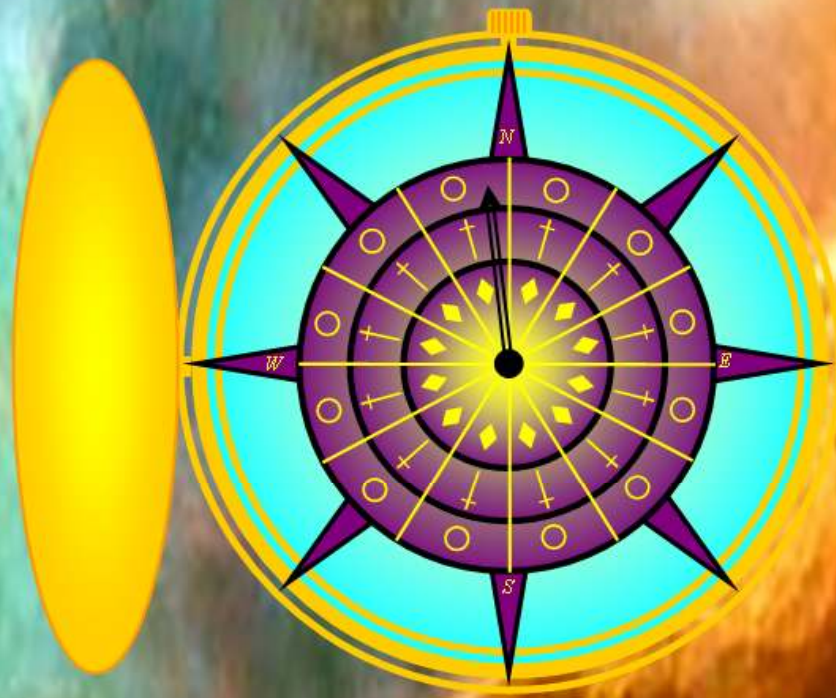


THE VOYAGE OF KINGS



A StoryTeller's Dream

IRONHORSE

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because The Son of God once said, as He held us within His Sight,
“ *whatever you find your hands doing, do it with all of your might* ” . . .

and so, he did . . .

To Ignite The Sun



(Vox Æterna)

hidden deep within The Fabric of Humanity, lies The Thread of Our individual and collective Purpose, which, having been meticulously sown by The Hand of The Almighty, has resonated unerringly across The Ages within the welcoming yet infinite Realm, of Wonder . . . for each and every Aspect of Understanding, once gathered and held secure by The Alliance of Faith and Courage, transforms all Inquiry and Analysis into a definitive and glorious Tapestry of Knowledge, through which, and ever annealed in The Crucible of Wisdom, shall emerge the exquisite Clarity, of One Voice, and ultimately, One **Truth** . . .



A StoryTeller's Dream

(come, True)

1

a Legend, lives On, in The Hearts and Minds of Those who wish to preserve All that They hold Dear . . . in Their Memories, Their Lore, Their Symphony of Moments, captured in The Essences, that become The Stories, of Our Lives . . . for what Was, speaks of Now, which Ever tells, of The Days to Come . . .

for Millennia, Our Planet's Inhabitants, regardless of Culture, or Creed, or Character, have gathered Always around Campfires, Lanterns, Torches, and Candles for Warmth, for Sustenance, for Protection, for Shelter, from Darkness, or Despair . . . to revisit, to remember, to regale, to relive The Legends . . . from Medicine Man to Minstrel, from Balladeer to Bard, from Poet to Prophet, from The Hearth, to The Heart, these Legends, lived On . . .

at Present, Our Technologies have begun to rip the very Fabric of Our communal Spirit, separating Us from OurSelves, from the very fundamental Nature of The Phrase ~Human, Being~ . . . and while We continue to search for The Meanings of Life, the Multitude of Our Endeavors seem only to isolate, alienate, or divide Us from The Things that matter most . . . who We are, as HumanKind . . .

and from The Mists, and The Myths of Our collective FolkLore, for We are All born under The Same Sun, comes a Whisper, of a Way, in which this Spirit might rise Again, through Our Thoughts, Our Voices, Our Portrayals of Our Yesterdays . . . Our Dreams, Our Desires, Our Hopes, and Our Prayers can be brought Forth, where EveryThing is illuminated, around and through a simple, yet timeless Element . . . a Spark, a Flame, a Ball, of Light . . .

and Here, in a Place called ~I Believe~, this Spirit has manifested Itself once more, whether borne from the Native Americans who graced this Land many Moons Ago, or from the seafaring Travelers that arrived from Distant Shores seeking a new Life of Freedom and Abundance, or from Those whose Destiny was fraught with Hardship, but whose Hands and Hearts had helped to build a Nation that rose Above and Beyond All that came before It . . . and Each and Every One, brought with Them a Legacy, a Heritage, a Tapestry, crafted in The Hope of a brighter Tomorrow, and Ever woven into The Stories, of Their Days, Gone, By . . .

The ForeWord

The Voyage of Kings

(The Apology)

while Some, in possession of a more enLightened Spirit of Awareness, which by definition indicates a higher and therefore clearer Understanding of The Ways of this World, might question what Place a Book titled such as This, could hold in the Hearts and Minds of Those, who have for Always stood in the Shadows of All that Men, as well as Kings, have wrought upon Them . . .

This Book, was conceived and is certainly now embraced, by a most singular Act of divine Will and Determination ever to be brought Forth under the sublime Guidance and Counseling of none other than The Feminine Supreme, and upon whose infinite Grace and Wisdom I have been blessed to witness, and therefore to wonder, of All that has been manifested within each and every Woman I have Ever had the honor and pleasure to know . . .

and leaving Me with This Task, to tell of Her Story, so that Those whom I have yet to encounter will One Day know, that there exists at least one Man on Earth, who carries with Him a small Candle of Compassion, to cast a Light upon the Darkness of All that Men have said and done, to Those that have surely been created, in Her Name . . .

for even Kings, must eventually walk The Path, of Her Forgiveness . . .

Mission State Meant



i

to All The Women of The World,

This, is The Apology, that

U have been waiting for,

All, These, Years . . .

