

Poetry Series

**John Lars Zwerenz**  
**- poems -**

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## John Lars Zwerenz(1-5-69)

John Lars Zwerenz 1969- is an American impressionistic poet. He is considered one of the most important new literary figures in the world, both internationally and in The United States. He has published nine books of poetry, all of which have risen dramatically in price since their original publication. Zwerenz owns a B.A. in English from The City University Of New York At Queens College and has traveled extensively throughout The United States and overseas as a kind of literary wanderer. He has held a bohemian reputation since his youth. Zwerenz's two most recent poetry books, " Ecstasy And Other Poems" , released in December of 2016, and " Elysian Meadows" , released in February of 2017 made the #1 Best Sellers' Rank on Amazon, and were published by ATLA Publishing, an independent press, based in The UK. His poems have also appeared prolifically in International Magazines and other anthologies. Zwerenz is the currently the official poetry writer for Emage International Magazine, the most popular arts publication in the world. Zwerenz's poetry is often highly spiritual in nature. His verse almost always adheres to strict, metrical stanzas. In 2019 John Lars Zwerenz The Complete Anthology will be released worldwide by Green Frog Publishing. The work is a comprehensive volume of all of Zwerenz's published works including a new segment of fresh verse entitled " Cathedrals In The Rain" . This volume is expected to attain The New York Times Best Seller List. Zwerenz currently resides in The United States, and is 49 years of age.

- Stacy Walker, AP

# A Courtyard's Sonnet

## A COURTYARD'S SONNET

On tepid evenings, when fountains descend like rain,  
Tall, ivory statues glitter in the moon glow,  
Amid ancient colonnades, where rivulets flow  
To ponds of mystic wines, devoid of any pain.

And when I kiss your lips of the sun  
In the shade of russet myrtle trees,  
Our hearts unite, and marry as one  
In the azure cradle of the scented breeze.

Then your gaze becomes solemn, grave and still,  
As all of our sorrow forever departs.  
And your eyes begin to speak with ecstasies,  
With angelic tears shed from rapturous seas  
Imbuing within our bating hearts  
The holy hues of rhapsodies.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Garden In Paradise

## A GARDEN IN PARADISE

I took her hand beneath the quivering diamond trees  
Which shook their hymns upon us in the warm, October sun.  
We found paradise in the glades beneath our knees  
As flute and horn, wistful and fantastic  
Swept through the redolent, scarlet breeze,  
Near azure brooks which forever run  
Through valley and dale, mellifluous and majestic,  
Gracing reeds with currents that shine in gilded rays.  
(I love my bride, and her angelic ways.)  
The ocean nearby, beyond the alabaster statuary,  
Rises with the tide and caresses the purple rocks,  
As she reclines on a marble bench with gracility,  
Dreaming in her mystic trances, caressing her raven locks.  
And the sunset sighs as the fountains rise  
To the nascent stars which languishing, hover,  
Over the vast and silent courtyard,  
As she speaks of things with her sanctified eyes,  
To her handsome, young lover,  
To her passionate bard.  
And our kisses are of ivory nights,  
When moonlight sobs, when candle lights  
Illuminate the astonishing bower.  
Come walk with me, my love, it is the hour  
When all seraphs sing their hymns from above.  
Come walk with me, my lover, my love!

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Grecian Tale

## I

My soul, like a languid, lamenting bird,  
Gazes to the east, with its distant, red face;  
I desire to escape from the doleful, urban herd,  
And depart for a sojourn, to a faraway place.

The sounds of a subway are of a dismal strain;  
They die by Central Park in the gray, vaporous dark.  
Graffiti on the oaks of brownish, wilting bark  
Renders my aesthetic mind weary with disdain.

My spirit of a troubadour, hungry for meadows,  
Immured with the city, clasped around my feet,  
Will break beyond the tears of these dreamless ghettos,  
On a journey to the past-to the Isle Of Crete.

## II

Tall, ivory pillars, of brilliant colonnades,  
Grace my white shroud, as I pace on promenades;  
Roving through grand dunes of billowing, gold sand,  
I feel the royal hold of Apollo's noble hand.

At last! - I am free; In regal felicity,  
I saunter, laved by breezes, blissfully sweet and mild,  
As I behold the unbridled, transcendent and wild  
Pelagic domain of the exuberant sea.

The Mediterranean's effervescent breath  
Fills my lungs with the wines of Dionysus.  
As I pass beyond the veils of intangible death,  
Carmine blooms shine, and all becomes miraculous.

There, among statues, on this ancient, Greek traverse,  
Like a lover's suspiration, fulfilled in a dream  
Of a freshet of fountains, glistening in a stream,  
Thalassic furrows gleam- like ethereal verse.

### III

Soft zephyrs veer through the courtyard of a palace,  
Caressing the rims of an eminent chalice,  
Stirring ripples in the sovereign wine,  
Glimmering in the rays of the immaculate sunshine.

Illustrious marble steps mount a precipice;  
Overlooking the oceanic canvas,  
I contemplate the death of tragic Icarus,  
Above foamy rolls- I weep upon the cornice.

### IV

Among cascading brooks, an immense garden shines-  
Home to a thousand potent wines and elations;  
It ferments amid Hera's dappled, dangling vines:  
A bower of fragrant hues, and mystic revelations!

Pearly fountains fall, as I behold the flowers: -  
The enchanting, rosy-red florets of every year;  
A Macedonian sentinel of the intoxicating showers  
Threatens my adventure with a long, silver spear.

Aphrodite's white lyres sound like Spanish guitars,  
Adorned with the luster of enamored, white stars.  
I turn from Alexander, where an orphic breeze veers,  
Leaving the blooms of Orpheus, resisting blissful tears.

### V

I pass redolent hedgerows, of ornate enclaves,  
In the soft wake of Sappho, I approach wild waves.  
A strange, wooden ship of ghostly sails awaits my heel;  
I board the cryptic schooner, and it creaks where the currents reel.

The large, foreboding vessal knows no other hand but I.  
I clasp the splintered wheel, beneath a baleful sky.  
Something is beneath the boat; (why I do not know)  
All that I can fathom is the kraken dwells below.

Through a storm I pervade, beyond the gleaming sand;

I sail at topmast, northward, to the deep Aegean Sea,  
Until the sirens are left with no sonatas to assail me;  
I find a forgiving harbor- Onto the glorious mainland!

## VI

I reach the Acropolis, and I witness the ancient plays.  
A goddess of wisdom scents the Parthenon with grace.  
By an alabaster temple, Athena's fair face  
Smiles as I bless her, with aramanthine bouquets.

My heart, gravely moved, beholding her Doric rose,  
Is engulfed in a florid, fountainous repose.  
The fire of her kiss leaves my soul profoundly weak.  
I have visions of celestial reason- of which I can not speak.

## VII

I see in the distance, spirited, fine and black,  
A stallion beaming in the sun, awaiting my plea:  
"I implore, tenacious breed, to saddle your raven back;  
Let us ride beyond the wind- beside the splendid sea! "

We pass through a viny, trellis-lined portal,  
Beyond the azure glow of a tall, resplendent tree;  
We reach the blue dominion of His teeming majesty-  
The great and stony titan: - Poseidon- The Immortal!

## VIII

The pure, valiant spirits of my gallant horse and I  
Witness the quintessence of the infinite fly by;  
Beneath the bronze of the sky, across the diamond shore we race,  
Increasing the speed of our incredible pace.

Lifted above the world, beyond curtains of time and space,  
Together we breach all earthly realms as we ride,  
Entering an effulgent place beside the tide;  
We behold upon the billows-a glimpse of heaven's face!

Rising above the crest of topless ecstasies,  
We witness beyond a glided gate a glimmer-

Blooming into an ardent, ravishing shimmer-  
Containing all kinds of ineffable rubies.

And so, like Zeus, on Mount Olympus I ascend,  
To absorb all that is rapturous and lofty.  
But like all true bards who transcend an ecstasy,  
I relinquish my spirit and my wings in the end.

IX

My muse whispers into my ears: "You must return home."  
The sunlight disappears, withering on the vanishing foam.  
Shedding red, the dream is pierced, as if with a rending fork.  
The beach sheds amber tears, as I behold New York.

X

And so, my fair pedigree of the banished sand,  
Because reality has claimed my intellect,  
I must bid you farewell, left only to recollect  
A nebulous vestige of your enchanted land.

□

The end

(~ From Visionary Wanderings)

John Lars Zwerenz



# A Gypsy's Life

A gypsy am I, as I rove on the downy dale;  
Aside from the taverns, the fields are my only vale.  
I drink from my carafe a fairy-fermented brew,  
And I dream of fair love, beneath a radiant sky of blue.

I carry within my satchel a book of romantic rhyme;  
I wield it when I may, and write as I did of old: -  
Of a sable-haired girl, whose gaze is of a raven-gold.  
Her dress is white and long, and her hair is of an elysian clime.

I am struck by visions beside the lane,  
On starry October nights, laved by the autumn rain,  
And I sleep beneath the myrtles, musing on her kiss.

I have searched for her in ethereal bliss.  
I have seen her face in dreams, wandering on the shore,  
And the specter of her beauty, passing on the moor.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Homage To My High School

A Homage To My High School

Wrapped in the blue of an American Flag,  
A scholar sails through translated verse,  
As teachers scoff and students curse,  
Fighting and flirting while playing at tag.

The girls lay themselves with evil intent  
Upon the paths of erudition, hell bent  
To be stumbling blocks to truth seekers.  
They remove their skirts and school bought sneakers,  
To walk with burning feet behind the mask of the gym.  
One roving poet got away, although they tried to rape him;

Now he sits on Mount Olympus,  
Serenading Christ -  
Reducing Zeus to sand, to fire, to the dust of dice,  
As he prays for all of us.

And the sun sets grandly on the cherry tree below  
One lone savant's decades old window:  
The sole professor worthy of his salt and grace.  
He greets with wisdom each new, arrogant, fresh face,  
Eschewing yearly the immense vortex of the ancient undertow.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Lady Fair

I ventured out one pristine night  
Beneath blue stars to a furrow on a hill.  
I was one with the rose and the daffodil,  
And my steps stirred the grasses in the moonlight.

I came to a garden at the top of the down.  
There leafy boughs were scarlet and bent  
In the sweet, summer air, so very redolent,  
Over ponds in the umbrage, smooth and brown.

An old, iron archway marked the marble square  
Which led to a castle, ancient and grand.  
On its tower was a balcony, perched high above the land  
Where stood a lovely maiden, a lady fair.

She looked at me and smiled with a gaze  
That left me transfixed in the sun's saffron rays.  
Then all became still, as our minds did intertwine,  
Among the dappled daisies, and the roving of the vine.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Lover's Song

## A LOVER'S SONG

Roving beneath the dew dappled trees,  
Hand in hand, in a sacred rapture,  
The statues and the fountains gently capture  
The scent of your lips in the scarlet breeze.

Your name is of an angel's languorous song,  
And your face is of the azure tinted skies,  
Where beauty reigns in my adoring eyes -  
Lauding your mane, mellifluous and long.

And in the starry, bejeweled, nascent night,  
When the silver moon sobs on the terrace where we stand,  
Your kisses yield an ecstasy, borne of glistening, sunlit sand,  
Redolent with wine, as billows struck with light.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# A María

A María

los sauces, lentamente, sobre el mar,  
con una calurosa bienvenida el éxtasis.

Usted me vencer de un vistazo  
de su dulzura cadencia, que  
brota de la miel en el sol, en  
la sedosa resplandor de  
los ojos y el cuervo,  
que adorna su cuello como un sable encajes.

Que deambulan en traje de alabastro, en el portal  
de un lugar sagrado, en  
la alegre plaza mármol, donde  
glorioso fuentes  
Aumento en el aromático aire,  
rodeado por una corona de montañas esmeralda.

Me has conquistado, marítimas son mi Reina.  
Y nunca me siento de ser el mismo.  
El seno es un rocío de pradera,  
Seguro y suave, y la más serena;  
y me voy como uno perdido en un sueño de trovador,  
perplejo por su reverente nombre,  
junto a un descendiente, turquesa.

El aroma de su perfume de perla manos blancas  
son más dulce que todos Elysian tierras,  
y su amante  
son las bandas más exaltado a servir en la eternidad  
de lo que nunca se  
para de reinos, regímenes, los llanos, la mar.

Y, entonces, me vaya con los himnos de  
alegría te profundo dentro de mi corazón, transportando a su hogar,  
Con inmenso gozo y felicidad,

alzará a vagar  
como un cruel, mad marinero en el medio silvestre salmuera.

Un beso es un immaculado y apasionante a la vez, santificados vino,  
y su aspecto es de una estatua la mirada:  
bewitching solemnemente, de una regia mujer maravillosa de formas, que  
camina  
como una diosa, bajo los tilos y los abedules,  
en el esplendor del claustro, en el tribunal de la Catedral, en  
la fragante desquiciada de su magnífica iglesia, donde  
su ciudadela  
es uno de un amante del concurso reinado.

Y yo para siempre,  
siempre que su Sirena de flujo como brisas,  
perdido en el océano de los areneros, royal mane, y  
los paradisiacos reflejo de su rostro impecable  
que comandos cada estanque y el lago,  
que poseen una piadosa gracia,  
de ser tocado por su belleza, por su majestuoso.

Oscilación y los sauces, lentamente,  
sobre el mar, con  
una calurosa bienvenida el éxtasis.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

compuesto por el 15 de junio, en el año de Nuestro Señor  
2014 A. D.

Juan Lars Zwerenz

Enviado: domingo, 15 Junio, 2014

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Maria, La

A MARIA, La

willows sway, lentamente,  
sul mare,  
con una fragorosi ecstasy.

Si sconfiggere me con un solo sguardo dei tuoi  
mellifluous cadenza,  
che sgorga come il miele nel sole,  
dalla vellutata fulgore  
dei tuoi occhi e un corvo tress,  
che ingentilisce il vostro bel collo come lo zibellino pizzi.

Si passeggia in un alabastro abito,  
nel vestibolo di un luogo sacro,  
nella gioiosa marmo quadrato, dove  
glorioso fontane e  
in aria,  
circondato da una corona di montagne color smeraldo.

Avete vinto la mia magnifica Regina.  
E non mi sono mai la stessa.  
Il tuo seno è rugiada-clad prato,  
sicuro e morbido, e più serena;  
e io come una perdita in un trovatore, il sogno,  
mistificata dal nome onorabile,  
accanto a un discendente, turchese.

Le fragranze profumi di pearl-mani bianche  
sono più dolce del tutto Elysian terre,  
ed amare le bande  
sono più esaltata a servire per l'eternità  
che si potrebbe mai essere  
di regni, dei regimi, la pianura, il mare.

E così vado con te canti di  
gioia profonda nel profondo del mio cuore, grazie per la vostra casa,  
con immenso piacere e felicità,

Sciogli il roaming  
come una immotivata, mad marinaio del selvatico salamoia.

Il tuo bacio è di un immacolata, emozionante, santificato vino,  
e il tuo sguardo è di una statua lo sguardo:  
solennemente ammaliante, un regal donna meravigliosa,  
che cammina come una dea, sotto i tigli e betulle,  
nello splendore del chiostro, secondo la corte, la Cattedrale,  
In fragrante adombramento della vostra magnifica chiesa, dove  
la cittadella  
è uno di un amante della gara.

E HO sempre andare, ogni volta che la  
sirena-come le brezze,  
perso nell'oceano della tua cupe, royal mane,  
e il paradisiaco riflesso del tuo volto, che  
comandi incontaminata ogni laghetto e il lago,  
che possiede una tale pia grazia,  
di essere commosso per la vostra bellezza, per la tua maestosa semplicità.

E i salici, lentamente,  
sul mare,  
con una fragorosi ecstasy.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

composto il giorno 15 di giugno, nell'anno del Signore  
2014 d.c.

Giovanni Lars Zwerenz

inviato: domenica 15 giugno,2014.

John Lars Zwerenz



# À Marie Le

À Marie le

débattement saules, lentement, au-dessus de la mer,  
avec un marquèrent l'ecstasy.

Vous me vaincre en un seul coup  
de votre cadence suave,  
qui se répand comme le miel dans le soleil, de  
l'éclat soyeux  
de vos yeux et un raven tress, qui  
orne votre juste cou comme un sable dentelle.

Vous flânerie dans une robe en albâtre,  
dans le vestibule d'un lieu sacré,  
dans la joyeuse carrés de marbre,  
où fontaines glorieuse  
montée dans l'air aromatiques,  
entouré d'une couronne de montagnes émeraude.

Vous avez conquis moi, ma belle région reine.  
Et je ne suis jamais être la même.  
Votre sein est une rosée-clad meadow, coffre-fort  
et doux, et le plus serein;  
et je m'en vais comme un perdu dans un troubadour's dream,  
intrigué par votre nom recueillement,  
à côté d'un ordre décroissant, turquoise stream.

La fleure bon les parfums de votre pearl blanc mains sont  
plus sucrés que toutes les terres Elysian,  
et votre amour bandes sont  
plus élevés pour servir dans l'éternité  
qu'il ne serait jamais  
à la règle de royaumes, les régimes, les plaines, la mer.

Et j'ai donc passer avec des hymnes toi  
joie profonde dans mon coeur, convoyant à votre maison,  
avec une infinie bliss et felicity, Nevermore

de se déplacer  
comme un aveugle, mad marin sur la saumure sauvages.

Votre baiser est d'une propreté immaculée, palpitante, sanctifiés, vin  
et votre look est d'une statue du regard:  
solennellement envoûtante, d'une femme regal de l'admirable moyens, qui se  
promène  
comme une déesse, sous les tilleuls aient le et le bouleau,  
dans la splendeur du cloître, dans la cour de la cathédrale,  
dans l'atmosphère parfumée ombrage de votre magnifique église,  
où votre citadelle  
est l'un d'un amoureux de la tendre règne.

Et j'ai toujours aller, partout où votre  
sirène-brises comme débit,  
perdu dans l'océan de vos mats, royal mane, et  
une vue idyllique le reflet de votre visage immaculé  
qui commandes chaque étang et le lac,  
possédant un tel voeu pieux grace,  
à être touché par votre beauté, de votre propre majestic souci.

Et les saules débattement, lentement, au-dessus de la mer,  
  
avec un marquèrent l'ecstasy.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

composé du 15 juin, au cours de l'année de notre Seigneur  
2014 A.D.

John Lars Zwerenz

soumis: Dimanche 15 juin 2014

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Melody

What wafting mist over the meadow plays?  
What tune arises from the greenery? -  
It is soft and sweet, of a rhapsody,  
And lends such feeling in the morning haze.  
It is tempered by love, a calm desire.  
It glides along the moss, ethereal,  
Approaching the house, and its portico,  
Taking on the hues of a tepid fire.  
Why seeks it my heart from its matin dew? -  
Why does it come through the curtains with grace,  
Painting a vision of your lovely face,  
When I pondered I saw the last of you? -  
Why this melody that wavering arose  
From the gentle sway of the grassy glen  
Brings forth a bouquet of a scented rose  
That lingers round the colonnade, and then  
Enters through the long, sunlit sashes  
To rest among the busts of statues  
As the sky above the meadow, of china blues,  
Also enters, along with the ashes  
Of my memories of you, angelic and young.  
Your black mane parted, your brown eyes gleaming  
Has wrought this rapture, this song that is sung.  
And all the rays of the sun are beaming,  
All the flowers below the terrace are in bloom  
In this symphony which engulfs the room  
And speaks of your name as the golden light  
Strikes the spires above, as it does at night.

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Poem Composed In Heaven

## A POEM COMPOSED IN HEAVEN

Heaven is of golden cabins, clad with redolent, diamond snow.?  
Gilded, angelic streams, through tall, slender grasses flow  
?To bright, majestic groves of myrtle trees which sway below?  
Turquoise skies, fulfilling dreams, where lavender-scented breezes go.  
Theologians say that paradise knows no change nor night -?  
Only the cloudless firmament of an infinite, immaculate day.?  
Yet the astonishing evening reigns in the starry regions of the north, ?  
Bejeweling the sanctified brooks that joyfully tally forth.  
Let us go, let us go, my princess, my lover, my only love, ?  
To where the sacred woods are glowing with dappled, silver boughs;  
?Let us wander there enraptured, as long as love allows -  
?Lying in the regal reeds - exalted from above!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Poem Written In Heaven

## A POEM WRITTEN IN HEAVEN

Heaven is of golden cabins, clad with redolent, diamond snow.  
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JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

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# A Requiem {the Castle}

## A REQUIEM

There was once a castle, perched high upon a mountain,  
Which towered over a courtyard's fountain.  
And when the cryptic moon rose, demons made their ghastly claims.  
For no lights were ever seen to glow  
From the withered square or any window,  
Except for two candles' dimly lit flames,  
Held by hands cold, pale and dead,  
Two lovers tried to summon up the past.  
(The night alone heard the words they said.)  
&quot;Do you love me still? &quot; -  
&quot;Why do you ask? &quot;  
&quot;Let us drink to our old bliss from this flask,  
And let our first kiss once more thrill! &quot;

Yet down the silent corridor, the raven, hallow hall,  
Into the blackness she slowly walked away,  
Caring for no one and nothing at all,  
Neither for the sunshine nor the morning lark,  
She vanished into the mortal dark -  
Never to see the light of day.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Reverie

## A REVERIE

When the wavering cradle of the soft, amber field  
Inebriates our kisses, as showers commence to descend  
Upon our naked knees, where slender briars bend,  
We inhale the mystic wine which the mead's reeds yield.

And as the nascent moon rises in the curtain of the west,  
Over the splendid, emerald crest  
Of the linden clad mountains, strewn with our dream  
Of a courtyard and a brook, a statue and a stream.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Sailor's Song

To and fro,  
Broken with grief,  
My footsteps go,  
Like an arbitrary leaf,  
Where the borders of the river flow  
In swirls of purple, cold, beneath  
The solitary myrtle, the dying oak, the weeping birch.  
I sit in a vine-clad yard,  
In a swirl of leaves, which makes a wreath  
Around my boots, beside the church.  
And all that I regard  
As true  
Which still has life,  
(Like the thought of my wife  
Inhaling all the blooms of a scarlet hue)  
Merely haunt me in my reveries of you,  
My sable-haired angel of rapture and rue.  
And so Saturn ascends,  
As the over-brush bends  
Beyond my pea coat, tasting of brine.  
I shall drown myself in the ocean's soft wine,  
And steal from its Sirens songs of bliss,  
Sailing to the East- to the shores of Boston,  
To the grasses of Harvard- to eternal happiness,  
Where I, Dionysus, married you, the Apollonian!

John Lars Zwerenz



# A Summer's Eve

A SUMMER'S EVE

Once upon a summer's eve,  
Alone in my chamber of solemn rue,  
From a black baby grand arose melodies of blue  
Which matched the sky as they did grieve.

Of a lady they spoke in a minor tone,  
Languid as they sailed from the bower below,  
Through the half opened panes of the curtained window,  
They revealed their secret charms to me alone.

And as the moon ascended into the night,  
Like a dew clad flower of lacrimal hues,  
I was struck by her lovely, scarlet retinues  
Of haunting sobs in the lantern's light.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ {C} 2018

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Thousand Wounds

What mortal poet can assuage  
The toils of a hour's wage?  
What visionary, mystic bard  
Can turn one single, tristful page  
In the book of life, in any age  
With descriptions of a florid yard?

Which souls can soothe tormented man  
Of dismal Decembers and jaded Junes?  
Which brand of poets truly can? -  
Only those who bleed from a thousand wounds.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Voyage To Cyprus

## A VOYAGE TO CYPRUS

I ferried eastward, leaving Cythera, her wine,  
Her temples of ivory, her boundless plains  
Far, far behind me, as Macedonian rains  
Filled the vast Aegean's brine.

And in that flowery Ionian wake  
I encountered wanton zephyrs of blue,  
Where Sirens, Aphrodite's retinue,  
Sang solely for my sake.

I arrived on the green of the Cyprian shore  
Whistling as a troubadour,  
As the sun rose, burgeoning with gold and carmine.  
I came upon a courtyard, and the roving of the vine,  
Near the temple of Apollo,  
In the diamond cradle of a scented billow.  
And there in that square, wandering through dahlias  
Went Pygmalion's beloved wife,  
Enjoying her nuptial, graceful life,  
Singing as a statue moonlit sonatas.

In my seafaring boots, I walked to a glade,  
Where the radiant, fair Adonis drew  
From far away, from the Olympian dew,  
Lustful Aphrodite. (And he loved her in the shade.)

Then with a whisper, the Mycenae breeze  
Called me back to the port, to the song of the seas,  
Where I sat in a garden next to the harbor,  
In a wistful arbor  
Of ecstasies.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Voyage To Scotland

## A VOYAGE TO SCOTLAND

I dreamt of fabled epochs  
In gilded, golden, spectacular times;  
I envisioned diadems and crimson jewels,  
Which donned the neck of a feudal queen.

I ferried to Scotland, and dove into the lochs;  
Underneath the waves I heard mystical wind chimes,  
And I swam with sirens in radiant wells;  
I grew fond of Glosgow and Aberdeen.

I heard carillons in voluptuous domains,  
In quiescent gardens, where dappled mallows  
Dipped their petals in the turquoise shallows;

I met a Celtic beauty, roving in the rains,  
With black, braided tresses in her long, parted mane; -  
And we kissed beside the mist of a wind-swept lane.

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Walk In The Square

## A WALK IN THE SQUARE

On a stone-paved path, obscured by mist,  
Your flesh smells of roses, dew and thyme,  
As your cherry-hued lips are softly kissed. -  
The breezes here are redolent with rhyme.

Let us bask in the shade,  
Where canticles weave  
Among an ivory colonnade,  
New, matin hymns of you.  
In the vast, marble square,  
By a brook of Sahara blue,  
We shall take in the soft, spring air  
Where bending boughs conceive  
Slender silhouettes on the fallow field  
Which gleam like heaven's gold.  
In the fair, ethereal, solemn eve  
Your succulent perfections yield  
The visual paradise I behold:  
Your pristine face, touched by the sun,  
And your raven tresses, clasped as one,  
In braids which make me tremble and sigh,  
Beneath the boundless, russet sky.

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Walk In The Town

## A WALK IN THE TOWN

The town is immersed  
In a gilded, gold light.  
My lady is versed  
In the arts of delight.

With each snow clad window  
We pass by in the village square,  
She desires me to unloosen her bow -  
And to kiss her in the fragrant air.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Walk With My Lover

A WALK WITH MY LOVER

Come, my lover, let us kiss, and let us take  
A walk in the wood, beneath the emerald pines.  
Let us inhale the good, heady, wintry wines,  
Under white, misty boughs which the larks' wings shake.

Come, my lover, let us hug and let us go  
On frozen paths of silence, lined with stone,  
To the alabaster court, where we can rove alone,  
Through chilly, brisk gales which toss the snow.

And when the nascent moon grieves  
Upon the smooth, bright, glistening land,  
I shall collect your tresses in the braids of my hand,  
And inhale their perfumes among the fallen leaves.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Walk With You

## A WALK WITH YOU

In my countless walks I have never seen  
A more gilded face than your own- so fair;  
The noonday sun pauses to laud your hair,  
As my gaze unites with yours- so serene.

The breezes which trail like diamond fountains  
Brush your parted mane, as your kisses thrill,  
Gracing the courtyard and its every hill.  
(Your love does humble the ring of mountains.)

And when the stars alight, sobbing on the streams,  
Our past is understood, where the moonlight gleams,  
In the solitary wood, in the silent park.

