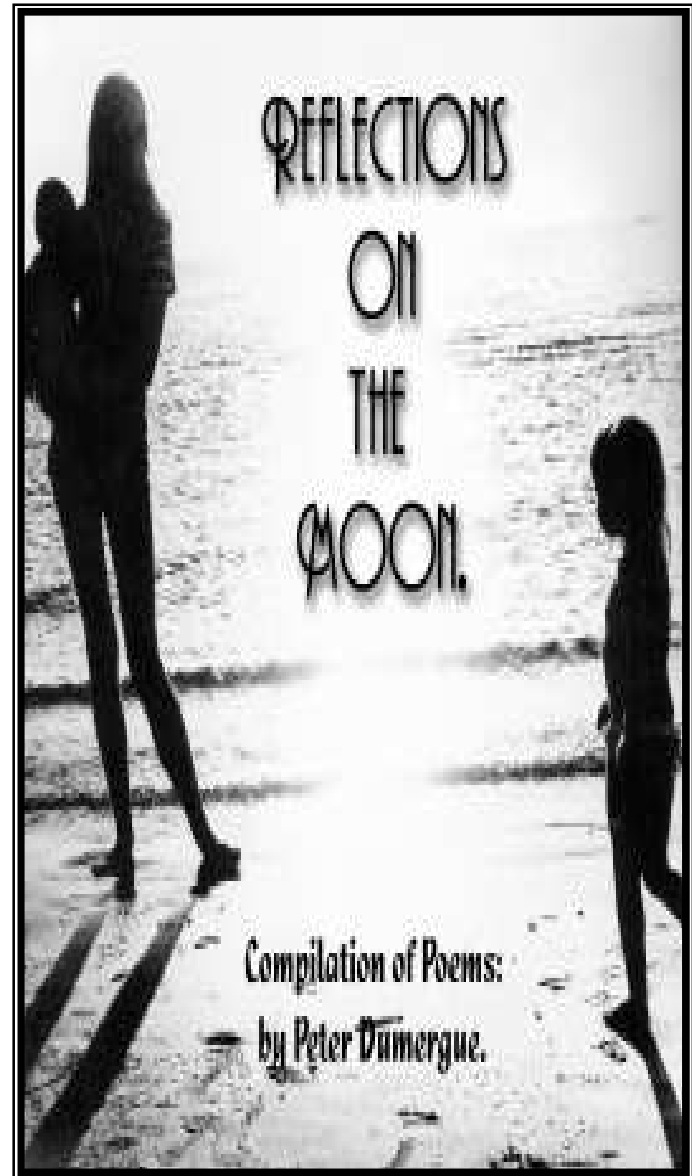




Edited and compiled by Peter Dumergue December 2005.



neopolitann aphrodite;

Like a young goddess from Aphrodite's' temple  
she serves in a Grecian sandwich bar  
our fingers touch once more  
across the counter  
once again there is fusion  
of our bodies  
for a moment  
that lingers in the mind  
for eternity  
but her eyes  
reflect only sadness  
that turns her welcoming smile  
into a lie  
the gentleness of her touch  
into an angry slap  
I walk out into the friendless street  
my heart full of sorrow  
until the next time  
we touch across time.

For Margaret.

Once

I saw a Vision of beauty that was you:  
And my world stood still, the clouds parted and  
rays of gold were reflected from your hair  
and lit the sky in splendour.

Once

I Saw a Vision of freedom that was you:  
I reached out with trembling heart  
to join you in your freedom  
but instead laid yours captive.

Once -I shed tears for you that fell like icicles onto  
my swollen eyelids bringing torment  
to my long and sleepless nights.

Once we stood together before God  
and mocked ourselves for society:  
and on our wedding night I slept in a barn and you  
in a manger.

Together we have walked up the face of a moun-  
tain and the wind was cold to our fevered brows.  
Together we have traversed an ocean of noise in  
search for an island of peace but have been caught  
in the changing tide.