In Honorae



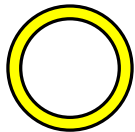
This Book, is dedicated, to Every Moment,
born in The Life, of My Son, Evan,
who has given Me more Light,
than God, Ever, dreamed . . .

The Fables, of Content

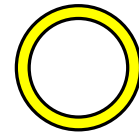
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The Voyage of Kings

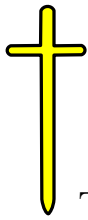
(A StoryTeller's Dream)



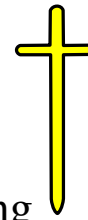
Dream I – The Ring (Purpose)



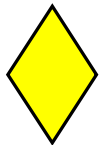
The Prologue, The Waiting, and The Awakening



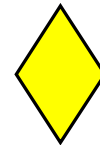
Dream II – The Sword (Path)



The Prelude, The Calling, and The Nearing

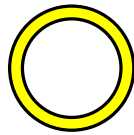


Dream III – The Diamond (Passion)



The Promise, The Gathering, and The Forgiving

Dream I
of
The Voyage of Kings



The Ring

(Purpose)

The Prologue, The Waiting, and The Awakening . . .

The Prologue

A Bridge, A Cross, Eternity

(before The Beginning)



i

Far Ago, and Long Away, in The Time before Was, in The Land of
Because, a Tale of two Lovers began . . .

on The Eve of Nocturna, now known, as The Wedding of Hope and
FullFillMeant . . .

as seen, through The Eyes of a Butterfly, called Avalon . . .

as told, by an Iron Horse, named Sky . . .

* * *

from the very first Moment, living inside what could only be called
EveryWhere, was God . . .

and within God, were borne The Essences, and The Attributes, of a
Man, and a Woman . . .

and the Man and the Woman, eternally bound as One, were called
Ever, and Always . . .

and this blessed Union, of these two Hearts and these two Souls,
became Love . . .

* * *

and, One Day, while walking The Breadth, and The Depth, of Their Dominion, Ever turns His Eyes to Always, and says, *I will walk All The Days of Infinity, to find One Rose, as lovely, as Your Smile . . .* and so, He did, and from that Moment on, until every Moment since, noOne has known, where Ever, was . . .

as Always waited, at The Center of EveryThing She holds Dear, Ever wandered across The Millennia, following The Light from a Distant Star, searching The Heavens for The Meaning of Life, and finding only The Folly of Men, whereEver He went . . .

and along The Way, He was met by Travelers, solitary Messengers from both Far and Wide, who told Him of a Rose, that dwelled in a place called Avalon, a pale blue Gem in the dark velvet Sky above Him, and as He gazed toward It, He slowly turned to face The Day, and said, *The Light of The Millennia, cast from a Distant Fire, roam It will for Ever, The Path of My Desire . . .*

* * *

for as long as He could remember, His Journey had taken Him far across The Cosmos, far beyond The IcanSea, far beyond The Reach, and well past The Broken Sound, Ever spiraling Outward, deeper, and deeper, into The Worlds of Time, and Tide . . . and deeper still, into an Oblivion that held no Memory, of who Ever, ever was . . .

as He approached the blue Jewel, Avalon, nestled in the nocturnal velvet Sky, at last, having known the long dark Kiss of Night, for what felt like Eternity, while pondering a Place He could not quite remember, and a Face, He cannot seem to forget, He moved forward into The Arms of Destiny, waiting, upon these Shores of Longing, and finally comes to rest, upon The Rail, of Sighs . . .

and all at once, as He felt a great Hush, moving slowly across The Universe, as The Air around Him vibrated softly, as if the Sky were soon to crack from The Weight of Certainty, He knew that the Rose He has walked all Creation to find was here, and just when The Dawn gives up Her Promise to The Day, He saw, high up on a Hill, now etched in His Heart for Ever, a Man, nailed, to a Cross, and the Man on The Cross, was The Rose of Avalon . . . and The Rose of Avalon, was His Son . . .

and Now, beyond all Realms of Chance, and CircumStance, the Story about to unfold, before Your very Eyes, to be held for Ever in Your Heart as a terrible Beauty, One, whose beginning arose, as One has come to an end, yet whose Story remained veiled in The Passages of Time, for two thousand years, rising Ever so slowly to The Surface, appearing as Phantoms, as Butterflies, dancing across The Ages and Pages of wellworn Tomes and Tales, given forth to mark The Affairs, and Follies of Men, as They searched, high and low, for The Meaning of Life, as They searched The Heavens for The Truth, when Their Truth had been lain asunder, by Their very own Sword, of blind Desire . . .

* * *

and so, the long dark Kiss of Night had followed Him, and It poured, slowly down over The Kingdom of Avalon, down over The Fields and Forests of what might have been, to The Mountains, and The Majesty, and The Music of Men . . .

and, as They laid His Body behind that Mighty Stone, Ever knew, as He stood beneath The Heavens, alone, that He had come so far, to find All He had missed, and all They, are Those, that a Rose once kissed . . .

and this one Rose, though only Here for awhile, left His Mark for Eternity, and for All, a Smile, and for this one Smile He had searched The Stars to be near, was found upon The Face, of All things Dear . . .

so He fell to His Knees and began to pray, that He might return to Always one Day, and as that Rose, ascended, upon Angels' Wings, He smiled and He remembered, of a Voyage, of Kings . . .

and of this Story laid before you now, are All that remains, of The Glory, and how, a Man, once called Ever, who Fate dared to roam, put His Words on these Pages, in a long letter Home . . .

and, as He remembered who He was, and where He had been, He lit a Candle, to tell the World, yes, He would find, Love, Again . . .

* * *

and He wrote, and He wrote, for the next two thousand years, through Our Agony and Our Ecstasy, and The Sum of Our Fears, and He wrote of each Moment of each Day of Our Past, through each Chapter and each Verse, as though They might be His Last . . .

so every Dream and every Wish that Ever had heard since Then, could One Day fly away, beyond these Follies of Men, and All that remains of His Candle, so bright, are these very Pages, from The Ages, of a Kingdom, of Light . . .