We hold each other's hand in the mist-clad dark,  
And walk as angels, beneath the colonnades,  
In a rapture of our own, in the scented shades.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz



# A Winter's Night

Take my hand, where the white petals play,  
In the caress of the soft, winter breeze,  
Which winnows through the snow clad trees,  
Beneath the sky of a gilded gray.

Kiss me, my love, in the rapturous field,  
Behind our cabin where the fireplace does hold  
The promise of embraces, strewn with gold,  
For which we live, when we mutually yield  
To one another's lips, to one another's heat.  
We shall be higher than the angels, enthroned, complete.  
And when the dawn shall rise God shall find me there,  
My head upon your bosom, my tears upon your hair.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# A Winter's Wood

## A WINTER'S WOOD

I beheld you in a vision,  
In the calm of a winter's wood: -  
You passed beneath the enchanted boughs,  
Dreaming as they gleaming stood,  
Laden with their heavy snow,  
And shaken by the roving wind;

The last of the sunset  
Upon your face  
Graced you with soft, amber hues,  
As you went wandering,  
Free from all care,  
Beneath the white clouds and bohemian blues,  
Happy as an angel -  
Snug within your scarlet wool,  
With blushing cheeks  
And elegance,  
Bearing a countenance  
Ineffably fair -  
In the billowing chills  
Of majestic air.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# After Our Deaths

## AFTER OUR DEATHS

The sangria of your eyes  
Rushes to the snow clad pines,  
Dispersing fragrant, cherry wines  
Beneath the lavender tinted skies.

The clemency of your ivory hands  
Releases many sacred things:  
Diadems of wedding rings  
Form circles around our amorous bands.

And your hair of an angel's, conceived in black,  
By God's majestic Triune brush  
Glitters like a fount when the starlight's hush  
Illuminates your smooth, alabaster back.

Billows pass above as our coach arrives.  
We shall ferry beyond our cabin to the slopes,  
No longer needing faith nor hopes.  
See now how all was a blessing to our lives!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# After Our Walk Amid The Reeds

The breeze is cool,  
But it does not bite.  
The world regarded us each a fool,  
But there is no longer a reason to be contrite.  
Let us stroll beneath the crimson blooms  
Which laugh above the brooks of white.  
And after our walk amid the reeds,  
Let us retire to our palatial rooms,  
Among our busts and vases;  
Let us look out our grand bay window,  
To where swirling siroccos softly blow,  
Out upon the moonlit meads.  
There, surrounded by fine tapestries,  
And the most majestic, eternal art,  
In between our lips' bated pauses,  
We shall witness blue jays ascend in ecstasies,  
As they flutter and dart  
To the immaculate seas.  
I have waited for this moment all of my life  
To possess you as a woman, more than a wife.  
For as angels in a crystal palace we dwell-  
In the boon of heaven's citadel.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Alchemy

I wove my verses in a cluster of purple stars,  
While dreaming on the meadow in the tender, April rain.  
A mendicant, I wandered to the outskirts of the plain,  
And I slept in the glow of a campfire's bars.

I awoke to the vast, blond horizon,  
To dahlias, daisies, roses, to aromatic fleur-de-lis;  
In my black sailor's coat, I arose to symphonies;  
And at night I roved the Acheron.

I swam through a gulf of evergreen billows;  
I ascended from the brine to the sight of splendid willows.  
All prosaic things became sanctified.

Rubies and rings I presented to the queen,  
In jeweled, velvet boxes, neatly tied.  
And in alcoves near the river, I witnessed the unseen.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Am I Fine, Am I Beautiful?

Am I fine, am I beautiful?

Am I fine, am I beautiful?  
I possess many rubies,  
And I dine with kings.  
I own many fair things,  
And my face is young and fresh to the eyes.

Handsome musicians vie for my gaze,  
They tell me so in secret ways,  
Beneath the blue, enchanting skies.  
So tell me then, if I am fine.

The perfume of my body  
Is of delicious wine.  
So tell me truly,  
Am I pretty, am I fine?

My lips are round, and are redder than the rose.  
Even the poet in his cloister, in his flowery close  
Writes of me this hour.  
Tell me, then, do I have power?  
O poet of every starlit season,  
O bard of greatness, use your reason,  
And tell me, then, if I am fine.

'No,' the poet solemnly said,  
'For within your spirit you are naught but what is dead.  
And though you think yourself fair on the outside,  
Beneath your skin, your outer hide  
You are but phlegm and there,  
Separate from the goodness of the outer air -  
Naught but ugliness does within you abide.'

And so, scorned by truth, I walked away,  
To find another bard to say:  
'Thou art lovely, thou art fine,  
More gloriously beautiful than the goddess-like sway  
Of mighty Aphrodite, walking in the sunshine.

Thou art lovely, thou art fine! &quot;

And in the grasp of the fresh, autumn air,  
I fancied my interior to be more than what is fair.

John Lars Zwerenz

# An Angel's Song

An Angel's Song

We ventured out in the gray of night,  
On amber furrows beneath linden trees,  
Where the breeze caressed your naked knees,  
Smooth as a stream, kissed by the moonlight.  
The fountains which sobbed in the marble square  
Bequeathed to the brisk, aromatic air  
A somnolence of grace, repose and song,  
As I worshiped your black and braided hair,  
Which sighed to the stars, mellifluous and long.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# An Autumn Eve

The autumn reeds, fallow and dry,  
Blown back by zephyrs, soft and blue,  
Scent the brownish leaves, moist with dew,  
Gracing your hair, as they sail on by.

And in the crisp, cool mist of the redolent shade  
Where your lips are kissed and vows are made,  
The lindens above sway with ecstasy,  
Shaken from the breezes of the azure sea.

And the statues of the gleaming square,  
Glistening by the fountains which softly bestow  
A freshet of diamonds in the aromatic flow,  
Lend a solemnity to our ardor there.

And I shall hold you, as the silver moon does rise,  
To the lacrimal hues of the sobbing skies.

John Lars Zwerenz

# An Ecstasy

## AN ECSTASY

Her long, dark locks wavered in the breeze.  
As my soul ascended above the trees,  
All became a diamond light -  
Brighter than any earthly sun.

I beheld her hair through a brilliant fountain,  
As her pitch-black tresses were overcome  
By the shine of flaming, silver pearls,  
Until I fell into an azure sea  
From where I saw her walking,  
Walking very slowly,  
Beside a teeming, stone wall -  
Adorned with gilded vines.

She passed with the ineffable gracefulness  
Of an angel immersed in gold,  
In a dress of regal white,  
As billows soft and laced with fragrance  
Kissed her hair with tears.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Andalusia

Andalusia

Andalusia,  
I have come to see you,  
From far away,  
Seeking a lady of regalia,  
Beneath your radiant skies  
Of azure blue.

I have heard her pining, royal sighs  
From a moonlit ship docked westward  
In the soft, Spanish cradle  
Of a deep, tranquil bay.

Her hair is of a raven sable.  
It is redolent, wavy, graced and long.  
Her name is of a sacred song.  
At night I hear her angelic voice sing.  
Her soul is of Juliet's terraced wing,  
More enchanting than that lover's fable.

She is the daughter of a generous lord,  
A survivor of The Carolingian line  
Who rules with a kind and kingly hand  
His vassals who labor, reaping dreams from wine  
In the scarlet dappled land,  
In the sun among the vine.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# As God And Goddess

AS GOD AND GODDESS

The wide, golden portal led to the diamond sun.  
I witnessed rosy petals open, one by one,  
In the umbrage of the cloister, free from all lament.  
Like breezes stirring in a vase, emitting every lovely scent,  
The wells of the enclosure, so very redolent,  
Left me dazed in wonder as I met a lady fair,  
With cherry blossoms dancing in the tresses of her hair.  
We strolled as god and goddess through the garden alive with vines,  
And we drank from the matin dew  
A manifold array of mystical wines.  
We fell asleep in rapture beneath a willowy yew.  
As we reclined amid the eglantines,  
Beside the vast and somnolent, silver sea  
My thoughts were of you,  
Your thoughts were of me.  
How I wonder where went the spring.  
In the bright summer's saffron echoing  
We heard carillons play from harpsichords of white.  
Then Venus ascended with an angel's wing,  
And she brought with her the night.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# As God And Goddess By John Lars Zwerenz

AS GOD AND GODDESS

THE WIDE, GOLDEN PORTAL LED TO THE DIAMOND SUN.  
I WITNESSED ROSY PETALS OPEN, ONE BY ONE,  
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AS WE RECLINED AMID THE EGLANTINES,  
BESIDE THE VAST AND SOMNOLENT, SILVER SEA  
MY THOUGHTS WERE OF YOU, YOUR THOUGHTS WERE OF ME.  
HOW I WONDER WHERE WENT THE SPRING.  
IN THE BRIGHT SUMMER'S SAFFRON ECHOING  
WE HEARD CARILLONS PLAY FROM HARPSICHORDS OF WHITE.  
THEN VENUS ASCENDED WITH AN ANGEL'S WING,  
AND SHE BROUGHT WITH HER THE NIGHT.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Asleep In The Garden

Asleep In The Garden

There is music in the autumn trees,  
Veering from the sea, smelling of mint and thyme.  
It ferries through the boughs, instilling the breeze  
With ecstasies and golden rhyme.  
And each wavering, willowy dew-clad vine  
That weeps in the sun, drunk with the summer's light  
Aspires to the sobbing stars which reign like wine  
In the first nascent twinklings of the somnolent night.  
Hail to all blessed flowing good grace  
Which glistens on a pretty face,  
Fair, fresh and young; she sleeps in the garden close,  
Among the dappled daisies, and the glory of the rose.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Autumn Shade

AUTUMN SHADE

What becomes of the summer's boon,  
When the face of stars of longing gently mate,  
Extolled with silver and all things great,  
Within the grace of the manifold, fantastic moon?

Where did they go, those sunlit days,  
When you and I walked through the dales,  
Drinking potent, Irish ales,  
Kissing in an ardent haze?

Our love is now akin to the gems  
That once brought rays from Elysian dreams.  
They flow, like dying leaves on streams,  
Pale, as fallow diadems.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ballads

## BALLADS

Ballads from guitars resound with harmonies from angels sung;  
The concertos of the cloister are writ for your ears alone.  
Roses in the arbor's rays are married to the vine clad stone.  
The effulgent bower is dressed for a lady, raven haired and young.

Myrtle trees are doused with light,  
As their leafy limbs are dipped in pools.  
Gales grace the path where the day's reflection cools.  
Solemnity and passion await the strains of night.

Take my hand, my lover, where the white petals weep!  
Let us stroll amid the boons where marigolds sleep!  
Let us seek the radiant blessings of the mystic hour!

There are glistening dahlias which speak of the coming rain.  
Clouds amass as lavender billows to assuage all pain,  
And to caress your mane with a somnolent shower!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# Beauty

## BEAUTY

The wistful strains of Mozart pass  
In the dawning hues of wavering grass,  
Beneath a rapturous sky of mahogany,  
Exquisite with vistas of boundless beauty.  
Your caresses which are of russet wine,  
In concert with the morning's auriferous vine,  
Welcome the lutescent sunshine,  
Upon the turquoise horizon, glittering with dew.  
(Last night, my love, I dreamt of you.)  
Let us wander, let us wander where  
The brisk enchantment of the redolent air  
Shall carry us to the belvederes of the spacious, marble square.  
There we shall take long, languorous sips,  
Of the courtyard's champagne, of the fountains' bliss,  
Of the cool, iridescent, silver rain.  
And there, in the scented umbrage, again and again,  
I shall gladly kiss  
The soft refrain  
Of your celestial, soft and ruby lips.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Beside The Stream

Her dress is of an amber hue,  
Her blush is of a shy coquette.  
She trails along the stream of blue,  
Her pretty feet half-wet.

Her raven locks are in a queue  
Of jade and pink to quell  
The wavering wisteria  
That lines the avenue.

Her educate is proper, well  
Bred, redolent with ambrosia.  
Her fingers are clad with many rings;  
She is most attentive to those things  
Which catch the attention of bards like me,  
Captured  
And enraptured-  
By her visual soliloquy.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Blossoms In Her Hair

How lovely her majesty seems to me,  
When she wanders through her regal garden  
In a state of pristine, gentle grace.  
There angels praise the symphony of her face,  
As she kneels in prayer near the undulating sea,  
Where ivy and vines meet the trellis on the glen.

How delicate are her braided bows,  
Where a stream from paradise gently flows,  
Crowning her a queen, as she roves in the square;  
For from sanctity she will never part,  
With ardor in her sacred heart,  
And cherry blossoms in her hair.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# By The Lake

Modest in your evening dress,  
You sit among the grass of gold,  
Amid the wavering watercress,  
Lost in sumptuous raptures of old.  
And in your sunlit reveries  
While a symphony sighs on the balconies,  
The mountains in the distant, violet light  
Gleam beyond the courtyard's statues of white  
Where the first diamond orbs of night  
Approach in veils of purples bright.  
How I long to touch you in those reeds by the lake,  
And inhale the many perfumes that your sable tresses make  
Which carried on the wind leads me to dream,  
Of a silent wood, and a flowing stream.

John Lars Zwerenz

# By The Sea

BY THE SEA

There are long, circular stairs  
In a mansion by the sea,  
Where a duchess of regal chivalry  
Walks down its Persians, dewy wet,  
In an atmosphere of royal airs.

She leaves the grand foyer to wander in the squares,  
Where the lively scent of mignonette  
Surrounds the many ancient fountains  
And the terracotta statuary,  
Which hypnotizes as it gleams  
By the many pristine, china blue streams,  
Among a ring of emerald mountains.

And in one sleepy corner of the park,  
She steps into her carriage  
And sails into the shadows of the dark,  
Born from a crimson silhouette.  
Dreaming of a sacred marriage,  
Her aristocratic state is of a pure coquette.

She wears a long, pearly dress,  
With white, embroidered frills.  
Her breasts possess the scent of blooming daffodils,  
As she glides by the lakes and the glittering watercress.

The bowers of the summer sun  
She passes slowly one by one,  
Gazing at the tops of majestic trees.  
The forest is made of symphonies,  
As songbirds sing and sigh in the breeze.

Maples, lindens, the oaks and birch  
Frame the wooden fane of an old, Catholic church  
Where she pauses to kneel by a Marian shrine.

Her heart is of an angel's, and her mind is of cabalistic wine.

She weeps as she prays, for her lover is far away at sea:  
None other than the likes of me.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Celui Que J'aime

Celui que j'aime

Ce n'est pas Juliette que j'adore, ni Béatrice, ni le fleuri, la tradition étincelante  
De Fair Aphrodite, ni le visage juste d'Athéna. -

Pas.

Celui que j'aime est vêtu de dentelle, et erre silencieusement à côté de la rive  
dorée.

Et Lo! -

Elle commande tous les Lys dans le vallon, où elle marche parmi la statue, dans  
le cloître de la place, sur un chemin dans le jardin Russet, où sa félicité  
Brise soufflée, maintenant ici, maintenant là, promenades comme une feuille  
dans l'air qui évoque.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Chablis

Chablis

Let me drink the potent fire from the umbrage of your eyes,  
And be drunk with the chablis in your long, raven hair.  
O, lover, let me see the diamond founts rise  
From your immaculate feet, beneath eternal skies,  
In the gilded breezes of the ecstatic square;

O, fairest one, let us greet the symphonies which descend  
Like freshets bejeweled, like the raptures they send,  
From lavender mounts which ring our estate and its regal rooms,  
Caressing sunlit boughs, wreathed with scarlet blooms,  
Gracing our holy ardor - which shall never know an end.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# Comme Dieu Et Déesse De

Comme Dieu et déesse de

la grande porte d'OR, LE DIAMANT a mené à bien.  
J'ai été témoin des pétales de rose, OUVERT UN PAR UN,  
DANS L'ombrage du cloître, à l'abri de toute lamentation.  
Comme BREEZES EN REMUANT DANS UN VASE, émettant chaque parfum  
agréable,  
LES PUIITS DE L'enceinte, donc très chargé,  
m'a laissé hébété dans l'émerveillement que j'ai rencontré une femme, juste  
avec les fleurs de cerisier dansent dans les tresses de ses cheveux.  
Nous nous baladions COMME DIEU ET DÉESSE À TRAVERS LE JARDIN EN VIE EN  
VIGNE,  
ET NOUS AVONS BU DE LA ROSÉE DU MATIN  
UN ÉVENTAIL DE VINS MYSTIQUES DU COLLECTEUR.  
Nous nous endormions en extase SOUS UNE WILLOWY IF.  
Comme nous l'avons allongé AU MILIEU DES EGLANTINES,  
À CÔTÉ DE LA VASTE ET SOMNOLENTE, SILVER SEA  
Mes pensées ont été de vous, vos pensées étaient de moi.  
Comment je me demande où est passé le printemps.  
Dans les chambres lumineuses de l'été,  
NOUS AVONS ENTENDU L'ÉCHO DE SAFRAN CARILLONS JOUER DE CLAVECINS  
DE BLANC.  
Puis VÉNUS EST MONTÉ AVEC UNE AILE DE L'ange,  
ET ELLE A APPORTÉ AVEC ELLE LA NUIT.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Courtyards

## COURTYARDS

Alabaster, marble squares lined here and there with myrtle trees  
Are graced with throngs of statues beneath red, radiant leaves.  
My princess passes by, near silver brooks, in the scented breeze,  
Clad in a ruffled dress, with billowing, ivory sleeves.

There are gilded nooks for her and I.  
We shall recline beneath the astonishing sky.  
Behold - the feathered branches bless us as they hover,  
As friend with friend, and lover with lover.

We shall saunter to where the zephyrs stray,  
Over crested waves, which sway the bramble,  
Where one can witness the ocean's spray amble.

We shall scurry down the dunes, where rushes play,  
And inhale the burgundies of a thousand Julys,  
Where the morning sun glows, and tribulation dies.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Dames

## DAMES

Après avoir écouté le nom murmuré du Saint-Esprit,  
J'ouvre mon livre et compose à nouveau:  
Et mon âme est immergée dans une infusion robuste.  
Je suis englouti dans tous les aspects de la grâce, de la forme et de la ruelle étroite.  
Pour ordre et mesure, mètre, mots et rimes  
Sont ce que j'entends quand les cloches de la cathédrale sonnent.  
Mais mon vers est déchiré par une brise soudaine et affamée,  
Et des ferries pour l'océan sans fin, bouleversant,  
Près de la rupture féminine du saule.  
Il est pris par cette jeune fille dont la gueule est insatiable - rouge orgasmique.  
Elle ne devient que tonnerre et émotion,  
Dont la passion est violente, invitant les morts.  
Puis encore une teinte plus puissante et furieuse  
Possède son cœur - tout enflammé, funeste, chaud et bleu;  
La veille dans sa luxure devient toute enflammée.  
Ses griffes se transforment en un coup de vent gratuit: -  
Qui rejette le soleil et fait pâlir le clair de lune.  
Elle rejette le véritable amour comme le passe-temps d'un imbécile.  
Et la cadence spécieuse de son bonheur parlé  
Trahit son envie d'un baiser illégal,  
S'accrochant à la prise licencieuse de son outil.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Darkness

In order to go  
Where I could know,  
I had to venture to where  
I knew not.  
And darkness indeed did reign there,  
In a grievous, barren, misty lot.  
All suns, all stars had been forgot.  
As I traveled in the haunted air,  
Aware  
Of naught- but knowing not.  
I wandered to a shaded square,  
In a moonless night,  
Devoid of all light,  
But the knowledge of knowing nothing  
True nor bright.  
I recall it was in the mournful spring,  
When every shaded, willowy, cryptic thing  
Gave to the breeze a dour rustling,  
From such an awesome, opaque height.  
I looked inside my soul- and its sight! -  
How it thrilled me in that haunted night!  
For it was bereft of all life,  
All love, all light!  
And in that horrid, wooded corridor,  
Of solemn despair, of a deafening strife,  
I found another door-  
And the sun streamed in,  
Amid a mystic, musical din,  
And I beheld, as I had never done before-  
An astonishing light! -  
Yes- light-  
Within!

John Lars Zwerenz

# Days Now Gone

Days Now Gone

Do you recall Handel's porcelain rose  
That bloomed in the furrow of your florid mind  
And the rare perfumes it would gently disclose  
When reality treated you less than kind?  
Do you recall the embowered, wavering sheens  
In the gardens of Coleridge, of sable-haired queens?  
Do you remember the moon-graced, pristine walls  
And your fervently ambitious, most wistful dreams  
Of scaling Dante's diamonds in all the waterfalls  
When Beethoven's fragrance fermented the streams?  
Do you remember the decadent prince, who, touched by grace  
Blessed a youthful duchess with her first, sweet embrace  
In the haunting shadows of Baudelaire's trees  
Where she swooned in his arms in the pine-laced breeze?  
Now those days are gone with the vanished look  
Verlaine once held that was soft, pure and true.  
But that look has faded in the turquoise-blue  
Of a sullen, sea-bound, sobbing brook.  
It died in the sea, from hills now dry  
And only the stars above the cloud-filled sky  
Can tell the taciturn angels why.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Death

## DEATH

I came and went as I did please,  
Amid the flowers, in the light of the spring,  
Roving through the fields with a careless ease,  
To a courtyard fair, where I did sing.  
In the summer's heat or in the winter's face,  
I came and went as one might grace  
A regal wedding, or a gilded ball.  
I danced in the haze of a waterfall.  
Yet now the wind is my only brother.  
Its egregious chill is the one thing I know,  
As a throng of rice is thrown for another,  
Into the somnolent grave I go.  
Death, why do you seek me,  
When I have never thought of you?  
Why should you engross me so completely  
That I must say adieu, adieu?

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Dreaming

## DREAMING

Walking through splendid meadows I shall dream,  
Wearing a sailor's coat, of soft, raven wool.  
I shall bathe in summer breezes, scented and cool,  
Sprayed by the happy froth of a stream.

I shall meditate on only love,  
And make my way to a church by the sea,  
To kneel by a shrine, dedicated to Her Majesty,  
Beneath the radiant, azure sky above.

And when the nascent eve arrives, docile with grace,  
With the silent pace of a shoe of a vagabond,  
My dream shall ferry to the grand beyond,  
Above the realm of time and space.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Dreaming By The Lake

The stars above the turquoise trees  
Exude with grace felicities.  
The misty, rustic, leafy lane  
Is caressed by the hush of the autumn rain.  
Let us walk in the boon of the balmy refrain  
That clings to the branches, the boughs, and the grass.  
And when the fervor of your kisses pass,  
I shall rest upon your bosom and mane,  
Whilst you slumber in a tranquil, solemn peace,  
Beneath the willows' florid fleece,  
Dreaming of the azure, puckering pond  
That weds the woods with its every rippling blond,  
Watery, poignant, lapping crease,  
Sighing to the fair beyond.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Dresden By John Lars Zwerenz

DRESDEN

An ancient jewel of Europe's proud past,  
Blasted and bombed into a heap  
Of scattered rubble, miles deep,  
Has been restored, in part, at last.

The churches, the heights of each baroque palace,  
Zwinger, its glory, and the old opera's lights,  
The city's regal castle, now stretch to the sky.  
No longer the seat of Nazi malice,  
After being obliterated from the German eye,  
The remainder of the city's old charming nights  
Have returned to Saxony despite Hitler's plan  
(To raze to the ground all the lovely sights  
Given from the hands of God to man.)

And the moon rises over Dresden's stony towers,  
Its dappled trees and its nearby hills.  
All of its squares despairing, once on fire,  
Are now redolent with the fragrant dews of choice daffodils.  
The city's new grandeurs, its gardens and its timeless bowers  
Now waft fresh perfumes to heaven, as they touch every spire.

Who were we to judge the poor babies sleeping,  
Born into a state of atrocious crimes?  
Instead of learning nursery rhymes  
Their lives were one of death and weeping.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Dusk

DUSK

Languorously, the stars ascend  
Over your nude, exquisite back;  
The heavens of gold turn to black  
As the last rays of dusk, where grasses bend  
Die in the west, over the farms,  
Seducing your mind, free from alarms.

Knowing nothing but the evening's ardent pleasures,  
The russet, telling blush of your tender breasts  
Release their redolent, pink nipples treasures  
As they gently heave with silken sighs,  
To pursue true love as your dark gaze rests  
In the ocean of my opened eyes.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

## Ecstasy (A Sonnet)

On the woolly fleece of a wide, wintry down  
When powdered, descending, white, crystal snow  
Graced every hemlock and pine as I did go  
Roving blissfully and cheerful on a frosted lane to town.

Boughs brushed flakes together as the sun set in bliss  
Blooming like a bower, russet, vast and gold.  
Its nascent, starry dusk renewed in the wondrous cold  
Memories of your love, and of our first true kiss.

You wore a soft sweater, and your face did blush  
With the warmth of a lover's angel, soft, sweet and fair.  
Mutually given gazes, in the brisk, majestic air

Would fire our united blood among the forest's hush.  
And when the moon did ascend, over the silent, azure sea,  
Your eyes would over brim with sighs, with a timeless ecstasy!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ecstatic Wine

The adorable sight  
Of your corpulent pout  
When the dreamy moonlight  
Beams about  
The vast, lush wood  
Is ecstatic wine,  
Redolent, delicious, pure and good,  
Which the nascent evening softly sips.  
Your damask, divine,  
Rapturous lips  
Are the dwelling place  
Of my fiery heart,  
When fireflies trace  
And capriciously dart  
Through the starry dances  
Of the languorous sky,  
Where lavenders weep  
Their rain into the sigh  
Of your sable glances,  
Half-asleep.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Epilogue

## EPILOGUE

Once upon a time, if I remember right,  
I knew suffering upon the earth,  
And was well-acquainted with the night.  
Now every diamond dawn gives birth  
To a flurry of redolent, scarlet flowers.  
In the courtyard by my bastion  
My lady and I rove joyfully in the bowers,  
Which are one with the spacious, marble square.  
Immersed in the realms of peace and passion,  
We hold one another's hand in the aromatic air.  
And in our infinity  
Every grand, gilded rose  
Speaks of only beauty,  
As my maiden's petals softly uncloset.  
Sono uno con Il Padre, Il Figlio ed Il Santo Spirito.  
And so I have said to the earth: 'Adieu.'  
Adieu.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Eternity

POEM

Why am I still within this world? -  
When I long to see the Beatific vision: -  
The light of Paradise unfurled!  
For here there is no consolation.  
The lanes are dark and dour.  
O, come my sweet, majestic hour! -  
When my spirit ascends beyond the blue.  
You shall name me,  
And I shall know You,  
My God of a golden, infinite hue.  
Ashen is the sky, black is the sea.  
Earth, cover me,  
With the wave of a scarlet dream,  
Where I shall swim with my lover,  
Where the bright myrtles hover,  
Happy forever, in an eternal stream.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Fall

Fall

In the mists of the fall  
I can still recall  
A maiden whose face  
Was fashioned with a grace  
That came from a hallowed, sacred place.

Her eyes were dark, and her hair was long,  
And her name was of a moonlit song  
That ascended with an angel's gentle pace  
To parapets, gilded, wrought with gold,  
That glittered like a rivulet's somnolent race,  
Down a furrow clad with the new and old.

She lived up high, in the tower of a bastion,  
Which wavered in the light, with my starry eyed passion,  
Whenever I would drink from her tresses of wine -  
Her burgundy's bliss, of a timeless time,  
Which tasted like redolent, poignant rhyme,  
Whispered in the wind, when cathedral bells chime,  
In an age when our kisses were hers - and mine.

