**Portal**

*February 22, 2008*

Be still my heart

Stone cold my mind

Dead calm

This tortured soul

Dare not heart beat

Nor thoughts kiss light

As one feels breath of night

The haunting ancient skill

Comes to know

Join that endless roll

The train of all

Those kings are swains

Knights peasants

Artists bores

Tillers of the humble clod

Masters of the golden pen

Warblers of the

Air so rare

All manner of fate’s score

Who speak or sing

Write or paint

Great feats

Beyond compare

But fear the clear

And certain mirror

Their own sad eyes

Blind to the rays

Of thought

Deaf to notes

Of if or might

Nor deign to

Dream or care

Specter of the hollow shell

One knows

Perchance one sees

When hopes appear

In darkest night

Cast their glance

Beyond the sight

Of such a wrath as me

One hears the

Gentle mist of tears

Whispered sighs

Of one who struggles

Slips falls yet strives

To conquer

Peaks no

Man should try

No moans of

Pain or

Tortured

Cries

Just do it once again

Who having scaled

The grandest heights

Swam the raging seas

Cypress song

Of death

And life

Cast off the mask

To be

Alone among the moon and stars

Behind the cosmos vast

Know naught but fully

Of the bar

Before the boundless mast

Wealth. Fame. Applause.

Senseless laws

Currency of man

Belies the folly

Of such heedless stuff

Because

One comprehends

I am

As one quietly

Lies down

To couch at last

Soft breaths

Subside

As portal calls

Clay vessel

Serves no more

A silent tree

In countless

Timber falls

One leaves

As one

Became the song

First joins

The music

Danced

No less than this

Nor no mas

Naked at the door