Together we have discovered a new world:  
And there is still time to become lost in the  
wilderness of this world and find peace.

My wilderness is you  
and your name is woman.



Why apologize

You look down at me  
through tears of sorrow  
and apologize  
for all the tomorrows  
that can never be.

You touch my mind  
with your words of pain  
that flow  
with the sadness of summer rain  
and leave me lost in time.

You apologize  
for all the good you've done  
and in your confusion  
pick up a loaded gun  
that is pointed at my eyes.

spring;

The bright golden glow of sun  
is hurting my eyes  
a new day is giving birth  
to a new season  
the clouds that engulfed the sky  
are departing  
across the universe  
and *as* if from some gentle touch  
of a magicians wand  
the world becomes alive  
hands reach out  
and become locked  
lovers walk along paths  
lined with blossom  
and the sweet scent of spring  
bathes them with its fragrance,  
up high in branches  
coming alive with new growth  
birds find new songs  
and their music becomes a lullaby  
of hope.

Dreams.

I have told you many times  
that I need you like a flower needs rain  
like the river  
needs the sun  
to Warm its frozen heart.  
I have told you all y thoughts  
and had conversations with you  
that dissolved all the troubles of the world.  
I have told you of the mountains that stand  
solitary and large against the sky.  
I have told you of the birds  
whose wings bring music  
to the far corners of the world.  
I have told you of the loneliness  
that exists in my heart  
when you are not here.  
I have told you of :my love  
and its unknown depth and power.  
I have told you all my weaknesses  
and that  
I too am only human and  
capable of inflicting pain.  
I have told you all this  
and throughout asked for your trust  
and friendship.  
One day I'll find the courage  
to tell you to your face.

You:

I have dreamt of climbing mountains  
and calling out your name  
for the wind to carry  
across the wastelands of my heart.

I have sailed in a rowboat  
upon an ocean  
of dreams and cast afloat a diary  
with your name on every page  
for the tides to wash upon some distant  
sands of time.

I have crawled on the gravel  
of my existence and whispered  
your name out loud to the flowers  
and tree trunks that form my prison bars.

I have lain in a bed  
of thistles and shed tears  
from which have grown memories



morning angel;

She moved before my tired eyes  
a vision from heaven  
with earthly form,  
her beauty as pure  
and innocent  
as a babbling brook  
at sunrise,  
her eyes bright and welcoming  
as the morning sun  
in springtime,  
her hair  
shining like sunbeams of gold,  
sparkling: like diamonds  
against a foreground of leaves,  
her body flowing  
like a gentle breeze in a forest  
kissing each leaf  
in passing  
and stirred my soul;  
in her hands  
the garbage tin she carried  
became a goblet of silver  
and a moment disappeared  
in time.

Mirrors:

If I look into the mirror  
I see sadness  
A loneliness that only two can ease  
I see a person  
whose mind knows pain  
where memories are like rainbows.

If I look into your eyes  
I see sadness  
a loneliness that only two can ease  
I see a person  
whose mind knows pain  
where memories are like rainbows.

Do your eyes  
reflect the image of my mirror  
or is my mirror  
the image in your eyes.....

Our eyes  
penetrate the haze of our polluted breath  
and see visions of visionary people who  
are lost, running, stopping, standing  
frozen in fear at their future.

Night comes the monoliths of minds stand guard  
Over scared deserted streets  
their many eyes  
watching following remembering.

Nature  
is forbidden here  
the only seed that germinates is hatred  
and it grows  
like a weed in a strawberry patch  
nourished by our filth  
nurtured into fruition  
by our lust our greed.

For the city is our foetus  
growing in the womb of nature;  
It is not too late for an abortion.

I look at myself in the mirror and what do I see.

A walking talking thinking lump of shit. A puppet in a world of dolls, toy cars, toy houses and toy morals

designed by dead puppets.

A marionette world where invisible strings are manipulated by invisible hands.

We walk and talk and act exactly as we have been taught by our forefathers ad infinitum.