Now her kiss is gone, and the baleful waves  
That have drown her name in echoing graves  
Still sing, still sing, of her gentle grieving,  
Of my heart which lingers, leaving, leaving  
This weary old world, transformed into grief -  
As I wander as a weary, wan, dead leaf.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Fire

Tambourines  
And evergreens  
Descend from the willows  
In the furrows clad with vine.  
My love is yours, and your love is mine.  
With eternal charms you pose,  
Among the glittering colonnades,  
Where the lavender sunset softly fades.

Reveal to me your infinite youth,  
In the diadems of your glistening crown.  
Let us wander into the snow-covered town,  
To sip Chablis in our wooden booth.

And when the nascent night ascends with grace,  
I shall adorn your lovely, statue-like face  
With a passionate kiss,  
A reverent buss,  
Which will immerse our souls in a solemn bliss,  
Consuming our fire,  
Entire~ and us.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# Glory

## GLORY

I am no longer on this earth.  
I am beyond the grave.  
In paradise, in a glistening enclave,  
I see my love, within its gleaming berth.

In heaven I have been engulfed in wine,  
For true love inebriates everyone! -  
In courtyards fountains rejoice in the sun  
To the melodies of breezes, scented with brine.

Death I never tasted. For upon one sacred day,  
Praying on my knees, I traversed the night  
And awoke immersed in a glorious light,  
Absorbed into the bosom of The Lord to stay.

Castles, carriages, pines and hills,  
Roses, wondrous enchanting flowers,  
Are one with love's eternal bowers -  
All filled with the liquors of daffodils.

My immaculate maiden is from Normandy.  
Long ago she wept, chilled in the snow,  
Upon a baleful archipelago,  
Of regal boughs, sobbing by the sea.

Now her fair, white arms sanctify me.  
Her illuminated charms are for us alone.  
An ivory freshet, and its vine clad stone  
Speaks of only ardor, and its symphony.

And the cathedral bells chime  
In the infinite spring,  
Where all the saints and angels sing,  
In this Kingdom devoid of pain and time.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Heaven

Heaven

Heaven is of canticles,  
It is of a sublime and golden sea  
Of victorious love, for you, for me,  
For Our Maker of miracles  
Who Is and Who will forever be  
The King of peace,  
The lamb of downy, radiant fleece.  
It is of the gilded, mystic, wondrous rain  
Which graces cathedrals and spires of joy.  
There tears are dead, and naught is of pain.  
Perpetual rapture there doth reign  
In the hearts of every girl and boy! -  
For we are all but children there, snug in His woolly hand.  
And the breezes which touch the luminous trees  
Increase our solemn ecstasies;  
Their embraces are chaste, as is every kiss  
Endowing our souls with unspeakable bliss -  
As crystal silk in that eternal land.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Hell

## HELL

Depart from me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and you gave me nothing to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me nothing to drink, I was a stranger and you did not invite me in, I needed clothes and you did not clothe me, I was sick and in prison and you did not look after me....whatever you did not do for one of the least of these, you did not do for me.

—?Matthew 25: 41-43

## PART I

### MY MISERY

On fire by the sea,  
Underneath a flaming canopy,  
You came to me -  
As I was alone.

Your hands tried to caress my brow  
And pleaded for me not to allow  
Satan to implore...

Yet my misery is definite now.  
And hope  
Is  
No more.

## PART II

### THE ROPE

Cold salt for tears,  
Rocks for a bed,  
The agony of all the years  
Has left my whole heart dead.

Dead is all my hope.

Eyes closed,  
Bereft of love's rose,  
I behold  
What Jesus foretold:  
Hell at the end  
Of a tightly wound rope!

### PART III

#### THE ABYSS

Into the outer darkness  
My soul is thrown  
Where no pitiful groan  
Can touch the starless blackness.

No desperate plea  
Can alter this fiery infinity  
Where spiritual and carnal misery  
Are amassed by a horrid destiny.

Inside, a prisoner of a barbed wired fence,  
Sobbing next to a pool that does never reflect  
The abyss that swallows every layman to Pope,  
No drop can be sipped without irreverence  
To the guilty mind, devoid of all hope.

### PART IV

#### THE DEN

The trail that goes beneath the starless eve  
Leads to a cavern, devoid of all light,  
Filled within the horror where no dim delight  
Can be had amidst the chains. No one can leave!

The way that has been crossed, engraved in stone,  
Can never be trod on ever again.  
No note can be written for help, no pen  
Can be put to use in Satan's den.

So one must be alone, among the cries,

Amid the screaming amid the false hope which dies.  
Open mouths suck in terror filled air  
To take a breath in this black, brutal lair.

The walls know no escape from the fierce, endless toil  
As the skin is torn from the flesh to boil.

## PART V

### MADNESS

The buzzards circle around my mind.  
Unable to marry my soul to mankind,  
I am in the grip of an endless, eternal exile  
On a forgotten, icy, dreadful isle.

I have walked the last tangible mile  
Among my brethren, from whom I am banned.  
I am a lifeless soul in a lifeless land.  
So I plea to the starless, outer blackness  
In a tortured fit of eternal madness.

I have not even the moon for my companion -  
It is swallowed by the torrid sea -  
The horrid waves which have engulfed me  
In this gloom filled, lightless haunted mansion.

I am caught in a merciless, iron mesh.  
The bats, they speak, the pipes, they leak.  
The straightjacket strangles my soul, beyond weak -  
And the rodents feast upon my flesh.

Hell is not empty!  
Let all tongues be still!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Her Gaze

Her Gaze

Her dark, hazel gaze descends upon the sea,  
Where roses grace the waves,  
With soft sonority.  
Near the grotto, on the caves,  
The billows rise, foaming white.  
I shall take her by her alabaster hand,  
And walk with her alone tonight.  
And there, in the gilded, dappled shade,  
Amid the starry, diamond sand,  
Where her perfume blends with the moonlight  
On the zephyr-kissed promenade,  
We shall hide from the rain beneath the trees,  
And I shall drown in her gaze as the oceanic breeze  
Sways the sallow grasses, beneath our naked knees.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Her Kiss

HER KISS

Order and measure, meter, words and rhyme  
Are what I hear when cathedral bells chime.  
My verse is borne in the soft, scented breeze,  
And ferries to the blue, splendid ocean,  
Near the rapture of the willow trees.  
It wavers like my maiden whose love is fair and true,  
Whose passion is tender, then a potent, violet hue  
Possesses her heart, and she becomes all aflame.  
Her kiss is of melodic gales: -  
The harmonic cadence of her name.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# Her Melody

## HER MELODY

I can hear it still. -  
Languorously sighing, wistful and fair,  
Her melody, through the summer air,  
Carried over vases and vines,  
Sprawling over the window sill,  
Down the wall- to eglantines.  
Melodically, it summons my will.

I can see her still. -  
Caressing whites and ebonies,  
In rhythmic time,  
Gazing on the daffodil,  
Atop her piano's flowing keys.  
Her strain still sails like mint and rhyme -  
And whispers solemn ecstasies.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Her Name Is Of A Velvet Carol

Her Name Is Of A Velvet Carol

Her name is of a velvet carol, and although her billows reign above  
The ocean that commands all suitors, she chooses only one for love.  
She is eloquent and knows her verses will outlive her bygone tears;  
In a sunlit carriage she calmly rides throughout the crimson colored years,  
To the melody of lullabies in woods where the scent of belvederes  
Reminds her of Byron, Shelley, his Lady Fair, Wordsworth - and me.  
For once she let her hair down, in its long and raven sublimity,  
And touched me with those sacred lips, of hyacinths, of the sacred rose.  
She awaits for me in paradise, as patient as a statue's pose.  
And as the moonlight falls into the starry, diamond fountain,  
Where I wander in a daze, in the square beneath the mountain,  
I behold her in a wondrous haze, when all is still in a gilded bliss,  
Where the shadows of oleanders mystically sway,  
Where all of heaven's angels intercede for us and pray;  
My love and I shall walk - forever in a kiss.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# I Abide By My Love

I ABIDE BY MY LOVE

It is not Juliet whom I adore,  
Nor Beatrice, nor the florid, glistening lore  
Of fair Aphrodite, nor Athena's fair face -  
No.

The one I love is dressed in lace,  
And wanders silently beside the gilded shore.  
And lo! -

She commands all the lilies in the glen,  
Where she walks amid the statuary,  
In the cloister of the square,  
On a path in the russet garden,  
Where  
Her felicity  
Breeze-blown, now here, now there,  
Rides like a leaf in the redolent air.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# I Came Upon The Castle...

I came upon the castle...

I came upon the castle where my princess resides,  
Perched high upon a fleecy,  
Wind-swept down.  
She saw me from the ornate balcony  
With her dusky eyes of sunlit brown.

She swooned among the long silhouettes of the myrtle trees,  
Where soft Baroque symphonies  
Glide to the seas,  
And to the sunlit tide.  
(Her radiant, perfumed tresses are where rare dreams abide.)

I entered the foyers  
Where an ancient row of knights stood in array  
Against the stony wall,  
A wall of ancient gray.  
I walked up the stairs  
To her father's study,  
Amid mahogany, as a servant did call.

"I am here to see the princess," I said.  
And curtsying, she left me in the stately hall.  
Outside the rays of the sun did fall,  
With scarlet, saffron, and carmine-red.  
Its beams flashed languidly through the stained glass panes  
Before they set beyond the peaks of a distant mountain,  
Before they turned purple, before they were dead.  
In the courtyard below rose a solitary fountain,  
Next to a carriage which circled in the square.

My love entered the chamber,  
As in through the sashes  
Came the sweet and fragrant summer air.  
I bequeathed to her  
A new bouquet,  
And the dew of my sailor's coat  
As I hugged her,

And her lovely, black lashes  
Opened to evening.  
"Can we walk to your boat?"  
I heard her say.

So we left the castle happily,  
And strolled to the grotto, by the frothy, vast sea.  
And when she took my hand  
Into her own,  
Her tender heart went through me,  
Beyond all softness that I had ever known.

So we sailed to the shores of Italy,  
To the mainland, north of Sicily,  
On the Mediterranean's breezy brine.  
And after some days of romantic travel,  
We immersed ourselves in Florentine wine.  
And each new star that silently rose  
Over our little garden-close,  
Bequeathed upon our eyes a marvel.

John Lars Zwerenz

# I Ventured Out Beneath The Moon...

I ventured out beneath the moon, full, white and round...

I ventured out beneath the moon, full, white and round.  
My boots broke the sheets of snow as I walked with the muse, my guide.  
I approached the ocean and its starry, azure tide.  
The breeze blew through my mind, yet I heard not a sound.

Then an angel arose, like a Siren on the waves.  
Like a beautiful Phoenix, it came to me,  
To take my soul beyond the skies, beyond the wild sea,  
To eternal vistas, to shimmering, diamond enclaves.

I ascended to a rushing stream,  
Beyond the realm of time, beyond a dream.  
There I was welcomed by a gilded ball.

My love stood in a vestibule, and I heard the voice of God.  
I had passed beyond the prison of earth, and though it might seem odd,  
I found myself at home, loved by one and all.

John Lars Zwerenz

# I Walked Upon The Reedy Dale...

I walked upon the reedy dale,  
Of amber grass and willow trees.  
A gale bestowed upon my knees  
The moonlight's boon, soft and pale,  
And the scent of summer's liveries.

In the solitary wood, on the edge of town,  
I found a pub, redolent with leaves.  
I sat in a booth, wooden and brown,  
Admiring a pretty lass,  
A glass of ale,  
And her scarlet gown.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# If We Have Love

IF WE HAVE LOVE

'Hath not thy nightly sweat bedewed my brow,  
O lamentable friend that seek'st me now?' - Paul Marie Verlaine

'Look upon my outstretched arms, my bride, my love,  
For whom on searing wood I suffered and died.  
I healed you with my gaping wounds; your flesh, your pride  
Has been vanquished, and you have been freed from above  
The Virgin's sobbing veil, upon a Roman tree.' -  
(Such, in the night, were my Savior's words to me.)  
And the moon did alight, solemn and sad,  
Over my ungrateful heart which, longing to the wintry skies,  
Found me consumed with a phantasm's mad,  
Tattered gloom. So I ran to the brook where a seraph sighs.  
And found what I asked for did not yield  
When I willed it to, for I did not know  
I was unprepared for the truth to show  
Itself upon the snow-covered field,  
Until good grace alone did glow,  
According to His providence, His own good time.  
Now I am grateful, and the dawn does rise,  
Over the meadow, clad with the mystic rhyme  
Of gladness. And the sallow reeds will reflect no demise,  
For paradise doth wait beyond the grand lie  
Of the shadow of the sting-less grave.  
For if God is love, does He not also save?  
And if we have love - we do not die.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# If You Give Your Heart Away

IF YOU GIVE YOUR HEART AWAY

If you give your heart away  
Then consecrate with certainty.  
Make your union for eternity,  
For more than just a passing day.

For if her hair is of the skies,  
And her tresses are of the blissful sun,  
And her kisses unite you as truly one,  
Then bury your head into her sighs.

And if her eyes are of the sea,  
And resemble endlessly God's faithful love,  
Then go, ascend to her abode above,  
Where rapture reigns with ecstasy.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# In The Spirit

## IN THE SPIRIT

I walked down willingly into the dark, the unkind,  
For many nights and sunless days.  
Torture and torment were my only ways  
To expurgate the cobwebs in my mind.

And now I ascend to a Godly breeze's sun-struck caress,  
And to a cross of stone atop a Cathedral on a mighty plain,  
Where the wind is of freedom, devoid of all rain,  
To where my love is donning a long, white dress.

There shall be candlelit eves, shrouded in mist,  
And kisses taken beneath the boughs  
Of lilacs, daisies, roses, at our lovers' tryst. -  
As long as time in eternity allows.

There shall be a dappled grove in the diamond sand,  
Beside the sea of the blessed, where you and me,  
Enraptured, will go roving, endlessly,  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand.

And the ocean's salty spray  
Will endow your hair  
With perfumes of the summer air,  
As our ardor will take us far away.

And whence comes the white of the chiming moon,  
Your sighs will be bating, your bosom thrilled,  
When spasm leads to spasm, with still no passion killed,  
And the rubies of the dawn shall come too soon.

John Lars Zwerenz

# In Trances Of Ecstasy (A Sonnet)

IN TRANCES OF ECSTASY

Let us sleep upon the hallowed beach,  
In trances of ecstasy,  
Each to each,  
A spouse and a lover,  
Beneath where the fragrant lindens hover.  
There, in the wine-laced, marvelous air,  
We shall inhale every vine-clad symphony  
And depart for the teeming, stony towers  
Of our majestic lit, eternal lair.  
And from our bastion's glorious heights  
We shall bequeath our gazes upon the rosy bowers,  
Where silhouettes are married with showers,  
At peace with the day and the tranquil nights,  
In the boons of redolent, solemn hours.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# It Is The Season

## IT IS THE SEASON

It is the season for a carriage ride.  
We shall leave our chambers at noon and go  
To where frosty grass meets pearl-white snow.  
Our coach shall be warm, with drapes on either side.

We shall glide by gardens and bowers of gold,  
And each in a shy way, sitting close, we shall desire  
The kiss of the other, the winter's wondrous fire,  
Cozy on the cushions, longing to caress and hold.

Then nonchalantly, your lips will open wide  
Like a rose that blushes with petals of pink;  
You shall take me in without a thought to think,  
As tender emotions will rule by the tide,  
By the statues, by the grotto, by the oceanic boon.-  
And you shall be with child come the vespers and the moon.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Je Respecte Mon Amour

Je respecte mon amour

Il n'est pas Juliette dont J'adore,  
ni Beatrice, ni les propos ampoulés, étincelant  
de lore juste Aphrodite, ni Athena's fair face -

No

la personne que j'aime est habillé de dentelle, et  
se promène silencieusement à côté de la côte dorée.

Et lo! -

Elle commandes tous les lis dans le glen,  
où qu'elle se promène au milieu des statues,  
dans le cloître du square, sur  
un chemin dans le jardin russet, où son

felicity

Breeze-grillé, maintenant, ici, maintenant, il y a  
des manèges comme une feuille dans la fleure bon air.

John Lars Zwerenz

De: Crimson lames et autres poèmes de John Lars Zwerenz

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poème suivant &gt;

John Lars Zwerenz

poèmes d'amour

DE JOHN lars ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz's photo

biographie

John Lars Zwerenz est un Américain né poète. Il est né et a grandi à New York, de Long Island en 1970 et a publié son premier livre de poésie en 2011. Il a beaucoup voyagé et il est dans son milieu quarantaine. Sa poésie est composé exclusivement de rimes verset, et il est par-dessus tout, traditionnellement romantique de caractère. Il vit avec sa famille aux ÉTATS-UNIS. - Rachael Canter

Vue plein profil utilisateur

John Lars Zwerenz

# June

JUNE

We came back from the amber beach,  
With sunlight in our astonished eyes.  
Our hearts arose up high to reach  
The lindens sighing to the skies.

The meadow of sallow, russet grass  
Feels wet beneath your dress of white.  
As you trail through the dew-kissed reeds you pass,  
You live for my kiss, and the nascent night  
Which ascends with starry, turquoise wines.  
We walk to the summerhouse, clad with vines;  
By the broad, stony brook, framed with eglantines,  
Among the statues of the belvedere,  
Amid the colonnades, and the teeming walls,  
We embrace beneath the beads of the waterfalls,  
Now high, now low, now far, now near.

Your joy betrays soft, glistening tears,  
The wind is laced with sanguine beers:  
Ales of the season; Chablis, rum, poured in the dark;  
We shall rest in the cellar, then walk to the park,  
Where the boughs speak of love,  
Where the leaves rejoice in June.  
We are pilgrims of the dove,  
We are servants of the moon.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# La Rose Doublés Bower

La ROSE DOUBLÉS BOWER

les mélodies qui émanent  
d'un mystique mandoline  
évoquent les nombreuses souches d'un ancien violon ;  
et les harmonies se multiplient, comme le sens de notre sort,  
soumise à notre psyché dans les bois :  
ils croon dans le Léthé de votre baiser écarlate,  
où des libertins sont habillés -  
Dans pourpres modeste, comme ils le devraient.  
Votre sein parfumé, l'éloge et caressa  
paillettes fermement avec l'ardeur et de bonheur ;  
car j'ai vu sur les soirées tièdes comme ce  
paradis a confirmé, dans la verdure fleurie rose :  
pour que chaque pétale luxuriant's halcyon maîtresse,  
vous longtemps pour capturer chaque fleur.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# Ladies

## LADIES

After I listen to the Holy Spirit's whispered name,  
I open my book, and compose anew:  
And my soul is immersed in a hardy brew.  
I am engulfed in every aspect of grace, form and the narrow lane.  
For order and measure, meter, words and rhyme?  
Are what I hear when cathedral bells chime.?  
But my verse is torn by a sudden, hungry breeze,  
?And ferries to the endless, billowing ocean, ?  
Near the female rupture of the willow trees.?  
It is taken by this maiden whose maw is insatiable - orgasmically red.?  
She becomes naught but thunder and emotion,  
Whose passion is violent, inviting the dead.  
Then still a more potent, furious hue?  
Possesses her heart- all fiery, baneful, hot and blue;  
The Eve in her lust becomes all aflame.?  
Her clutches transform into a wanton gale: -?  
Which discards the sun, and makes the moonlight pale.  
She rejects true love as the hobby of a fool.  
And the specious cadence of her spoken bliss  
Betrays her urge for an unlawful kiss,  
Clasping with the licentious grip of her tool.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ladies And Men

## LADIES AND MEN

The window box looks down below  
To the avenue where young ladies pass  
On concrete lanes, next to patches of grass,  
In the gilded gold of the summer's glow.

The apple cart, upon the street dips,  
Topples over, and a crimson scent  
Of fresh, ripe fruit, so redolent,  
Makes the young ladies pucker their lips.

The shopkeepers, the salesmen and the cops  
Pretend not to notice when a neckline drops,  
Nor to admire the softness of a lady's arms-  
Just as women fake indifference each day  
To the sight of muscular charms-  
That masculine display.

For the female eye is always hungrier  
Than any manly or bestial gaze;  
With insatiable lust, they make sure to appear  
To ascribe to proper ways  
(While they secretly leer  
At the menfolk all the nights and days.)

One blond coquette  
With her parasol  
Looks like a doll  
In the luncheonette,  
Smiling at a princely squire  
Who as a gentlemen  
Must return the grin,  
Whole, entire.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Lady Of The Bastion

LADY OF THE BASTION

Her rosy tinted windows shine  
On the bastion's tallest tower.  
They reflect pure light upon the bower,  
And scent her streams with mystic wine.

I have come from many miles away,  
From northern lands to see her face,  
Her smile of gold and her lips of grace.  
I wrote of her in the diamond day.

And now that I found her in the gilded sun,  
Happy as an angel, lost in reverie,  
Her gaze runs through the very heart of me,  
Down to the blooms where the vines are one.

Pensive is her mind, and blissful is the time  
When we, as bride and groom to be  
Are lost within an azure sea  
Of holy love and sacred rhyme.

And when the moon does live and die  
Over the boughs of emerald trees  
With the solemn reverence I have for her  
The fountains over the courtyard stir,  
Sobbing to the starlit sky  
With operatic symphonies.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Le Chateau

Le Chateau

Nous sommes montés la turquoise l'escalier tapissé,  
Avec la grâce aromatique De vraie félicité dans l'air.  
Le soleil a brillé par les rideaux sur votre visage.  
Dehors, les peupliers ont mêlé avec la rosée.  
Ils ont été oscillés par les vents de  
l'ouest, de même qu'étaient les tamarins,  
Les myrtes et le lindens,  
Les roses de la tonnelle.  
Nous sommes reposés dans les repaires somptueux et dorés  
Et aimer de l'amour doux a pénétré chaque fleur rayonnante  
Qui a revêtu la vanité ornée  
Dans les vases faits de tiffany.  
Nous avons embrassé pour une heure langoureuse et rayonnante  
Dans le petit salon après notre promenade dans le jardin  
Où les fleurs ont caressé votre crinière d'ébène  
Avec leurs pétales rappelants, leur violet, rose et bleu.  
La surface des étangs a commencé à durcir  
Comme quelque neige est tombée dans la lumière du soleil, avec une tension  
glorieuse  
D'une teinte en albâtre.  
Je vous ai pris et vous a embrassé là en dessous du frémir,  
l'if sanctifié Parmi les colonnades qui ont réfléchi à vos cheveux  
UNE teinte romaine de tacheté allume.  
Nous avons pris la retraite au chateau pour la nuit solennelle  
Et se sommes perdus dans un rêve mystique  
Dans la cour de marbre où un ruisseau d'azur  
A Couru par les statues et à côté de la calèche noire.  
Dans la lueur de la lune j'ai demandé votre main dans le mariage  
Et votre fiévreux « oui »! était une faveur en extase.  
Le chablis de vos lèvres que je peux goûter toujours à la suite de l'aube qui a  
tenu  
Chaque roseau  
Avec l'ambre et le jaspe, sur la tonnelle, sur le mead,  
Sur les étangs vent-motivés, le virginal, le blanc et chaste.  
Alors nous sommes augmentés à la deuxième histoire  
Et aux cigarettes allumées parmi la cheminée.  
Nous sommes délectés de notre gloire nuptiale, hors du royaume de temps et

d'espace.

Et j'ai tenu votre tête intensément, avec la passion,  
Et j'ai embrassé une fois plus votre visage immaculé,  
Et nous avons allumé en feu la chambre dans le bastion  
Comme le soleil fleurissant est monté avec la grâce.

- John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Le Jardin De Rose

, où pouvons-nous trouver une anse où l'amour et le luth  
sont mariées à des souches de violoncelle et flûte, à l'abri des  
pluies dans nos vêtements de blanc?

Marchons dans la cour se félicitaient de la lune!

Et là, au milieu de Cupidon statues du square,  
où les cormorans lueur dans le sweet, été l'air,  
nous allons rencontrer des efflorescences fleure bon la rose, dans  
la béatitude de notre jardin fermer.

Et il y a, dans notre sanctuaire de galantes jouer dans un  
recoin sanctifiée qui personne d'autre ne sait,  
nous aimer les uns les autres dans la vague midi de la journée,  
et vous promener dans le flux tacheté qui brille  
comme le tropical lueur d'un doux et ensoleillé ray.  
O, m'égarer où le charmant, parfumée zephyr va!

Et il y a, en dessous de la sculpture sanglotant, frappé par silver star, qui  
montent  
au-dessus des fontaines, des pleurs au ciel, je  
vous vous en tenez à mon sein, et vous embrasser comme vous soupir,  
entouré de montagnes émeraude et mélodieuses guitares!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Lethe (A Sonnet)

LETHE (A Sonnet)

I shall open my satchel and compose anew.  
While dreaming, I saunter to the inn for a brew;  
After I shall wander to the outskirts of the grove.  
A Carolingian chatelaine has fallen in love.

Her bastion's teeming turrets, and their ancient, stony tiers  
Shine above the fountains in the cloistered, marble square.  
She admires a row of flowers and combs her undulant hair,  
As she walks by the sculptures, near the bower's belvederes.

I shall drink the dews from the grand beyond,  
From the elysian wells of her royal countenance.  
I shall greet her with my verse as a Saxon vagabond,  
Enraptured and drunk with the orgasmic cadence  
Which emanates from the aspects of her deep, raven eyes,  
Beneath the lethe of the moon, and the swallow that sighs.

John Lars Zwerenz

# L'hôpital

## L'HÔPITAL

Dans le vieil hôpital de la douleur sans fin  
Les bonnes, les jeunes femmes ont tendance à dédaigner  
Aux âmes qui toussent et infirmes qui restent éveillées  
À mesure que leur avenir s'annonce sur leurs esprits inquiets  
Rempli de mal, de perdition, de vins empoisonnés  
Lesquels font ce qu'ils peuvent - ils ne peuvent pas trembler.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz



# Love

The morn is giving birth  
To the dawn- yet to reign, still budding, undone.  
Shall you play the earth,  
And me the sun? -  
Why not? -  
Let us go, let us go  
Where the blue currents run,  
Now hither, now there, now high, now low,  
Upon the lot  
Of the breeze-caressed hill.  
Let me kiss your sweet flesh of the daffodil,  
And embrace you in the waking glen.  
And then, let me love you  
In the succulent vineyards,  
In the blooms of the hazy, yawning garden.  
And there, beneath the greenish hue  
Of the quickening firmament,  
Astonishing and bright,  
Where lovers and bards  
Succor in the sunlight  
Nipples of crimson, lips of wine,  
Beneath the fleecy willows bent,  
Let our bodies unite  
In the rapture of the sunshine,  
Where sure delight  
Is yours and mine.

And the approaching rain  
Shall find us- twain  
In spirit and in flesh,  
Indeed as one-  
As the gray clouds mesh  
With the scarlet sun.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Love In The Courtyard

## LOVE IN THE COURTYARD

On tepid evenings, when fountains descend like rain,  
Tall, ivory statues glitter in the moon glow,  
Amid ancient colonnades, where rivulets flow  
To ponds of mystic wines, devoid of any pain.

And when I kiss your lips of the sun  
In the shade of russet linden trees,  
Our hearts unite, and marry as one  
In the azure cradle of the scented breeze.

