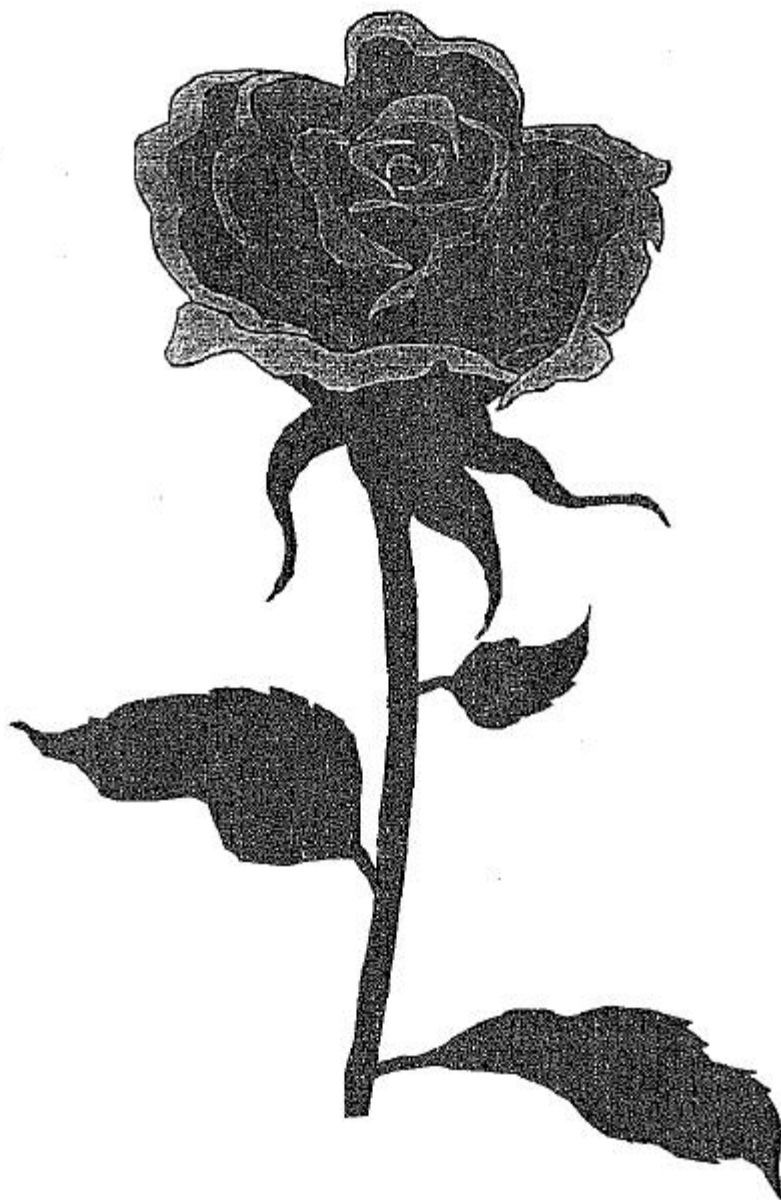


Winds of Change



ANGELIQUE CODINA

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PART I

WHISPERS OF LOVE

Busy old fool, unruly sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows, and through curtains call on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?...
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

John Donne
The Sun Rising

LOVE IN THE SPANISH GARDENS

Nights in the Spanish gardens my love and I did meet,
And by the secluded whispering brook we found a garden seat.
There by the flowers we waited for love's bewitching hour,
For we, being young and foolish, thought love was but a flower.
Down by the Spanish gardens my love and I did look,
For love's hypnotic potion drifting in the whispering brook.
There in the flowing waters we found love's entrancing wine,
But we, being young and foolish, let our love drift away in time.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

O COME now my darling! the moon is full blown,
And the midsummer night has lavishly grown;
The air is all softness with crystalline rings
Now felt to be hovering with Love's aery wings.
O come! let us haste to the freshening woods
Where faeries are chanting their sweet summer moods,
And young nymphs are swimming in murmuring streams
To softly enrapture your love in my dreams.
O come now my love! let us reach for the sky
With mosses and flowers to pillow our sigh,
In soft melodies and in midsummer night
To interlace softly the silver moonlight.
And there my sweet darling, we'll sit by the stream
Resplendently clothed in the moon's silver beam,
The froth bubbling up an amorous world
To spread Love's desire in the stream's bubbly swirl.
Oh! how I do love such a fair summer's eve
When streams of silk light blissful happiness leave;
So smile now my dearest, and give me your hand
To frolic away in the midsummer night glen.

THE LAMENT OF LOVE

Alas! the season of our passion like weary yellow autumn leaves did fade,
And the hour of our mournful love in its waning gentleness bade;
As often times I felt the dewy drops of your sweet lips against my face,
Suddenly come cool like rose leaves moist with the drip of summer rains.

So, now! what can I do to drive away tender remembrance of your face,
And by this wandering melody erase love's soft and tender gaze?
Let us not mourn that which is gone, the gentle unrepining hour,
For often love is only but a fading dream, a farewell flower.

RHAPSODY OF LOVE

HE

Sorrow with blade and sword
Will once more pierce to win,
And may there be no moaning afterward
When my heart bleeds within.

SHE

Shed no more tears, my love,
For Love has its own lore,
Look up and see Love's boundless wings of dove
As Love with wings will soar.