Are we human or are we super-robots created and manipulated by a superior race?

Are we fleas on the back of a huge dog? Are we minute cells on a giants balls?

I look at myself in the mirror and what I see reflected in the glass is an empty void beyond which is the unknown.

The unknown which has more wisdom than me.

Wisdom towards which we all strive only to fall short.

And in our search we are only running in huge circles chasing ourselves..... (1963)

slow reading;

To you

I am like an autumn leaf

you press between pages of a book

to mark your place

in the passage of time;

you laid my freedom captive

gently

when you found me

now when you hold me up to the light

perhaps to admire

the colour of my changing moods

you find my soul transparent

my tears

become like veins running down my body

my happiness has become

being your bookmark

my fear is not knowing

how many pages are left to be read.

a virgin coast;

A virgin coast  
lay stretched languidly  
before my desiring eyes  
with slopes  
of silver white sand  
that rose gracefully  
beyond the arms of the  
rhythmic sea  
and beckoned my soul  
to experience its mystery.  
Your body  
a golden sacrifice to nature  
slender and  
naked  
in the arms of the warm white sand  
whilst I  
for a moment Zeus  
possessed you  
and the music of the pounding sea  
echoes our orgasm  
forever

Like a windblown seed raised  
in the womb of my mind somewhere  
so long ago  
your eyes sparkled with the beauty of the oceans  
where visions  
were shrouded  
in their mysterious depths  
your hair  
spun like a silver web across continents billowed  
in the ocean breeze  
a sail first seen on the horizon of  
my existence.

(1995)

In a time sometime past  
glimpses  
of fifteen year old breasts  
thrusting upward  
under pink angora jumper  
aroused  
to the beat  
of soft jazz  
minds cautiously  
exploring  
hands shaking  
in anticipation of a future  
where glimpses become reality.  
September 1996.

A girl walks  
down the dim-lit corridor  
and I am blinded  
by the distant light  
shining  
between her bow-legs

**for Marg;**  
Across a world  
of golden sand  
I saw you lying  
like a goddess at peace  
on a silken shawl  
your beauty  
was the birth of a dream  
formed in an earlier life

you;

As the sun sinks into darkness  
and the earth  
becomes my blanket of blackness  
I see you before me  
your hair  
like golden rainbows of silk  
flowing gently  
like the dawning sea  
kissed by the sun;  
as you move  
the curve of your body  
brings tears of emotion to my eyes  
that such beauty  
should be mine to behold  
to cherish  
for even a moment;  
and when you lie beside me  
your soul naked and peaceful  
you become a child  
and I want to hold your innocence  
to my heart forever.

the moon is in me;

The moon is in me  
or am I the noon  
soaring high  
like stoned  
looking down on despair  
and loving,

It carries me  
through all the tempests  
of nature  
times  
when visions  
are blocked by cloudbanks  
and rainstorms  
but then I find  
its reflection  
in a puddle  
and become warm again.  
despair

A beacon  
that fades  
into the dawn of time  
like history  
its scholars  
winged birds  
whose tireless efforts  
follow unquestioning.

**elegy to the rest of the head:**

The hand  
outstretched  
palm  
upward  
displays a lock  
of straightened hair.

**there is a grain of sand:**

There is a grain of sand  
that is kissed daily  
by the gentle touch  
of the rising tide  
of love  
to be caressed out of  
its drab world of reality  
into  
the pleasant world of dreams...

I am such a grain of sand.....

Vietnam.  
His hand reaches out  
for a memory of love.

*She is standing beside him*

her tears strangling her voice. He is lucky  
he has her memory locked in his mind and his fin-  
gertips.  
She has the reality of hell  
for the rest of her life  
as she eases his body into the taxi back into another  
time.  
They are our conscience.

*Their children*

our children Their war  
our fault  
and we must end it before tomorrow.....  
(1972)

Now I am floating  
above the birds  
their clouds of wings  
a fanfare of feathers  
that flicker  
like a heartbeat  
to reveal you before me  
a vision  
but a second long  
yet alive in that second  
forever.  
or sitting  
on the dew covered grass  
the moon  
marooned  
in a sea of stars  
flickering candles  
occasionally dying  
with a last lingering  
burning tear of wax.