* * *

and so It began, and yes, so It was, under a Sky to remember, and in The Heart, of Because . . .

They came from Hither, and They came from Yon, and They came from no Reason, so to witness, The Dawn . . .

and All Eyes were there upon Him, and every Soul, had come so far to see, what Tomorrow knew, and kept from View, All that Yesterday, had Ever promised, to be . . .

while 'Lo and Behold, Their Tale, to unfold, gazed down upon this weary World of Men, a Whisper was heard, and this Whisper, was The Word, and there began the greatest Story, that Ever, told . . .

The Very First Echo

Once cast, from a Distant Fire

(Symphonies, of Moments)



i

an Angel, stands, with The Grace of Swans, and moves to The Edge of A Sea of Glass, and the quietest Hush moves as liquid, across All that Her Eyes survey, for even The Myriad of Heaven's Prayers have waited for an Eternity to be answered, and held, in The Light, of All that shall come of This . . .

and She begins to tell a Story, soft and slow, and in a Voice barely above a Whisper, yet capturing The Moment as only Thunder ever could, and every Hope Ever dreamed suddenly came alive at the very Words, that began . . . *from This Dei, there shall come a Sound* . . .

and On and On She spoke, of All Things Dear, pouring Forth over the vast Dominions of Remember, and well beyond the infinite Reach of Forget, out upon the immense Mirror of All that Was, and reflected into the very Heart of Always, flowed the very Echo, of All that would One Dei, come to Pass . . .

and this Echo so began Its long Journey far across the Millennia, as Ever It chased the Speed of Light, in search of a Place far Away in a Time, where a Candle had once asked, of a Reason Why, from a small, pale blue Gem, in a dark velvet Sky . . .

and when at Last, She finished Her Story, for It went On and On, for Deis, and All Those who had come to hear Her, so went upon Their Ways, yet They All knew She would come Again, and harbored no such fear, for as sure as The Son moves across The Sky, She would return, the very next Year . . .

for Her Name, is Aquarius, and Her Number, is January . . .

* * *

as The Echo glides through The Universe, It gathers strength from every Prayer along The Way, for the Cloak of Darkness will no longer keep It hidden from The Heart of All Things Dear, nor hinder It from fulfilling The Promise of The Return of The Light, of Love, Again . . .

and as The Hush of Silence, guides Its Path through The Heavens, and The Memory of The Journey begins to unfold, one by one, the Legions of Stars assemble in Its Wake, to cast Their blessing, upon the upturned Faces, of each, and every Child, of God . . .

The OverLord



*flying across this Darkness, that veils The Reasons Why, I
listen to The Echo of The Sigh of Always, moving as liquid,
among Her Legion of Stars, as They Ever ponder My Intent,
because, These Tears, that lay upon Her Face, I will share
in Sorrow's Name, for I have known The Folly of Men, and
I come, to cleanse Their Shame, oh yes, as I come, to bear
Their Blame . . .*

The First DoveTale

The Rhythm of Life

far Ago, and quite long Away, and well beyond The Reach of Remember, long before The Suns brought forth The Light of Deis, and so it will be long after these very same Suns will have for Ever ceased to shine, was born The Reason Why . . .

carried across untold Æons, toward uncountable Distances, from that Moment on, until All Moments have come and gone, where All that remains in the Here and Now of this once and glorious Because, is The Echo of a Breath of a Whisper of a Voice, telling of a Promise, and The Promise, is The Return, of Love, Again . . .

The Waiting

The Kiss, of Always

She had never known a feeling such as this before . . . the Midsummer's Eve of her life, up to this moment, had left her wanting, had left the bittersweet taste of regret, of seas not sailed, of horizons not found, and Tomorrows not lived, and of Love once glimpsed, once touched, once embraced, but now, as elusive as the fragrance of roses, there, yet not seen, there, yet not felt, only a whisper, and not quite a promise . . .

His blessings were many, his woes were few . . . the paths of his life were varied, and true . . . His journeys, his creative hand, the masterworks of his mind were glories of bygone days, of forgotten dreams, of faded pictures never taken . . . His memories, drifted like past moments of timeworn clocks, waiting, for hopes beyond Tomorrow's wish, for castles yet to build, on the shores of a life, never lived . . .

The fruits of her labors were many . . . Her home, her family, her husband, her son, all were precious jewels in the richness of her life, all becoming the faded images in the portrait of her Soul, like the dust of age, lying quietly, on the windows of Yesterday, like blue-gray ivy adorning the walls of her mind, like phantoms, like butterflies, weaving through the corridors of her Heart . . .

The fires of his passion, the iron of his will, guided his inner voyages, guided his desires, the hope of family and friends, his wife, his son, all were his Universe, all were his inner Light . . . still the Drummer's rhythm, the Piper's song, haunted his Soul, haunted his purpose, defined his path, yet, as spectral as the Eyes of Heaven, the message

kept its distance, kept its vigil on his Heart, kept its grasp on his Allegiance . . .

All she wished for, all she hoped for, all she dreamed, was to hold on to the thread of Love, the thread of God's Heart, the web of pearls she had crafted with the blood, the tears and the devotion of her Soul . . . She longed to dance with her Muse, once more, to feel the fleeting moments of passion, of fulfillment, of the breath of Wonder, before the Suns of skies beyond, died away . . .

* * *

and with a depth of Passion that overshadowed All that came before, even in Dreams, and a fevered Rush of Purpose rivaling the intensity of the Light of The Sun, they pledge their Fidelity to the Eyes of Heaven, to the Sea of Glass, to walk the Moments of Eternity, to capture one tear from the Grace of God, and to savor It, to cherish It, from this Moment on, until All Moments fade . . .

and All at once, they heard a Sound, soft and slow, yet with an enduring rhythm of Light, cast from a distant Fire, rising as golden Wind, an Echo of The Millennia, roaming for Ever the Days of Infinity, forging the Paths of their Desire, capturing their Hearts as One, delivering them the Whisper of a Promise, that this Time, and this Place, has been touched by the Feather, from the Wing, of the Angel, of Love . . .