HE

Go softly away, sweet Love,
As Sorrow calls for me,
And a thousand sunsets are set to rove
For Love no more shall be.

SHE

Oh! do not have such fear
My love ~ 0 weep no more,
Love like the flower will bloom again next year,
And Love shall smile once more.

MOONLIGHT SONATA

In the quiet of the night my love and I have been
Where midnight's silver glimmer glows beneath a moonlight scene.
Glimpsing the wandering stars we softly shed our tears,
And vowed our love to last the flow of myriad years.

In the quiet of the night my love and I did kiss
Down by the flowing river beneath a moonlight bliss.
And upon the midnight hour beyond the starlit stream,
Our burning hearts now glimmer in moonlight's silver dream.

TO A LOVE LOST

How could I turn back all the years,
And call upon your presence to be near
In all its splendor and its zeal?
Oh, dear! there is no comfort only tears,
For I gave all my heart to love you so,
And loved you once, long, long ago.

Time can make it easier to forget,
And yet and yet
I am haunted by rapture's fieriest rain
Raging all of its loneliness and pain,
For in song so flame-like fast you went away
That only your memories remain to stay.

And slowly I now grow old among my dreams,
For you have been far from me all these years,
Beside the great stars and the rose-fingered moon,
Where your image is embroidered mon amour.

And I long to hold you in my arms
To satiate the desire of my heart,
For I gave all my heart to Love,
And I lost you, long ago, my love.

PRELUDE D' AMOUR

When we first mingled glances I became enamored with your grace,
With the sweetness of your smile and the warmth of your embrace,
And when you went away I felt your absence growing from day to day
For I spent many long hours thinking of you as time sped away.

I loved the tenderness reflected in the softness of your eyes
In whose shadows the flame of love flickers but never dies,
And where under the passing stars some fleeting music softly plays
The prelude of love that now awakens to love's flaming rays.

PER AMICA SILENCIA LUNAE

O THAT a night could be an age, my love,
Always oblivious to the morning light,
For then we in the first sweet flush of love
Would linger in the long warmth of the night;
The growing darkness with its magic glows
To unfold our caress in satin lace,
And Time in its unwinding timeless flows
To bring us pleasure in the night's embrace;
And as enchantment holds our sleepy eyes
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed in haze,
The blissful night with tenderness and sighs
Shall conjure up the moonlight's silent gaze;
And in the friendly silence of the moon,
Surrender our hearts to her amorous tune.

BELOVED MIGUEL OF MY SOUL

Oh, why did you bring upon our love so much sadness to bear,
And leave me here with a broken heart in despair?
Alas my lingering sorrow has taken its toll,
And turned my love into torment, beloved Miguel of my soul.

Though you have brought me so much pain, I am blind and cannot see
That you were only love's embittered ecstasy;
And alone now I have my broken heart to console
For you were my life, my love - Oh, beloved Miguel of my soul.

REVERIES OF LOVE

You melt into my dreams in ripe quiet,
Unfelt, unheard, unknown, a shadow flight,
And like a phantom, in mellow quiet,
You glide into my arms throughout the night.

I take into my dreams your quiet breath
Embalmed with your sweet lips upon my breast,
As your hands rove the recess of my self,
And bring my senses to a blissful crest.

With the murmurous haunt of your charmed voice,
"Hush! hush!" your lips tenderly rejoin
As now I softly plead that you rejoice,
And leave me dream no longer to enjoin.

Fast fading, the shadow of your caress
Fades away, an empty echo upon the air,
And in the fragrance of my blissfulness,
Your image dissolves without my being aware.

Adieu! Adieu! your wistful plaintive whispers fade
Flown, like a dream, until the morrow-day,
And in the darkness I start up awake
As murmurs of your love swiftly drift away.

YOU KISS MY LIPS BUT THEN AGAIN

Who thought that passion passes like a dream?
And love's desire - like the receding tide;
Ebbed out in your embittered mournful pride
You leave me here deafened by sorrow's scream
With love's pain to abide.

Tenderly you kiss my lips but then again
From year to year, I hear love's waning cry
Passing away - to claim again its lover's sigh.
And then again! though I have suppressed my pain,
I feel love passing by.

AMOR

Amor, born of the eyes and the heart,
Who bears together in one breast
Love's eternal joy and longing pain,
Its bitter sweetness and its despair,
Is not of Heaven nor of Hell,
But rather on this earth does dwell,
And is the burning point of life
Transporting rapture with love's wine
Which plays along its lyre and its rhyme
To make the heart tremble in time.
Armor with peering eyes upon the heart,
Glancing through Infinity's dart,
Murmurs in bursting melody
With madness and with reverie
The tremulous delight awakened
Which holds the heart intoxicated;
And in the spirit of a spell,
The loveliness of loving well
Trusts to the fire within for light
To see Eternity in sight.

EROS

Upon Diana's hours celestial Cupid glows
With amorous fragrance and nocturnal flows,
And incense sweets perfumed to so entreat,
And to sublime amid the shuddering heat.

Already with Eros! tender is the night,
And there shall be in love but soft delight
To linger so after the storm of wild desire,
And dwell with flaming strings of bursting fire -

Music and sweet sleep from the blissful skies
To stride across the shimmering waves and rise.

PART II

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS

What through the radiance which was once so bright
Be now taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind.