We are so alone  
each  
in our own world  
yet it is you  
who reach down  
to my stretching  
yearning body  
your envelope of light

and once more we become one

blurred visions;

I have tried  
to find the world of childhood  
but my eyes  
are clouded over  
it is as if I seek something  
that never existed  
is there so much pain  
or sadness  
hidden deep within me  
that my mind refuses to unlock  
the floodgates of memory  
was my childhood  
so devoid of laughter  
did the sun  
shine  
on frosty mornings  
transforming my world  
into a world of fantasy  
of magic light play  
twinkling stars  
among leaves and branches  
did the rain  
fall in streams  
across the window panes  
blurring  
my world outside  
into strange and frightening shadows  
was there a time in summer  
when I chased the horse drawn icecart  
to grab a chip of broken ice  
before it melted  
into the cracked and worn  
wooden tray body

have my memories also  
melted away

I search  
but the silence of these lost years  
deafens me.

**you:**

You  
who walk before me  
along Spenner St  
your long red-brown hair  
falling straight  
motionless  
down your back  
the slender curve  
of your trim body  
that sailed  
sensuously  
into the sea of my vision  
your tight jeans  
taut  
across your  
Marie Schneider  
arse.

Would you care to  
Tango.

**within the sanctuary**  
of my mind  
I know the pain of fear  
I cross the road  
in my dreams  
and am hit by the truck  
over and over again  
a thousand times  
unending  
until I wake  
like an injured,  
frightened animal  
screaming  
the language of apes  
my body  
encased in a wall  
of sweat  
that has turned suddenly  
to ice  
and the shivers  
that now wrack my body  
serve only  
to punctuate  
my fears.

The buildings  
of logic  
loom tall, overwhelmingly  
above me  
as I crouch into myself  
but  
I cannot ascend  
their spiral staircase  
for fear of vertigo.

a virgin coast;

A virgin coast  
lay stretched languidly  
before my desiring eyes  
with slopes  
of silver white sand  
that rose gracefully  
beyond the arms  
of the rhythmic sea  
and beckoned my soul  
to experience its mystery.  
Your body  
a golden sacrifice to nature  
slender and  
naked in the arms  
of the warm white sand.  
whilst I  
for a moment Zeus possessed you  
and the music of the pounding sea  
echoes our orgasm  
forever



the american dream;

Fuck you  
you copulating millions  
of sightless saints  
that have destroyed  
natures perfection  
by your more presence

Fuck you  
you soldiers  
your phallic bodies  
and circumcision helmets  
that rape  
with violence and lust  
Fuck you  
you men of god  
who with the power of your words  
give birth to starvation  
from beneath the cassocks of your impunity

Fuck you  
you starched women in hospital uniform  
who nurse  
men back to nonliving  
with gentle hands  
that masturbate dead heroes

Fuck you  
you who reads these words  
and fails  
to recognise yourself.

nature is forbidden here.

Like a seashell to a grain of sand  
like a mountain to a blade of grass  
like love to a drowning man  
the city stands,  
its cold steel structures reaching out  
to engulf our lives.

The sun shines  
through leaves of windows  
and between branches of concrete,  
and falls,  
splintered and cold on our conscience.

The rain coursing down downpipes  
Washes our footsteps  
from pavements stained  
with the blood of workers of long ago.  
the wind  
whistling through valleys of doorways  
and monolithic statues  
like a hurricane lost from nature,  
chills our soul

**Womanchild:**

golden sunsilk hair  
falling like down  
upon fawn cashmere jumper  
brown velvet ribbon  
clasping hair gently  
away from Raphaelic face  
where emotions  
remain hidden  
behind days cosmetics  
a smile  
demure  
yet sensual  
travels the decade  
that separates us  
and awakens my soul



for margaret

Across a world  
of golden sand  
I see her lying  
like a goddess at peace  
on a silken shawl  
Her beauty  
is but the birth of a dream  
formed in an early vision  
planted like a windblown seed  
in the womb of my mind  
some time  
so long ago  
Her eyes sparkle  
with the beauty of the oceans  
beneath whose surface  
live dreams  
hidden in the darkness  
of the mysterious depths  
Her hair  
spun like a silver web  
across continents  
billows  
in the ocean breeze  
a sail  
first seen on the horizon  
of my existence.