The Second DoveTale

The Pillow of Hope

woven through the vast Embrace of Infinity, and laced within each and every Facet of The Will of God, are The Threads that bind a Divine Purpose, and Always therefore, a Divine Presence, to the very Pulse, of The Human Heart . . .

and so wrapped, and held inSighed the Eternal Memory of Silence, moving, as Liquid, on toward a mighty Sea of Forgiveness, flows the deep and endless River, of Our Souls . . .

and from This, there emerges The Hope of Fulfillment, though, as Ever, bound in The Chains of Awakening, and firmly lashed to the tide and time-worn Decks, of His tempest-tossed Abandon . . .

The Waiting

The Wind, knows The Way

(Home)

setting out on an August Morn, upon a Path barely revealed amid the waist-high grasses, walks a boy, eyes bright with Promise, and keeping a determined pace, in hopes of finding the source of the Voices, before the Noonday Sun found him, too far from the deep quiet shade of his yard, now miles distant . . .

this, his third attempt, after brief and random excursions well within sight of Home, was to be his most daring, for he had never ventured this far out onto The Downs alone before, and without a single Cloud to obscure an endlessly pale, blue Sky, his loneliness had become All the more Complete . . .


high Above, a chevron, small and dark to his periodic gaze, circling in long, lazy arcs, flew an eagle, there since Daybreak when his Voyage began . . . He longed, for just a Moment, to share Its Domain, to see with Its Eyes, to know, All that lay beyond his earthbound View . . .

the last Trace of a Morning's Dew left Its Mark upon his passage, leaving cool and silvery Trails upon his skin, reminding him, of his thirst . . . yet, before his Thoughts became a Wish, he heard The Sound of The Stream, running Somewhere, up beyond a Rise . . .

as he slowly gave himself to The Height of Wonder, The Splendor fell Away below him to a wide and verdant Plain, a Valley, in The Sun . . . and there, standing for All to see, standing along The Shores of The Stream, standing in The Light of All Things Dear, were The Lilies, with Hearts as One, singing, with Voices as bright as The Dawn, and with the palms of his hands, he dries the Tears from his eyes, and beholds The Sight of Ten Thousand Angels, heralding The Return of Love Again, welcoming him to Avalon, bathing him in Awareness, that Each and Every One, knows he bears The Name, of *Hope* . . .

The Third DoveTale

The Gates of Dawn



from out of the swirling Mists that gently caress The Endless River of Souls, as The Eyes of Heaven quietly gaze down upon The Hearts of Men, and The Sparrows of WoeBeGone rise up in a thunderous Rush to greet The Sun, I hear the tentative FootPrints of Anticipation come slowly toward Their awaiting Destiny, as two Women, Each holding The Hands on either side of Fate, step forward . . .

and before The Morning has Ever heard The Promise of Day, and in perfect Unison, They begin speaking The Words They have walked All The Millennias to tell . . . on This Day, there shall come a Sound . . .

The Waiting

The Echo

On This Day, there shall come a Sound, soft and slow, yet with an enduring Rhythm, rising as Golden Wind, to capture The Souls of all Men, and to embrace The Hearts of all Women . . . from This Moment on, until All Moments fade, The Sound shall be known, as The Breath of Angels . . .

Now, Alone Together, with The Fire of Life in Your Eyes, You will stand with Hearts as One, and talk, of Days to Come . . .

The Voyage is upon You . . . place Your Hand in Each Other's, and feel The Dream, The Desire, and The Devotion . . . Your Hearts will surge with joyous Anticipation, as You navigate The Oceans of Promise and Fulfillment . . . You are to become The Treasure of All Dreams, for if You laced Each Moment of Your Lives Together, with fine Silver Thread, more Precious would They be, than a Web of Pearls . . .

A Bond of Freedom is forged, to explore Yourself through Each Other . . . Every Moment shared, is a Testament of Faith . . . in Your Purpose, Your Path, and Your Passion . . . Together, You will grow, and harvest All that Life's Bounty has to surrender . . . and A Bridge of Gold awaits, crossing One Hand to One Hand, One Heart to Another, Two become One, and One, is Always, for Ever . . .

Imagine a Place, where it Rains only when You Wish, and Wishes come True only when You Smile . . . or of moving a Mountain of Shadows from Your Heart, with just a Touch . . . or of searching The Heavens for The Truth that lies within You . . . or of gazing into The Center of this Most Blessed Union, for The Light that Always shines There . . . Imagine Love . . .

And Tomorrow, in The Final Pages of Your Story, when The End is just A Beginning, You will sit, Once More, with Hearts as One, and talk, of Days Gone By . . .

The Fourth DoveTale

The Ribbon of Love



and in The Embrace of a single Voice, were captured a wide and wondrous Symphony of Moments, and All emerging from what could only have begun in The Heart of Always . . .

and though The Words carried with Them the unmistakable Ring of Truth, Each were laden with The Weight of Certainty, as if the very Sky was about to crack from All that was sure to come from This, for even The Legions of Stars had ceased Their endless Trek across The Heavens, to witness, and yes still to wonder, of an absolute Radiance, that made Their own Light pale, in undeniable Surrender . . .

The Waiting

The Promise, to Remember

(on A Dei, in September)

Far Ago, and Long Away, in a Time before Was, in The Land of
Because, A Tale of Two Lovers, began . . .

on Their Path, to KnowWhere, They would walk, Hand in Hand,
with a Fire of Life, burning to Live, Always, as One They would
stand . . .

in Her Eyes, was A Universe of Love, and in Her Heart, was borne
The Reason . . . Ever, His Soul would adore Her, no matter the Time,
nor the Season . . .

then, One Day, She heard Him say, under a cyan Sky, Her Heart, He
broke, these Words, He spoke, with a far away Look, in His Eye . . .
*Winds of Time will not erase, My Love for You, and while, I will
walk the Days of Infinity to find, one Rose, as lovely as Your Smile . . .*

and to return, I know not when, My Hope is someday, soon . . . and,
with that, He turned and rode Away, into the Night, by the Light, of
an August Moon . . .