William Wordsworth
Ode: Intimations of Immortality

A WINTER SYMPHONY

In the morning bright and fair
Through the calm and frosty air,
Snowflakes pierce the cloudless sky
With the twinkling of an eye,
And unfold a wintry sight
In ethereal hues of white,
Drifting with soft silent sound,
Softly, slowly, to the ground.

The bright morning spreads the lure
Of a whiteness calm and pure,
From the bosom of the air
Down below where all is bare,
As the sunbeams chastely play
In the frosty-wintry day,
Sharing in the ecstasy
Of a snow-white symphony.

THE RITE OF SPRING

Before the phantom of Winter dies,
The Nightingale and Rose
With Song revive Life's new Desires
As Spring adorns her form,
For the snowflake her breath expires,
And melts away her soul.

Now Wake! for the sweet sounds of Spring
Renew their joyous tone,
And the Sun scatters into flight
The Stars before the Dawn,
As lakes and streams with a soft light
Immerse in lily fawn.

The ants, the bees, the doves return,
The swallows reappear,
The butterflies from their cocoon
Burst forth their lustrous weave,
As then the Tulip finds her bloom
With the revolving year.

Amorous birds in field and plain
Now pair in joyful break,
The lizard and the golden snake
Out of their trance awake;
Through wood and stream and field and hill,
A new life bursts with flame.

SUMMER MAGIC

The sun in its first splendor steeps
Along the brow of the fields
With sunbeams mounted broad and high
Over the royal summer sky.

While the awakening sigh of dawn
Now spreads its dew across the lawn,
And brings aloft an early morning breeze
That sways above the garden trees.

The honeysuckle and the rose
Enchant the summer grove,
And form an isle of river blues
Full of pink aquatic hues.

Together with the daffodils
Floating high across the hills,
They revel in exotic stems
Among waves of sparkling bells.

And when the sun begins to breathe
Its crimson fire beneath,
And flutters with the daffodils
My heart with magic fills.

INDIAN SUMMER

Heralds of autumn touch the beds
Of salvia and geranium,
Leaves turn into chameleon reds
Of yellow, orange, and vermilion.

The purple asters lift their heads
Beneath a rainbow of golden light,
The rich heavenly gilded crests
Shimmer into the crimson night.

The riotous woodland carnival
With its panoply of colors,
In richly-colored leaves of fall
Unfolds its shades of auburn corals.

Above the sunrise of the flower bulb
Beneath the azure autumn skies,
Above the sunflower's golden cup
Hover the scarlet butterflies.

PASSION FLOWERS AND HUMMINGBIRDS

Haunted by:

Sweet airs and sounds that flow
From the woods and waters far below,
The bright hummingbirds with plumes of flame,
With a music-stirring motion came,
Swiftly fluttering wings above the vine,
Sipping nectar from the flowery pipe,
Where the budding passion flowers change
Into blossoms of a boundless range.

IN THE MISTY TROPIC WOODS

In leafy quiet:

Among the shady tropic woods,
Vapors of continuous misty worlds
Envelop cloudy streams of climbing vines,
Unveiling branches of their hanging spines,
Where clusters in never-ending climb
Come tumbling down in sinuous twine,
Dazzling the senses with enchanting moods
Matching the splendor of the tropic woods.

MILLE FIORI

Faintly whispering murmurs in the breeze,
A flowery multitude at ease
Tossing in sprightly dance,
These flowers that grew in sun and shower
Now gently balm the troubled hour,
A thousand at a glance.

When first their colors gleam upon our sight,
They form an image of delight,
A moment's ornament;
Stretching their lovely heads in dancing shape,
They mold a dream that weaves a shade,
A note of enchantment.

Beneath the azure daylight of the summer skies,
These splendid flowers of the eyes
In endless bloom now rise;
In yellow, pink, mauve, blue, and scarlet bright,
In forest green and pearly white,
And deep vermilion dyes.

And with sweet fragrance to perfume the air,
A time of rapture whispers there
The beatings of the heart,
In grandeur far beyond the flow of Time,
Always in everlasting rhyme
With Nature's rhythmic art.

LITTLE BUTTERFLY

Little butterfly, here once again
You are motionless with the rain,
And rest your wings as if in sleep,
But with the breeze you soar and leap
To flit about the flowering twig
With the first sunny days of spring,
When your wings restlessly aspire
To surge unto the skies of fire.

Yes, little butterfly! indeed
How is it that you sleep or feed
Among the green leaves that often sway
In the warmth of the summer day,
When your wings endlessly outspread
Their multi-colored glossy thread.
Now! don't leave us but bring your wing
To those flowers whose colors sing.

WHITE SWANS OF PARADISE

White swans, bright swans, streaming in dreamlike form
Under a wintry sky,
Come near me and unfold your feathered robes
Beneath moonlight's silver eye.
O mysterious, beautiful, serene;
Invariably - White Swans of Paradise.

Now! one by one scattered in drifting dance
To mirror a still sky,
You flow forth with each softly-shadowed form
Trimmed in moon's silken dye.
O brilliant creatures of majestic mould!
You shimmer in the moonlight's silver fold.

TO A LITTLE SEA-HORSE

Waves on waves are rolling ever
From the ocean's sheltering bay,
Through the pale tide's gentle portal,
Rippling, murmuring, borne away;
With the little Sea-horse floating,
Couched upon the tidal wave,
Trailing clouds of waving motion,
Sprightly, swiftly, on its way.