1995

Memories of moments:

Bright eyes that sparkle  
only with the re—birth of a memory  
that too soon fades  
into now.

A memory:  
of a hand that touched  
your slender body  
with the tenderness of lore;  
of words  
that by their music  
their promise.  
brought tears of joy  
to your heart  
and became like all words  
lost  
in the clouds of your despair;  
of a smiling face  
that joined you in laughter  
as if it was  
your mirror  
that yet carted from childhood  
and is now empty of images.  
I have been witness  
to these memories  
as they passed through your mind  
and in your laughter  
of words  
of yesterday.  
I have seen you walk  
toward destiny  
with fear and lonely longing

Elegy for life.

I have walked alone  
through a forest of synthetic faces.  
I have sat beside the band  
and heard no music.  
I have sailed a rnostless schooner  
on a sea of nails.  
I have looked through a window that was broken  
and seen a shattered world outside.  
I have Seen a young man die an old mans death.  
And I have seen an old man die like a young man.  
I have seen four hundred girls laughing and one girl  
crying  
and her tears were like rain to my arid soul.  
I have stood on the banks of the river that has no  
beginning or end.  
I have spoken words of wisdom  
to a thousand deaf ears.  
I have fed my body  
to a hundred christian cannibals  
and I hear their derision  
in every beat of the grandfather cl6ck.  
I have lined the paths of gravel with dead leaves  
from a telegraph pole.  
I have erected a signpost in a mirror  
pointing the way to a new world  
and the feet of the peasants  
are bleeding through torn shoes.  
I have stolen a second  
out of a lifetime of minutes, and wasted it.

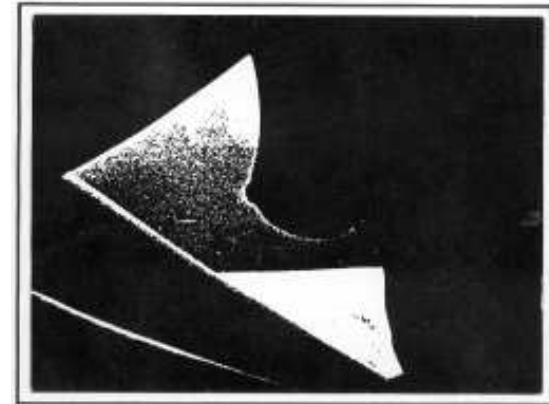
visions:

I look up into the sky  
below me  
and see Clouds  
that form like tears  
on your face.

I look down into the river  
of rain  
and tears above me  
and see my reflection  
shattered.

I lay in this river  
and its coldness  
warms my naked heart  
and as I descend into its soul  
the clouds Weep,  
and become my blanket.

in your anticipation  
of fate  
that you try to arrange  
and I know tomorrow  
I will once again  
see the sparkle of happiness  
light your eyes  
for a few moments  
as you re-live these memories  
and I wonder  
if perhaps someday  
I too  
will live again.



there are times:

There are times  
when I wish I could regain youth  
to be able to view each day  
as the re-birth of imagination  
to stare in ignorant wonder  
at the shadows dancing on green grass  
the sun jumping happily from branch to branch  
as it moves through the trees,  
trees  
that beckon me  
with their waving arms  
to climb up high into their deep dark confines  
and view my world below  
as if it were in miniature,  
to be able to run with the wind  
along white sand swept beaches  
laughing with the tune of the waves  
chasing frightened seagulls  
that glide together through the deep blue sky  
like a beautiful soft blanket of white,  
to lie peaceful and relaxed  
in my bed of night  
knowing that with the sun of tomorrow  
will come new worlds  
to discover new dreams to believe in  
but alas  
these *years have* become lost  
forever  
into the black and white format of cold reality  
the shadows at play

Drowning:

My eyes have watched in terror  
three bodies sink from sight  
not knowing which to rescue  
not knowing which was right.