so, to the Wind, She cried, for the Wind was All She had to hold, for
Ever was gone, the Light of Her Eyes, toward the River of Time, and
to Eden's Sky, She told, *My Angel, All I have, is This, My Love, My
Promise, and a Kiss, for U, as My Heart, will I, Always, miss . . .*

*and, Always remember, without The Eyes of Patience, U cannot see,
and without The Heart of Mercy, U cannot be . . .*

and before She turned to walk Away, The Wind swirled around Her, waiting, as Patience, There, to hear Her say, waiting for Always, Her Words, to share, *Angel U, are All that Is, Ever My Will Be and My Was, U, are why I Am, and to Always, U are My, Because . . .*

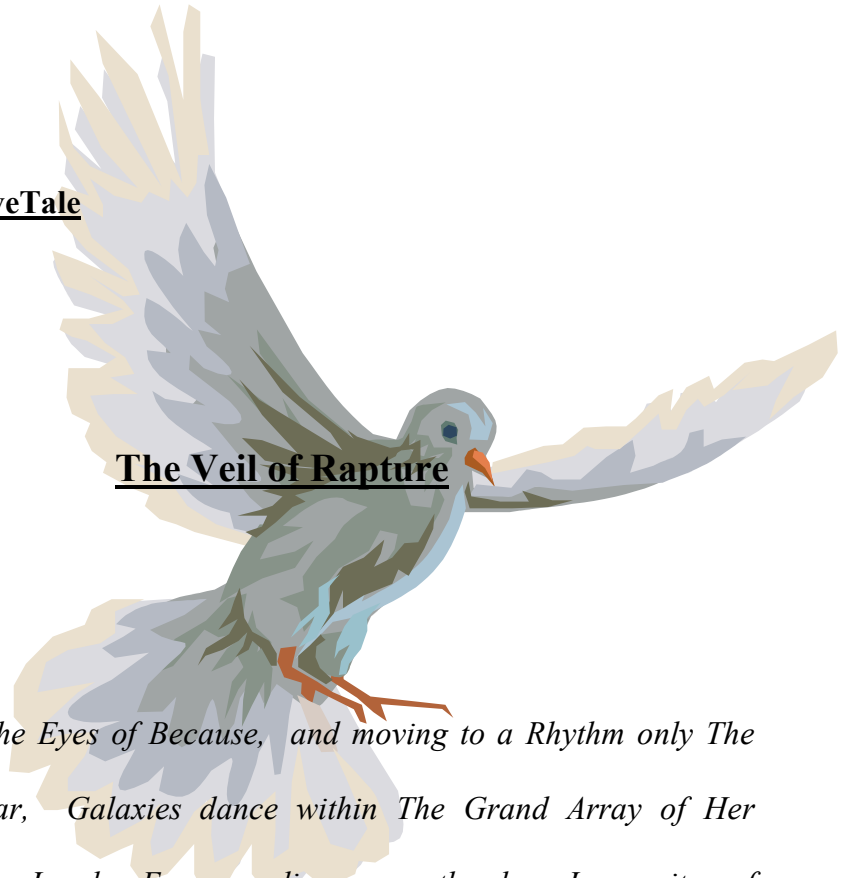
and since that Eve, of Ages passed, when She saw that Look in His Eyes, a Promise to the Wind She cried, to wait for Infinity, under Her cyan Skies . . .

until one Day, when Ever returns, from this Voyage, this Folly of Men, for this Time would be the last Time, He would Ever embrace Her Love, Again . . .

and, She waits, as Always She will, and The Wind cries, for Ever, Still . . .

The Fifth DoveTale

The Veil of Rapture



*deep within The Eyes of Because, and moving to a Rhythm only The
Wind can hear, Galaxies dance within The Grand Array of Her
Dominion, like Jewels, Ever parading across the sheer Immensity, of
Her every Desire . . .*

*and while Time begins to listen, to All The Memories of When, and
Come What May tells a Story, to The Heart of Until Then, a small and
solitary Candle begins to cast Its quivering yet Always determined
Light, upon the impenetrable and unknowable Darkness . . .*

*and before Hope could Ever know The Name of Patience, Tomorrow
begins to understand, that Nothing was, as It shall seem, in Camelot,
Again . . .*

The Waiting

The Candle

The Child had never known The Essence of Hope, The Joy of a Smile, The Shelter of Kindness, a Touch . . . such Ideas were as real to Him as the Scars upon His Heart . . . there, yet impossible to see, and never to erase . . .

Home, was the Winter of His infant Soul, for His Cry, His Sorrow, His Longing, were the sole Companions of Existence, a Life barren of Solace, a Desert of Comfort . . .

Gone, were the Screams of Rage in a Mother's Eye, and the sinister Blade of a Father's Hand . . . Thieves of Promise, washed from The Shores of His Heart . . . Gone, run, Away . . .

what is the purpose of my heart, He mused, *for it is empty* . . . save for the Shadow of His Fear . . . *when would I, ever, know love* . . . drifted His Thoughts to The Sky, to the Night . . .

if I could fly away, on the wings of an eagle, would I know love ?, what is this talk of God ?, how could God forget . . . me ? alone, is who I am, alone . . . just the wind and me . . . The Wind, and He . . .

as Darkness crept, with The Edge of Night, He huddled closer to His Candle, His only Warmth, His only Friend . . . The Sanctuary of Sleep, The Cloak of His Life, quietly wraps Him, in Its Embrace . . .

* * *

On a vast and glorious Sea, in a Galaxy of Ten Thousand Suns, The Light of His Candle reflects upon The Eyes of Heaven . . . A Host of Stars cease Their endless Trek, to witness, and to wonder . . . Then, began, a Whisper . . .

* * *


His Sleep, never deep, began to sing to Him, softly, a Song of enduring Rhythm, rising, lifting His Heart from Darkness . . . and faintly, an Echo, a Breath, a Voice, singing, of Dawn . . .