Sheltered by the ocean's foliage,
Swaying in deep aquatic gray,
Clinging to the waving seaweed,
Swimming in its gentle sway;
Little Sea-horse bubbling, bursting
In the splendid coral bay,
You are but a tiny dragon,
Sparkling, drifting, on your way.

TO THE EVER-GRACEFUL FAWN

In the direction of the wind,
And in the forest from within,
Among the tangle of twigs and boughs,
There is no shaking branch, no sounds.

Yet suddenly with springy bounds,
You move like the translucent clouds,
White-tailed and funnel-eared in swerves
That free your effervescent curves.

With many of your elegant moves,
The breath of air silently swerves,
Treading the flip of your white tail
That flaps behind your powerful sail.

And in your graceful patterned moves
That gently curve, lifting your hooves,
You are a lovely sight that roves,
And fleets among the leafy forest groves.

CHILDHOOD DAYS ON THE ISLE OF CRETE

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
The time, when in our childish ways,
My younger sister Irene and I
Together roamed the Cretan isle!
With leaps and springs across the field,
We roamed and climbed the rocky hills,
As winding roads led us afield,
And wildflower blossoms came to yield
The beauty of the mountain hills.

High from the mountains we could see
The splendor of the bright Aegean sea
Spreading its blue serene embrace
Around the island's lengthy base.
The day to us was never long
For we found delight in every way,
And the long night was always young
Filled with stars and with cricket song
Echoing pleasures of the day.

PART III

WINDS OF CHANGE

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away...

New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws receive.

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Hellas: Two Choruses

BELOVED AND MYSTERIOUS ROSE

Far off, beloved, and mysterious Rose
Of phantom shades, of dews, and silent night,
You are enveloped as the stars that shine
Caressed by dark webs of angelic light.

Your sleeping beauty lolls upon the wave
With murmuring shade and lingering tune,
In opiate fragrance that enfolds the days
With golden dreams beneath a mystic moon.

Far off, beloved, and mysterious Rose,
Your shimmering bloom with the twilight glows,
For when Time awakens among the flaming dew,
Only the ember scent of your petals flows.

O, most beloved, and mysterious Rose,
Pale blossom gently dancing in the breeze,
Slowly shed off your velvet petalled veil,
And softly weave your image in the stream.

THE GOLDEN DAWN

Once again the dream, the fancy! Forward where life's promise lies,
Where the mellow moons are shining in deep-purple tranquil skies.

The Promethean dream unfolding with its open boundless net,
Weaving through oppressive Ages, born to conquer tyranny's threat.

The imagination burning with the wonder that would be
Keeps unveiling many promises far as human eye could see.

Not in vain the future beckons, stretching out its song of hope
As a million suns now sparkle with tomorrow's distant scope.

As the centuries behind us nourished promises sublime
With the fairy tale of wonder and the golden cord of time.

There to make us feel the passion - there to wander far away
To the gateways of the ocean of a thousand suns at bay.

Summer isle of Eden lying in the deep recess of mind,
In the mind's imagination, in the pulse that shakes mankind.

Could we dream of future glory as time flashes on its way?
Might we not on glancing forward yearn to clasp the future day?

Having triumphed over menace, step by step we have begun
To reach out into the future of the still unrisen sun.

And the glimmer of the moonlight fading with its gleam withdrawn
Flows into the morning twilight and into the golden dawn.

METAMORPHOSIS

The calmness of the waters steers me
To absorb the blue horizon's meeting
Of the endless sky and sea
As the sea gulls are seen fleeting
Towards seas less tranquil and serene.

Now! as the Nightly shore approaches,
And the winds unleash their fury
Deep into the silence
And the darkness of the sea,
The rippling of the tide subsides
With the coming of the waves,
And their stormy wings.

And as the heavens of storm sweep change,
Rise and fall in motion with the waves,
Dislodging, lifting and transposing same,
The pillars and the chronicles of bygone day,
Metamorphosis' immortal face
Unveils its presence and its case.

Forward then we see the change
As the billows claim their place
In the tempest's passing phase,
And the Night gives way to Day
In the coming light of dawn.

Yester's silence is now broken;
No more is the stillness seen as token,
And the motion of the waters shimmers
For the morning light now glimmers
With the movement of the sea.

And life's journey then continues
To absorb the blue horizon's meeting
Of the endless sky and sea
For the sea gulls are no longer fleeting
Towards some far-off felicitous,
And less tranquil sea.

THE HOURGLASS

Grains of golden sand creep
Through the hourglass to the deep
As I stand amid the grasp
Of Time's fading vibrant clasp.

I see my present life
Through the clouds of passing time
As one by one each grain
Shifts me through life's filtered drain.

Life started on her feet,
And came chomping up to eat
Fruit from the tree of life
With its origin in strife.

I am a clerk of Time
Glimpsing eternity in Life,
The beauties of the way
Viewed with passage of each day.

The miracle of life
With the grains of sand is rife;
An atom in full breath
In defiance of vast death.

IN SEARCH OF LOST TIME

Something there in my dreams
Brings out a life which seems
Only a momentary stay
Against an urban decay.

The lark without the song,
A messenger of dawn
Is an Icarian bird
Whose message I have heard.