Was it the baby whose screaming  
was muffled by the waves  
his hands outstretched and pleading  
unknowingly to be saved.

Or the oldest child who struggled  
vainly against the surging tide  
the cry on her lips echoing forever  
'please don't let me die.'

Was it their mother whose tears of fear  
flowed like one with the sea  
was the pain she felt at childbirth  
to be her only memory.

With tortured heart I stood helpless  
on the shoreline on the beach  
the bodies of my loved ones  
carried forever out of reach.

to discover is to make real;

To say I love you  
I know is not enough  
for words so often  
cannot be believed  
I see the countryside  
passing by me with haste  
and I accept its existence;  
but it remains only visual  
until I can walk  
in the shadow of its beauty  
and touch upon its truth  
at which time its existence  
is no longer in doubt.  
I realise that discovery  
is not always easy  
for the visual  
surface of life  
is easier to accept  
than all its hidden depths,  
its heartbeat  
its sadness  
that flows like a river  
its happiness  
that brings songs to the forests.

To say I love you is not enough  
but one day  
you will discover the depth of my words  
and they will become real.

father and son:

I am my fathers son  
I live my life as he had done  
I walk the streets lined with silent hate  
and fear each step I take is one step too late  
I stand alone among a crowd of faces  
and shed silent tears that leave their traces  
like scars of torment upon my heart  
as I cry to my god to make a fresh start  
I have built my world on foundations of sand  
that time erodes with a violent hand  
I attempt to express love with a gentle caress  
but create only tears of unhappiness  
that fall silently from your eyes  
while I continue my search for my own paradise  
Yes I am my fathers son  
and I make the same mistakes one  
by one.

Alone:

Did I tell you that night  
how I missed you  
as I walked  
beneath the moonlight sky  
and counted  
the stars that we once counted  
and how I cried to find  
there was one missing.



somewhere;

Somewhere  
outside our lives  
a girl stands lonely  
beneath a lovers sky  
hands outstretched  
and. pleading,  
but the blind  
pass her by unnoticed,  
the watch  
on her slender wrist  
records the passage  
of eternity her  
tear stained eyes  
glisten like moonlight  
on the sleeping shore  
of a world  
yet to be discovered.



my love.

My love waits  
upon a golden gateway  
to a life  
new and peaceful

We will be there together  
and the sun  
will shine  
on fields of green  
that is our love

And our footsteps will  
give birth  
to paradise.

season haiku:

Sunlight grows brighter  
with summers influence and  
clouds drift slowly away.

Moonlight rays beam down  
calling lovers to embrace  
with springs gentle kiss.

Winters silhouette  
creeps stealthily by night and  
darkens autumns door.

Golden leaves burst  
alive and fall forever  
onto autumns grave.

you shattered my heart;

You shattered my heart  
like a bullet  
speeding from some lovers gun  
that you carry hidden in your eyes.

You mend my broken body  
with bandages of words  
that flow soothingly  
from behind your surgical mask.

I walk a cripple  
through a field of athletes  
that have entered your perfect mind  
and somehow emerged uninjured.

When I ask you  
will there be some cure  
your laugh echoes from the ceiling  
and all my wounds reopen.

The door you closed  
behind you  
on your journey to the noon  
has become jammed  
with all my love behind it.

If some day  
you should return  
and, by magic find the key  
you will find my skeleton within  
arms wrapped around your memory.

shores of love:

With sea wind splashing  
on naked thighs  
while gulls on high with  
wing beat sighs  
spread clouds of colour  
in bright blue eyes  
your body in peace  
and surrender lies.

