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Guardian of the Treasure

Ô Guardian of the most sacred Treasure
Whose plaited scales weigh the heaviest of gold ;
Can my spirit and yours ever measure
The trial to coil, twist and fold ?

Your infernal fires have all but charred my soul
Instead of kindling the hearth that lies within me ;
A hearth longing for the brazen embers of tales old
So as your ardour and mine no longer vie in infamy.
Jade are the flames that slowly subside to a mineral wisp
Whilst the din of your scales tinkle to a pleasing air ;
Behold, our spirits meld ever so tautly into one powerful gist
That no force, hence, will ever break, sever or tear ...

Himself Seen

He sees himself tracing the Way towards the Infinite
He sees himself drinking the elixir of Eternity
He sees himself choosing the perennial Motionless
He sees himself offering his Will to the Vacant Space
He sees himself reaching the inner Vacancy of Reality
He sees himself voyaging between our two Worlds ...

Darkly Suffered

Night enshrouded his Being alone in bed
Wierd colourless Figures erred aimlessly in his head.
All black were those Figures on that moonless Night
Whose bi-fold Force paralysed his nocturnal Rite

Of lying awake under a myriad stars alit
Under racing Steeds of foaming bit.
That churned the Heavens like milk into butter
Alas now all lay still, an ogived Vault designed by some Other

Hand whose designs remained frightfully unknown
An evil Hand steadily drawing out a lone
Figure of a man (Him?) without past or future, a present
Sightless, a blind fugitive in the dark, whose only bent

Was to light the lamps of nocturnal insight
So that a Ray of Hope would stream through the veils, all bright
A Ray of Promise that would spare him this respiteless sufferance
Nightly, alone, a colourless Figure doomed to eternal irrelevance ...

Dawn Will Always Vanquish Dusk

The setting sun heralded the labours of night
A dusk-filled tulle that shut out all daylight.

Awaiting fear girt the heavy heart
Of the sleeper's conscience, inexorably torn apart.

Nightmares stormed his parapets so habitually robust
Pounding the bulwarks that he believed impenetrable, to dust.

Twisting and turning from side to side he
Wended helplessly through the obscure maze of frustrated debris.

Pillow-case and sheets imbued with haunted strife.
To overcome the faceless agonies between death and life.

However

The rising sun peeped into the fatigued sleeper's uncurtained window
A dawn-filled radiance warmed his cold struggles so

That it awakened his aching body from such nocturnal plights
Draping him with refreshing rays of invigorating, soaring heights.

That vanquished all fear arrested in his embattled heart
Kindling Divine Covenant with renewed hope that Dawns eternally impart ...