Leaving and going away
From life's disarray,
I seek a better day
In my departing way.

The angst of modern times
Craves escape from present binds,
Contesting common power
Of social ties and dower.

Back out of all this now,
I wander with the Tao,
Bewildered in the dark,
Epidermis meeting bark.

The valley and the plain
Viewed with nostalgic claim
Make dreaming seem a kind
Of place I long to find.

The trail which is the best
To seek romantic quest
Of a lost world gone by
Is but a pathless lie.

And then time flashed again
With purpose and with aim
Back to the present tense
Where I now search for sense.

PROMETHEUS, THE POEM OF FIRE

The shattered system built on sweat
Of alienated laboring man,
Declares its power and its debt
To the deceit of working man;
Whereas new prophets now forewarn
Progress to those who will oppose
The social and class ties which ward
Homage to the powers in force.

And in the process of revolt
Unbound Prometheus has come forth
To give the human race the sword
To conquer claim of its new morn.

RIDERS ON THE STORM

From within their grieved hearts they draw
Resigned upon their labor lost
To the world's masters who have brought
From age to age upon the fore
Only tyranny upon their lot,
And yet whose brothers bravely fought,
And with experience have gained
Hard won labor rights nobly obtained.

And thus with inflamed hope once more,
They forewarn, denounce, and launch forth
To champion and fulfill our labor laws.

For these working riders on the storm
Into this modern world were born
To combat their harsh fate with scorn.

VEILS OF ILLUSION

The workman operating his machine
May see his finished work
To promise not the dream of avarice,
But pots of gold to buy material solace
Of which he now has little for his own subsistence,
And no more than to proliferate the class existence.

The corporate godlings ever-moving on
Cry in their grincing voice,
"Find your treasure, never fear,
We are sufficient to your needs."
And so, the daily drumming of the nest
Is thus exchanged with pregnant chaos in market's snare.

And yet, the old business masters
Keep their gain to give their own
For their small helpers they fear not;
Human task and trouble are thus veiled
With future's wheel of fortune
Circling its silver lining in their stead.

An adjacent world in unison is conjured up
To simulate voices of the air in aerial puff.
Haunted by voiceless shapes and hollow sighs
It speaks in mystic tones and ghostly eyes.
Like Macbeth's witches mixing truth and lies
The air is filled with incandescent lights.

With mists of impenetrability and déjà-vu
The psychic world blinds the masses with its hue.
Wondering passions and little fluttering fears
Divert the populace from organizing its peers.
For the social order by such means obscures its rival
Obdurately resisting change with obstinate revival.

THE SPIDERWEB

The spider which once stood in solitude
For now is intertwined in multitude.
Soon the lines will form a corporate maze
Similar to spiderwebs of silken haze.

The spider claws capture and appropriate
Its gossamer threads spread to confiscate.
Strengthened by a hidden halo of odylic force
It promises wealth to those who follow the course.

The veils of interlace become forms of art
Tangling masses to the faith and by the heart.
As High Priests once used magic to impress
Moguls now cosset symbols of wealth as crest.

The crawling creature does amalgamate
And with webs proceeds to expropriate.
Its stockbrokers non-stop are heard roaring
As the market coffers store the treasure's pouring.

THE WINDS OF CHANGE

From the past disorder
Bringing forth new order,
The future nation grows
Without the need to bow
Or have symbolic crowns.

With winds of novel change
The system claims its place;
It sorts and cleans the heap,
And parcels out its seed
According to man's need.

The spiral of historic motion
Moves with dialectic notion;
Man acts without financial trade,
And works in synchronized space
With social husbandry in place.

Former chains of bondage and decay
No longer loyalty relay;
The law by which mankind now acts,
Far superior in its facts,
Repays the People through their hearts.

WOMAN

Such a fine evening out to go
All coiffured for the dinner show,
To be exhibited, and seen;
Her keeper's pride and joy so keen.

Back home confined inside her place
She finds herself immured in space,
And with nightfall's imminent claim
Lingers the day's remaining blame.

In common with her female kin,
The endless chores consume her will,
And leave no choice or time to spare
For life's ongoing timeless care.

The one who gave to her the finger ring
Remains her keeper and her king.
He too finds discord with the day's travails
Where toil and time are sold as wares.

The nuptial tie consolidates his sphere,
And vests his title as seen here,
And yet, a germ delineates its trace,
Permitting share in wedlock's state.

As passion binds the newly wed,
The sound of youth springs up its head,
And with the advent of the child
Comes mother's rearing for awhile.

In practicing breeding the human race,
Her home remains the measure of her grace,
And yet while the years slowly pass away,
She receives no reckoning as she may.

She often links with the production train
Bending to its daily moans and pain,
Although her rank remains but second-rate
For gender's time infrequently does mate.

Against odds and obstacles placed in her way,
She perseveres in patience and in say.
She holds human misfortune in her arms,
But lends support to man's progressive plans.

Yesteryear, she took her record stride,
And in her flight has turned the tide.
Ages hence will tell her forward climb,
Disclosing the glory of her kind.

DECODING DARKNESS

Apollo,

Healer of the ailing body,
Healer of the ailing mind,
You the prophet and physician
Link the chain of humankind;
Striking out the Shadow of the vast and silent night.

Man with age and slow diseases
Goes as all on earth will go,
And yet you the god of sunlight
Struggle forth against man's foe;
Piercing through with hooded eyes onward to the blinding light.