Then your gaze becomes solemn, grave and still,  
As all of our sorrow forever departs.  
And your eyes begin to speak with ecstasies,  
With angelic tears shed from rapturous seas  
Imbuing within our bating hearts  
The holy hues of rhapsodies.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Lucifer

## LUCIFER

All of the ocean was at the mercy of the wind.  
I sailed at top mast, and tasting infinity,  
The sun glared upon me like an orphic tamarind,  
And on all the glossy mirrors of the kingdoms in the sea.

The whispering ghost of a demon's soul  
Played host in the gleam of the midnight hour.  
Like a baleful dream, a black, briny power,  
He spoke not a word to the mind he stole.

Yes! My mind was taken by this phantom's wrath!  
In the maritime cold, on a starless path  
My schooner rocked from starboard to port.  
I felt his clutch. A terrible sort  
Of terror itself cruised through my veins  
As the bile of his watery, endless plains  
Rushed upwards with its billowing, wavy disdains.

Dreary I muttered.  
My speech it failed and stuttered  
As I begged to hear his horrid name.  
"Lucifer! " he said,  
And knowing I was dead -  
I was thrown into the well of eternal flame!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Manic Depression

## MANIC DEPRESSION

There is a well of blackened brine,  
That knows no dell of air or sunshine,  
A volatile fire, it consumes the heart,  
The mind, the spirit, it rends apart.  
And when the hell spawn is loosened in the night,  
Beneath the mad moon, bereft of hope, and stripped of light,  
The long, corridor where candles flicker  
Makes the dark malevolent, the fog grows thicker,  
Until all hope is banished-  
Hell has arrived  
With steely claws which rise from fire  
Doom- demise, gloom beyond reason.  
There is no blame, no tangible treason.  
And the hallow wind courses through the soul,  
Devouring dreams, swallowing whole  
All of Neptune's promise,  
The rings of Saturn.  
An outcast that does fall  
You are thrown into the endless pit,  
Devoid of stars,  
In a maddened, mortal, tortured fit.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Maria

MARIA

Her hair is raven black, and her eyes are dark.

She wanders through the courtyard at dawn,

Among statues of white, on an emerald lawn,

Happy in the umbrage of the cloistered park.

Her face is of an angel's, and her name is of a song.

Her grace is gilded, meek and crowned.

She blesses the fountains, and all that is around

The vast, royal glen where the boughs are full and long.

And in the nascent evening, when the moon's rays keep

Their vigil of soft silver beneath the starry still,

We rove through slender grasses, to raptures on the hill,

Where her lips of scarlet wine bless me as they weep.

John Lars Zwerenz

□

John Lars Zwerenz

# Mary, The Mother Of God

The scenery of Mary's Court is green, white and gold.  
Green are her trees, white is the sun,  
And gold is of The Spirit, containing every other hue.  
There are brooks which run, of azure blue  
Through her forests and her gardens, framed by regal eglantines  
And gilded, holy, gleaming moss.  
The brooks are of wines,  
And gently toss  
The reeds which play beneath the cloudless sky.  
The Palace of The Virgin  
Is heaven to the eye.  
Her Kingdom is devoid of everything old,  
And pertains to only that which is new.  
The glistening gloss  
Of the morning dew  
Is found in her palatial field  
Where her rosy bowers yield  
Perfumes of marigolds, daisies and gems.  
I met The Mother Of God donning diadems.  
Her long, black hair  
Is astonishing to behold,  
As if all gold  
Finds its temple there.  
Her crown is studded with immaculate jewels,  
Each the reward of a Saint's fidelity.  
With a tender love she commands all citadels,  
And all the angels glory in her beauty.  
All the Saints are in awe of her dusky, Jewish eyes.  
Her gazes outshine the bright, celestial skies.  
And her skin is fairer than all of heaven's blooms combined.  
Her song is that of such a charming sound  
That it leaves a man blind  
To what is all around.  
Her fingertips are of a pearly-white,  
And when she roves in her Court, beneath the purple stars of the gleaming night  
She smiles at her sons and daughters in that vast and holy square,  
Majestic and massive, made of marble and stone.  
Her perfumes are of honey, and permeate the midnight air.  
She rarely wishes to be alone,

Except for the times she converses with Her Son,  
Pacing on the hallowed beach, where the streams  
Of violets swirl around her feet  
And run  
To the tranquil sea, beneath the terrace where the vines meet.  
She is often inclined  
To find  
Her desires  
In sacred dreams.  
Her passions are those of chaste, refreshing, cooling fires,  
Guided by her reason  
Endowed beyond the wisdom of every time and place,  
Of every world, of every season.  
Nothing, no one, save  
For God Himself  
Possesses such a lovely face  
Whose expressions are light, yet sometimes grave,  
Grave as in solemn,  
For there are many souls she wishes to save.  
She frequents earth and purgatory,  
And in the latter, where the flames torment and lave  
She wipes the sweaty brows  
Of the suffering Saints.  
And she often allows  
Their punishments to cease,  
Long before their time,  
Ages before their due release.  
She often graces the dawn with celestial paints  
When cathedral bells chime in the western wood.  
And she loves to say  
When the consecrated pray  
In their cloisters of rapture,  
Clad with lindens, willows, yews and birch:  
'God Bless The Holy Roman Catholic Church! -  
Its eternal truths be praised! '  
She cares very much for Jerusalem,  
Where she was born and raised,  
And she is anxious for Israel to acknowledge her Son.  
She opens petals, one by one,  
Merely by caressing them in her little garden-close,  
In the corner of her spacious Court.  
The scent of her beauteous body

Is of an immaculate, dark-red rose.  
And the rhapsody of her flowing voice  
Is bestowed to transport  
The hearts of all the blessed,  
Enraptured without a choice,  
To the highest realm in heaven, of music, art and rhyme  
Where The Magnificat is sung  
Beneath the dome of God's Cathedral,  
Far beyond the realm of time.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Moonlight

Moonlight

When the purple veils of night  
Are opened by the wings of angels,  
And all of heaven's citadels  
Are revealed in diamond-hued light,  
The lilies of the bower  
Find their splendid, majestic hour  
In the umbrage of the vine-clad tower.

And the grasses which sway  
Beneath our naked knees  
Find refuge in the fallen leaves,  
Surrounded by the starlit bay,  
And the lapping play of azure seas.

Their billows rise and rove in a splendid array,  
Where the rose of the nascent moonlight weaves  
Its solemn, scarlet ecstasies.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Morpheus

MORPHEUS

Soporific deity,  
Thy hand hath clasped my own.  
Below my castle's vine clad stone,  
By the melodious, murmuring, purple sea,  
I shall wander wherever you shall go,  
In Elysian fields of gilded snow.

Let mellifluous, regal canticles play  
From holly green mountains which surround  
Vast, marble courtyards where the flowing sound  
Of their airs touch fountains in the diamond day.  
Hail liberty, grace and chardonnay!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Morpheus (En Français)

MORPHEUS

soporifiques déité,  
ta main a ceignait mon propre.  
Ci-dessous ma vigne du château revêtu de pierre,  
par le mélodieuses, murmures, de mer pourpre,  
je vais promener partout où vous partiront,  
Elysian Fields de neige dorée.

Permettez-suave, Regal cantiques jouer  
de Holly montagnes vertes qui entourent  
vaste, marbre cours où la fluidité du signal  
de leurs airs touch fontaines dans le diamond jour.  
La grêle liberty, Grace et chardonnay!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Mors

MORS

Et ego gustare solo mortis  
Et levavi non valentes latrare videntes vana sunt  
A LINTER testa meos?  
Nam postquam meus, extremum spiritum exhalant  
Oportet quod offerat peditus  
Prior status est in ortu et nusquam sciebant.

Et devoret te os meum,  
Quod terra libatus  
Cito cadit meridianam  
Profectique itinere finito  
Cujus partu  
Ante animam eius proicietur  
In rerum terribilium dubitas?

Aut, si per Christum, potest eligere ut non parcant mihi,  
Quae unio est de awful volutabro luti  
Neque hoc gelu eam igni  
Ut non in iudicium non ad requiem ornatu,  
Ad miliaque incultos, sine fine, inspirat salo.

Nam si ita  
Pulsa fatis  
Ante sit Sero  
Ut numquam  
In requiem meam  
Hoc igitur modo potest eam hereditatem.

Ita, quod tibi certo erit debitum  
Maria Virgo \* Ut misericors desiderio scriptor  
Tollere me rure hyacinthum  
Sic fraus et infernum malis nigro.

John LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Beloved

My Beloved

I never met a man  
I did not love.  
I never met a woman  
I was not enamored of.  
For in every man Christ dwelt  
Within.  
And I knew and felt  
The spirit of His Mother  
Lived liked no other  
In the beautiful sighs  
Of His womanly kin.

Yet one lady owned  
The very soul of Him.  
And gracefully honed  
In a flowery garden close,  
Beneath the ivory, crystal moon,  
The graces of an angel's boon.

She dons long, straight hair,  
More aromatic than the rose,  
Raven hued, of the sable night.

She wanders on sand in the soft, summer air,  
And her full, red lips are of an Elysian delight.

And when I see her roving through the grasses there,  
Among the glistening fountains  
Of the courtyard's starry light,  
Surrounded by forested, emerald mountains,  
I witness infinity  
In her glittering gaze,  
Of ineffable clement,  
Angelic ways.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Dead Wife (1814)

MY DEAD WIFE (1814)

All ships left Boston's forbidding harbor.  
I brought gold brandy in a flask.  
To go to sea was a troubadour's task.  
My mind was filled with blooms of an arbor.

The dreadful sun on the sails did glare  
Upon my schooner, made of wood.  
As the daylight died over the hills  
I felt naked in my coat and my head was bare.  
I certainly would have chosen to stay if I could,  
But the ocean promised to cure my ills.

The caravan leapt into the waves  
Like knives into a throng of billowing bread.  
The captain pointed to the stars, then said:  
&quot;We sail to capture negro slaves.&quot;

Oh, how the Atlantic seemed endless to the eye!  
Our creaking masts did tremble in the breeze.  
Like a grove of sullen walnut trees,  
They shook as they kissed the starless sky.

Neptune, Venus, and the Kraken's den  
Awaiting to consume every soul on board  
Yawned into one nebulous chord  
Of a dismal hymn voiced by a siren.

At the center of the freezing brine  
Which we reached in the span of three days time  
I began to hear a queer stanza of rhyme  
Which rose from the waves like forbidden wine.

Like Euripides' plays or Cicero's lines,  
Like the dreams of Poe and Byron's sin  
A terrible cold of horrors dove in  
To my inner being, replete with signs:  
Maritime warnings, of a vengeful ghost.

My sudden urge, my desperate impulse  
Was to dive overboard from my wooden host.  
Yet that was what SHE wanted most!

And my soul was thrown into the sea,  
To a nameless fate  
The Greeks called Hades.  
And in that dark and baleful place  
To my stark amazement I beheld her face,  
Living only for eternal hate.  
And then I recalled one black summer's eve  
When I killed her with delight,  
In a graveyard's isolation, where true death was wrought,  
Bereft of all light,  
And devoid of a witness (or so I thought) .

And in a prison beneath the oceanic floor  
Each torrid moment is impossible to keep,  
As I burn and weep  
Forevermore.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz



# My English Love

MY ENGLISH LOVE

My soul is always shaken  
By my English lover's almond eyes.  
And my heart is always taken  
To her regal land, beyond the skies.

And whenever her smooth, cherry hued lips  
Condescend to savor mine,  
My entire being takes languorous sips  
From her warm and sanctified, russet wine.

She was born to a duke in Cornwall,  
In a bastion of stone, ivy clad and white;  
She saunters in the liveries of the fall,  
Among her courtyard's effulgent fountains,  
Amid the statuary, ringed with mountains,  
In the sacred boon of the solemn night.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Eternal Beloved

I cannot let go  
Of the woman I have seen,  
With long, black, wavy hair,  
In sanctified visions, soft, serene.

I cannot walk away  
From her dark, brown, raven eyes  
Where mystic courtyards dwell,  
Where slender, silver fountains rise.

A blond haired beauty  
Would not be her.  
Nor would be a red haired queen.  
I know the very spirit of my only, cherished love.  
It is of cinnamon, vanillin dreams and eglantine.  
It is of rapturous streams of shaded, purple wine,  
Of paradise above.

Her hands are of ivory,  
Her face is white and fair.  
I am destined to deny  
All other angels who breeze-blown rove  
In the worldly mosaic of the summery air.  
My God, my God, how I shall sob and cry  
Until I have kissed her in a sovereign, majestic, sacred lair.

My God, my God, deliver to me soon,  
This ineffable radiant saint of the skies,  
Who possesses the rain, the sun, the moon,  
Sable symphonies of dew,  
Holy rhapsodies of sighs.

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Lady

MY LADY

My lady lives in luxury up high,  
In a tower of a castle by the sea.  
She is well acquainted with majesty,  
And she dreams of fair love with a longing sigh.

There is a tranquil, blue river that does run  
Through her bowers of roses below  
Her ornate balcony and her terraced window,  
At one with the gold of the summery sun.

She likes to pine in long, white dresses,  
And in soporific trances  
She ascends to lofty reveries,  
As symphonies gleam like ethereal dances,  
In her mind and in her tresses,  
Of azure blues and ebonies.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Lady Is Lovely

MY LADY IS LOVELY

My lady is lovely, my lady is fair;  
She treads in the noonday, glistening light,  
To the square, to the veranda, dreaming of the night,  
In soft, saline breezes which sail through her hair,  
Perfuming her tresses, gleaming in the sun.  
She wanders amid the statuary,  
Gathering blooms with delicacy,  
Where slender, lavender brooklets run.  
Her face is of an angel's, her eyes are of the sky;  
They are sweet and of the eve, gently do they glow,  
Like rain upon the streams, which glitter as they flow.  
She meditates on love alone, pining with a sigh.  
And when the alabaster moon ascends, she strolls amid the ponds,  
Beneath the fragrant boughs, beneath the minty scented fronds.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Love

## MY LOVE

Her soul is of vanilla and evergreen trees...  
It is of lemon-scented, mellifluous streams  
That flow from fountains in the saline breeze;  
It is of cool, silver brooks that bubble through dreams...  
Her spirit is of mountains that glisten in the cloudless, blue air;  
Her heart is of a brilliant star that rises over a marble square...  
The redolent, oceanic gales blow back her slender, straight, black hair...  
Her gaze is of golden bowers, sunny, summery, flowery and fair.

Her pace is of an angel's, with each foot that is laid...  
She is clad in a dress of white,  
And wanders through the gardens in the moonlight...  
Her mane is that of heaven, and her tresses are in a braid...

There is a courtyard of a castle by the turquoise sea...  
She somnolently walks beneath its archway of roses,  
Among terra-cotta statues, as she softly discloses  
Fragrances of ecstasy...

And in the still of the evening,  
When her lips meet mine,  
All the willows weeping,  
Dipped in ponds,  
Glitter like wine  
With alabaster, florid fronds;  
And her eyes smooth, multihued and dark  
Absorb my being wholly so  
In the marble court, where the fountains flow,  
In the woods and meadows, in the corners of the park.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Love, She Sleeps By John Lars Zwerenz

MY LOVE, SHE SLEEPS

My only one, my dove,  
My love,  
She sleeps.

The bells, they chime  
Their endless rhyme.  
As I go  
Through the snow,  
My heart - it weeps.

On a lantern lit lane,  
Which glows despite my dire pain,  
I surrender to The Lord,  
To His infinite glory,  
To His providential symphony,  
To the pulse of its soft refrain -  
As our hearts do beat  
Of one accord.

And all of the sufferings which I meet,  
Which fall from the sun kissed linden trees,  
Render me mute, as a work of clay.  
And although your touch is faraway  
I can still hear the cadence in the beauty of your name:  
Its eternal gems shine forever the same  
In the mystic enclaves of the falling rain,  
In the cold despair  
Of the wild breeze,  
Which sobs its quatrain,  
Now here, now there,  
Reciting only ecstasies.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Loveliest Love

## MY LOVELIEST LOVE

My maiden fair walks slowly beside me;  
She wanders with me, hand in hand,  
Upon the grassy, gilded, forested land,  
By white colonnades and the azure sea.

My loveliest love, of a timeless age,  
Brilliantly youthful, she shines like the sun.  
Her long, raven mane, wavy, undone,  
Bestows rhyme upon my eyes, page after page.

For her verses are of the sobbing stars;  
Her lips are of the joyful moon,  
Glistening like a rivulet's boon  
To the sound of the woodland's soft guitars.

And when the nascent evening solemnly glows  
Upon the purple ocean and the marble square,  
Upon her tender face, her sable hair -  
Her heart turns to fire each river that flows!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Lover Is In Paradise

MY LOVER IS IN PARADISE

I have seen too many bright things  
On the other side,  
More than the gleam of angels' wings-  
For my lover fair  
There  
Does abide.

With snow-clad hair,  
And a smiling gaze,  
She plays with her girlish, dark-browed haze,  
Beneath the celestial sky,  
In dales of sunny, noonday maize,  
Almost half-asleep,  
By the sea;  
And in her pristine beauty  
I quake  
In ways  
That make  
Me  
Weep  
And sigh.

John Lars Zwerenz



# My Sailor's Daughter

MY SAILOR'S DAUGHTER

Come to me, my only one,  
My sailor's daughter, born at sea.  
O, come my lover, come to me,  
Countess of the moon and queen of the sun.

Let us wander among the maples which gleam as they sway  
Beneath the clouds of cotton which dream to release  
Their misty sheets of rain where angels of peace  
Above rejoice in heaven, in the endless day.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Summer Love

MY SUMMER LOVE

On warm, summer evenings, when the sky is blue,  
When streams are swelled with a turquoise hue,  
My vision strays to a woman in white,  
Donning a dress which glows in the sunlight.

Her name is grave, as a statue in the square.  
And her symphony is of diamonds, ineffable - untold.  
She wanders by the sea, where billows are round and gold.  
And the redolent breezes which kiss her raven hair  
Gild the glimmering, exquisite grace of her fair  
Countenance, angelic - in the aromatic air.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Wife

My Wife

Her name is of a velvet carol, and although her billows reign above  
The ocean that commands all suitors, she chooses only one for love.  
She is eloquent and knows her verses will outlive her bygone tears;  
In a sunlit carriage she calmly rides throughout the crimson colored years,  
To the melody of lullabies in woods where the scent of belvederes  
Reminds her of Byron, Shelley, his Lady Fair, Wordsworth - and me.  
For once she let her hair down, in its long and raven sublimity,  
And touched me with those sacred lips, of hyacinths, of the sacred rose.  
She awaits for me in paradise, as patient as a statue's pose.  
And as the moonlight falls into the starry, diamond fountain,  
Where I wander in a daze, in the square beneath the mountain,  
I behold her in a wondrous haze, when all is still in a gilded bliss,  
Where the shadows of oleanders mystically sway,  
Where all of heaven's angels intercede for us and pray;  
My love and I shall walk - forever in a kiss.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# My Youth

I passed my youth as I did please,  
Without regard to scripture or law.  
I drank my wine with careless ease,  
And kissed each pretty girl I saw.

And when the moon arose in space,  
Beneath the glittering, starry skies,  
I swallowed bourbon with my eyes.  
My psyche went to a cold, dark place.

I found myself divorced from light.  
My moods were of my liquor's will,  
When fireflies strayed in the stifling night,  
Each Siren marked me for the kill.

And now as I look behind me I see  
My youthful wastes were women and whiskey.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Mystic Wines

## MYSTIC WINES

On blissful, misty evenings in boons of late July,  
I would scamper down diamond-studded dunes,  
Beneath a turquoise confusion of full, ecstatic moons.  
And I slept near campfires watching blue comets fly.

I drank from the firmament potent, mystic wines.  
I swam in pelagic brines where cathedral bells would ring.  
In my raptures I heard choruses of silver Sirens sing,  
And I awoke to billowing hymns and oceanic chimes.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Night By The Bay

NIGHT BY THE BAY

My darling, my princess, won't you stay?  
The tall sails of white spike the placid bay  
By the wooden jetties, beneath the gleaming stars,  
Where soft, nylon, bright guitars  
Play classical odes heard from the beach.  
The moonlit rays and their cosmic reach  
Grace your dress as you lay reclined and dreaming.  
All the hovering, silver orbs are gleaming  
In the heights of the firmament, bereft of all pain.  
I shall kiss your lips, and caress your mane.  
And your eyes shall ascend above the seas  
Where raptures blend with ecstasies.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Nostalgia

Nostalgia

When the purple drapes of the nascent night  
Cover the veils of the mountainous greenery,  
I wander amid the fountains and the statuary,  
Lost in reflective pools of light.

And when the moon ascends to the sobbing sky,  
Alone in the starry firmament of black,  
I recall the ringlets upon your smooth, white back,  
When the spring evenings blessed us, you and I.

How profound was our felicity,  
How deep was our joy,  
When we danced in the meadow as girl and boy,  
With an ardor that shone like diamonds on the sea.

Now the drab days slowly pass,  
As I walk upon the wan, old grass,  
Beneath the cradle of the weeping trees;  
In the danel, wavering, high, then low,  
Through the wilting, tremulous reeds I go,  
Haunted by your name, which scents the wild breeze.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Notre Dame

## NOTRE DAME

### I

Conceived by the very heart of Our Lord,  
In Judea's sun,  
In the womb of Saint Anne,  
The immaculate miracle of Our Holy One  
Overshadowed her in humility  
To usher in the Son of man.

In a state of ineffable mystery,  
Our Lady born, of David's lineage,  
Married perfection to humanity  
For every age,  
For all to see.

And if you can pierce through  
His Majesty's mind  
You will gladly find the sage in you  
To understand the reason why  
Eve mistook fruit for a god.

Rejoice in that propitious fault  
And acknowledge the strange and apparently odd.

Celebrate Our Redeemer's astounding plan  
Which victoriously transformed our pain, our death  
And every wizardly, cobwebbed vault  
Into opened gates of eternity,  
Into liberty for imprisoned man,  
For the wretched likes of you and me.

### II

And when Gabriel came  
With love from on high,  
With a trembling flame,  
Mary did not hesitate



To see her brave and mighty life  
As one to be fulfilled in a glorious fate.

And despite all strife  
She would live and die  
For the mendicants and the reprobate.

III

And at the station of the bloody base  
Of her only Son's cross of bitter, thorny wood  
Which for three hours stood  
He suffered to erase  
Our impossible debt. (Which, like the thief, all brothers  
By His mercy seem to steal.)

Our Lady did embrace  
Every terrible trace  
Of His radical sacrifice.  
(More than all others  
Possibly could.)  
For blazing fire and savage ice  
Was felt there unseen.

And every sword of her agonies did breach  
All understanding in the minds of men  
Which is still out of reach,  
Today, as then.

Hail, Holy Queen!  
Hail! Hail! Amen!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Notre Dame {en Frances}

je

Conçu par le cœur même de notre Seigneur,  
Au soleil de Judée,  
Dans le ventre de sainte Anne,  
Le miracle immaculé de Notre Sainte  
L'ombre de l'humilité  
Pour inaugurer le Fils de l'homme.

Dans un état de mystère ineffable,  
Notre-Dame née, de la lignée de David,  
Marié perfection à l'humanité  
Pour tous les âges,  
Pour tout voir.

Et si vous pouvez percer  
L'esprit de sa majesté  
Vous trouverez volontiers le sage en vous  
Pour comprendre la raison pour laquelle  
Eve a confondu le fruit avec un dieu.

Réjouis-toi dans cette faute propice  
Et reconnaissez l'étrange et apparemment étrange.

Célébrez le plan étonnant de notre rédempteur  
Qui a transformé victorieusement notre douleur, notre mort  
Et chaque coffre-fort sorcier  
Dans les portes ouvertes de l'éternité,  
En liberté pour l'homme emprisonné,  
Pour les misérables comme toi et moi.

II

Et quand Gabriel est venu  
Avec amour d'en haut,  
Avec une flamme tremblante,  
Marie n'a pas hésité  
Pour voir sa vie courageuse et puissante  
En tant que personne à accomplir dans un destin glorieux.

Et malgré tous les conflits  
Elle vivrait et mourrait  
Pour les mendiants et les réprouvés.

### III

Et au poste de la base sanglante  
De son fils unique, croix de bois amer et épineux  
Qui a duré trois heures  
Il a souffert pour effacer  
Notre dette impossible. (Qui, comme le voleur, tous les frères  
Par sa miséricorde semblent voler.)

Notre-Dame a embrassé  
Chaque trace terrible  
De son sacrifice radical.  
(Plus que tous les autres  
Peut-être pourrait.)  
Pour le feu ardent et la glace sauvage  
On s'y sentait invisible.

Et chaque épée de ses agonies a violé  
Toute compréhension dans l'esprit des hommes  
Ce qui est encore hors de portée,  
Aujourd'hui, comme alors.

Salut, Sainte Reine!  
Saluer! Salut! Amen!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ode À Paul Verlaine

Ode à Paul Verlaine

Verlaine, Verlaine, où êtes-vous allé? Mes pensées, aujourd'hui, soufflées par le vent, vous ont vu dans un tamarin de Kendal Green, qui a balancé dans le sirocco ivre. Je peux vous voir maintenant, dans une cour majestueuse, où les amateurs de rêves frappés par la mer, dans un état impeccable de félicité, tous les bardes, comme vous, d'une manière mystique. Et vos versets - ah! C'était vraiment votre cœur! Ne jamais colorer ni teinte, mais nuance (en bleu) Glamé sur les roseaux que vous avez marché sur la rue. Comment vous avez pleuré dans les vallées lorsque votre amour est parti! Maintenant, la poussière des bibliothèques couvre le roi qui a fait un ciel hors de la souffrance, et du marbre noble hors de l'argile sans forme. Oh! Comment je me réjouirai, Quand, avec une voix singulière, Nous serons comme un seul dans le jour éternel!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ode To Edgar Allan Poe

## ODE TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

The tall, ruined tower, by the sea of sable wine,  
Where silver stars alight, in the moonless night,  
Is the seat of a raven which rarely takes flight;  
Its dark eyes look down on the scorpions of the brine.

With each chilling breeze that poison billows carry  
From dusky, northern currents of the half-swallowed pier,  
Heard in the dreadful hall, where heads and horror marry,  
Are whispers of the dead beneath a swinging chandelier.

A skeletal sister clutches for a face  
In the blackness of the castle's most deserted place,  
Wrought by the hand of madness, not ended.

In the screaming, wild wind, from splintered coffins wail the damned;  
The raven wraps his talon around the weird sister's hand.  
All this is Poe- his hells have all ascended!

