

Poetry Series

Ryan C. Walker
- poems -

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Ryan C. Walker(July 8th,1994)

Conversations Once In An Autumn Sunset

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A Blessing; Not A Curse

I left her in a vision of days
She couldn't know its interpretation until
It revealed itself at its final, ending phase
When it was too late, beyond her still

To do anything; the world will end
Not to her ire, but with her vision, found peace
She considered it an honour that she could lend
Herself to a truth that couldn't cease

Ryan C. Walker

All In Green My Love Went Riding

All in green my love went riding, four lean hounds
crouched low and smiling; riding upon a great gold
horse into the silver dawn. She ventured far ahead, an amazon
princess, flanking four lean hounds; my love struck the path.
She wished to rid herself of me. All in green
my love kept riding, without me; into the silver dawn.
Till I heard the whine of a horse and the bark of the hounds.
I abandoned all caution, raced atop the high peaks
into the silver dawn, to find the Golden Horse
with no rider. Four lean hounds, crouched low and silent
Where a motionless figure lay on the path;
All in green, my heart fell dead before.

Ryan C. Walker

Another Pact

It has been quite long enough Ezra Pound
Long have I read and imitated you
I come to you now as a child grown round
With many a lesson turned one anew

I am still far too young to miss old friends
It was you who cleared the pathless brush
We have one sap and one root for amends
May the commerce between us remain lush

Ryan C. Walker

Autumn My Dear

I

Autumn my dear!
Thy winds are cool and sharp
And are mine to embrace
Even as I draw you near

I sniff the traditional odour
Of dead leaves and lavender...
Oh, how they have haunted me
Since late December;
That I wished it early October

II

Autumn my dear!
Orange by they favourite colour
To alleviate the people's fear
Of dying Summer,
Idyllic paradise,
That you have replaced
To my heart sprung joy
My Autumn, ever dearest,
I have waited ever long

III

Autumn my dear!
The harvest has been reaped,
And the leaves have long been scattered
From the trees your winds have shattered
The trees have since weeped,
As you drew near.

Ryan C. Walker

Grandad's Fox

"Do not mistake the fox for wise my dear, "
The old man drawled to his granddaughters' honey'd ears
"He may be clever; he may be smart; without fear,
But he is young, and goes by what he hears."

The old man chuckled, "Not that which he knows."
The granddaughter laid to rest her head in his chest
To sweet dreams; and new days from which she slowly grows
With her Granddad's soft tale and heavy breast

Ryan C. Walker

Love And Sorrow

You are quite the magnificent illness
Swollen with love and sorrow in my heart
Smiling at the day's stark, steady, stillness
Beautifully torn apart at your start

Outside the moments in my dreams
Have I seen your aureate eyes
Blest to stare deep into their seems
Whispering back your silent replies

How much glass was used to make your hair?
Raven black and vivid to their roots
Quite the lovely little siren's snare
For those who choose to go those routes

But Beauty is no tome read worthwhile
Until I feel treasured in your smile

Ryan C. Walker

Lover's Words

Spring has known many a lover's words,
Their vows, their promises, have gone unabated
Their love decayed, once their yearning had been sated
Taking their flowers, their bees and birds

My dear Autumn would rather lay to rest
The Summer'd symbols of forgotten jest

For Autumn, has a differed manner
She handles no flowers, only these ashened leaves
She cares for no birds, who fled as the Summer grieves
Nor would she want them in her banner.

Ryan C. Walker

Ode To One Who Is Injured

Some scholars say, that the city of no compare
Is greatest in April. In the time fools find fairest,
I found it in your blondest life, an April Paris
In Autumn Fall, at the least of all, a differed share
Should they find one blonder than the sun
At your grandest, higher than your plateau'd peak
Aye, should one only wish, for more than to seek
For the roads are many, the destination is one

Ryan C. Walker

Palace Of Autumn Dawn & Dusk

With hair exquisitely dark as an Autumn Dusk
And splendid bits of pale moonlight in both thine shining eyes
I wait for thee; in the palace of Autumn'd Dawn & Dusk
Awaiting the moonshine of thine sharp, speckled eyes

Ryan C. Walker

Shiva's Sunset

"I've made many mistakes, dear Gods of old.
For this sunset is neither pretty nor plain
This sunset is Shiva; who's blaze grown bold
Threatens the sky with ash and dust, dark disdain."

"Alas Shiva is not my dearest Autumn,
Nor is this sunset my evening solemn."

Ryan C. Walker

The Farmer And The Fox

The Farmer spoke to the Winter'd Fox,
"The bane of my existence will meet it's demise
Perhaps by the tip of my arrow's blunt despise
To rid the land of this horrid pox."

The cornered Fox then said, "For my part,
My role's been defined, with few if any mishaps
Excluding your mischievous and sharp, muddled traps,
That tries to stop me before I start."

The Farmer knocked an arrow and stretched his bow taut
Rejoicing that his trip would not be for naught

The Farmer replied, "Yet by some mean,
Your art requires such a narrow, cunning sense
That makes this task so important in my defense
To what the hunted hunter has seen."

The fox replied, looking to his side,
"You ask the same question of me, at very least
One who wished the other no peace be the true beast
To be wary of the fickle tide."

Ryan C. Walker

Well-Met Dearest

In Autumn least of all
Stranger things have occurred

Within the Mountain Flowers
Granted, their May is long gone,
And the long Autumn'd hours
Are nigh upon their evening dawn

Mystery abounds in the Summer's fall
With good reason, tall tales have endured
A time of Death, a destructive breeze
That loosens the leaves and stiffens the trees

For someone who admires the sunset
The breeze whispers a sweeter tale
For this one, Autumn is well- met
Begetting a heart-warming, Winter Pale

Ryan C. Walker