

The Garnet Star

Look up, behold the garnet star
High up in starry heavens far
Bright amber jewel that shines pristine
What ancient secrets have you seen
Over a distant desert void
Its crumbling castles, long destroyed
And ghostly armies passing by
Naught could escape your piercing eye
Bold crimson star, we're far apart
But your deep gaze enchants my heart
So radiate your mystery
That through the night, calls out to me
And please impart, I do appeal
Your mystic secrets to reveal.

Night Flyer

The Realm Of Moonlight

In the mystic moments of Winter's silent scene
Lies a realm of moonlight, so precious and serene
That glows in frozen splendor above the leafless trees
And leads the mind to wander in ancient mysteries
So surreal and entrancing, it rules the endless sky
In mesmerizing wonder to the slumbering eye
This dreamland of the ages, adrift in silver haze
Shines through my bedroom window, and to its mists, I gaze.□

□ □

Night Flyer

The Sibyl Of The Lake

At the gates of gloom,
By the shores of midnight waters.
She waits, radiant beauty of ancient dreams.
A delicate apparition of the misty night
The sibyl of the lake,
Watching through vaporous rings of haunted forests
She gazes across the waters adamant
in the pearly glow of a ghostly moon
Scanning the black expanse of astral forests
and the cloudy legions that gather above
Emblazoned across the starry night
Her sibyl eye staring across these still waters,
to the Pleiades rising.

Night Flyer

The Winds Of Winter

Intrepid these winds that swirl through the listless night,
On white marble clouds that coalesce in silence
They carry a certain malice,
Surging forward from the deep ocean far
These winds in the cold gloom
No deliverance they send, nor compassion
Just the grey looming vapors of the coming Winter
Gathering from afar,
A stark panorama in exhausting frames of vision,
I stand beneath their medieval fury.

Night Flyer

This Wretched Path

Branches move and sadly sway
Their farewell to this long day
Shadows over woodlands, creep
As this village drifts to sleep.

The sad song of a twilight loon
Greet the rising crescent moon
As sunset's crimson fades to black
For healing love, I feel a lack.

Far past the twilight's interlude
I pay the price for solitude
The night has rendered my dreams dark
So down these empty streets I walk.

Now toward my cabin, I retreat
As day to night passes complete
In evening's chill, its plainly shown
This wretched path, I walk alone.

This need for love, inside it drums
So cruel a sting when nighttime comes
As loneliness inwardly maims
Another night, my heart, it claims.

Soon in my cabin, I'll recline
And pour a glass of bitter wine
And drift to sleep's merciful arms
To dream of some fair lover's charms.

Night Flyer

Through The Mystic Breeze

To walk down country roads during Spring's windswept advance,
Neath the serene light of April's full moon
Draped in cirrus mists,
The cooling winds of freedom, rushing down a darkened street
Raising my eyes upward,
Toward starry diamonds, timeless, all-knowing
That peak through long oak branches,
Swaying in the midnight wind,
My mind adrift in memories, bittersweet
Of friends and times, long gone.
Their images fade in the citrine glow
As I walk on,
Through the mystic breeze.

Night Flyer

Vision Of Tyche

I looked up to the sky, the twilight rising,
In a Floridian park, saw a vision spellbinding,
The goddess Tyche, She appeared to me,
On a throne of gold overlooking the sea,
Goddess of Chance and Fortune strong,
Protectress of the fair port Ascalon,
Melting caramel clouds of time,
Drifted over a windy shoreline,
Through the mists I could plainly see,
Her immortal gaze of serenity,
In shimmering mists, She was wearing a crown,
Gazing over this city of much renown,
As time stood still, I watched in awe,
This ancient goddess of the Levantine shore,
Fortune has gone, but forever She must,
Watch o'er a dead city long buried in dust.

Night Flyer

Walls Of Babylon

To the walls of Babylon I float
In the summer heat of centuries
I drift to the graves of kings,
Who ruled from thrones of lapis lazuli,
In the shadow of hanging gardens
Their voices, down long corridors, echoed,
With the scent of frankincense and myrrh
This blue glazed palace, where caravans strayed,
To quench their thirst neath burning skies,
Now, distant memories, in sun-baked rubble
Yet Ishtar rises, sweet desert nymph,
Like a vision, o'er her broken walls
Her song, like a rainbow mist,
Over endless plains, calling,
In the depths of my dreams.

Night Flyer

Your Memory On This Road Of Solitude

Distant lover,
Cast your mournful spell across the evening's cold
On this road I glide, past shuttered homes
The glare of street lights play across the shadows
I feel your embrace, though miles away you lie,
Cross the unforgiving silence
Pine branches, like a tapestry
Above this road that goes nowhere
Across the vault of haunted sky that shines its stars through the branches
Piercing me in desolation as I gaze upward
The scent of pine and smoke, embracing me in my solitude
Like your memory,
Guiding me back through the amethyst night.

Night Flyer

Your Mermaid Song

We meet again one dreamy night
Of emerald green on midnight's shore
Warm waves reflected in the light
Of silver moon forevermore.

I listen to your soaring voice
That echoes cross the sapphire waves
And causes my heart to rejoice
For music of the sea, it craves.

In this Aegean dream, we play
This magic beach of windswept sand
In pale moonlight, we've lost our way
Here where the ocean meets the land

Sweet Mari Ann, your poet ways
Through endless dunes, you lead me on
Way past the rocks, lost in a daze
Enraptured by your mermaid song

Night Flyer