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ode To Elizabeth Barrett Browning

ODE TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

In my wanderings to the south of Spain,  
In sallow dales, in the Portuguese sun,  
I picked each hyacinth, one by one,  
To bequeath to a girl with a long, black mane.  
We walked hand in hand as a storm arose  
In the dew clad valley where rainbows did grace  
The astonishing light of her beauteous face,  
In a garden where the vines are married to the rose.  
And when comes our next existence  
Who can say,  
When we go at the end of our stubborn insistence  
That we live not in vain, neglecting to pray?  
So let us walk in peace, in splendid, gilded days,  
Unafraid to earn heaven, in wondrous ways.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Ode To Paul Verlaine

Ode à Paul Verlaine

Verlaine, Verlaine, où êtes-vous allé? Mes pensées, aujourd'hui, soufflées par le vent, vous ont vu dans un tamarin de Kendal Green, qui a balancé dans le sirocco ivre. Je peux vous voir maintenant, dans une cour majestueuse, où les amateurs de rêves frappés par la mer, dans un état impeccable de félicité, tous les bardes, comme vous, d'une manière mystique. Et vos versets - ah! C'était vraiment votre cœur! Ne jamais colorer ni teinte, mais nuance (en bleu) Glamé sur les roseaux que vous avez marché sur la rue. Comment vous avez pleuré dans les vallées lorsque votre amour est parti! Maintenant, la poussière des bibliothèques couvre le roi qui a fait un ciel hors de la souffrance, et du marbre noble hors de l'argile sans forme. Oh! Comment je me réjouirai, Quand, avec une voix singulière, Nous serons comme un seul dans le jour éternel!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

## Ode To Spring (A Sonnet)

When every perfumed petal opens to the light,  
In the turquoise air of our majestic sight,  
Canticles play, and cathedral bells ring  
Praising The Virgin; hail the end of suffering! -  
When every floret is in bloom  
Where lovers go dreaming as bride and groom  
Golden orchids and the redolent rose  
Give glory to balconies, bowers and the grove.  
Through high, wavering, wondrous grasses of green  
Touched by the sun, in every garden-close,  
The young donning dappled garments rove.  
And where every crystal brook is seen,  
Rushing in the somnolent, scented breeze,  
Rejoice, one and all, beneath the gilded trees!

John Lars Zwerenz



# Of A Dark-Eyed Lady

I ventured out in the dew at dawn,  
To the florid countryside,  
Walking on an emerald lawn,  
Dreaming of a youthful bride.

There brooks of blue,  
Lit by the sun,  
Ran flowing through  
Gardens and glades.  
One by one,  
In the scented boon  
Of amaranthine shades,  
I discovered at noon: -  
Forested promenades!

I came upon a marble square,  
Where a princess roved, with sable hair!  
(She was dressed in ancient style.)  
There were rhapsodies in her diamond eyes,  
And moonbeams in her smile.

Then the rays of the amber sunlight,  
Ascended with a redolent breeze,  
As our impassioned sighs  
Reached their flowery height  
In the canticles of the turquoise skies,  
In the cello of our ecstasies.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Of She Whom I Love

## OF SHE WHOM I LOVE

Her hair is softly curly, wavy, black and long;  
Her gazes are of wine, and of a sailor's song.  
She prays to the Virgin, in the courtyard of the church,  
And petitions eternal love, before a shrine below the birch.

She praises what is holy; she is faithful and secure.  
Of lovely things she muses on; she is humble in her dress.  
She awaits a man of virtue; she dreams of his caress,  
As she walks among the statues; her thoughts are sacred- pure.

Her countenance is doubly fair;  
It is of an angelic, pristine white;  
She hides from the world, with a regal air.

Her heart and mind are filled with vespers of delight.  
She keeps to herself; she is sparing in speech.  
Her scent is of a queen, and of the blossoming peach.

□

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# On Christmas Evening

On Christmas Evening

On Christmas Evening, azure hued,  
Upon the snow clad trail, rosy, warm and good,  
My love and I, with love imbued,  
Shall wander to the glistening wood,  
To find the nook we have pursued  
In dreams of an amorous kiss:  
A cozy nook beneath the feathery bliss  
Of quivering myrtles, among a courtyard of white.  
We shall rove through the brisk and sacred air,  
In a nimbus of sure delight,  
Snug in our sweaters, holding hands,  
Free of all care,  
In the hush of the moonlight -  
Vowing mystic wedding bands.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# On Entering Heaven

I ventured out among crystals,  
Invisible to all but God.  
Passing through thoughts neither prosaic nor odd,  
But feeling every good emotion,  
I traversed beyond the sea of stars,  
Beyond the firmament's fantastic ocean.  
I ascended beyond the russets of Mars,  
Beyond the gilded rings of Saturn,  
Above the coveted curve of space,  
I gazed down upon the innumerable beams,  
And their roving planets  
Which seemed as small as stones  
Glistening in streams  
To my widely enlightened eyes.  
I met flowers in bowers among a wreath of musical sighs.  
I met Saints and angels, one by one,  
In a new, incredible diamond sun.  
I heard harpsichords play  
In the amber light of their melodic sway,  
And I took delight reclining in the furrows of gilded hay,  
In those wavering dales of boundless day.  
I rejoiced to see a cloister filled  
With blooms of summer over-brimming  
With every hue of the dreamer swimming  
Through every petal, swaying yet stilled,  
In a photograph of becoming  
Which became.  
And I found my queen by the laughing, white brook  
Where she told me her beatific name,  
And I undertook  
Loving. And I loved her just the same  
As I did upon the earth.  
And in her gleaming gaze's birth  
She sang to me  
A soft, delicious melody  
Which flowed from the mountains  
To the courtyard and its slender, white fountains  
As the carriage of The King came to take us away  
Into a higher, brighter light

Devoid of stars, devoid of night,  
Of purity, bliss- and eternal day.

John Lars Zwerenz

# On My Way To Boston

ON MY WAY TO BOSTON

Marigolds sway behind the vine-clad lattice.  
I stroll on my way to Boston, drinking from a chalice.  
The winds are from the north, and my lady awaits  
For the gift of my verse, and a new bouquet.  
There are many white sails drifting in the bay.  
Some ferry up the river as the sunlight abates.  
I shall call for my love at the end of day,  
And take her to my wooden carriage.  
We shall kiss among its cushions of white,  
And speak of love and sanctified marriage.  
And when arrives the violet skies of night  
We shall ride through Harvard and Beacon Hill,  
And every poem she reads of mine  
Shall fill her bosom with a redolent sunshine,  
More tender than the daffodil.

~ JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# On Our Way To The Sea

## ON OUR WAY TO THE SEA

We sit upon blue cushions, in our carriage of black.  
The sunlight paints your raven hued hair,  
As it gently trails down your voluptuous back,  
In the scented breezes of the soft, summer air.

We are leaving our Tudor and its grand, vast arbors,  
Gliding to the bright, enchanting harbors,  
On a voyage on the lanes of the florid countryside,  
As man and woman, bridegroom and bride.  
We ferry to the boundless, effulgent ocean.

On a thalassic course, inhaling every scarlet potion,  
We caress in the corner of the coach, bathed in blooms,  
Leaving behind our palatial rooms.

Your beauteous eyes, so rapturously,  
Struck with the lavender, starry light  
Of the billowing, elysian, twilit sea,  
Beneath the regal skies of the nascent night,  
Is the source of all my felicity,  
For the love you give from heaven saves.

Let us dive into the azure waves!  
Let our passions peak in the sweet brine aflame!  
Let the wind forever speak your name!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Once I Did Love You

In the summery eve, among the brush,  
I trailed through reeds and grasses lush  
With the somnolent scent of a symphony.  
In the grotto by the starry sea,  
I swam with phantoms gleefully,  
All the time in love with you.  
Now the eminent skies of an azure hue,  
Tossed here and there by a straying, gray billow  
Speaks only your name,  
Above the oak and the willow.  
And I shall never be the same,  
Having loved you as I did in the glade,  
In the sighing wood, clothed in shade,  
When your raven tresses thrilled me and made  
The amber dawn on the russet lawn  
Reveal you as a queen, and me as a pawn.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Ophelia

## OPHELIA

In the still of her bedroom  
Candles on her mantles glow.  
They quiver and gleam  
As a demon does dream  
In the fog near the sheets  
Which cover her window.

And on the terrace where she meets  
The solitary moon  
The nascent night  
Arrives too soon  
With gloomy clouds  
Which traverse the firmament.  
Like burial shrouds -  
All death is permanent.

A hopeless sinner moans and dies  
And is banned as he crosses the despairing skies  
In silence over the wintry dales  
Where the last of the sunlight  
Perishes and pales.

And in Ophelia's lifeless, stony gray eyes  
There dwells no sadness  
No sobs, no cries,  
As she retreats into her chamber of sin.

A wanton madness  
Wanders through the rattling din  
Of her vacant soul,  
Unchaste, unwhole,  
As a baleful breeze  
Sails through her hallway as a dark disease.

For evil reigns whenever it allows  
The laughs in her head  
For her husband lies dead -

Damned in a lake of scarlet red,  
Where he lies stabbed twice in a bath of fleas  
Outside below the boughs  
Of leafless trees.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Our Bastion By The Sea

Our Bastion By The Sea

Let us walk barefoot in the morning dew,  
Upon the fresh grass,  
As the hours pass.  
Let me think of naught but you,  
As we stroll upon the path among the greenery.  
We shall find flowers bright,  
In the celestial scenery.  
And your fine, fair neck,  
Of an aromatic, alabaster hue,  
Shall perfume the wooden deck  
Beside the undulating sea.  
And you shall think of naught but me,  
As the palm trees shiver  
Wondrously in the breeze aquiver  
Which cradles the blooms by the lutescent beach.  
No blessed boon shall be out of reach.  
The meadow is alive with butterflies;  
And your dusky, sweet eyes  
See only my chest and face.  
I shall take you to a sacred place,  
Where roses cast a comely spell,  
Aside the bubbling, azure-blue well.  
And I shall remove my shirt,  
To receive your kisses of passion and grace,  
As your eyes are enticed by my masculine beauty.  
We shall be basked in a tender symphony,  
Which comes from the spacious drawing room,  
In our palace of white, blue and gray.  
Devoid of all darkness and gloom,  
This melody shall have its glorious sway,  
Painting purple sunsets at the end of day.  
And when your delirious kisses find their way  
Into a deeper expression of our love,  
The fountains in the courtyard shall rise above  
To the glistening firmament, which lends more glory to the dying day.  
Then the soft ascension of the mystic moonlight  
Shall clothe with veils the statues in the square.

And I shall sanctify your lips  
With reciprocal kisses in the summery air.  
We shall stray to the gilded archway,  
Alone with God, in a garden of white,  
Where marble seats have been crafted for our delight.  
We shall gaze into the shadows of one another's eyes,  
And I shall know what it is to be you,  
And you shall know the poet's skies.  
For our psyches shall blend in spirit and in mind,  
In our beauteous bodies,  
Of a glorified kind.  
And our deep, romantic colloquies  
Shall be said without sighs,  
Without one word, o, musician of reticence!  
No longer plagued by the burden of concupiscence,  
We know freedom in our caresses, and bye and bye,  
The moonlight dresses the bastion's curtains,  
With a tranquility no soul can deny.  
There are no rains,  
For the heavens are dry,  
And bestow only sunlight and moon glow,  
To the heights of the spires,  
To the gardens below.  
I regard your ardor as sacred fires,  
Never to be extinguished,  
Only to linger, languished.  
For here in paradise we only know  
Profound repose in between our peaks  
Of passionate union- and who can tell  
After the end of time  
You may indeed become a mother,  
And I a father, weaving rhyme.  
The brook beside our bastion is lined with moss,  
Watercress and eglantine.  
And the tender breezes gently toss  
The roses in the archway, the lilacs and the vine.  
Take my soft, manly hand into your own.  
Let us lie gazing at the setting sun,  
Among the brooks and the marble, amid the walls of stone,  
Until we are once more perfectly one.  
All of heaven softly sleeps  
When we bestow our hearts, each to each;

Even The Trinity allows us to be alone in a way.  
So we can love in privacy,  
In the dewy meads, in the dales, in the tall, slender hay.  
And the swan on the lake joyfully leaps,  
Next to the oaks which bend their leafy heads into the pool.  
(We both were raised in Mary's school.)  
And still more beauty, absorbed by your eyes,  
Of lofty boughs, of cypress trees,  
Stirs within you further symphonies,  
As a rainbow paints the clearing skies.  
The night, gently rising,  
Over us, in the field,  
Is a portent of rapture  
Which the moon is sure to yield.  
Let us capture  
Each mellifluous song,  
Eloquent, majestic, exquisite and long,  
In our ballroom which overlooks the borders of the bay.  
We shall dance tonight,  
Until the night slips away.  
Entranced with your gaze,  
And you with mine,  
We shall glide across the ivory floor,  
Bejeweled with turquoise, swirling in the bright,  
Golden, gilded candlelight.  
Your long, white dress  
Shall twirl in my caress,  
As we witness  
The moon rise and fall.  
Our love profits others, one and all.  
So Christ has blessed our union most graciously,  
As we dance in the evening, into the golden dawn;  
Outside the willow trees brush softly against the silvery lawn,  
Where we walked without shoes in the morning dew,  
By our bastion near the rolling, azure sea.  
And I shall think of naught but you.  
And you shall think of naught but me.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Our Chambers (A Sonnet)

## OUR CHAMBERS

The splendorous ocean, the broad, vast sea  
Billowing beneath the arch of the sky,  
Enraptures our souls, as we dream and sigh,  
Engulfed in a radiant harmony.

The courtyard by the grotto, clad with vines,  
Where the white statues made of marble rise  
With slender fountains, in a solemn wise,  
Serenades the mountains, laden with pines.

The pleasure of the peaks, in somnolent array  
Refreshes our gazes, and our hearts which pray  
For bliss come the vespers, the stars and their plumes.

Now that the rivers swoon with rosy blooms,  
(Below the bright terrace, they flow in the light)  
We shall kiss in our rooms, in the moon glow of night.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Our Love

Our love was an ivory boon,  
Which reigned with the angels in the night.  
We would kiss beneath the moon,  
Among the statues in the light.  
But your death arrived too soon,  
And so soared our felicity out of sight,  
Which was once so gold, which was once so bright.

Now all that I can ponder,  
All that I can see,  
Is your fair face over yonder,  
In a court of majesty,  
Surrounded by slender, radiant fountains,  
Where in a haze, you dream,  
In the square beyond the mountains,  
Lazing by a falling stream.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Par Le Lac

Par le lac

Modeste dans votre habit de soirée,  
vous asseoir dans l'herbe d'or,  
Au milieu de l'indécision de cresson,  
perdu dans de somptueuses gamines de vieux.  
Et dans vos rêveries ensoleillé  
tandis qu'un orchestre symphonique soupire sur les balcons,  
les montagnes dans le lointain, lumière violette  
lueur au-delà de la cour les statues des blancs  
où la première diamond orbent de nuit  
approche de voiles de violet lumineux.  
Comment je rêve de vous toucher dans les roseaux au bord du lac,  
et inspire les nombreux parfums que votre sable tresses qui  
transportés par le vent m'amène à rêver,  
d'un silencieux en bois, et un flot d'écoulement.

John Lars Zwerenz

soumis: Jeudi 08 mai 2014

John Lars Zwerenz



# Paradise

## PARADISE

We wandered in the sand by the sloping, frothy ocean,  
Pondering on naught but freedom and devotion,  
In the afternoon sun which resembled ancient Greece,  
Exalted beyond all comparison.  
Apollo has been amassed by The Holy Church,  
And among the glistening, ivory colonnade,  
The scented winds release  
A serenading perfume upon the willows and the birch,  
Where the dappled shadows fade,  
Possessing ambers, china blues and jade.  
We walked still further to behold Doric columns which stood  
Among squares of terra cotta statues and the boundless wood,  
And we kissed amid the daisies, fragrant with the spring.  
We heard the triumphant voices of many angels sing,  
As you capriciously took my masculine hand,  
And led me to the fields which play beneath the cloudless sky.  
A breeze scattered gold upon the lakes of the land,  
As we kissed once more, and fell into a sigh.  
Then the night ascended with its marigold reeds,  
And we wandered further into the moonlight,  
Barefoot upon the dew of the bright, eternal meads.  
There radiant winds carried your perfume,  
As we roved among the colonnades of white,  
In harmony with every bloom,  
We beheld the spirit of Iris,  
And tasted her rainbows beneath the boughs of a marvelous cypress.  
Then, infinity more glorious than the myths of Zeus,  
Christ appeared as a soothing boon.  
In that splendid, astonishing, Ossianic moon  
He blessed our love, and leaving your tresses loose,  
A summery zephyr parted your mane.  
We wandered nude on the beach in the silver rain,  
Beside the massive, swelling, azure blue brine.  
We sipped each delicious, intoxicating wine  
Which flowed mellifluously from the streams,  
Through the glistening, starry, amber sands.  
Then tall, ornate Corinthian towers,

Situated among the spacious bowers,  
Redolently crafted by God's unspeakable hands,  
And gilded with ineffable wreaths of art,  
Led our minds to dreams  
Of a troubadour's song.  
How we loved in those gardens with all our heart!  
Then we fell into a symphony, languorous and long,  
Of ecstatic beatitude, of a pearl-bedecked beauty,  
Which illuminated every orb fantastically,  
Until diamonds rose from the rapturous ocean,  
To scarlet skies where the blossoming dawn  
Fed us every scarlet potion.  
And as we lay upon the emerald lawn,  
In the great, green garden, in that wondrous dawn  
Which arrived yellowish and gold and ivory white,  
With the sun behind it - to the sun's delight.  
Your lips became as wine, delicious to behold,  
As they inhaled the stars and the sunlight's gold,  
Our passion rose like a furious fire,  
In that good, majestic, mighty and bold  
Sun of the morning's bright desire.  
And your sunlit, sable, liquid eyes  
Gazed up at the blue, paradisaal skies,  
Overwhelmed with gratitude, ecstasy and bliss,  
As a sanctified breeze swayed the sighing cypress.  
We beheld The Blessed Trinity and fell into the Father's kiss.  
And our spirits ascended above the wide palms,  
Of the wavering, emerald tree,  
To the golden realm of David's psalms,  
To the wedding feast above the sea.  
And we passed through veils,  
Brighter than all suns, in a radiant, blue glory,  
Where the Holy Virgin hails  
Her Omnipotent Son, with regal praises of an alabaster sanctity.  
And at the height of heaven The Father took our hands,  
As His Son bound us in eternal bands,  
And His Spirit roved around us gleefully,  
Pouring me into you,  
And you into me.  
Now we behold our mansion by the gleaming yew.  
O, my lover, come with me!  
Let us drink from the carafe this Kingdom's wine,

In the ballroom, in the study,  
In the courtyard strewn with the carmine rose,  
In the cloister with its glittering vine.  
And when your dusky eyes shall close,  
In that tower which overlooks the shore,  
In the sacred night  
I shall kiss you evermore,  
There where you lie  
In our chamber where the light  
Shall nevermore die.  
Come, my love, my lover, my friend -  
Our happiness is our perpetual end,  
The infinite our delight!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Passion

## PASSION

I look upon the moon, just dazing,  
At its alabaster fingers, flowing, hazing,  
As they set over the briars and the sallow reeds,  
The myrtles, the oaks and the minty, fresh,  
Scattered, breeze-ferried seeds  
Which settle like snow  
Upon your pale and supple flesh!

The cormorants quivering below  
Adore you and that lovely look I know: -  
(Your sweet, capricious countenance,  
And your pert,  
Regal, raven bow.)

Let us dance;  
Lift your skirt,  
Pace your pretty feet  
Upon the dirt,  
Next to the statutes, the belvedere,  
Where the roses and the vines meet.

The terra-cotta sculpture  
Far and near  
Shall gloriously capture  
The gleam of your pearly, milk-white toes.

Let us wander where the billowing turf flows,  
Into the hush of the fragrant countryside,  
Where lush, rare, redolent blooms abide!

And after you have run into the tide  
Of tall, tender bushes, with blades green and wide  
You shall recline  
In the emerald wine  
Of the holly hay,  
Of the boundless meadow.  
And I shall love you in that furrow,

Until every long ray  
Of the moon has died.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Paul (Ode To A Teacher)

PAUL (Ode To A Teacher)

Young, aesthetic bound, painting sage,  
Of a horse-ridden canopy, of a timeless age,  
Your azures, carmines, your expansive hues  
Dot with diamond stars firmaments of blues,  
And the bows of fair Maidens who listen as they rove  
To your Siren songs by the dappled grove  
Which seep like honey into their hearts,  
Instilling virtue, form and ruling darts  
Laced with heaven's truth, its wine.

They pass beneath the academic trees,  
On the campuses of high schools, colleges, the vine,  
Learning of our Catholic ways  
In an embryonic, open haze  
As roses aloft, graced by your lovers  
Who dwell on pages, gilded, sown.

And the student discovers  
On glaciated glades  
Bewitching serenades  
Before unknown.

Of darkness or elation,  
The empirical tabulation  
Of your bounteous knowing  
Descends as whispering images, snowflakes.  
And the drifting white mounds, forever growing,  
Where angelic sounds ring from cathedral heights  
Awakes  
The flickering, ascending lights  
In the ageless torpor of the young,  
Those wind-blown, wavering, open flowers  
To new rhapsodies in time, to literary bowers  
Where consummating songs have yet to be sung.

~ John Lars Zwerenz



# Poetry

## POETRY

First and foremost choose a song that is bright,  
Let your rhyme be scented like a brook in the spring,  
When mountains glow, when courtyards sing,  
When the strains of fountains sob at night.

Let your lines be of the wavering rose.  
Let your each syllable sweetly disclose  
A petal dew-kissed, of that morning flower,  
Married with vines, on a wall of stone.  
Let your stanzas speak of that sacred hour  
When you walk with your lover, in the scented shade,  
Kissing with your eyes alone,  
By glistening statues, on a marble promenade.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Purgatory

## PURGATORY

I went down into Sheol, where all my bones  
Were numbered like knots of whited rope;  
All of them were broken; Bereft of all hope,  
In blackness I had awoken to a sky devoid of tones,  
To a sigh deprived of light.  
Yet in the dire dark of that good, sacred night,  
Faith beyond faith sustained my flight  
Through ghastly veils,  
And starless pales,  
Where shadows mocked my desperate plight.  
Then came the gold and regal dawn,  
As I raised my hands, tortured in torment,  
Upon an emerald, icy, dewy lawn,  
Hoping for the sun of noon,  
When Mother Mary's mantle, softer than the moon,  
Appeared in the firmament,  
And released me from my pain and fear.  
Then she softly smiled at me and said:  
'Better you suffer many hells here,  
Than one when you are truly dead! '

John Lars Zwerenz

# Purple Shades

## PURPLE SHADES

The purple shades of silhouetted heights  
Are one with the autumnal days and nights,  
Which sailing, scented with her name and blooms,  
Cast their wafting mignonettes into my rooms.

And the fallow grains which sob on the sea,  
Calling to our minds such an ecstasy,  
Weave a stream of roses and ivory cloves,  
Through two hearts in love, where sanctity roves.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Rapture

## RAPTURE

A freshet of blue,  
Framed by lilies and bright marigolds,  
Wanders, descending beside you,  
As every petal unfolds  
In the early morning dew.  
A shroud of light, a mist  
Surrounds our tryst  
Where the sight of a cardinal leaving his nook,  
Ascending from the scarlet bines,  
Alights as delicious wines  
Are taken from gazing at the brook.

In the redolent shade,  
Where scented breezes play,  
Vows are made  
Hidden from the day.  
And kisses taken near  
Marble seats and leafy sprays  
Enrapture and endear  
Our married minds  
Where nights and days  
Are of ardent kinds  
And passionate ways.

The cascading silvers, beside the green ponds  
Dance beneath the wavering fronds  
Lit by the nascent, weeping, white moon  
Invite your tresses to dangle in the woody haze  
As I caress you there where the angels laze,  
Where the gilded hedgerows are ablaze  
In our ecstasy, our boon.

In the oceanic tendrils of the soporific noon  
The sunlight, scattered through the willowy boughs  
Brightens the grasses, next to the stream  
Where we seem  
To transcend a rapture

Which only love allows,  
As your tender glances capture  
The eternal, in a dream.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Rejoice!

REJOICE!

I speak with a tongue from beyond the grave. Rejoice!  
O, you of the mutilated bodies, be of good cheer.  
You shall be granted gold for every tear,  
And you shall sing hosannas with a cherub's voice.

O, bitter sufferings, where is thy sting,  
After one has ascended to paradise?  
After one has been tried in fire and ice,  
One is crowned and wears a princely ring.

Once a slave to torment, a slave no more,  
I walk in amber, sunlit fields  
With God and my love where daylight yields  
An oceanic ecstasy which rejoices upon the Elysian shore.  
And the vistas here reflect no pain,  
For within only joy and rapture doth reign!

John Lars Zwerenz

# Remembrance

## REMEMBRANCE

When branches and boughs of sycamores sway  
In the nascent moonlight, languorous with song,  
My mind is enraptured with wistful and long  
Sonatas which pine at the close of day.

And when breezes mysteriously through tall reeds go,  
Wavering through pale grasses, like wraiths of old,  
In the somnolent chill of the autumnal cold,  
I recall your kisses in a summery glow.

Where have your tender busses fled to?  
Where have your warm caresses gone?  
The dour stream in the dale flows on,  
Beneath the star bedecked sky of blue.

And I am left alone with my pain and rue,  
In this solitary wood, clad with mist and gloom,  
Devoid of felicity, where no royal bloom  
Attends to my soul in my remembrance of you.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Renee

RENEE

In my hometown, there dwelled a fair maiden,  
Who lived in a castle near the Gulf of Aden.  
She would wander there in a spacious square,  
And with many rare perfumes she did grace the air.

Her mane was black and her tresses were long,  
And there lived in her gaze a sacred light  
Which would blend with the turrets in the moonglow bright,  
And her heart was always filled with a sanctified song.

Then one night she was taken far away  
By a Sultan's court to a cruel life at sea.  
And although she never returned to me,  
We now reside in an eternal day.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

## Robert Louis Stevenson, 1894

I shall go to the wine cellar  
And retrieve some cold chablis  
In this dreadful chill of winter,  
Empassed within a dour ennui.

Outside on the frozen dales,  
Aristocratic ladies change their faces  
In eerie, haunted, dusky places  
As the overwhelming daylight pales.

Yes, the tangerine sun -  
It weeps and wails,  
Delightful to no one;  
Oh, these doleful, maddening tales! -

If I could only find the gate,  
I would gladly assassinate  
My ghastly imaginations,  
Filled with innumerable specters of self hate;  
And bitter recriminations.

Perhaps it is too late?  
My dear, I am in the basement;  
Do come down here,  
And witness what I can not prevent.  
Every slice of the decaying casement  
Has left my breath without a vent -  
And all has turned to a fatal malice.  
And my face - Is it changed?  
Is this the fate heaven has arranged?  
O God, is there no solace  
For the damned and the deranged! ?

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz



# Romantic Love

Love the heart of all romance,  
Must be of the sacred, laughing brook,  
It must be of the eternal dance.  
It must of her sable, dark look,  
And of mine returning purity for purity.  
Romance is love and love is romance.  
It is of the azure, gleaming stream,  
It is glory beyond all ecstasy.  
It transcends all pines, all wines, all loftiness,  
It is not a fabled, windy dream.  
And when one is immersed in its ineffable caress,  
When diamonds are donning her wedding dress,  
The sun and the stars rise merely to greet  
Yet another height where lips do meet.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Salvation

Salvation

We take upon ourselves the sins of the world,  
Yet the world cannot suffer us;  
They cannot suffer us to be amongst them.  
For we are the opprobrium of the world.  
We are as lepers, and we are outcasts;  
Our breath is offensive to their eyes.  
Our steps, like cathedral bells,  
Protrude as eternal rings  
From the center of the sea,  
And call unto their minds such mystery.  
For the walking dead are we -  
Proof of that happy Kingdom  
Which to them means never - never land:  
A condition impossible to attain,  
From a cause they will never have to deal with,  
In their profound denial of indifference.  
For sayeth the fools: 'I do as I will,  
For I shall never die,  
And of God - there is nothing.'

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Scarlet Breezes

## SCARLET BREEZES

Scarlet breezes swirl through the square,  
Beckoning us to come  
In bright, elysian fare.  
A cello and a drum,  
Clarinets and trumpets  
Arise and stir and glitter in the fountain,  
Around your sable ringlets,  
In the cloister on the mountain.