'Forward' ring the scientific voices
Crowning barren Death with rage,
Everlasting Hope in pursuit
Beating darkness in its grave;
Giving man a further life and prolonging mortal time.

Struggling with the sliding hour
Of the human inner folds,
Your disciples boldly glimpsing
The gulfs beneath the outer molds;
Ring out the hovering hour with its haunting ghost.

And decoding so the darkness,
They extend our lease on life,
Giving fellowmen much hoping
To rejoice in humankind.

HOPE

Hope, who loves to fly and to bring,
Full of shining heart and open wing,
The joyous days, the joyous hours
Filled with beaming future powers,
Uplifts today's sorrow and despair
With visions of eventual care,
And covets to content the heart's desire
With signs of past time's best attire,
Dressing our apprehensive dreams
With promises full of radiant beams.

The days have now a redder glow,
The hours breathe magic with Hope's flow,
Braving time with raptures that impel
The dawn of morrow to foretell
A world of merriment in tow
Whose melodies ring with a glow
The gentle winged sound of success
With strings of well-being and redress,
To soar life's voice and so awaken
The echoes of delight once forsaken.

SHADOW OF THE WIND **(September 11, 2001)**

1

It was one of September's splendid days
That spread the light of the sun's golden rays,
A day beautiful and bright as ever
Upon whose skies now remain forever
The tender sorrows of the dismal winds
Bearing the black cloud of our deepest grief,
Stirred up in the air like a wind-blown leaf
Which drops unsheltered when the breeze rescinds.

2

It was September - a late summer day
When terror's tempest came with great dismay,
And terror's storm thundered above to rest
Upon mid-morning as the day progressed,
When four great airlines stormed with deadly force,
And suddenly across the skies were lost,
Overpowered by a life-threatening host
That redirected radar's normal course.

3

While one was destroyed on Pentagon ground,
The other in west Pennsylvania unwound;
Two others in Lower Manhattan's downtown
Rushed with an uproar to fiercely come down
With sonic booms that came to reverberate
As the buildings and earth started to shake,
And the influx of smoke rose to overtake
The towers' collapse under impact's weight.

4

When the towers came down in fire and smoke,

The people were watching heart-stricken by shock;
Yet the nation did not falter nor faze
But rather stood united against terror's blaze,
To claim respect and peace from lawless might,
And to return the breadth of daily life
Filled with the signals of everyday strife
That slowly shed the yoke of terror's fright.

5

The World Trade Center with Olympian height
Signaled to terrorists the country's might;
A symbol of stately architecture
That once formed a splendid skyline fixture;
Its towers dressed in a robe of power
Glowed from the east in the sun's golden showers,
Rising like two magnificent flowers
Whose splendor perished in the violent hour.

6

This time the injured country did survive
The tragic loss of life that would revive
The communal sense that swiftly appeared
With deeds of hope and praise the heart endeared;
For while anarchy invaded the States,
The sparks of help and courage still remained
As humankind with purpose now sustained,
And guarded human life from senseless fates.

7

Honor stands in the firmament of time,
A fixed star, conspicuous and sublime,
A meteor of the unvanquished soul
Bringing celestial light to human toll;
Thus those who ignored the perilous alarms,
Who vowed in hope and liberty's advance,
Who perished by fierce choice and not by chance,
Are crowned in Honor's everlasting arms.

8

While the heart lifts with startled agony
And fills with trailing clouds of tyranny,
Freedom's forward purpose once more will run

Upward with the motions of the sun,
And in the midst of our despair shall raise
Some gentle wind whose breath will waft away
The burden of the year's precarious day
With Mother Liberty's heroic praise.

9

And as each further day seeks to embrace
The lost fragments buried beneath terror's craze,
The world will act to claim its future place,
And to unite and form a global base;
While Life's book will remain unclosed, for Age
Shall with a tear unfold this latest page,
And with profound consolation engage
To eradicate the drum of terror's rage.

10

And we shall feed upon the silent air
Until we are absolved from our despair,
For no voice can ever express the pain
Nor sound the return of the parting train;
And just as beams of dawning light impress
Upon the Morning Glory's flowery veil,
The rays of promise will always prevail,
And quickly the shadow of death repress.

PART IV

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years, that bring the philosophic mind.

William Wordsworth
Ode: Intimations of Immortality

REQUIEM A CAPPELLA

1942 - 1945

I PROLOGUE

Come, Time, apprise me as a dove
Who springs but finds no place to rest,
And bears through time a tale of mourn,
Of painful grief drawn from her breast;

For human sorrow failed to last
Life's rolling hours across the years,
And this dark landscape of the past
Warped with memory's frozen tears.

The voice of horror is forlorn,
A bell which tolls its plaintive sound,
And fades away remembrance born
Where Lethe's forgetfulness is bound.

Save for some whisper of man's shame
Which pierces through the silent days,
A dead hush follows human blame,
The painful facts concealed in haze.

To one who turns a musing eye,
What hope is there for mournful rhyme?
For mortal lullabies that lie
Forgotten in the course of time?

Melponese - I now implore
You! Soothe man's aching heart that strives
As life continues with eyes sore
To look upon these hideous crimes.

Take wings of foresight; earthly muse
Inspire this poet with your rhyme,
Awaken early-great poetic use
In verse to voice the hope of time.

