

Poetry Series

Marc Dhavernas
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Marc Dhavernas()

There is much of me to be said, but best articulated by my poetry.

Many Times I Have Walked The Road Of Love

I have walked many times down the road of love,
stepping upon the cobblestones of the alleyway.

Many times I have reveled in this exquisite Rivera:
of red French porto and Catalan tequila.

Many times I have watched my wondrous sinorita,
her luscious hips swaying with grandiose performance,
this great actress in the last movie of my life.

I have walked many times upon the white shoreline of love,
being more than familiar there, where wave meets sand in sensuous encounters,
the kind of which I might never know, in the tragedy of this life.

I have been welcomed in the hanging garden of "beyond the moon",
being more than familiar there, where I was given rooms to calm my tears,
and add gas to the affairs of the flame of mutual love, □
now a coal withered into a dim light.

Given rooms to where I invited my ancient Lovers, □
the drums of the act least in-acted at times, □
sounded between the Egyptian pillars and through the hollowed-out designs that
made up the walls between places, □
where suite meets reality,
as days became weeks and week lead to lifetimes.

Marc Dhavernas

Water Poem Series: Flashes Of The Watery Absolute

Every poem in this water series, is written in honor of Iain Trousdell and of the Healing Water Institute. To be used at their discretion.

The great human being spins and turns in the infertility of space,
the beautified orb of manifest God, of the blue tide knowing all knowledge,
coming to the "rapture with God" in the being of man: watching lifelessly.
The waters of the depth were sustained through the eons, like earthly fetuses,
the simple capsule of life on the edge of the endless darkness,
a paradisaical marble of exquisite taste and culture, □
and water being the memory of all time,
water even descends into the vapors of this realm of infinite capabilities,
the "sacred substance" seeing all and being all,
and hearing all since before the days, □
when our species stood and harvested wheat,
and hacked flesh away from the bones.
The slow traveler through the dusts, and between the boulders of stone and
gems,
has always been a kin and a faithful companion to the species,
clouds and streams of clear waters dripping into the abyss,
the patient fluid slides: into my cavernous mouth and down into the hallow of
me,
like man with woman, the ocean of too numerous stars:
perched like ancient peacocks in the dark firmament,
perched like a dove in oblivion, □
already eaten and digested as the cosmos fathered itself.
Water is the greatest of loyal servants, helping to grow us in the belly,
carrying away our refuse and hearing our sorrows like true friends,
we who waste too much from the breast of life,
too much of the mother's milk is left to drip to waste,
by the ruinous greed of our ways, □
that the breast collapses and promises arid-ness and famine,
even if there are two: □
the greed is too strong for sustenance and for the grace of the earthly mother.

All poems about or concerning water are written in honor of Iain Trousdell and the Healing Water Institute.

Marc Dhavernas

Water Poem Series: The Charms Of Water

Every poem in this water series, is written in honor of Iain Trousdell and of the Healing Water Institute. To be used at their discretion.

The dripping sound of my whirlpool, descends down the waterfall of all of my emotion,
my reservoir of holistic touch, spoken through the waving of fingers,
and smoked with fumes of celestial cologne is most welcomed
in the banquet hall of the senses:
Here in this place of ancient sacred-ness, □
is where primordial man learned to intoxicate with sound,
and make pigments to inaugurate new arts to make us remember the coming of
God and etheric goddesses,
bed in the light of infinite imaginations.
Through the info of the waters, □
does the perfect substance and the vibes of nature seek unison,
and eventually unity within me,
forming arms in the shape of perfect circles,
becoming outstretched in vibrant colours,
and torrents of vast tipex erase the cliffs and the metals that prevent their
fanciful choreography across the earthly scars,
and across the vast array of faceless boulders of thrilled dirt,
our sweet macrocosm of living thought of all that is Most beautified with
varieties.
The harmonic resonance of purified oneness is in the waters,
enveloping the babe and gorged down the canal ways of old folks,
into the brook I go, shed my caterpillar skins, □
the Lord commanding me to transform myself into a butterfly.

All poems about or concerning water are written in honor of Iain Trousdell and the Healing Water Institute.

Marc Dhavernas

Water Poem Series: The Magic Of All Waters

Every poem in this water series, is written in honor of Iain Trousdell and of the Healing Water Institute. To be used at their discretion.

I missed the beauty of the fungus that grew upon saggy tomatoes,
and the grace of gold dissolved by the immune system of water,
because I saw the curcuma petal wandering off with the eloping current of the
rocky stream, in many shored Canada.

I missed the sway of the daffodils, in
and the sensual flapping of a drunk hummingbird's wings,
whose pea mind was dazzled with the life force of the waters,
it had drunk from the humming flowers in full bloom.

I missed the kissing of the wind, because of the monotonous tones of the pond,
that was speaking of relaxation techniques,
and love-sick poets writing of its virtues,

when all it wanted was to be pond-like and to be happy with its mediocrity.

I missed the charm of the Master of my secret brotherhood, in
filled and made numerous by the femininity of my sisterhood,
because my mind was fixed and obsessed by a tadpole of light,
that was drifting in the vast inertness of the motherly waters,
at the very rims of my consciousness.

All poems about or concerning water are written in honor of Iain Trousdell and the Healing Water Institute.

Marc Dhavernas

Water Poem Series: The Seas And All The Waters

The seas are in my blood, literally written in the poem of the cosmos,
painted with the colour of rejoice-ment, □
and spontaneously manifested in the celestial rain clouds,
that helplessly wander around through the eons of lifeless radiation,
and traveling though the dusts and hanging on to the backs of light waves,
swimming across the voids of space.

The spirit of God is made of water, tripping and falling into the depth of the earth

Oppled with natural gravity, surrounded by the thirsts of life,
and by the nothingness of the dark depths
in the hollowed and sealed caved,

Until spirited man digs through the bowls of the stone.

Fragments of my poem drift aimlessly though the years,

the current of living ponds play the role of the host of welcome,

the music of my dedications to the thriving God,

permeates the greatest depths of the gift of the watery mother,

whose grace we waste and ruin with pollution,

as you can hold all the mysteries, □ and the magic of all the universes in a
tear of water,

that glides off the leaf in God's nature.

All poems about or concerning water are written in honor of Iain Trousdell and the Healing Water Institute.

Marc Dhavernas

Written In A Moment Of Longing

I would write for you, a thousand poems of heartfelt passion,
my words speaking where my lips cannot,
in that world must I live and be like a Picaso, in aspiration and without your
hand,

I must commit my words to the blank inertness of the poem,
my love too powerful to speak of,
my love for you too great to bare with a kiss,
my love beyond the realms that are dreams in the loneliest of nights,
when the moon may not bade me words of friendship.

I would write for you, all of which I am made,
all my secrets would I tell you, if you would waltz into my longing presence,
you of dearness and mistress of all the love which in me lives,
springing into new life, the imageries of my spirit,
for you my love, you my Loved, my most Adored.

Marc Dhavernas