There are diamond drops of rain  
In your long and raven, perfumed mane.  
Let us wander to the amorous refrain  
Of violins by the ivory colonnade.  
And there in the somnolent, redolent shade  
I shall take your tender, fair, white hands,  
Where only rapturous love commands,  
As we rove among the blooms,  
In the garden by the ocean,  
Reveling in deep emotion  
Beneath our gilded palace,  
And its grand, palatial rooms.

And I shall kiss your lovely face,  
In a state of imperial, gracious grace,  
To the chime of harps and wedding strains  
Which will emanate from daisies, dahlias and the breeze,  
From the chapels by the rustic lanes,  
Beneath the golden linden trees.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Scarlet Gales

## SCARLET GALES

A flurry of leaves kisses you, drink a jug of wine.  
Romeo, where art thou? - He has gone mad.  
The sobbing moon ascends, tender, warm and sad.  
In the ancient Roman wood there are bridges clad with vine.

Prometheus unbound relishes the winds,  
Changing his form as willows weep at dawn.  
There are scarlet petals on the emerald lawn,  
Where lindens blend with tamarinds.

Byron, are you still touched with fire?  
Do you still revel in the taint of blood?  
Do ruffled sleeves still grace your attire?

All poets are saved, like Noah from the flood.  
Be praised The Holy Trinity, there are diamonds in the dew,  
Where scarlet gales go wandering, a fragrance in the new.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Shadows

## SHADOWS

Tombstones cold, rolling white,  
To demonic eyes, in the wild moonlight,  
Release their fog beneath cryptic boughs;  
This is your hour, Judas! -  
This is the hour - Of shadows!  
Alas! -  
Where can be seen,  
Among dead branches, leafless and serene,  
The light of redemption  
In this sullen, unclean,  
Boggy throng of moldy meads.  
For this bone yard is devoid of any fruition -  
Save for the pricks of sallow, frozen reeds  
Which wrap their claws around the flesh  
Conquered by the worm which reigns.  
(When graves are fine to their taste - and fresh!)  
In their shallow caves where the stained woods bleed  
Will you share in their immortal pains -  
You who gazes here, smiling as you read?

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# She Walks Beyond

She Walks Beyond

She walks beyond the vine-clad stone,  
In the English shade, to a garden of sun.  
Her spirit and her flesh are one;  
She walks in peace, to the glade, alone.

There are ebonies which call her  
To epiphanies of yellow light.  
And when the scented breeze  
Through the linden trees stir  
She reveals herself as royalty  
In the diamond glow of heaven's sight.

And then,  
Next to a bench of marble in the garden,  
Where statues stand, clad with eglantines,  
A fountain rises to the cloudless sky  
Rejoicing in her beauty,  
With a silver sigh  
As her dark eyes gaze upon the sunny vines.

And all the earth is a symphony  
As every star sobs with majesty,  
Fair and solemn, sacred and of glory;  
She walks upon the promenade,  
Pondering rapture, and ecstasy  
In the melodious bower of the sanctified glade.  
Her thoughts are of felicity,  
As the lavender sunset touches every rose,  
With a summery grace,  
Bestowing gold upon her face,  
Where she walks in the little garden-close.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Snow In Paradise

Close Homer's new book  
With your adoring, ebony, liquid look,  
And come with me, my beloved, my dear,  
On a walk to the square,  
To the gold, immaculate shrine,  
To the ornate and spacious belvedere.  
We can pluck the many roses there  
Which gleam in the snow,  
Falling like flakes of alabaster wine.  
Come, my beloved, and let us go  
Into the village where the white brooks flow.  
We can meet the other lovers whose bliss  
Is touched by the grace of heaven's fleecy downs,  
Settling on store-front windows,  
On their roofs of amber-browns,  
As they rejoice in the warmth of a wintry kiss.  
Let us run to the water of the shaded, sweet lake  
Covered with a cheerful, diamond sheet  
Of ice and froth where the bending boughs meet.  
Come, my beloved, for loving's sake!  
Your coat will be black,  
A pea jacket that receives  
The descending crystals blown by the breeze  
To bless your woolly, sable-covered back,  
Among the glistening Christmas trees.  
For the perfumed wind no longer grieves-  
And harbors only ecstasies!

John Lars Zwerenz

# Son Baiser (Her Kiss)

Son baiser

afin de mesurer et mètre, mots et les rimes  
sont ce que j'entends lorsque cathédrale cloches du carillon.  
Mon verset est supporté dans le soft, parfumé breeze,  
et ferries pour le bleu, splendide,  
près de l'océan le ravissement des saules.  
Il vacille comme mon premier dont l'amour est juste et vrai,  
dont la passion est tendre, puis un puissant, Tonalité Violette  
possède son coeur, et elle devient tout brûlant.  
Son baiser est mélodique de gales: -  
la cadence harmonique de son nom.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Sunset

The long, willowy-dressed silhouettes in the greenery  
Of the hushed, lethargic square, above the dell,  
Cradles a cadence which wafts through the darnel,  
Of yesteryear, of a breeze-caressed harmony.

The Gallacian sunset, where church bells knell,  
In the soft damask of the shimmering sky  
Brings her face to my mind, her lips to my eye,  
As the red sun morphs into a bright pastel.

And the deluge of emotion  
Which rises from the distant ocean  
Leaves me dumb, speechless and shaking;

All my heart is wistful, pale and aching,  
As the sun sheds its wine over the mountain,  
And the courtyard sighs in the jets of a fountain.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Acropolis

Colonnades of white, erected by the sea,  
Clad with many towering vines,  
Cradle the arched temple splendidly,  
Where one breathes in the wind of wines.

Athena walks with golden hair,  
By hedgerows of green,  
In the summer air,  
Passing through the world unseen.

And with every path she paces on,  
A redolent, wafting, delicious scent  
Is rendered to the Parthenon,  
And to every fragrant bough that is bent.  
As her servants, invisible, duly rise  
To the realm of Zeus, in the azure skies.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Apollonian

The cosmic scholar wades down the lane,  
In an old, worn overcoat, consumed with thoughts of Kant.  
He ignores the plebeian dins, the constant rant  
Of passersby lost in epicurean pain.

And when the orange dusk descends  
Over store fronts selling papers and books,  
He purveys them wearily with soporific looks-  
As another twilit winter ends.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Art Of Poetry

## THE ART OF POETRY

First and foremost choose a song that is bright,  
Let your rhyme be scented like a brook in the spring,  
When mountains glow, when courtyards sing,  
Where the strains of fountains sob at night.

Let your lines be of the wavering rose.  
Let your each syllable sweetly disclose  
A petal dew-kissed, of that morning flower,  
Married with vines, on a wall of stone.  
Let your stanzas speak of that sacred hour  
When you walk with your lover, in the scented shade,  
Kissing with your eyes alone,  
By glistening statues, on a marble promenade.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

(From CRIMSON LEAVES AND OTHER POEMS)

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Autumn Lane

## THE AUTUMN LANE

By moss-clad benches, in the autumnal air,  
Beneath the swaying myrtle trees,  
Soft gales swirl the leaves around our knees,  
As they grace with scent your sable hair.

And as we trod upon the wooded lane,  
At one with the rising, fallow sun,  
Harpichords play, uniting us as one,  
In the lush, sweet song of the misty rain.

And as I lavish upon your russet lips  
A buss of passion, laced with thyme,  
We compose a flowing sonnet of rhyme.

And the moon, half hidden from our gaze,  
Transforms into radiant rays as it dips,  
Lauding our love in our boon by the bays.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Baby Grand

## THE BABY GRAND

The black baby grand,  
Caressed by a slender finger,  
By a young, red-haired's fair, small hand,  
(With her russet curlicues in a bow)  
Emits cadences that languishing, linger  
From the royal nook of the lady's parlor,  
Where she gazes through the stained-glass window  
Upon the florid, turquoise harbor;  
(A wave ascends, then reels,  
Circling down to the watercress.)  
Her patrician dress  
(One might confess)  
While modest, reveals  
Her soft, lavish knees,  
Where lilac-scented harmonies  
Ring from that medieval chamber,  
Out into the garden below,  
Through the half-open, bluish panes,  
Where the dahlias, slumbering, waver  
Now to and fro, now high, now low,  
Kissed by those amber, ghostly strains.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Beatific Queen

THE BEATIFIC QUEEN

IN EVERY SEASON, ON EVERY DAY,  
MAY EACH AND EVERY SOUL  
SING YOUR PRAISES, O MARY! -  
AND BE SUCCORED AT YOUR BREAST, FREE FROM ALL STRIFE.  
QUEEN OF ALL ARTISTS, ALL PRAYERS, ALL SONG:  
THOU ART THE MAJESTIC LADY OF A CLOUDLESS LIFE;  
A MOST RAVISHING MAID, NAUGHT BUT LOVE ALL ALONG.  
MISTRESS OF EVERY SANCTIFIED BLISS,  
YOU SHALL CONQUER ALL HEARTS, GRACING ALL BY YOUR KISS -  
AND ALL OF CREATION SHALL GLORY IN THIS!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

'Audi, fili, et accipe consilium intellectus, et ne abjicias consilia mea.'

AVE MARIA, GRACIA PLENA

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Bells Of Amiens

## THE BELLS OF AMIENS

Cold rain descends like mystic rhyme  
On the rustic, old town, forming a stream.  
Over cobblestone streets where lamplights gleam,  
Tall lindens hover as church bells chime.

I wander as a sailor through slender, amber reeds,  
Clad in a pea coat, raven and worn.  
The dusk had died, and the night is born.  
My stanzas, they pine. My spirit, it bleeds.

In a barn I stay, where the breeze exhales  
The scent of mignonettes which mingle with the moon,  
Fermenting potent liquors, of a summery boon.  
The hour has come for witches' tales.

Now that my lover has gone far away  
The stars which dance in the arched, nocturnal hues  
Carry my psyche to Parisian avenues  
Where we first embraced in the gilded day.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz



# The Billowing Reeds

The folding ivory, orphic ocean  
Sobs as it rises  
With shy, azure-blue, somnolent disguises,  
Evoking, with its waves, an amorous emotion.

Indistinct, a billow plays  
Upon the swept-back reeds,  
Which makes ones dizzy,  
In the late afternoon, summery haze.

Upon the sky the sunset bleeds,  
With a solemn, silver majesty.  
And you, beside me, naked in a bed of tall, wavering grasses  
Look upon the piers of the jetty,  
As the thyme-scented breeze  
Sighs as it passes.

Then the evening with its mysteries  
Covers like a velvet veil  
The hovering, foggy stars, the moonlight, pale,  
And the distant, glowing bars of campfires.

Then, rising with the warm, red wind,  
Beneath the airy, green cloak of a tamarind,  
Your feminine desires,  
Your feminine needs,  
Become one with the swallowing, hungry sea,  
As you recline in the reeds,  
Gazing at me.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Black Castle

## THE BLACK CASTLE

The wind swept with violence against the dreary panes,  
In my castle perched high among the mountains,  
Overlooking the square devoid of all fountains,  
Surrounded by woods bereft of paths or lanes.

From my cryptic chamber of incessant gloom  
I gazed down the candlelit corridor;  
(My blood it turned from hot to cold.)  
For leaving my dour, barely lit room,  
I heard creaking in a threshold,  
Lacking any door.

For once, quite very long ago,  
As I remember vividly so,  
My lover met death kneeling in despondency  
Where she placed a bouquet by her father's tomb.  
I reached into my coat, and raised a silver knife,  
And stabbed her in the back where no one did see,  
As her evil soul met eternal doom.  
(Such was the end of her malevolent life.)

Now four year hence I wander our estate,  
And on February nights when the halls echo death  
And the ominous sycamores clash in the breeze  
I hear her heart beating with a mortal hate  
And there, near the curtains I loose my bated breath  
As I behold her ghost, down below beneath the  
trees  
Clutching the knife I used that day.  
My nerves they fail, and I try to run away,  
Out through the window on the castle's other end.  
But before I could leap  
She appeared in a dreadful wise,  
With hatred in her heart, and demons in her eyes.

And she plunged that knife  
Within me deep;

And so ended my life  
As I forevermore keep  
The company of Satan  
As I groan and weep.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Black Concerto

## The Black Concerto

The dark keys reigned  
Upon the torrid harpsichord,  
Determined to destroy - disdained  
By the composer who begged The Lord  
To be free from the horror; devoid of light,  
The firmament sobbed in the Godless night,  
And wept upon the face of the tortured bard  
Who beckoned as he played,  
Revolted at the sight  
Of the crypt in his yard,  
To where his black mind strayed.

He pleaded and pined,  
As the demons dined,  
For his lover, for his wife,  
For a dim, dying star  
From his happy, former life -  
As the pyre expired from the final bar.

Then the curtains met with snow  
In the solitary room,  
Revealing as they wavered with the horrid glow  
Of his destiny captured  
In his funeral's gloom;

And the player fell, enraptured,  
In an ecstasy of pain -  
And the night consumed his psyche, utterly insane,  
As a demon laughed at his soul - forever undone.

And no sympathetic bell  
From a church saw the sun,  
As the sunless sun fell  
Through the leafless trees,  
To the tune of a lifeless, baleful breeze.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Black Night

## THE BLACK NIGHT

The sun by the ocean  
Always filled me with dread. -  
For my every emotion,  
Perceives only that  
Which is dark -  
Gloomy, oppressive -  
And dead.

From the time my mother rocked me  
In a crib of wool and wood,  
Until I came of age -  
I saw the sun as few men could.

Indeed that sun, over the sea,  
Hovered with a blackened eye  
So very very strangely.  
And neither the angels that sailed up high  
Nor my bride who kissed me  
Here below  
Could speak of this hellish blot I know.

And the world went spinning  
In the tempest of my mind  
As the clouds amassed  
In a way so unkind  
As to leave no remnant of that glow -  
For the light, bedeviled, shines no more -  
As I stare, astonished, on the sunless shore!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ {C} 2018 {TAKEN FROM "MYSTIC WINES"}  
Soon To Be Published

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Bower

The Bower

You fell asleep this morning,  
Beneath the rarified glow of our castle's tallest tower,  
As the burgeoning dawn was dawning,  
In the soft and tender cradle  
Of the spacious, florid bower.  
Your repose was sweet,  
As if your mind was drenched with wine,  
Poured from The Shepherd's golden ladle.  
You dreamt beside the white, wooden lattice  
Where the sprawling vines meet,  
Beside the stone wall, strewn with vine.  
Your beauteous soul ascended twice:  
Once to the massive, wavering oak trees;  
And once, with rapture, over the crystal ice  
Of the cozy, wintry pond,  
Carried on the brisk, matin breeze.  
And then for a third time,  
Your spirit went beyond,  
To the Cathedral's dome  
As its bells did chime,  
In the cloudless, hesperidian sky.  
You transcended the aesthetic heights  
Of Greece in its golden age, of Imperial Rome,  
Before the coming of Germanic knights.  
And your precious lips of red did sigh  
With a languorous, emotive, plaintive cry,  
Of ecstasy and passion. And bye and bye,  
You longed for my kiss and the caress of my hand.  
Your hair lay like diamonds upon the marble divan,  
And its scented tresses released a rapturous command,  
Over every corner of the florid bower,  
Over every bloom on the snowy, gilded lawn.  
And as midday ascended, leaving behind the gold, celestial dawn,  
The slender, blue brooks, with a sacred harmony  
Burst through their icy borders,  
And overflowed upon the drowsy reeds,  
The dahlias and the corianders,

Rushing to the feathery meads  
Which glistened like jewelry in the fantastic, pearl-white sun.  
Then your sable gaze and the light became one,  
As you awoke like an angel from your soft, sweet slumber.  
You drank in the diamond stars of the hydra,  
Of an innumerable number,  
And every other blessed gift which the noonday umbra  
Was pleased to bestow  
To your lovely gaze,  
Surrounded by the oaks and the oleanders,  
Which glimmered in the cloister's glittering glow.  
And in the wistful, dusky gems of your waking haze,  
More magnificent than each of the world's Cassandras,  
And filled with silvery-blue cascades,  
You took my hand and bequeathed to me  
In your state of beauteous, blinding bliss  
A wonderful, warm, womanly kiss  
As I raised you, embracing, from the marble divan.  
The saffron reeds awoke, half-dreaming and wan,  
Stretching their heads, indolently pale,  
Releasing burgundies, port and ale.  
We strolled slowly down the stone-paved trail,  
In a soporific, languishing, alabaster mist,  
At one with the velvet veil  
Which is the essence of heaven, the crown of our tryst.  
And in that Cupid's halcyon, Cyprian breeze  
We fell into another well,  
Lost in our felicitous, romantic spell,  
Of sanctified, sacred ecstasies.  
And the cherubim sang,  
As in the northern distance  
A church bell rang,  
Clad with soft, auriferous snow.  
It chimed high and low,  
To the glories of the mountains,  
To the glistening, sunlit fountains,  
To our reticent cloister, here below.  
And we passed as a god and goddess  
Beneath a towering colonnade,  
As we walked to the bower's rosy edge,  
Upon the sunlit promenade,  
To the heights of the florid ledge



Of the flowery cornice,  
More beautiful than dreams,  
Adorned with wines,  
Cool to the taste, melting from the streams  
Of mellifluous, floating, delicious ice  
Descending over the cliff to the sea,  
Beneath the massive, swaying pines,  
Which rumble so majestically.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Christian

## THE CHRISTIAN

If you could pierce through shades of gray  
Ringing tall towers clad with parapets of stone  
Which languish in the gold of day  
You would see I defeated Zeus alone.

And if you could perceive beneath the glow  
Which beams among glades which frame the sea  
In the boon of night, in a manner completely  
In merit I conquered the verse of Poe.

And if you traveled to regal places of birth  
Where their greatest boasts are their glorified kings  
Compare their gems with my Christian rings  
And you will find them wanting worth.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Cloister

## THE CLOISTER

Scented with myrrh, emerald and moonlit,

The silent temple of the cloister's blooms

Enraptures us as one, solitary spirit,

Outside of our mansion's curtained rooms.

Amid white statues and sprawling eglantines,

How sweet all life does seem.

The evening's hues upon the vines

Instill within our minds a dream.

And as the hours slowly pass, my love,

I hear cadences from oboes and cello,

Distant, distinct, sanctified and mellow,

As a sweet, scented breeze

Graces our naked knees

From the linden trees above.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Conservatory

Your song is a compelling, melodious flower,  
Which wavers gently through the alabaster parlor,  
On autumn afternoons when the piano is caressed  
By soft, slender hands, resplendently dressed.  
With the liveries of summer, glowing and gold,  
The myrtle-scented breezes outside renew the old,  
As they swirl around the oak trees with a misty, leafy ring,  
Absorbing the lutescent sunlight, amid bending boughs, wavering.  
Your fingers of white upon the ebony keys  
Breed a manifold delight, a mosaic of rapture,  
As your halcyon fragrance reaches out to capture  
From beneath your pretty knees  
A poet and a sage.  
What symphonies bleed in this timeless age  
Down the wall of vines,  
Of stucco, terra-cotta and violet wines!  
Your rhapsodies  
Are as zephyrs which languishing flee  
To the redolent seas  
Of ecstasy.  
And after your recital in the vast music hall,  
We shall wander on the grass,  
As the tender hours gently pass,  
Like sunlight on the vine-clad wall.  
We shall picnic on the verdant lawn,  
And your hair, of a dreamy, summer dawn,  
Parted in the middle, shall on your shoulders lay,  
Long, straight and raven, darker than the night.  
And beholding such a beauteous sight,  
I shall be rendered mute as a work of clay.  
And I shall love you there beneath that kendal-green tree,  
As you gaze upon the conservatory,  
And its lily-white chasm  
With liquid-filled eyes,  
Struck with a fair, delicious spasm  
Beneath the absinthe-tinted skies.

~ JOHN LARS ZWERENZ



# The Courtyard

## THE COURTYARD

I am drunk with waves, I am drunk with wine.  
I have returned from Spain with gold and gems.  
I have found my princess donning diadems,  
In the courtyard where the stones meet vine.

She wanders as a gypsy in the vast, marble square,  
Where slender fountains rise in the cool, spring air.  
Her home is up high, on the terrace of the tower,  
Where she sings of fair love to the trees above the bower.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Day Still Does Rise

THE DAY STILL DOES RISE

God's ardor trembles as thunders do roam.  
And although in hell pains have no end,  
He is glad when he sees it fit to send  
Wisdom given to help us home.

For I was cast out among the devil's mead,  
Savagely bruised in a toxic rain  
Where his cold and furious, mortal disdain  
Procured for him a smile as a saint did bleed.

Yet the sunny dawn of day still did rise  
Over hills and castles wonderfully lit again,  
Housing pretty young maidens and cheerful old men  
Tending to an ever new empirical surprise.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Duchess

What did I find in a snow-clad grove of pines,  
More gilded than gold, beneath a bending, emerald bough,  
Which brought an excess of joy, more than earth does allow,  
More serene than a pond, more mellifluous than wines? -

Half-sleeping, upon a marble divan, swept by the wintry air,  
I found a rosy-eyed duchess reclining in that scented, wooded land.  
She possessed the gaze of a portrait graced by God's benevolent hand,  
As breezes laced with mignonette touched her sacred, raven hair.

What did I find within the woolly softness of her greenish, watery, youthful stare?

A royal haven for a princely poet roving through a cold December.  
She wore a ring from the House of David, and was clothed in the finest fur.  
Then she gave me her hand to kiss. I knelt in the pearly snow, in that good,  
majestic air.  
And we walked betrothed, like two leaves, lifted high upon a wondrous gale.  
Ave Maria, gracia plena, and holy Catholic heaven, hail!

John Lars Zwerenz



# The Duchess {a Sonnet}

## THE DUCHESS {A SONNET}

In the softness of the warm and sunny, sunlit spring,  
Up high, upon the dappled cradle of a terrace,  
Above the vast wood, where the gleaming streams race,  
I can hear the tender voice of my lady sweetly sing.

Her mane is long and black, and her face is fair, divine,  
And the many beauteous aspects of her soul's felicity  
Graces her every song of the breeze with sanctity,  
Which enchants every tree in the redolent air of wine.

And as the cool, nascent evening rises with the moon,  
My heart falls into a rapturous boon  
Struck by her eyes of a brownish, bright hue.

She descends from the balcony, as the sighing, elysian dew  
Rejoices in the shadows where all ecstasies await  
As my duchess does draw near, through her garden's open gate.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Eve

When the brandy scented breeze  
Sways your long tresses  
As you smile in your chamber,  
Arranging your dresses  
A throng of gilded myrtle trees  
Sheds gold, green and amber.

Yet in the eve when candles gleam  
In the hallways of your castle's gloom  
A dead man comes into your room  
And makes your life a horrid dream.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The First Sonnet

## The First Sonnet

She is from France, there are roses in her hair.  
She leans calm, pristine, against the wall of the church,  
Beneath soft, white willows and chestnut colored birch.  
Her lips glisten in the sun, russet, warm and fair.

She arrived from stony chambers, over the sea,  
Where she was raised a princess in her father's court,  
Who taught her reverence from hardship and majesty.  
She is angelic in her ways, a dreamy sort.

And when the sky turns sad, gleaming with gray and blue,  
She is clad in a pea coat, lost in reverie.  
And she turns her sable head, graceful towards me.  
(The stars sob with light, tender, filled with rue.)  
And she alights like a ghost from the marble divan,  
To walk upon the fields, so hopeful, old and wan.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Flowers By The Ocean By John Lars Zwerenz

## THE FLOWERS BY THE OCEAN

We sat by the rolling, exuberant sea.  
Among the florid gardens which surrounded us there,  
There were tall, ivory columns which stood in majesty,  
Above the sprawling enclosures which were radiantly fair,  
Framed by vine clad, teeming walls,  
Where ogives led to mystery.  
And drinking our fill in celestial balls,  
We heard carillons play in a charming wise.  
Their rapturous strains of lullabies  
Lulled us into dreaming,  
Of soporific sapphires, jades and ambers, paradisaal blues.  
The sky was cloudless,  
And we roved among the fleur-de-lis, the blissful summery, gleaming hues.  
We ran down to the meadow,  
In the cradle of the moon.  
And we wandered barefoot in the meads where every sacred, sanctified boon  
Revealed itself in the warmth of your kiss.  
The heavens remained cloudless,  
And the grasses in the field  
Intoxicated our enlightened minds  
With the effulgent potions that they yield.  
The bands which bound us were of eternal kinds.  
I watched you as you slept, after our stroll,  
In the chamber of the study,  
Ornate with silver, diamonds and gold.  
And in the distance, the cathedral bells tolled,  
As you reclined, your raven mane, which framed your fair face,  
Upon your white pillow, dressed with the dew,  
Fell like stars with an astonishing grace.  
Outside the poplars called to you,  
Swaying by the ponds, beyond the alabaster, marble square,  
Where carriages await to take us tomorrow into the florid countryside,  
With me as your husband, and you as my bride.  
Our bedroom where the fire glows  
Is of only peace, and soft repose.  
Your fair cheeks blossom with the tint of a blushing rose,  
As you dream of my embrace, you remove your dress,

Your wedding clothes.  
And you bathe in the warmth of my tender caress,  
Swooning in your chamber of a regal, pearly white,  
As the moon appears through the curtained, glass pane,  
Announcing the arrival of the nascent night,  
As I place my lips upon your face and mane.  
The firmament is painted with a canopy of light.  
As the windows in our tower receive the laughing rain,  
Which speaks of love and its reticent hour.  
We shall awake from our ardor, and walk into the shower,  
Looking up at the fountains, and the statues of terra cotta.  
We shall mingle with the moonlit ryes, ports and burgundies.  
And drink them in the narrow archway,  
Studded with blossoms, red like the dawn.  
There the fragrance of heaven shall make its descent  
And speak of only eternal love,  
From the exalted boughs which hover above,  
Of emeralds, of violets, of coriander like flowers.  
We shall take our union to the seas,  
Beneath the ascending, china blue stars,  
In those sacred, silent, boundless bowers,  
to the wistful, haunting harmonies,  
Of mystical, white guitars.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The French Revolution

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Amid the din  
Of factories which lie within,  
Where can one go,  
What can one do-  
But think of Rousseau,  
And Montesquieu?  
And when the mired mind of Robespierre  
Wrought chaos in the Parisian square  
Of the stony, old Bastille  
Bonaparte began to roll the wheel  
Of tyranny in his reddish psyche.  
He inhaled the sea  
Of azure brine,  
Waiting for the rhapsody-  
That horrid, fateful line: -  
'Death to the Monarchy! '  
Ah! How he reveled in France's foolery,  
When the masses hailed 'Liberté, égalité, fraternité! '  
And then, like harpies,  
Released from on high,  
With a devastating cry  
Waterloo's cacophonies  
Ended the nation's futile sigh,  
Born of The Enlightenment,  
Of blood, stupidity and death.  
Now France's firmament  
Resembles a wistful, indifferent breath.  
(And I meditate, as I write this text,  
On America, that once great land -  
That she just might be next  
To collapse into the oceans' sand!)