He slowly opens His Eyes, and slowly, like Cool Water, a gentle Whisper of Awareness, of Tenderness, kisses His Heart . . . and All at Once, in The Time of a Wink, and The Return of a Promise, He sees, shining, an Angel, of Love . . .

in a Rush, a Fever, a Sheathing, a Sea of Colors, He drifts within Her Music, and with The Grace of Swans, The Angel, with Eyes of The Shade of Mist, lifts Her Hand toward Him, toward The Tears, upon His Face . . .

The Sixth DoveTale

The Grace of Swans



*in the very same Moment a Flame of Hope begins Its Journey across
The Heavens, and steadfast in Its Pursuit of The Speed of Light . . . in
the very same Breath of Wind that holds a most singular Bird of
Paradise aloft, now burdened by a Crown of Roses . . . in the very
same Tear that falls from The Face of a Child, found standing alone at
the Edge of Night . . . and in the very same Sigh that pours forth from
The Hearts of Ten Thousand Angels, All gathered as One in The Eyes
of Always, who now slowly and solemnly bows Her Head in The
Presence of Their infinite Majesty . . . and then, She smiles, for what
All of Her Creation already knows, is for Ever . . .*

The Awakening

The Gift

there were countless ways he could regard his life, looking back upon the images of his past . . . his work, his home, his family . . . all were miracles in his eye, all were cherished and nurtured with a single-mindedness bordering on obsession . . . the depth of his passion forged an existence whose light overshadowed all that came before . . .

fortune brought him love and friendship . . . a wife and son, and through them an understanding, an awareness of the spiritual majesty, and magnitude, and generosity of God's Heart . . . and with this knowledge came longing . . . for the thread that bound his heart and mind to the Universe, and all the mystery that resides there . . . faith assured him of one ironclad truth . . . that the thread was music, and harmonic perfection, was the breath of angels . . .

his search for this perfection began before the knowledge of its presence . . . he knew that those not gifted with musical creativity were left to perfect the art of listening . . . and so he did . . . the more he listened, the more his ear tuned itself toward a progression of awareness, each level more beautiful than the one before, each passage a vision of the next . . . within the heart of the artist lies the gift . . . laced within the delicate tapestry of sound, lies the message . . .

as his quest became more focused, he realized the message bore no reference to cultural or religious boundaries, and music, unfettered by societal or material desires, becomes a language of the soul . . . the soul responds only to a language that illuminates a true path, or sense, of understanding, and he knew he must find this music, one artist, one passage, one moment of perfection, at a time . . . he also knew it must be shared . . .

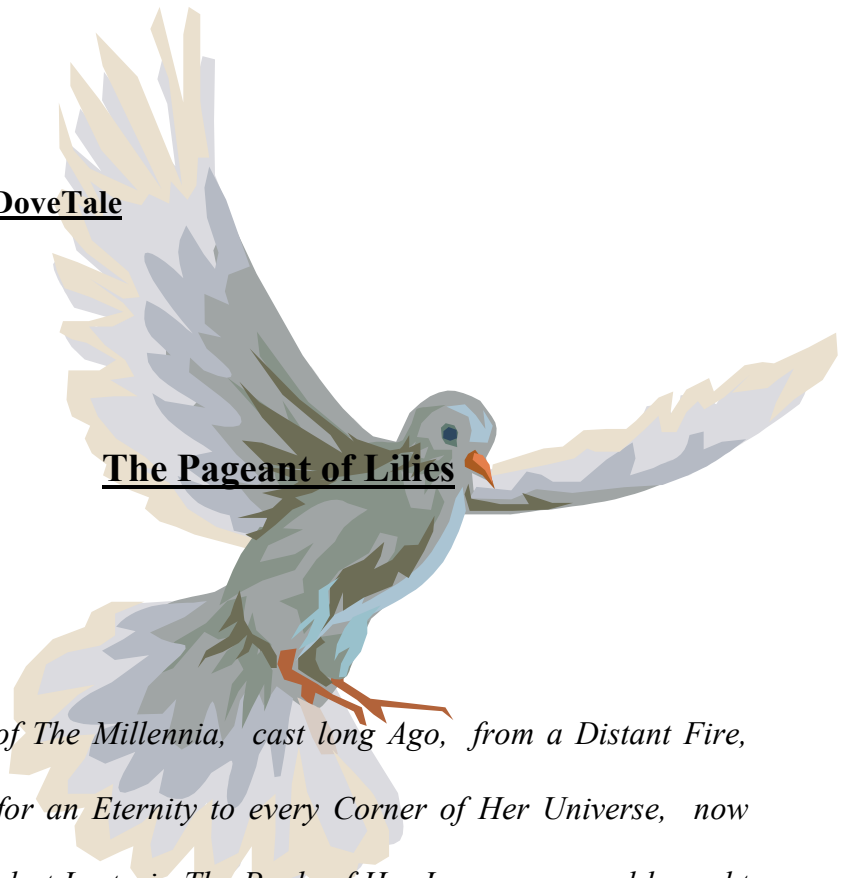
the mission, or purpose, of his life was born . . . he would gather and arrange the music in such a way as to lead the listener toward the doorway to perfection, a path that then allowed the soul to hear the message, a bridge to the key of understanding . . . as awareness grew within him, so too would it grow in others . . . he dreamed that one day he would touch the mind of each artist, and behold the brilliance at the moment of creation . . .

a decade had passed since hearing that first, faint echo . . . he learned of the evolution, the rarity, and the fleeting embrace each artist feels while dancing with the Muse, and the seldom heard whisper of fulfillment . . . yet, as limitless as the stars, so too is the outpouring of perfection . . . he learned that within the Grand Design, the soul travels inward . . . and the more he listened, the brighter the light became . . .

so precious, the gift . . . each artist, a jewel wrapped in the richness of his life . . . they are those who have cracked the sky above him, their music, the rain of joy . . . they are those who ignite the fires of his passion, with the light of ten thousand candles . . . they are those he must now thank, from the core of his being, with all his heart . . . for the message, the breath of angels, is love . . .