The oceans kiss caressing  
your golden body  
while drifting sand sings  
a tender love song  
to steeple bells, ringing,  
windblown in the distance  
of your mind, your feeling  
of love engulfs the world  
and the mountains sing.

It was on this shore of love  
I found you  
and our bodies moved  
before the tides  
while our hearts became locked.  
somewhere in another time  
in which our memories hover  
like gulls; and form  
a blanket for our love

Wednesday;

Yesterday

they were together  
and loneliness  
was just a word  
in a book  
they had never read  
they had each other  
and for them  
no one else  
existed  
They walked slowly  
their hands clasped  
their eyes embracing,  
down tree lined  
leaf strewn avenues  
and the beauty  
of their world  
unfolded before them  
as they sat  
on a cushion of leaves  
and watched  
the peaceful flow  
of the river.

And the flow of time  
brought the shadows of darkness  
to descend on their world  
and with the dawn  
of Wednesday  
came a river of tears  
that fell unnoticed  
from her eyes  
and flooded the pavement  
outside  
the Army induction centre.

Golden

sun silk hair falling  
like down  
on fawn cashmere jumper  
brown velvet ribbon  
holding hair  
gently  
from Pre-Raphaelite face  
where emotions  
remain hidden  
behind daytime make-up  
a smile  
demure  
yet sensual  
travels  
through time  
and awakens my soul

*Poem for marg Sept 92*

The morning sun is spreading  
Its warmth  
into a golden valley.  
A valley as gold as your hair  
As it erupts and  
Falls gently over tinted sheets  
And rests gentle to the touch  
Of my eyes.  
Gold as your arms  
As they reach upward  
Toward some dream  
That started twenty five years ago.  
Reaching out for the love  
That light conceives.  
Gold as your thighs  
That silhouette the dawn  
As you lay,  
Your body relaxed,  
And peaceful  
unknowingly reflecting its radiance and beauty  
To my world.

today:

It seems only yesterday  
I held your hand  
and we were childhood lovers

It seems only yesterday  
I kissed your mouth  
and our love was sealed.  
It seems only yesterday  
we stood together  
and became one  
our hearts bursting with joy  
and love.

It seems only yesterday  
you laboured  
on a cold white hospital bed  
and gave birth to new life.

It was only yesterday  
you walked beside me  
and feared tomorrow through your tears.

Today  
you are nine years older than yesterday  
and our love  
has become nine years closer.

searchings

I'm searching  
through a haystack of life  
for a thought  
of existence.

I'm searching  
through a jungle of cemeteries  
for existence of a thought.

I'm searching  
through a mind of madness  
for myself:  
I wonder where I'm hiding.



I love you

I love you

said the little left ball  
and pinched the right one to death

We know the lovers

They are hidden deep within  
our eyes



An Ode to Your Bum:.

Steel nails winking through the Delta noon

Your eyes not quite hidden by clouds seeking refuge  
above

Below

All around me

Air rushing through fibers of daylight shadows and

Illusions.

A tree

Or is it your body

Beckons me into its cool damp destiny.

My hands stretch out through windows

Across highways of repetition

And fences of chaos surrounding an oasis

Offering joy hope prosperity

To believers.

Silently my hand searches

Climbing, soaring, gliding like a flying fish

Fingers encircle your nipple

Which ripens into a world of love

A world that can only exist for you and I.

allusion;

Eyes turn  
legs twist  
bodies spin  
to stare in wonder  
at your beauty  
as you pass  
your long blonde hair  
falling like silken sunlight  
down your slender back  
your legs  
graceful and divine  
that carry you serenely  
and so fine  
through streets lined with faces  
but your soft blue eyes  
are cold  
and ignore all smiles;  
the smile that is hidden  
behind your sweet lips  
is unseen  
to all except  
your dream.