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Garden

## THE GARDEN

In the golden tuft of the morning flower,  
In the delicacy of spring, in the fragrant hour,  
When green boughs sing in the florid bower,  
We shall wander by the yew trees,  
By the rolling, blue stream,  
And inhale the many symphonies  
Which lead us to dream  
Of a wedding in the sun,  
Where we, as lovers, hand in hand,  
Shall become evermore as one  
As a mystic rose,  
Within the glistening garden-close.  
A sanctified and sacred band,  
United beneath a canopy of lights  
Shall take us to where rare candlelights  
Are lit in the borders of the bright enclosure.  
Beneath paradisial heights  
Where our ardor is secure,  
We shall fathom our eternal bond  
Amid the lilacs of the azure square,  
And I shall kiss your lips and roving hair,  
Glimpsing realms beyond  
That garden there.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Ghost

## THE GHOST

Alone in my castle, a plaything of the breeze,  
Indolent and tepid, my leisure filled hours  
Lead my soul astray from the good, narrow path.  
In the black tiers above me demons mock and laugh,  
As more of them assemble below in the leafless bowers:  
Those ghastly dark gardens bereft of scarlet trees.

I wonder as the November night  
In a timeless lassitude of pain  
Reserves for my all too sullen heart  
A melancholic trail to the light  
To allow me to depart  
From the tumult of the ceaseless rain.

Lo!What is that specter I behold wide eyed  
Carrying a noose with a candle in her other hand?  
She is none but a ghost full of Satan's contraband  
To place that rope around my neck - coming forth to have it tied!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz



# The Ghost Ship

## THE GHOST SHIP

Every hand on deck had faith in his sword,  
Every hand on deck that climbed aboard  
A ship that left Boston in a swirling snow.  
In three days time it attained the open sea.  
And all hands on deck met their destiny  
In the abyss of The Atlantic, in its dark billows below.

The schooner was tossed upon the waves  
Like a mad, orphaned cork dancing on the blue terrain.  
Its wheel turned blindly, assailed by wild rain,  
Until the water was stilled over its graves.

Then silent as a whisper, a skeletal clutch  
Took the helm and turned the ship to the east.  
A malevolent guest, this mysterious beast  
Reveled in the deaths which felt his touch:  
The last thing they knew before the mad sea  
Swallowed their bones so adamantly.

And in some days time the ship arrived in Spain  
Where eager sailors got on board  
To take to Boston their gold and grain-  
And every hand on deck had faith in his sword.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Glory That Is You

## THE GLORY THAT IS YOU

Come to me my braided angel of the light.  
Your tresses are darker than the raven night,  
And your kisses are of the sunlit sands:  
Sallow and soft, more precious than all elysian lands  
On which you rove through the diamond hued reeds.  
All of my heart and its spiritual needs  
Outshine the countless stars which run  
Down slender, gleaming streams upon your glittering back.  
We have always breathed in the breezes as one,  
As I have always worshipped your stunning mane  
And its every ringlet of rapturous black.  
Your adornments of purity keep me sane,  
For the golds of your gaze which never lack  
That gilded magic which renders me  
Mute as a statue in a courtyard of blue  
Sing to the broad and endless sea,  
For the depths of our love, for the glory that is you.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Grave

## THE GRAVE

Shall I taste the soil of death  
When the bark is lifted  
From the shell of my canoe?  
For after I exhale my final breath  
I must offer up all that was gifted  
Prior to rising into a state I never knew.

Shall I swallow with my mouth  
That unhallowed earth  
Falling quickly south  
Departing from the finite route  
Which began at birth  
Before my soul shall be cast out  
Into that realm of terrible doubt?

Or if, by Christ, may He choose to spare me  
From that awful union with the mire  
Be it with ice or be it with fire,  
Not to be condemned to my requiem's attire,  
To the baleful, endless, briny sea.

For if it be so  
I shall escape from that fate  
Before it be too late  
Never to go  
Into my rest  
It will only be so at her bequest.

Yes, It will surely be due  
To The Virgin Mary's merciful desire  
To raise me into the blissful blue,  
While cheating a hell so black and dire.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

{C} 2019



# The Grave Of Arthur Rimbaud

Among the cryptic, emerald danel that plays,  
In the umbrage where wavering lindens scent  
Tall grasses and reeds, slender and bent,  
An alabaster tombstone slowly decays.

And there, asleep, beneath the sun above,  
You, bohemian wayfarer, cradled in your crate,  
Smile as the sun shines upon the ghosts that love,  
Tormented by fire within the graveyard's gate.

As an eternal poet you take your purgatory well,  
For you lived with anguish for a forty year spell,  
And so you slumber as the flames consume your sins.

(The dour moon arises, and the doleful night begins.)  
And in the dark, a fresh bouquet is laid upon the dewy grass.  
By me, your prodigy! - Rimbaud! - Your pains shall surely pass!

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Grave Of Charles Baudelaire

## THE GRAVE OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Snug within your rainy cave,  
There are stanzas which rise  
From the grass of your grave.  
Beneath the languid moon you hypnotize  
The rare passersby  
Who lay their fresh bouquets  
Over six feet of earth,  
Over the wooden casket in which you lie.  
The lawn plays above you in the sunlight's summer rays.  
And when no one is near your mouth gives birth  
To a new protest, in spoken verse to the starry sky.  
And when the stars are eclipsed by the darkness of the clouds,  
You ascend from your crypt, strolling amid the burial shrouds,  
Among the tombstones devoid of light,  
Alive once more in this world you thought to be banal.  
And you recite as a specter in the cryptic night,  
Below the mysterious, haunting trees  
Les Fleurs du mal  
In the ghostly breeze.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Graveyard

## THE GRAVEYARD

The tombstones were covered with a dense, gray fog.  
A white mausoleum and a nebulous bog  
Greeted my apprehensive gaze  
With grim, dreadful, wayward, wanton ways,  
As I proceeded down the cobblestone lane.  
The cemetery was vast, and the cold, autumn rain  
Pelted the grass; and the caskets below  
Became soaked by the brine as a few flakes of snow  
Fell upon my overcoat and my longish hair.  
I thought I saw a wraith, a ghost,  
Leap into the amber air  
In the fit of a languorous, lewd despair.  
(He was a dark and grisly host.)  
"Why do you walk the land of the dead? "-  
He said in way that chilled my skin.  
"Do you wish to cross The Acheron in the living state you're in? "  
"Yes, " I replied. "For every true bard is off his head.  
And since I have had enough of the world outside,  
I have changed my address. It is here I reside."  
At that he left me, alone, amid the graves,  
Where sobriety set in, amid the stark  
Shadows of this hallowed park,  
Where the boon of darkness truly saves.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Grove

## THE GROVE

Far from the city, the towns,  
The statues in the square,  
I strolled to a grove of chestnut browns;  
Butterflies glimmered in the summer air.  
There were gourds which gleamed  
Where I beheld the gods of old;  
Hermes and Osiris appeared in garments of gold,  
And in the rays of Phoebes I dreamed.  
Ascending with the tremulous stars came Artemis;  
I laid my head in the dew-clad grain.  
I awoke to the moon, and I strolled down a rustic lane.  
I passed by the viny lattice of a wooden trellis.  
Suddenly a storm arose, consuming the wild sky;  
Fair, beloved Iris commingled with my muse,  
And with a rhapsody of varied hues,  
Painted bowers within my verse,  
Until my ink-well went dry.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# The Hallowed Eve

## THE HALLOWED EVE

The ashen clouds race,  
Thrown forth by tepid winds in the skies,  
To amber, southern fields,  
Over the hills, where angels pace.  
I am one with your dusky, raven eyes.  
The soft perfume your body yields  
Blends with the redolent breeze  
Which ferries through the linden trees,  
In the silence of the hallowed eve.  
All willowy boughs begin to grieve.  
And winter soon shall take the summer's place.  
In nights such as these  
I find your face  
To be at one with ecstasies.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Hospital

THE HOSPITAL

In the dreary old hospital of endless pain  
The good, young women tend without disdain  
To the coughing infirm souls who lie wide awake  
As their future broods upon their worrisome minds  
Filled with evil, of perdition, of poison wines  
Which do as they may - they can not shake.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Infinite

## THE INFINITE

I laze on the beach, careless,  
Eyes full of the infinite.  
Onto faraway places in time!  
The white billows, breathless,  
Cease to interpret  
All nature, her benevolence,  
Her malevolence,  
Her crime.  
I shall be the world's greatest academic.  
I shall turn my windy sophistries,  
All scented with the dancing muse,  
Into a gilded polemic,  
Into rubies In June.  
I shall infuse  
A new global awareness  
Of what is truly holy and good,  
And of what is truly evil and bad.  
I am Tom Thumb, a dreamer lad,  
Who lives in the woods,  
Relishing its bareness,  
Blinded by the brooks that meander in the sun,  
Struck with visions staring drunk at the moon.  
With all of nature's secrets I am one.  
There are no more mysteries to uncover.  
I stroll beyond the ogive to where the lindens hover.  
And I lose myself in every boon.

From 'A LADY FAIR AND OTHER POEMS by John Lars Zwerenz' (C) 2013

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Lady Of The Bastion

## THE LADY OF THE BASTION

She slowly brushes back her long, raven tress,  
Casually smoking in her grand, palatial room,  
Gazing on her bower where the roses are in bloom,  
Donning in the blossoming eve an alabaster dress.

The mountains to the south of her bastion  
Speak to her of many a romantic thing:  
A troubadour might present to her a nuptial ring,  
Before the dawn, in chivalric fashion.

And in the scarlet fragrance of the rapturous nights,  
She walks among the statues in the marble square,  
Where slender fountains rise in the summery air,  
Pining as she pines, supplicating the heavenly heights.  
And I have seen her wandering there-  
My future bride of love and lights,  
Sighing a sigh of ardent bliss,  
In the leafy shades of longing where I witness  
The hope of a pure and sanctified kiss  
From the lips of this woman, my goddess.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Lady Of The Garden

In the summer she paces on the promenade,  
Among the blooms of the enclave, of the garden.  
She gazes on the distant grasses of the glen,  
Walking in the breezes of cool, fragrant shade.

And when perfumes of the park flow through her hair,  
She pines for the dark and a kiss beneath the fronds.  
In the sanctuary of the vast, marble square,  
She roves among the lilacs, and the blue, scented ponds.

Her heart is liberal, she is courteous and kind.  
The garden's blooms entrance her eyes, and fill her mind  
With dreamy thoughts of night, and boons of the season.

She strolls in the moonlight, consumed with only love.  
She sings to the blue jays in the tall trees above.  
And she lauds God alone, the crown of her reason.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Lake

One quiet eve  
By a dark, gloomy lake  
The wind did grieve  
Pining to take  
My soul into that dreadful, dark lake.  
One quiet eve  
The memories of day  
Seemed to fade, to pass away  
Into the reflection of that grievous, muddy pond.  
That same quiet evening  
Went far, far beyond  
What I knew before of hope and glee.  
For hope went leaving  
And left me behind.  
Crippled by the sight of that small, dour sea  
My once enchanted, charming charmed mind  
Became anxiously engaged by a wavering tree.  
A ghastly mast, it wavered at me.  
That possessed, flaming, drooping yew  
Dipped its toe into the muddy dark-blue  
Of the lake which waited, waited for a lifetime  
For me to sit among its darnel, its malevolent dew.  
My only transgression, my sole mortal crime  
Was in loving you and only you.  
Yet this pool  
Was jealous  
And regarding me a fool  
Became enraged in that reticent, silent night,  
Envious  
Of any light-  
Envious of our amorous play.

Then the wind swept along the lawn  
Like a mad-eyed child  
Across the briars and the hay,  
And the many reeds grew wild  
As the night grew deeper and cast away  
All remnants of the dawn,  
The stars and the moon, every orb that shone.

Then the icy surface of that terrible pond,  
A presage of hell in the blazing beyond,  
Spoke to my soul and to my soul alone,  
Whispering in a whispered tone,  
As I inhaled a gasping, terrified breath:  
"You shall drown and I am death! "

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Lord Is Good

## THE LORD IS GOOD

Every cloud parted in my sky.  
The Lord is good,  
And the church bells nigh  
Above the blooms and boughs of wood  
Ring out about the meadow  
With a peaceful sigh.

Where do the streams flow  
When the dove is on high? -

To the cafes,  
Next to the sea,  
Where melodious waves  
Hush the weary sand,  
With purple wands in hand  
Of true felicity.

Come, my sister, come to me.  
Let your words be of silence,  
And majesty.  
Our deliverance  
Consists  
In kisses  
Never ending,  
In the bliss's  
Lindens, bending,  
Above the marble where the courtyard sits.

Come, my sister, love me forever.  
For eternity is one  
With the somnolent sun,  
Where the death of night is impotent to sever  
Such a love as this.

Come, my black eyed wonder of the sun,  
Release me with your kiss.  
For the endless day has finally come,



As the reeds of hay  
With ecstasy succumb  
To God's loving way.  
Come, my sister, come!

What raptures hide  
In your bosom where succulent strains abide!  
Come my lovely sister, come!

For the day was made  
For the fountain and its cascade!  
Come, my beloved, come!

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Mansion

## THE MANSION

There are long, circular stairs  
In a mansion by the sea,  
Where a duchess of regal chivalry  
Walks down its Persian carpets  
In an atmosphere of royal airs.

She leaves the grand foyer to wander in the squares,  
Where the lively scent of mignonette  
Surrounds the many ancient fountains  
And the terracotta statuary,  
Which hypnotizes as it gleams  
By the many pristine, china blue streams,  
Among a ring of emerald mountains.

And in one sleepy corner of the park,  
She steps into her carriage  
And sails into the shadows of the dark,  
Born from a crimson silhouette.  
Dreaming of a sacred marriage,  
Her aristocratic state is of a pure coquette.

She wears a long, pearly dress,  
With white, embroidered frills.  
Her breasts possess the scent of blooming daffodils,  
As she glides by the lakes and the glittering watercress.

The bowers of the summer sun  
She passes slowly one by one,  
Gazing at the tops of majestic trees.  
The forest is made of symphonies,  
As songbirds sing and sigh in the breeze.

Maples, lindens, the oaks and birch  
Frame the wooden fane of an old, Catholic church  
Where she pauses to kneel by a Marian shrine.

Her heart is of an angel's, and her mind is of cabalistic wine.

She weeps as she prays, for her lover is far away at sea:  
None other than the likes of me.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Mansion By The Sea

## THE MANSION BY THE SEA

There are long, circular stairs  
In a mansion by the sea,  
Where a duchess of regal chivalry  
Walks down its Persian carpets  
In an atmosphere of royal airs.

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She weeps as she prays, for her lover is far away at sea:  
None other than the likes of me.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Meaning Of Sorrow

The Meaning of Sorrows

Will you willingly drink the bitter cup,  
From thorns of thorns and sorrows deep?  
For man the heights of his soul he must keep,  
And to the summits of heaven he turns his gaze up.

Ah! For glorious suffering, only once can be taken  
Without it being earned - here upon the earth.  
Yes, we can pay the ransom of our brothers' forsaken  
Lives of sin, sinning since birth,  
And offer them salvation,  
Liberation,  
And mirth!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Muse

## THE MUSE

I shall leave the city, the bustling town.  
I shall walk to the outskirts of the wild plains,  
And drink from heaven mystic rains,  
Lying in the reeds, drunk upon the down.

My shoes are worn, of coats I have one.  
I am a martyr of the furrows and the fields at play.  
I live for adventure and the brilliant, gilded, golden day,  
Come the weeping moon, or the soporific, gleaming sun.

I have in my pocket a notebook I keep.  
I wield it come the dawn, along with my flask.  
I compose florid verse, a vagabond's task,  
Beneath the blue sky, where the angels sleep.

I drink my wine after rhyme and prose,  
In the flowery cradle of a garden-close.  
I am struck by visions beside the lane,  
On warm, autumn nights, at one with the rain.

I take my dreams for what they are:  
The flow of ethereal, lavender seas,  
Which rise to every astonishing star,  
Swallowing their ecstasies.

I hallucinate when rainbows pass.  
I am a symbolist, a saint.  
My pages are my canvass.  
My stanzas are my paint.

O, muse, I have been faithful to you! -  
On trains, on foot, in poverty,  
I have brought down the sky and raised the sea!  
I have resurrected gold to its rightful hue!

As an alchemist I have perceived the wondrous blending  
Of blue and red gems in unions never-ending.

I am the world's greatest scholar:  
All mysteries are known to me.  
The forest is my exquisite parlor;  
The firmament: Infinity!  
Every brook is romantic; all my kisses are of fire.  
My lover's name is Mary; there is music in the marvelous sun!  
To paradise I aspire,  
To the bliss of everyone!

John Lars Zwerenz



# The One I Love

## THE ONE I LOVE

It is not Juliet whom I adore,  
Nor Beatrice, nor the florid, glistening lore  
Of fair Aphrodite, nor Athena's fair face. -

No.

The one I love is dressed in lace,  
And wanders silently beside the gilded shore.

And lo! -

She commands all the lilies in the glen,  
Where she walks among the statuary,  
In the cloister of the square,  
On a path in the russet garden,  
Where  
Her felicity  
Breeze blown, now here, now there,  
Rides like a leaf in the redolent air.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Outer Darkness

## THE OUTER DARKNESS

I ventured out one Godless, bitter night,  
And looked up, astonished, to see no stars on high.  
Winds rose and froze ponds and wells, and without a cloud in sight,  
I fell into the firmament, into the cold, abysmal sky.

Despair in the air of damnation reigned with might.  
I saw tombs and caskets filled with cobwebs and bones.  
The reeds I found were dry, of deathly pale tones.  
And I was alone, abandoned, devoid of hope, all light!

My feet wreathed with thorns rustled in those prickly vines,  
Where waves of blood like poison brines  
Swept the coal-black grass bereft of all love.  
Horror governed all below me and terror reigned above.

Beyond reconciliation, I broke a sepulcher with my head.  
Now forever do I weep, gnashing my jaw,  
For to my pitiable anguish, in an ecstasy of awe,  
I am in the outer darkness- dead!

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Palace

Roving on the bright, spacious lawn of the palace,  
I have come to behold the lady clad in white,  
Who steps onto the balcony in the sunlight.  
I stand below entranced, drinking from a chalice.

Amid the gray cast of ancient stone she appears,  
As a breeze blows back the long tresses of her hair.  
I am drunk with quatrains and the summery air,  
With my lady and with wine, with regal belvederes.

Many billows from God are flung to the north.  
The silhouettes of basswoods, of dark, turquoise-blues  
Shed their shadows near the palace, on broad avenues.  
Descending from the terrace, my lady comes forth,  
And we wander for a rapturous hour,  
As I finish my Chablis,  
Through the garden, through the bower,  
In an atmosphere of sanctity.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Palace Where She Dwells

## THE PALACE WHERE SHE DWELLS

Roving on the bright, spacious lawn of the palace,  
I have come to behold the lady in white,  
Who steps onto the balcony in the sunlight.  
I stand below entranced, drinking from a chalice.

Amid the gray cast of ancient stone she appears,  
As a breeze blows back her redolent hair.  
I am one with quatrains and the summery air,  
With my lady and with wine, with regal belvederes.

Many billows from god are flung to the north.

The silhouettes of basswoods, of dark, turquoise blues  
Shed their shadows near the palace, on broad avenues.  
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And we wander for a rapturous hour,  
as i finish my chablis,  
Through the garden, through the bower,  
In an atmosphere of sanctity.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Princess

THE PRINCESS BY JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

Gales of incense,  
Gales of thyme,  
Enrapture every sense  
With nature's use of pantomime.

The gardens and their old, iron fence  
Are open for my little, wandering stroll.  
I shall dream upon a path of stone,  
As the passing hours of the summer toll.

In those scented breezes I walk in bliss,  
Through those spacious bowers I rove alone,  
Searching for a glorious princess!  
And with all the flowers that I behold,  
Whether red or ivory, yellow or gold,  
I shall awake in their petals a felicity  
From their sleeping dew,  
From each drop of their despondency,  
Born of the balconies which sob at night,  
In the long silhouettes of the languid moon.  
I shall bequeath to them all a crimson light.  
And I shall rejoice with them at noon,  
Regal, bold and new.  
The skies are cloudless,  
Of a heavenly blue.

I recline  
In the reeds, in their amber wine  
Near the soundless,  
Turquoise pool  
Where a symphony stirs in its azure depths.

In the soft summer breeze,  
Pleasant and cool,  
A princess sleeps  
In a throng of grasses,  
Beneath the scented linden trees.

And as daylight passes,  
She lies like Ophelia, drifting in her mind  
With tender affections of a summery kind.

And as I approach her, ever so near,  
I gather rosy blooms from the gondola, the belvedere.  
Awake to your prince, my wife to be,  
Awake to the gleam of the sky above,  
Awake to the vast and fragrant sea,  
My only, my lover, my dear,  
My love.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Queen

## THE QUEEN

I roved among the fields and furrows.  
I was tan in the sun of the golden day.  
At the end of my trail, at the edge of the meadows,  
I found a blue pond, enclosed with hay.

Tall, yellow reeds wavered and swayed,  
And fragranced the wafting, summer breeze,  
Sailing like honey through the linden trees,  
Blessing the courtyard there where I stayed.

Suddenly a queen ascended from the rosy bowers,  
In a garment of carmine and glistening white.  
Her mane was raven, slender, long and bright,  
And her eyes were of a song which poured wine upon the flowers.

Her gaze was one of a statues': deep, dark and grave.  
Her lips were of Elysian woods, soft, red and glossy with scent.  
I knelt before her, beneath the fronds, green and redolent.  
She stood in silence; through her tresses did lave  
Blue, caressing gales, which came from the ocean.  
We knew naught but ardor and its every emotion,  
And the pond was struck with a gust from above.  
She took my hand in hers, and accepted my love;  
And as if in a dream,  
We passed through a curtain, an ethereal light,  
By a silver dream,  
Beneath the ascending, starry moon,  
White,  
Full, round and pale,  
Which eclipsed the trees, the courts, the lagoon,  
Leaving us to the breezy sea,  
As we departed from this weary vale-  
To a rapturous height of ecstasy.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ





# The Rain It Fell...

The Rain it fell...

The rain it fell on roofs and walls,  
Soothing lonely hearts of tristful rhyme.  
I once wrote a book of mignonette and thyme  
Amid a sea of waterfalls.

And in the dusky sky of red  
Heavy with tears, there wistfully descended  
From regal heights, from high above,  
A melancholic, angelic tune  
Which sang of your love  
In the glory of the moon.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Regal Palace

ROVING ON THE BRIGHT, SPACIOUS LAWN OF THE PALACE,  
I HAVE COME TO BEHOLD THE LADY IN WHITE,  
WHO STEPS ONTO THE BALCONY IN THE SUNLIGHT.  
I STAND BELOW ENTRANCED, DRINKING FROM A CHALICE.

AMID THE GRAY CAST OF ANCIENT STONE SHE APPEARS,  
AS A BREEZE BLOWS BACK HER REDOLENT HAIR.  
I AM ONE WITH QUATRAINS AND THE SUMMERY AIR,  
WITH MY LADY AND WITH WINE, WITH REGAL BELVEDERES.

MANY BILLOWS FROM GOD ARE FLUNG TO THE NORTH.  
THE SILHOUETTES OF BASSWOODS, OF DARK, TURQUOISE BLUES  
SHED THEIR SHADOWS NEAR THE PALACE, ON BROAD AVENUES.  
DESCENDING FROM THE TERRACE, MY LADY COMES FORTH,  
AND WE WANDER FOR A RAPTUROUS HOUR,  
AS I FINISH MY CHABLIS,  
THROUGH THE GARDEN THROUGH THE BOWER,  
IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF SANCTITY.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Rosary

The Rosary

We shall all become as violet:

The color of royalty.

Such was heaven's wondrous design,

In our innocence, our infancy.

The slim rivulet

Shall lead to the Divine.

And to hail Our Mediatrix,

We shall all recite

In the bright, blissful day,

In the comfort of the sacred night,

To Our Lady, our mediator, our lovely matrix,

Our victory and our guiding light,

The decades of her rosary,

In heaven, as on earth.

(The garden of her clemency

Leads to eternal birth.)

Behold!

Beyond all visions of diamonds and gold,

There is a ravishing cloister near her immaculate Court.

It is one of a florid, dimorphic sort.  
For Christ is one with her majesty.  
Lo! Her palace is situated near the wide, emerald field,  
Close to the vast and turquoise sea.  
The blessed with joy joyfully yield  
To her beautiful beauty,  
To her rhapsody.  
And near this palace of blue and white,  
There stands a Cathedral of a massive scale.  
It dominates the presidium of the highest citadel,  
And is The Beatific Vision to all sight.  
And rather than rendering all other gems pale,  
It is as the sun, and emanates  
To every gilded corner of God's kingdom.  
It is the glory, the quintessence of all Christendom.  
It is the shining rock, the end of human fates.  
And in this astonishing silver temple,  
Where inner blues and scarlet hues  
Become a magnificent purple,  
The celebration of The Annunciation  
Begins with a procession down the carpeted aisle.

And with a perceived fascination,  
The blessed walk a radiant mile,  
Around The Trinity, praising Mary,  
To serve the delight of Christ.  
And after the holy procession,  
To further laud the virtues of The Queen,  
In honor of her sanctity,  
Without hunger or thirst,  
The universal intention  
Rejoices in The Resurrection,  
Near to the palace, upon Our Lady's dale of green.  
And as Mary leads to Him,  
So praying to her leads  
To this realm of glorious Courts, The Cathedral and the meads,  
Of things down below which remain unseen.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Rose Clad Bower

The melodies which emanate  
From a mystic mandolin  
Evokes the many strains of an ancient violin;  
And harmonies multiply, as the meaning of our fate,  
Laid open to our psyches in the pristine wood:  
They croon in the Lethe of your scarlet kiss,  
Where libertines are dressed -  
In modest crimsons, as they should.  
Your fragrant bosom, praised and caressed  
Glitters firmly with ardor and with bliss;  
For I have seen on tepid evenings such as this  
Paradise confirmed, in the rose bedecked bower:  
For as each lush petal's halcyon mistress,  
You long to capture every flower.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Rose Garden

## THE ROSE GARDEN

Where can we find a cove where love and lute  
Are married to the strains of cello and flute,  
Sheltered from the rains in our garments of white?  
Let us walk to the courtyard basked in moonlight!

And there, amid Cupid's statues of the square,  
Where cormorants gleam in the sweet, summer air,  
We shall encounter blooms of the redolent rose,  
In the bliss of our secluded garden close.  
And there, in our sanctuary of amorous play,  
In a sanctified nook which no one else knows,  
We shall love one another in the hazy noon of day,  
And wander through the dappled stream which glows  
Like the tropical glimmer of a soft, sunny ray.  
O, lead me astray where the lovely, fragrant zephyr goes!

And there, beneath the sobbing sculpture, struck by silver stars,  
Which rise above the fountains, weeping to the sky,  
I will hold you to my bosom, and kiss you as you sigh,  
Surrounded by emerald mountains, and mellifluous guitars!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Sacred Night

The Sacred Night

Where breezes grace leaves, solemnly in the grove,  
Through boughs and blooms, touched by the sun,  
We wander through the dales, lovers as one,  
Dreaming in trances, as vagabonds rove.