With power solemn and serene
Unto our onward lives bring light;
With calm and love we have not seen,
Relieve this world from its dark bind.

We seek to comfort, sooth and bless
With Sorrow fixed upon the dead,
In hope of answer and redress,
Our voice defying human dread.

For the tide of time flows down again,
Its wave with anguish also bows,
And pants within the heart of man
To breathe a thousand tender vows!

II THE EXODUS OF DEATH

The Ishmaels and Hagers came
From the long Exodus of Death,
Having no territorial claim
To settle their unshaken breath.

Abraham and Jacob to their name,
The people crossed the desert waste
To fill the heart with hope and flame,
And quench its thirst in fleeing haste.

The marah of their tears was fed
Their lives long with unleavened bread,
And bitter herbs reminding them
Of exile and of constant dread.

erchanged with those of olden times,
The scattered names like summer rain,
Of foreign accent, variant climes,
Record through time the Hebrew pain.

Anathema maranatha!
The phrase rang out with Christian hate
To curse the Jewish pariah,
And summon up an outcast fate.

The portals of the Synagogue
No longer Psalms of David held,
No Rabbi read the Decalogue
For the blind reign of terror swelled.

An accursed Mordecai spurned;
A trampled, beaten people-class,
Living in streets and lanes obscured,
In Ghetto and in Judenstrass.

And yet with pride they walked ahead,
Throughout the world their presence felt,
For in the background prophets led
The living march without neglect.

The great traditions of the Past
Reflected in the book they read,
With background figures vague and vast,
Became the Legend of the Dead.

But ah! Blood that the earth has drunk
Of sorrow under human skies,
Does not restore the nations sunk,
Nor serve the seasons that may rise.

III THE PEOPLE-CLASS

From the end of Antiquity
Onwards with the rise of Islam,
The ancient agrarian Jewry
Declined steadily as a clan.

The passage of each century
Slowly converts the Jewish mass,
Compelled to rely on usury,
They become a mercantile class.

This Jewish metamorphosis
Forming in time a people-class,
Highlights the economic basis
Behind survival of the mass.

But feeble growth of industry
Constrained by Eastern feudal forms,
Compels the ruling autocracy
To adopt anti-Semitic norms.

Now fleeing these growing censures,
The Jewish masses emigrate;
Forced to face oppressive measures,
In Western lands they concentrate.

With the rise of capitalism,
The displaced traditional role
Of Judaic commercialism
Is absorbed by industry's goal.

Except that with recurring crises,
The regime fails to integrate
The incumbent Jewish masses
Who await their new imperiled fate.

A jingoistic chauvinism
In the midst of the nation host
With budding anti-Semitism
Moves to consolidate its post.

And when the fascist flood arose,
Emerging with new social fame,
A new barbaric racist force
Claimed racial conquest as its aim.

But as the path the war had formed
Began to slant its final slope,
The people-class the world had scorned
Remained defiant with much hope.

IV THE BIRTH OF FASCISM

In the land of Julius Caesar,
The fascist movement found its hearth;
Nineteen twenty-two - fateful year!
When fascist power came to birth.

The emerging social crisis
Brings the fascist force to power
While prompting plebeian masses
To rise above the looming hour.

The class struggle incessantly
Continues to accentuate,
As fascist shock troops ruthlessly
Seek civil war to subjugate.

While reformist parties cower,
And fail to lead the working class,
The fascist agency takes power,
Giving voice to the amorphous mass.

Having depleted the forces
Of the disillusioned middle class,
The dictatorship now uses
The vise of state to choke the mass.

Finance and private industry
Supporting the official trends,
Institutions of sovereignty
Now gather into fascist hands.

Armed to strangulate workers,
The mounting system serves to stall,
To ward off the growing dangers
Of labor's independent call.

Stifling workers' rising unity
With bureaucratic racist hate,
The incumbent sovereignty
Moves promptly to consolidate.

Backed by dictatorial organs
Misdirecting labor's action,
The regime spews racist slogans
To mark national reaction.

And with its anti-Semitism
To reinforce the racist roar,
Belligerent nationalism
Lunges forward the jaws of war.

V

THE RISE OF NAZISM

Adolf Hitler is appointed
The Chancellor of Germany
With the Nazi party hoisted
To spread its ideology.

The First World War having ended,
The Nazi traits intensified;
The lust for power was augmented
With mass surrender satisfied.

Post war's economic impasse
With its resulting worldwide crash
Brings dislocating shocks en masse
To the Germanic middle class.

The social equilibrium gone,
The fascist storm will now unfold
To give the demoralized form,
And the declassed a social hold.

The earlier national defeat
Linked with the Treaty of Versailles,
Becomes the symbol to repeat,
And to reflect the social class.

The nineteen-eighteen victories
Of labor's movement now desist,
And the political retreats
Collapse labor's will to resist.

Soon after nineteen thirty-three
The opposition is suppressed;
Leaders who may stand in the way
Are confined, murdered or repressed.

Hired killers and secret police
Come to replace the ballot box
For all the other parties cease
As the dictatorship unlocks.

Now! the fascist death-flood rises,
The Voyage of oblivion storms,
And man's social judgment lapses
Into barbaric racist forms.

The Waste Land of futility
Where Faust's Mephistopheles reigns,
Becomes the Nazi Germany
Where anarchy its entrance gains.