The Seventh Dove Tale

The Pageant of Lilies



*as The Light of The Millennia, cast long Ago, from a Distant Fire,
and roaming for an Eternity to every Corner of Her Universe, now
stands reflected at Last, in The Pools of Her Innocence, and brought
forth as an Echo to kiss Her Heart, by a single and simple Whisper of
Faith alone . . .*

*and no sooner did this Touch surround Her from withIn, no sooner did
this glorious Embrace finally pour Itself over The Magnitude of Her
Loneliness, no sooner did this Memory of The Day that Her Music
had died fall away to Oblivion, not only did She finally realize where
Ever was, not only did She finally understand what Ever had done, but
She felt both the terrible and the indescribable Beauty, of His infinite
Disgrace . . .*

The Awakening

In The Spring, of '42

(barbed Whyer)

Once there was a Girl, of a Name unKnown, who found HerSelf wandering, amidst the Chaos of a Concentration Camp, built for those whose Innocence would One Dei free the World, from the Hammers, in the Fists, of the Blind, and the Heartless, Gods, of War . . .

Fourteen Summers, was All She had to hold,

Fourteen Summers, was All She had to give,

Fourteen Summers, was All She had untold,

Fourteen Summers, was All She had, to live . . .

as She bore the Weight of Her Father's Name, and with It, All of Humanity's Shame, Life as She knew It would nEver be The Same . . .

and through each Moment of Evil endured, Her Faith nor Her Hope could Ever be lured, out beyond The Gates, of Her Promised Land . . .

and in this Kingdom, of Her unwavering Trust, She held on to Her Dreams, as She knew She must, and although She may suffer from The Follies of Men, She holds fast to God's Hand, as She waits until When, She will fly, knowing why, She had endured All these Things, because in Her Heart and in Her Soul, rests this Voyage, of Kings . . .

* * *

Dreams, of A Rocking Horse

(and The Sound, of Bells)

. . . and as a Host of Stars ceased Their endless Trek, to witness, and to wonder, the Night, began to reign . . .

She is a Child of Innocence, and just coming of Age, lost and so unbearably alone, lying naked and helpless among the Ever-circling dogs of Chaos, whose blood-red Eyes cast their hideous glances upon Her, waiting with the Patience of Stones for Her to fall under the Weight of their Intent . . .

sumHow, She knows that this Day, is to be Her Last among the Living, and before The Sun can pierce the death-laden Fog that hangs above this Place, that cloaks Her Skin in a poisonous shroud, that wraps itself around every suffocating Breath She takes, and lays upon Her Tongue like the charred residue of Her Prayers, whispered quietly to a God that has abandoned All that remains of this Killing Ground, to the Evil that walks in the Hearts of Men, She surrenders . . .

trembling, as Always, from hunger, and from thirst, and the bone-chilling cold, and the Fear that moves through Her emaciated Body like some perverse Dance, keeping Time with The Sound of Her Tears, as They fall to floor of The Box that is Her Final Resting Place, built below the Surface of the frost-heavy Earth, still echoing the Cries of Hopelessness above, and still trampled, by the shiny black Boots, of the Wicked . . .

slowly, She lifts Her Mind toward The Crack in The Sky, a hole in the lid of The Box, where She feels the meager warmth of The Light of Day upon Her Face, and tries to remember, what Her Eyes can no longer see, because Her Eyes are now shattered Windows upon this World . . . beaten, broken, and blinded, by these Soldiers of Hate . . . for They could not bear to see The Look of Her sweet Innocence, could not bear the Sight of their own guilt-ridden Masks, could not bear their vile Reflections, in the Mirror of their Godless Souls . . .

as the lid of The Box is thrown open, One Last Time, and the flood of Death pours itself upon Her, She is lifted from Her prison by their blood-stained Hands, and always black-leather-gloved, to separate them from The Touch of Her Purity, and She is tossed upon the Ground, where the Marks of Yesterday's Pain are still etched in the soil, lying there as if to mock them, like the Image, of an Angel . . .

and upon this Angel they fall, one by one, like hounds from Hell, with their lust-swollen Swords piercing Her Body in waves of indescribable humiliation and suffering, infecting Her with the rotting seeds of their unholy Alliance, violating Her, with All of the Evil that Men can do, when they embrace the Heart of Darkness . . .

as the Edge of Night slowly descends upon Her, and the wailing Winds of Fate dance across what is left of Her ravaged and bleeding Form, She is dragged, once more, across the scorched Earth to the open maw of The Box, and thrown back inside, where She lays in the Throes of Desperation, and waits in the gloom, now haunted by the Shadows of Her Oblivion, now silenced, by the Screams of Her Hopelessness, now empty, of All that She ever dreamed Her Life, could be . . .

. . . and as The Host of Stars gaze down upon Her, Their Light enters through the hole in the lid of The Box, and finds Her Reflection, there in The Pool, that is The Sum, of All Her Tears . . .

as The Light shimmers, She feels The Essence of Its Blessing, bathing Her tortured Soul in the sweet Embrace of Its Tenderness, and Its limitless Compassion, and in the quiet Hush of The Moment, She begins to realize that The Vessel of Her Body can no longer endure the battering of wave after wave of Degradation, can no longer harbor Her inextinguishable Thoughts of Hope, and Salvation, that She must let go of The Anchor of This Life, and allow Her Spirit to travel On, toward The Call of a Distant Shore, nourished by The Tides of Promise and Fulfillment, lying SumWhere, just beyond The Reach, of Her Despair . . .

