



SONGS BEFORE SHRINE

by

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(award-winning poet)

Note: Some of these poems have appeared also in more than seventy publications.

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SAMPLES

TO MOTHER

Years have gone by

still

I see your tearful eyes

and catch the choking moans

coming from the crumbling pyramid

of pains.

When
dawn is dimmed
amidst dull clouds
and shroud is spread
on my despair
your name emanates
in pleasing designs.

Image of sacrifice
message of hope
you are highly prized.
The gift of this life
I owe to you.

A blind boy
shattered in destiny's cage
I long for your loving care.
Mother dear
I wish you were here.

TO BE

The muse

that muscles the vision of poets
shape my pen into the plough
that will prepare my land
for sowing peace
wherever sharpness of its blade
touches.
Carpet a comforting glare of the sun
to melt the snow

that is known to freeze even hearts.

I wish to harvest
a ripened manna of wonders
of the youthful bloom
for the court of enlightenment
to validate the claim
that outgrowths
from diversity of landscape
stem from the cosmic order
of the same source.

Fragrance of spring
sustain a structure of strength
with the braces of my lyrics
that will secure breaths together
in a mystical dance
to the tune of the song of life.

The blazing blows of the wilderness
fan the smoulders of my spirit
into the burning flames
that will consume from my writing
all that is dross
for the gold of my passion

to shine.

SEEKING THE DOVE OF PEACE

Let us walk
side by side
my friend
to seek out that dove
that has been sought
since Adam's time.

Let us go
guiding one another
above the snow-capped hills
into the bewildered valleys
to bring that bird home.

Let us ask all beings
even the beasts
if they would
give us their hands.
Let us not surrender.

I hear the dove's melody
in my soul;
I see its face

before my eyes;
I feel its beat
in my blood;
I envision it flying
across my horizon;
I smell its presence
in the air.

Hands linked
like brothers
walking side by side
like twins
in the light
dusk or dark
though blind-folded
yet bound in a design
let us go.
Directing one another
let us march
to embrace that dove
before we die.

MY CANADA

My Canada

in thy lap
lie all nations
humans and beasts
melt into one shape
under thy care
my Canada.

Thy land and life
and springs
thy summer and fall
and skies
thy joyful birds--
delight-giving sights--
breathe a new life in me
my Canada.

A nation so great
diverse and brave
thy rivers and lakes
wide and long highways
reveal thy riches to me

my Canada.

Thy soul
a serene temple
for every creed
for every breed.
My heart will sing
always for thee
my lips will chant
night and day for thee.

O Canada!
My well of love
full for thee.
A peace-adoring dove
never my love
shall cease for thee
my Canada.

UNFAIR OPHELIA

(For LCP)

To assail

or not to assail

that is the question.

Should writers resign themselves
to the stench of your structure
of injustice
braced by the barbs of bigotry
or uncover your ugliness
at the shrine of law and liberty?

To be or not to be
that is the question
whether it is rewarding to toil alone
on the rocky island of writing
and raise a crop for self-appeasement

or slaughter the wolves of hunger
in the domain of your prejudice.

To die in the dark
is not for us.
Writers must use their coin
that is the Lord's wish.
Should poets
let the flower of hope be wasted
by the sickles of racial winds
is the question now.

You bathe
in the bounteous gleam of the public purse
clipping ambitious wings
of self-exiled guests
that shames the courtiers of Apollo.
You debase the name of the nation.

Be soft
unfair Ophelia
fear the fire of that undiscovered land
from which no traveler has returned.

Should a writer
who has breathed his whole life

under the fragrant canopy of the Muse
be so banished from her court
is a question now ?

THE WORLD OF POETRY

The world of poetry
is woven with rainbow strings
sorted in the secret caves of desire
to recreate
the source of that supreme grace
that evolves
in the womb of solitary hours
during the creative nights of its conception.

Its beauty--- a harmonious marriage
between art and knowledge---
nourishes the child of a human journey
through varied landscapes
enveloping the nourisher
with an unexplainable calm of the brooks
flowing leisurely through jungles
and hills
along the shores of divinity.

Its creator
cultivates in every line of furrows
a crop of the palpitation of human groans
and a glory that is the essence
of trailing clouds
while weighing the tangled mysteries.

Its sky is studded with diamonds
excavated from the rocky valleys
of human experience
with the sole help
of primitive knife of the craft
and an ink
fused with laughter and tears.

The soul of poetry
can be reflected but partially
through the earthly mirror of symbols.



A QUESTION

If the nuclear bombs drop

Will the buds bloom again?

Will the birds chirp again ?

Will the spring return again ?

If the nuclear bombs drop

Will maidens be wedded again ?

Will love's moon arise again ?

Will rains kiss the earth again ?

If the nuclear bombs drop

Will the dawn be born again ?

Will the players play again ?

Will the children swim again ?

If the nuclear bombs drop

Will God save anyone ?

Who will cry, who'll console ?

Will not all be lost ?

HARMONY AND PEACE

I searched for you

within the walls of temples

mosques and shrines

in poor man's places

the mansions of graces

in the piles of books

and the isle of a recluse.

I sought you in health

and pleasures of wealth

yoga, prayer, meditation

state of utter abstention

rosy lips, cosy laps

in my sweat and my naps

I roamed in lotus-land

danced and drank

to glance at your beauty.

You're a will-o'-the-wisp

a chain of onion layers

mysterious, another paradox

you seem cruel and flippant

or just an image to believe.

What valley or cave

house or lake
planet or mind
abode do you find?

For which of those sins
offences and crimes
have we lost the time to breathe?
No hope, no spark
to own your tranquil eyes.

CHILDREN

These children
have yet to learn
to deal with the muddy pellets of abuse
or the ice of neglect
while maturing into the oaks
of exceptional might.
Almighty
protect these seedlings
in the sheltered bay
of your tender care
with apprehensive solicitude.
They have
yet to use their coins.

Gardner
nurture the growth of these roots
with rare delicacies of concerns
watch these rainbows of the millennium.
The feverish excitements of today
need them for their rest
in the castle of the comfort

of tomorrow.

The voyage
of the meaningful explorations
for the inner self
they have yet to embark.

They are the top deck
where human expectations
for the warmth of the spring
bask in the adulation of love.

Captain
sail the steamer of these children
to a safer island.

Riding even the ruthless currents
of domestic violence
let these angels savour
the ambrosia of peace.

Creator
bathe these blissful gems
with the softness of unstained holiness.

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