VII THE CAMPS

With barbed wire to surround the grounds,
The fields are spread as camps of death
Where human outrage has no bounds,
And life extinguishes its breath.

A quietly ordered ebb of life!
Now onpressing, conquering man,
Continues to prevail and strife
With Aryan fury turned insane.

Life's future prospects soon foregone,
Starvation then becomes the norm
As man with weary steps moves on,
Laboring hungry and forlorn.

Yet! Sorrow whispers from her lips
The music heard across the grounds
With blithe song kindled at the strings
Voicing Orpheus' melodious sounds.

The living are ushered from around
Into darkened halls of poison gas
With mists of vapors that surround,
And subject man to death in mass.

The film of death obscures the eye
With dark fumes that oppress the plains;
Gone is the melted voice of life,
Turned into substance made to cleanse.

The air exhales its clouds of death
With cries of leaden-eyed despair,
And vapors weep oblivion's breath,
Concealed behind a genocidal veil.

The feeding fires of Hades subdued,
Ashes are blown about the German soil,
Where life bears through the earth renewed
The scattered dust from human coil.

Ah, Death! you came with random stroke,
A smoke-wraith passing through the air,
With darkened cloud and living smoke,
A specter of man's fatal snare.

Earth, doleful Mother of mankind,
Open your eyes to this atrocity,
For Clotho spins the threads that bind
The future for posterity.

VIII THE REVOLT

The morning comes to consciousness
With faint stale smells of recent death,
As all the muddy corpses press
Against the open graves that breathe of death.

Now! if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from inside the camp,
"Man dies, nor is there hope in dust,
Let's strive to keep our lives intact!"

Might they not say, "Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Life, we strive
To cut out from our minds the fear,
And keep so sweet a hope alive!"

Life then had hope of richer store,
But the remorseless fateful hour
Made life as futile then as bore
Despair of hope and gain of power.

So they passed from a cheerless night
To the glare of a drearier day,
Hoped for the dawn to bring its light,
Alas! the promise had failed away.

They nursed a project in revolt
To meet and greet a brighter day,
They strove to fashion and to bolt
With every doubt long blown away.

Thus slipped the thoughts of life and death
While they rose up against their doom;
Like Paul with beasts they fought with Death,
And yearned to burst the folded gloom.

Oh, living will that does endure
When all of man has suffered shock,
And flows through deeds now made more sure
To rise and form a human rock.

Their dynamite and weapons frail,
Alas! silence now guards their fame;
Whatever their hands were set to trail
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

And time that is intolerant
Of all the brave and innocent,
When otherwise indifferent
Now summons honors to be sent.

IX THE WAR

The bitter day when war had come,
The powers of Europe finally swayed,
And gave way to the fascist home
Whose tempest blind hysterics made.

To shape the world and then to plant,
And crown itself a higher place,
It throve and branched from land to land
As herald of a higher race.

A weeping cloud, a blazing flame,
The warring beast along its Axis main,
In vain pursuit of worldwide fame
Unfurled its flag of tragic pain.

The storm raged on, the wreaths were shed,
The war rolled on in torrent flood,
And yet the sons of England sped
To conquer peace with Freedom's blood.

The warlike of the ocean isles,
The men of field, of air and wave!
Amidst the storm they crossed the miles,
The seas and shores they tried to brave.

Land of October in the course
Of being annexed and occupied,
With new boldness gathering force,
Joins to subdue the fascist tide.

While Europe suffered through the war,
And its great nations sank in blood,
Yet, others watched the tumult from afar,
And claimed no need to stop the flood.

As war marched forward with its might,
The seas of death unleashed their tide;
With the Pacific Rim now in the fight,
American will firmly proclaimed its side.

A hail of helmets from the sky!
Across the sea and up the plain;
The Allied ambush came to lie,
To fill the northern coast and main.

Then Victory Day came with elated tears
To wash away the sorrow and decay,
The burden of the heavy years,
The sadness of the warrior day.

X **EPILOGUE**

Come to us, Swallow, with your song
From depths bereaved and unconsoled;
Though life is brief and death is long,
Remembrance rests unconquered, bold.

Ring out our need for mournful rhyme,
Ring out the grief that saps the mind;
Redeem the dream, redeem the time,
The vision to redress mankind.

Spring wakens too; and in our breast
The black sun of our melancholy
With light its shadows casts to rest,
And gleams upon man's future glory.

Bright Phosphor bring the greater light,
Avert our darkness and our sorrow;
Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double bright,
Through human hope transform tomorrow.

There rolls the deep where grew the yew.
O earth, what changes dost thou see!
There where the dewdrop paints a hew,
Rises the Dawn to set man free.

The spiral form gyrating change,
Some thrice Adonis; since, went and came,
Announcing forth the social range,
The flow of blood turning the frame.

The chirping sound the crickets make,
Now echo out to pass away
For the new roots with spring rain take,
And sprout to form the rising day.

The sunbeam strikes along the world,
Its forward beam - the anemone,
Its backward beam - the rose in fold,
The head of Janus bearing both.

And in the desert of the heart,
And in the prison of our days,
The healing fountain now will start
To teach the free man how to praise.

For as the Dawn begins to loom,
Any man's death will diminish thee,
So therefore never ask for whom
The bell tolls; it only tolls for thee.