

The Red Bell

I HEARD the red bell chime.
I knew not why it rang the hour,
Long since the clock had stopped.
At once deaf ears did hear again,
My blind eyes saw the crimson peal.
I felt the cold wind chill
My senseless skin, I heard
The whisper of a wind-borne tale.
"Why red the bell?" I tried the wind
Who sighed and moaned therein,
"In life the man of sorrow spoke,
But mute his words fell on deaf ears.
'Tis but his blood upon the bell
That sounds his soul's eternal knell."
And in the toll there rose a voice,
A chilling shiver like the breeze —
But warm its breath split through the cold.
I asked the breath, "How do you speak,
O bell, so mute in breathing life?"
As clear as brass the breath replied,
"Death rings above the babbling crowd —
its voice transcends the tongues of men.
Why speak at all when speakers' tongues
Are spades that fell the greatest wall?
Yet ask not when your toll will come
While speakers' spades do spread their work.
But leave death write its own last verse
And perch it on a campanile."
No longer deaf, I heard these words
And seeing truth I went away —
Filled. Then in the midst of day —
Twas then I heard the red bell chime.

In the Light of the Obscure

I PONDERED at the black, black rain,
The frost of Sitwell's swarthy dew,
The dreary drops of poison pain
That soak and flood the human souls.

Thirsty

I swallowed up the black, black rain
Until the bitter taste was gone -
The bitter taste of natural pain -
Until that I could taste no more.

Empty

I gathered up the black, black rain
In bowls and pots, in jars and pans,
And from its putrid liquid brewed
An elixir stronger than man's best strength.

Weary

I ducked out of the black, black rain
And crying spat at th' ominous cloud.
"You are no storm" said I to he,
"Just specters of a dying day."

Crushed

I marveled at the black, black rain
Or rather through its fearful shield
Far, far beyond its deepest depths
The fearless warrior Sun shone through

Revived

I washed away the black, black rain
With shouts and tears of sunny joy
In place of pain there slowly grew
A seed of life and endless love.

Enthralled

I forgot about the black, black rain
And reached for tendrils of warmth and strength.
I danced and played till balmy night
In the curtains of redeem'd plush delight
And ne'er recalled the black, black rain.

by Jacob Garcia

<http://home.comcast.net/~rayae1>

Set in URW+ + Classico using Scribus 1.3.1