And in the somnolent depths of the sacred night,  
When fountains in the courtyard sob and sigh,  
To majestic blues in the glittering sky,  
Bestowing to the statues a radiant and silver light,  
Your gaze of amber, sable and soft  
Graces my own, rising aloft  
To paradisan heights as we kiss and embrace  
As only regal angels know  
In the sumptuous, white glow  
Of the moon's adoring, crystal face.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz



# The Shade (A Sonnet)

THE SHADE

Music permeates the late afternoon.  
The shade where you walk is bathed in felicity,  
In contrast with the setting daylight.  
Above the myrtles rises the solitary moon,  
With a languishing solemnity,  
Preparing for the sacred night.  
Your hair, raven and long, frames your fair face,  
As all scents combine about your body and dress.  
The sighing umbrage is an amorous place,  
Where you lean against the bough for a kiss and a caress.  
Beneath a cloak of somnolent leaves,  
Your beauty commands these autumn eves.  
And you leave me speechless as I behold  
Your tresses of dusk, your gazes of gold.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# 'The Sky Is So Blue, So Pure, And So Soft..'

The sky is so blue, so pure, and so soft.  
My dreamy mind ascends, gently, aloft.  
The breeze stirs the boughs above my head,  
As I recline in the dahlias of a flower bed,  
In a vast, majestic courtyard, ringed with mountains,  
Where tall, ivory statues glitter among the fountains.  
And around their slender, silvery spray,  
Beneath the lindens, bowed and bent,  
A princess wanders in the golden day,  
With raven eyes, and long, black hair,  
Which lends its lovely, scarlet scent  
To the wafting wind, in the summer air.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Song Of Your Love

## THE SONG OF YOUR LOVE

The song of your love  
Is of branches, of leaves,  
Of flowery sprays,  
Of Victorian eyes.

Your sonata of the sea  
Calls to me  
With a sonorous voice  
Of felicity.  
And I have no choice  
But to run to you,  
My sable haired princess  
Who hath possessed me so.

Our mutual reverence  
Shall take wings and grow,  
In the sacred silence  
Of the garden-close.  
And our kisses shall sanctify  
The mystical rose.

The song of your love  
Is of branches, of leaves,  
Of flowery sprays,  
And Victorian eyes.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Square

## THE SQUARE

The jets of the fountain sob with ecstasy,  
In the vast, marble courtyard, graced with statues of white.  
A stream there flows for our delight,  
As the sunshine exalts all solemnity.

And the emerald lindens which wavering, rise  
To the lavender-tinted, weeping skies  
Clothe the many florid boughs  
As paradise allows  
A glimpse for us to see  
Into the realm of infinity.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Starlit Night

## THE STARLIT NIGHT

Your voice is dreamy, sad, like canticles of old,  
Taciturn, like us, weavers of the rhyming word.  
In the somnolence of the park, it can be heard,  
Sifting through the branches, pensive and gold.

Yet your heart is young, and of an elevated air.  
Sweet in your slumber, you dream without care,  
In a lavender peace, my fair, exquisite one,  
In a billowing tuft of leaves, redolent, of the setting sun.

Let us hold each other's hand in the elysian gray,  
Of the vague and nebulous starlit night,  
And rove by the terra-cotta mansions in the moonlight.

Every rapturous thought, sea-borne, of the wind,  
Rushing through bramble, reeds and the tamarind,  
Shall sail through our romantic minds, like twilit chardonnay.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Swashbuckler

I row my wooden skiff, approaching the brilliant shore,  
On the sanguine sea, with rubies in the bow;  
A troubadour, I leave the jewels within the prow.  
(I hide my little boat in the grasses by the moor.)

I scuffle on the dales as a poetic patrician.  
With an aureole about my head, I hold a silver spear.  
Am I Virgil, Keats or the author of King Lear? -  
None of these: I am of my own- a meta-physician.

A Carolingian invader, I have crossed the English Channel twice;  
I have met my foe in battle, as the maddened Mongolian kills.  
My lover awaits me in a flake white dress, with aristocratic frills.

Her tone and her aspects entrance as they entice.  
I have voyaged over land and sea for her kiss of adamantine.  
And I shall leave my sword behind me- for her pearly skin of wine.

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Vagabond

## THE VAGABOND

Wandering through the countryside, ?  
All things to my eyes became sanctified.?  
My old sailor's coat became sacred too!  
?I dipped my hand into a stream of china blue,  
And walked into a wood where the chosen reside.?

I drank mystic ales from that good grove.?  
In the sun, as a vagabond, I did rove  
To the outskirts of a gleaming plain, ?  
In the redolent rapture of the falling rain,  
Where the summer breeze removed all pain.?

And at the foot of a castle, where moss clad stone  
Gleamed among blooms kissed from above,  
I ceased to feel the coldness of being alone,  
For there below a terrace of sunlit vines  
I had found the essence of eternal love.

For a lady demure with an angel's face  
Of purity, light and timeless grace  
Possessed a gaze of golden wines,  
And the world became a sacred place.  
And every blossom sang from the branches and the vines.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# The Villa By The Sea

Ah! - The villa by the boundless sea,  
It was a lovely, enchanting stay.  
Although it was the summer of 1933  
It seems I was there only yesterday.

With the tall, gray mountains as a backdrop,  
And the Mediterranean lapping below  
Every white-sashed, long, open window,  
Every night and day the bottles would pop,  
Flowing with sanguine, bright chardonnay.

You wore a dress of carmine red,  
And danced to every song until the moon went dead.  
I kissed you endlessly,  
Upon the many terraces, and every breezy balcony.

Ah! - Drinks were of plenty, plenty.  
And when the ballroom lights went dim,  
We followed the piper, the seraphim,  
Down to the shores of the blue Riviera.

We were surrounded there by marigold blooms.  
And when we were sated with the fresh sangria,  
We would return to the airy dance rooms.

I was your drunken Byron, your Poe,  
And you were my girl.  
How the wine did flow,  
With a whoosh and a whirl! -

Remember riding  
In your sister's black car?  
What fantastic orb or star  
Did we not behold go gliding?

We rode through the hills  
With the radio streaming.  
Your breasts were sunny daffodils.  
Am I still there, or am I dreaming?



Down the mount, over the glen,  
Our wheels did roar.  
Our days were the things of dreams.  
Such folly now it seems? -  
O, tell me then,  
What was life made for?

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# To All Atheists

TO ALL ATHEISTS

You who gamble away  
Your Elysian inheritance  
By thinking that heaven will not be  
Are assassins of your eternal day,  
Yielding acquiescence  
To your passing pleasures' remedy:  
That specious ghost,  
This world as host  
Which swallows you whole -  
Body and soul!  
Tell me, o atheist,  
For I challenge your best! -  
Where are the wines  
That do not wither  
On Rome's ephemeral vines,  
Now there, now hither? -  
I tell you they are gleaming  
In a sun that forever shines  
As a brook, which streaming,  
Never runs to an end: a wine which never dries!  
It inebriates and vivifies.  
This sacred liquor, this wine, it sighs,  
Ever flowing to the turquoise skies,  
Like the diamond, regal fountains  
Found in His majestic Courts of light,  
Surrounded by marble statues and mountains -  
Devoid of sorrow, devoid of night!  
And these mellifluous lavenders, these rivulets  
Are proofs which reveal your soliloquies as lies.  
Death to your taverns and multi colored bars,  
Filled with customary gigolos and coy coquettes! -  
For your fate was to be among the stars.  
Or do you require an argument more refined,  
Than such an allusion to what is dead in your mind?  
Then tell me, o atheist,  
For I challenge your best! -  
Is the tree merely reborn, then unleaved? -

Or was there a first oak that grieved,  
Watching Adam stupidly spill the wine? -  
For where and how did our race originate? -  
Out of the chilled, vaporous stars, bereft of all design?  
Where was the ovum first conceived  
Which breeds your arrogance, your pride, your hate?  
O where o where did each star come from? -  
And Who created every orb which gleams? -  
You obtuse, loathsome, faithless ones,  
Provocateurs of wars, poverty, sickness and strife!  
I tell you that it was not merely some,  
But all of those suns  
Where not spawn from dreams: -  
An infinite power made them and your life!  
And you still give this write  
A disdainful look.  
Yet what I have said  
Here in your sight  
Is confirmed in every physics book! -  
And just as your wrongs are never right,  
You will still deny this verse of light,  
For you are swallowed by the graven brine  
Of your own metallic, worldly wine.  
You refuse to change, to pray, to think,  
Clutching to the cacophony of your own drunken din,  
Where the drinkers rejoice in drink,  
And the sinners rejoice in sin.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# To Mary

TO MARY

The willows sway, slowly,  
Over the sea,  
With a rapturous ecstasy.

You vanquish me with one  
Glance of your mellifluous cadence,  
Which pours forth like honey in the sun,  
From the silky radiance  
Of your eyes and a raven tress,  
Which graces your fair neck as a sable lace.

You saunter in an alabaster dress,  
In the vestibule of a sacred place,  
In the joyous marble square,  
Where glorious fountains  
Rise in the aromatic air,  
Surrounded by a wreath of emerald mountains.

You have conquered me, my beautiful Queen.  
And I am never to be the same.  
Your bosom is a dew-clad meadow,  
Safe and soft, and most serene;  
And I go as one lost in a troubadour's dream,  
Mystified by your reverent name,  
Beside a descending, turquoise stream.

The redolent perfumes of your pearl-white hands  
Are sweeter than all Elysian lands,  
And your loving bands  
Are more exalted to serve in eternity  
Than it would ever be  
To rule over kingdoms, regimes, the plains, the sea.

And so I go with hymns of thee  
Rejoicing deep within my heart, ferrying to your home,  
With boundless bliss and felicity,

Nevermore to roam  
Like a wanton, mad sailor on the wild brine.

Your kiss is of an immaculate, thrilling, sanctified wine,  
And your look is of a statue's gaze:  
Solemnly bewitching, of a regal woman's wondrous ways,  
Who walks as a goddess, beneath the lindens and the birch,  
In the splendor of the cloister, in the court by the Cathedral,  
In the fragrant umbrage of your magnificent church,  
Where your citadel  
Is one of a lover's tender reign.

And I forever go,  
Wherever your Siren-like breezes flow,  
Lost in the ocean of your dusky, royal mane,  
And the paradisaal reflection of your pristine face  
Which commands every pond and lake,  
Possessing such a pious grace,  
To be touched by your beauty, for your own majestic sake.

And the willows sway, slowly,  
Over the sea,  
With a rapturous ecstasy.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

Composed the 15th of June, In The Year Of Our Lord  
2014 A.D.

John Lars Zwerenz

# To My Future Bride

TO MY FUTURE BRIDE

'I am faint with love.' - The Song of Songs

Come, my lover, come to me! -  
To the sandy glade beside the rose-clad sea,  
Where the blossoms of my perfumes master thee! -  
Come, my lover, come to me!

Let our sighing hearts be of one accord.  
Let our kisses be of fire!  
Let us give ourselves, each to the other,  
With the solemn blessing of The Lord.  
And before we are breathless, ablaze in desire,  
Let us thank sweet Jesus and His Blessed Mother,  
For gracing our embraces  
With ecstasy and endless love,  
As the sun upon our faces  
Instills within our eyes  
Elysian visions from above.  
Come to me, my lover, my love! -  
We have raised the sea and have vanquished the skies!

John Lars Zwerenz

# To One In Heaven

TO ONE IN HEAVEN

Must I live in loneliness at such a price?  
I have seen her there again  
In paradise.  
Amid glorious streams,  
She consumes my dreams  
As I behold her walking beneath diamond beams,  
In radiant gardens of silver and gold  
Where all is new, where naught is old.  
Her hair is long, straight and black,  
There angels praise the beauty of her face,  
Her fair, soft back,  
And her eyes of grace.

And all my days are misty hours  
Of longing sighs and mystic showers,  
Rising to where fountains bend  
As my cries ascend  
To those heavenly bowers.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# To Rebecca

The curtains of white  
Look out upon the sunlight,  
Regal and gold.  
Recall the old.

What was it in your kiss  
That thrilled my soul with a thrilling bliss?  
Was it passion alone  
And only this?  
The vines still climb  
The tiers of ancient stone.  
And the summery nights still hauntingly chime  
Their secrets in a wistful tone.

What was it in your dusky eyes  
That lulled me with its lullabies  
To make a strong man weak?  
Why does the rain upon the pavement speak  
Of music in the sacred night?  
Could it be I still roam  
Through the chambers of your chiming home,  
Lost in the fragrance of your tender light?

Why does the refrain  
Of the misty rain  
Still call me to recall your sight?

Now that you are gone,  
What is this trail I ferry upon,  
Strewn with roses of white  
And scarlet dew?

Why does this strain that carries you  
Creep through my mind  
With hands that reach out  
With gilded rings  
And all things kind?  
Why do you still stir with ghostly wanderings?  
Why are you still about



When sunshine turns to doubt  
Of what we were or could have been?  
Was there any true love in that cloud of sin?

Why does your song,  
Wavering and long,  
Still open upon the window sashes  
To the same sunny sun  
That finds me with no one  
Save the remnants of your legacy.  
For your flowery ashes  
Rise like a phoenix with a languishing clemency  
And whisper the strands of your haunting gaze  
Which sail like Homer's Iliad  
To the sea, to the perfumed waves  
In the stunning, saffron, summery haze,  
Over your frozen myriad  
Of wind-swept graves.

Why does each new opening door  
Creak like the specter you wrought upon the shore  
As heavy tide follows heavy tide?  
If with only you I can abide  
Will love fashion for us  
A reunion in the skies,  
Tailor-made for an eternal buss,  
Providential as your lullabies?

And why with weeping  
Does your melody rise  
With all our secrets silently seeping  
Towards the curtained window  
With a love that the world can only despise,  
Although it shall never know?  
Its notes are of a solemn feeling,  
As they caress the piano with invisible fingers,  
Sending my troubled spirit reeling  
With your modest perfume which lingers and lingers.

The curtains of white  
Look out upon the sunlight,  
Regal and bold.

Recall the old.

John Lars Zwerenz

# To You, My Love

TO YOU, MY LOVE

At night, when I am alone,  
Your voice I hear,  
Angelic and dear,  
Of a heavenly tone.

And when your soft perfume  
Wafts in from the sea  
Your fragrant gaze of ecstasy  
Enters like a psalm into my room.

Through curtains of white,  
I behold your face and form,  
As billows rise in the starlit storm,  
You appear in a ray of glowing light.

And then my hair you caress  
As a moonbeam gleams  
Through your dress and its ruffled, ivory seams.  
To you, my love, I give all that I possess.

And then comes your ardent kiss,  
As we wander in the courtyard's shade,  
By the alabaster statues, near the oceanic glade -  
Enraptured in an eternal bliss.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Torment (The Guest)

## TORMENT (THE GUEST)

### I

Cigarette after cigarette,  
With Sirens around me and a blond coquette,  
What torments arise  
After the bleeding of a dreary sunset!  
The land and the skies,  
Weary of my tepid life  
Have left me in an isolated strife  
Where there reigns in the dales of my tortured mind  
Harpies of a raven, horrid kind.

### II

In the corridors mad flames flicker.  
Satan's legions in the black bile snicker.  
And all my chambers are chilled and barren.  
I am haunted by the shadows of my wife,  
Who lives in paradise, beyond the stars.  
O, my Karen, my lovely Karen,  
Why must you touch with your fair, dead fingers  
The glimmering bars  
Of the fire which lingers  
With an ominous glow  
In my study, where the cold winds blow  
From the frightful gape  
Of my half-open window.  
Must you move each ghostly, pale-white drape?  
For the curtains moan as they flow to and fro,  
With languorous wafts of nostalgic rapture.  
For they carry on the evening breeze  
From without, from the grove of walnut trees,  
Your sweet perfume which only I know.  
Like a thief it glides about my form to capture  
My lonely soul within my parlor; it calls to me,  
To resurrect our affinity,  
Recalling to my battered psyche  
Kisses given in sunny glades.  
Why does the moon in purple shades  
Defy my reason on nights such as these?  
Why must you recall our ecstasies?

III

And the grasses outside swayed with the gales,  
Beneath the boughs of sighing trees,  
As you filled my head with ancient tales,  
Of ethereal love, and tortured seas.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Tremulous Seas

## TREMULOUS SEAS

Melodious hymns of my ardor's fire  
Silvery and blue, descend from above.  
I sailed upon a carrack, to find my only love;  
She lives in Normandy, in a bastion's spire.

Her face and the aspects of her eyes  
Speak of hallowed symphonies.  
There are tremulous seas-  
Within her sighs.

And she passes slowly,  
Beneath the boxwoods' scented leaves;  
Her spirit is holy,  
And her dear heart grieves,  
To the ring of a cathedral bell,  
As she searches for me, on the holly-green dell.

We meet beside a hallow pine,  
Aside the freshets of a broad, bright stream,  
Amid the wandering vine,  
In the rapture of a dream.

John Lars Zwerenz

# Twilight By The Shore

## TWILIGHT BY THE SHORE

Beyond the statuesque Tudor's stained glass windows,  
On a path in the wood, by the waves of the fallow shore,  
My lady took my hand, as we paced upon the sandy floor.  
(The soft, September canopy blessed us in the garden-close.)

In her eyes I could see the burgundies of the shade,  
Through watery sighs, from the redolent glade.  
Her white, flowing dress was doused with dew,  
Caressed by breezes, of a china blue.

We entered the chateau, in the hour of twilight,  
To find peace in that abode, in the haze of the nascent night.  
We climbed a round stair, and found a quaint, colonial air;

Vases filled with blooms graced mahogany tables;  
My lover's long hair was radiant in its sables.  
(I stole one rose for her, as precious as it was fair.)

John Lars Zwerenz

# Two-Thirty

TWO-THIRTY

I awoke to a song,  
A wavering cadence,  
Languishing and long,  
Of an adamantine dance.  
It turned my gaze to the open window  
Which looked out upon the garden's greenish boon.  
And in that cloister's orphic glow  
It died in the hedgerow, rising to the moon.

John Lars Zwerenz



# Un Marin's Song

de va-et-vient,  
cassé avec chagrin,  
mes traces aller, comme  
un arbitraire leaf,  
où les frontières du débit de la rivière  
en tourbillons de violet, froid, en dessous de l'  
isolement myrtle, des mourants le chêne, le bouleau pleureur.  
Je suis assis dans une vigne recouvert de chantier,  
dans un tourbillon de lames, ce qui rend une couronne autour de  
mes bottes, à côté de l'église.  
Et tout ce que je considère comme  
vrai  
qui a encore la vie,  
(comme la pensée de mon épouse  
l'inhalation tous les proliférations d'une teinte écarlate)  
simplement me hanter dans mes rêveries de vous,  
Mon sable grisonnant ange de ravissement et de la rue.  
Et donc Saturne monte,  
comme la brosse se plie  
au-delà de mon pea enduire, dégustation de saumure.  
Je vais me noyer dans l'océan de vin doux,  
et voler ses chansons les sirènes de la béatitude, de la voile à  
l'orient- sur les rives de Boston,  
aux graminées de Harvard- de bonheur éternel,  
où je suis, Dionysos, marié, vous le apollinienne c'!

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Violets {a Sonnet}

Violets {A Sonnet}

The azure billows of the turquoise bay  
Rise to the heights of the brilliant sun,  
And support the haulers, which one by one,  
Drift to the beaches, where the violets play.  
And in the reeds, which are kissed by the gales,  
My lady dreams of the vast, sloping sea,  
Taking my mind with her soft, sweet beauty;  
She sighs like a queen, and softly exhales.  
Reclining amid the purple flowers,  
Her hand falls into mine, as ships ascend  
The waves of the brine—the palms gently bend.  
A quiet claims the dunes of the bowers;  
My lady's mane, more splendid than all dawns,  
Sleep upon my chest, as winds toss the lawns.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Where My Lady Dwells

WHERE MY LADY DWELLS

Wandering on the vast, spacious court of the palace,  
I have come to behold the princess in white,  
Who steps onto the balcony in the gleaming sunlight,  
As I stand below enchanted, drinking from a chalice.

Amid the gray curtain of ancient stones she appears,  
As a gale blows back the tresses of her redolent hair.  
I am one with her stanzas, her quatrains and the summery air,  
With this royal lass and with wine, with regal belvederes.

Many winds from heaven are flung to the north.

The silhouettes of maple trees, of dark, turquoise blues  
Shed their scented shades near the palace, on florid avenues.  
Descending from the terrace, my lady comes gently forth,  
And we wander for an hour of ecstasy,  
As i finish my chablis,  
Through the garden, through the bower by the sea,  
In an atmosphere of sanctity.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Who Doth Seek Me When I Am Near?

Lord, I was ill; my life was grey.  
And you came to me.  
And I heard you say:  
&quot;Who doth seek me when I am near?  
Do not let the vastness of the sea  
Encumber you with needless fear.  
O, my precious son, who doth seek me  
When I am near? &quot;

And then His mother, clad in blue,  
Said unto me: As surely as heaven is thine  
I have always known you.  
Truly I am yours, and truly you are mine.  
For regard, my son, the dawn comes after the night.  
And when you were in darkness I graced you with light.  
In my mothering arms,  
Free from all alarms,  
Grace upon grace I showered upon your soul.&quot;

And I thanked the merciful Lord  
For creating such a wondrous mother  
Who never fails to make me whole  
Always in accord  
With His will alone,  
Always as no other.

And the sun it rose,  
And His love was proven true,  
As the nascent dawn gilded the blue  
In the quiet of my garden close.

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Wines

## WINES

A brisk, wintry gale  
Glides sonorously  
With the fresh scent of holly,  
Over a frozen dale.  
In my lover's dark eyes  
There sighs an ebony symphony,  
Beneath the cloudy, soporific skies.  
We walk as pilgrims,  
As the gale departs,  
In the darkness of the moonlight,  
On the meadows of the misty night,  
As our felicity brims,  
In the carafe of our hearts,  
With delicious wines, flowing white.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Winter In The Town

## WINTER IN THE TOWN

The quaint, little town is completely immersed  
In the snow-clad glow of a gold, gilded night.  
My lady's gaze is fully versed  
In the wintry arts of pure delight.

We sip from every icy crowned spring  
Wines of Chablis in the village square.  
As our hearts are married, wing with wing,  
I kiss her lips in the fragrant air.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Wistful Waves

## WISTFUL WAVES

Her maple airs, glide to the autumn sheets:  
The curtains which introduce the perfumed bower  
Which sob up the vine clad wall into the still of a solemn hour,  
Makes her dear heart tremble as her psyche entreats  
The faded balm of her old lover's kiss.  
(And more than merely this.)  
This melancholic melody taps like tears upon the panes,  
(And outside upon the misty lanes.)  
She can feel his palm on the keys which disassemble  
The billows of her memory to a certain time, to different skies,  
When the leaves in the fall of his chivalric gaze,  
Fell into the pools of her own brown eyes  
Like tranquil, foaming, wistful waves.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Women

## WOMEN

Boys and men are more romantic,

Yet I only speak in a general way.

Most women are more frantic,

And lustful- (though most will never say.)

(Yet I only speak in a general way.)

It is the female who, (with rare exceptions)

Lives for carnal, fleshly delectations,

Yet she still aspires, like the male, to the good.

(As every person rightfully should.)

Men- be pure and always upright!

And women tame your passions!

So we can live in celestial bastions

Whence comes the endless night.

Renounce the body, whole and entire!

Women douse your Eve-like fire! -

Look to up to the sky, where the spirit swirls! -

I speak for all you fine, young girls.



John Lars Zwerenz

# Your Endless Reign

## YOUR ENDLESS REIGN

Woman, you hath made with your mellifluous gaze  
A Siren's stream of melodies, alive with diamond stars,  
Among the silhouetted shade, amid the gilded, glowing bars  
Of our fireplace that sighs- a mind that is a haze,  
And a song that is one with the arborescent rays  
Of lindens which weep to the strains of guitars.

For outside, upon our window pane,  
The angels have declared with grace  
In the solemn canticles of the rain  
That I shall never know another face,  
Nor another parted, raven mane  
That will ever take the sacred place  
Of your Siren's gaze, of your endless reign.

- JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Your Face

The opulent roses,  
The tall, slender vines  
Wed the wooden trellis with summery wines,  
As daylight closes,  
With eglantines.

So near,  
The grace  
Of the mellifluous blues  
Of the bright belvedere,  
And the terra-cotta statues  
Which clad the marble square  
Have nothing to compare  
With the wandering gaze of your tender face,  
Now smiling, debonair, now glancing here,  
Now there.

John Lars Zwerenz

## Your Gaze

In the solitary pond, where the free  
Gold coy go swimming over beige stones,  
Lapping up watery, rippling, lush tones  
Reflected from above: - the leafy filigree;  
Delicious is the dappled sight  
Of vernal branches, red and green,  
To the eyes of the carp which delight  
In having seen  
Plumes of pink berries in the water's height.

And as they wend their way  
Around the mossy borders  
Of the little lake of blue and gray,  
In the inflorescent afternoon,  
The dusky sun and the vermouth of the moon  
Cradle the lilacs, the roses and the corianders.

Your budding gaze, supple, soft,  
Of the tint of maize, cool, aloft,  
Purveys the small park  
Beyond the gleaming lake,  
In between the chords of ashen bark,  
Dreaming for its own sake;  
It catches the wavering movement  
Of nature's emerald pantomime,  
Lost in the mellifluous scent  
Of the bloom of the swirling breeze;  
You close your lashes of sable and thyme  
Among the quivering, silhouetted trees  
To mediate upon my rhyme...  
In realms of reticent ecstasies.

~ John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Your Majesty

Your Majesty

When the sky is enamored, flushed with a pristine gold  
And the slim, springing fountains in the courtyard sob to the trees,  
When Bach's symphonies serenade me in the soft, summer breeze  
I breathe within the harbor's wind in the clasp of the gilded cold.

As a Carolingian wanderer I was faithful to thee  
In the liberty of the boundless summer's sun  
I brought each dappled petal, one by one  
Into the fair, white hands of your regal Majesty.

And when the sprawling silver moon spread across the bay  
We would hide amid the flora, in one another's arms.  
And I felt your kiss as fire, free from all alarms,  
As the spirits of the angels took our hearts away.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Your Name

The grass that wavers in the gales  
Tossed by the whirls of those seaside glades  
Carries minonette and thyme  
As the sunlight dives and dies and pales.  
And all the earth and her glory fades  
Like timeless woes and ancient rhyme.  
Yet a thing unseen forever sails  
Over founts and mounts in a mystic clime.  
The cross of God heals all with His wine.  
As does your name: pristine, divine!

JOHN LARS ZWERENZ

John Lars Zwerenz

# Your Song

The song of your love  
Which descends from above,  
Is of branches, of leaves,  
Gracing cathedrals, where boughs are bent.  
It is of flowery, redolent  
Victorian eyes;  
It is of a wistful, splendid, pristine scent.

Your sonata of the crested sea  
Calls me like a siren's, enchanting, full of melody;  
My soul becomes yours by your sonorous voice.  
I am enraptured, captured, without a choice,  
By your sable eyes, my princess,  
Who hath possessed me so.

In a state of angelic, wondrous grace,  
Hither and there, like a breeze I go,  
Beneath your battlements, in the wintry snow,  
I behold your face,  
And your flowing, white dress.  
Among the streams and watercress,  
As the sallow sun dies,  
Among the slender fountains' languorous sighs,  
In your courtyard by your bastion,  
Where the statues' gazes resemble your own,  
With their loving looks, from living stone.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz

# Your Wake

## YOUR WAKE

You walk as an angel in the soft, summer air,  
Wearing a pearl-white braid,  
Which clasps a lovely, raven tress,  
In your long and wavy, ebony hair.  
And with each gentle step that is laid  
Upon the grassy path, with your naked feet,  
Below your alabaster dress,  
My joy is profound, ecstatic and complete,  
For a delicious scent is found in your wake -  
Left only for my soul to take.

John Lars Zwerenz

John Lars Zwerenz