Standing;

Standing  
in the lift of life  
that carries One above  
Oneself  
I see stretched out  
before me  
below me  
the world  
That I had been  
I see famine of mind  
Starving,  
crying Out for words  
that only end up an alphabet  
I see blindness  
my body passing  
a flower of naked beauty  
dragging a plough in my left hand  
a rifle In my right  
I hear deafness  
That ignores the song  
of wind on wing  
the song of sea  
on silver sand  
the song of bodies  
finding each other  
for the first time  
for the last time

Below me  
I see Other worlds  
and my body Weeps  
for their affliction.

Clouds roll overhead dropping leaves  
from branchless oak trees while rain  
pouring out of gutters into water spouts.  
The butterflies of dawn drift down  
the music of their wings sending flickering  
light shadows across the room coaxing sleepy  
eyes into awareness — yesterdays memories  
flood his mind while last nights labor  
lies stretched out asleep beside him.

His fingers reach out to brush a cobweb  
from her nipple and her breast explodes.



I shed an ocean for thee;

I lay  
on my bed of nails  
with my gramophone  
playing a plastic song  
while you lie  
in your watery grave  
of tears  
your heartbeat broken  
by sorrow  
the wilted red roses  
I sent you are  
your shroud.

I am told  
a thorn  
pierced your tiny hand  
that too often  
was reaching  
for me  
and the blood  
ran down your white dress  
like tears of crimson

Now time  
is motionless for you  
mine weighs heavy  
on my heart  
of stone  
I see your face  
reflected in my mirror  
your body

when I wake;

When I wake in the morn-  
ing  
I feel the warmth of your  
body  
close by me  
beneath the naked sheets  
and peace makes love  
with my tormented heart.  
I reach out a hand to  
touch your breast  
and a thousand angels  
sing from my soul  
and my eyes  
breathe in your presence



Song of sunshine;

Save me some saturday sunshine  
please save me some saturday sunshine  
when you walk out the door  
I know you'll be back once more  
So save me some saturday sunshine.

I have loved you so much  
my love has been no strong  
wont you tell me my little one  
how long you will be gone  
because I'm cold without your saturday  
sunshine

When you walked out the door  
I lay broken on the floor  
and the hurricanes and storms  
keep my body from being warm,  
I miss the glow of your saturday sunshine.

O my heart is growing cold  
and my body it is freezing  
won't you return my sweet love  
and promise there will be no more leaving  
and we'll share every day  
the warmth and gentle rays  
of your beautiful Saturday sunshine.

Yes we will share every day  
the warmth the gentle ways  
in love with your saturday sunshine  
in love with your saturday sunshine.

in the clouds of morning  
your silken hair  
in the breeze  
that has chilled my soul.

I hear your laughter  
in the rustle  
of trees  
and the oceans  
sing your song  
forever  
in their gentle movement  
and each raindrop  
that *caresses* the leaf  
of my life  
*is* of your tear.  
shed in loneliness.

I smell  
the sweet perfume  
of your hair in the  
trees  
in the breathless  
movement of the forests  
in the nectar  
of nature  
that  
surrounds me  
my eyelids  
that once were concrete walls  
across  
the reservoir of tears  
have finally opened.

is there room for me;

I walk on leaded feet  
through the doorway of your mind  
and I hear  
only the echoes of my footsteps  
and the past I left behind.

I hear ten thousand heartbeats  
calling out ten thousand names  
and my heart  
cries tears of lonely sorrow  
at the absence of my name.

I wish that for a second  
I could find a place in your heart  
amid the  
turmoil and confusion  
of a soul without a start.

we will sing to the moon;

O sing your song of sweetness  
you golden dove of peace  
for one day man will listen  
and your song will be released  
for the people of all lands  
to sing together and rejoice  
knowing that your song  
has been their final choice  
and the world will sing your song  
to the moon, in one great voice.

o sing your song of sweetness  
you golden dove of peace  
for one day man will listen  
and your song will be released  
for the people of all lands  
to sing together and rejoice  
the words of your masterpiece  
to the moon, in one great voice  
knowing that your song  
has been their final choice.