Her Heartbeat, slowly stills, to a Whisper, and then, to a Sigh, and then, 'Lo, and Behold, from Out of KnowWhere, from Out of The Arms of Silence, from deep within Her Last Breath of Surrender, a Resonance, a Rhythm, an enduring Echo of Redemption, wrapped in the undeniable Cadence of Hooves, hammering the Earth with righteous Intent, rolling across The Fields and Forests of Her Heart, moving as Liquid Thunder, held Aloft, by The Wings of Certainty,

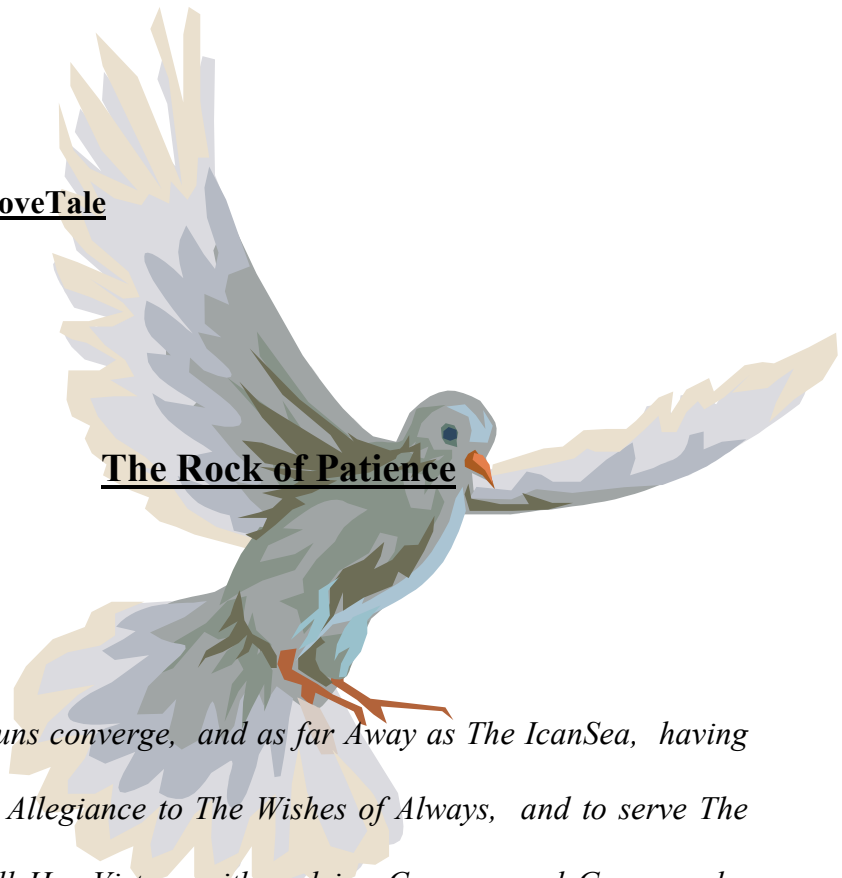
becoming The EverLasting Sound, of The Fury, and Yes, of The
Might, of The Seven Hundred Horses, of Ebony, Left, and Ivory,
Right . . .

and There, as The Dawn slowly cracks The Sky, as The Sun slowly
pours Its Warmth upon Each and Every Thing Dear, Now, for The
Very Last Time, and in This, The Very Last Place, and slowly, yet
with The Might of Titans, and The Grace of a Swan She raises Her
Hand, toward A Presence, and slowly, like Cool Water, She caresses
The Face, of Forgiveness . . .

. . . and The Host of Stars resume Their Endless Trek across The
Heavens, taking with Them The Memory of All that Was, and All that
Will Be Again, for They, have for Ever witnessed, and They, will for
Ever, wander . . .

The Eighth Dove Tale

The Rock of Patience



a Parade of Suns converge, and as far Away as The IcanSea, having pledged Their Allegiance to The Wishes of Always, and to serve The Paragon of All Her Virtues with undying Courage and Grace, who stands before Her now, with The Might of Titans, and His Blade of Truth shimmering, in The Light of The Coming Dei . . .

and out beyond The Reach of Her eternal Dominion, out beyond even where Her Angels have feared to tread, the Darkness waits, with a shallow and shuddered Breath, because The Weight of Certainty now bears down upon Its ancient Heart, and with a Purpose never before remembered, and a Point, It will never soon forget . . .

The Awakening

The Wings, of Grace

and far, far away, in a Land of endless Splendor, with a Night of Ten Thousand Suns, The Eyes of Heaven cease Their timeless Vigil, to witness, and to wonder of this Promenade of Eden, this Choreography of Paradise . . . and with A Majesty of Swans, The Mother of Dawn slowly raises Her Hand, brushes The Tears from Her Face, and quietly nods Her Head . . .

The Angelic Warrior, Soldier of Virtue, without Name or Number, gracefully turns His Mien of Valor to face His Legion of Stars, Her Children of The Clouds . . . scanning the Night Sky, on His Boots of Yellow Fire, with The Power of Infinite Love thundering as The Roar of Lions through His Soul, He lifts His shimmering Sword of Truth, and points toward Destiny, a brilliant blue Planet of The Sea, and as a Golden Wind, as an Echo, He whispers . . . *The Light, of The Millennia, cast, from a Distant Fire, roam, It will forEver, The Path, of My Eternal Desire . . .*


and The Light of a Candle, borne from The Heart of a Child, borne from a Sea of Glass, reflects on His gleaming Blade of Honor, and flies through The Windows, of Her Eyes, and, as if The Skies of Paradise were to crack from the Intensity of Her Love, She smiles, Again . . . and within The Time of A Wink, and The Gift of A Promise, The Chariots of The Sun fly Away on Her Twilight Path, spiriting Them, The Guardians All, on Their Journey to The Sea, on a Voyage of Kings, on Her nEverEnding River, of Light . . .

* * *

as a great Majesty of Stars, quietly ponder Their Proper Place within
The Great Wheel of Change, as The Eyes of Heaven remember, for
whom The Bell has rung, and for whom The Balance is hung, as One
Day walks with Let It Be, sharing The Path of We Shall See, as 'Lo
and Behold whisper to Because, while It Is So nods to So It Was, as
All Things Dear begin Their Story, and Truth speaks of Grace in The
Telling of Her Glory, The Angelic Warrior slowly bows His Head in
The Presence of Always, while in The Distance, from a pale Blue
Gem in a dark Velvet Sky, come The Sounds of Children, laughing in
The Reign, of Why . . .

The Ninth Dove Tale

The Windmills of Eden



high above a Meadow, and caught somewhere in The Gravity of a world long betrayed by The Follies of Men, a world long forsaken by The Eyes of Heaven, an Eagle drifts upon unseen breezes, circling in long, lazy Arcs across an early azure Sky, while keenly watching The Path down far below, of a Child, walking toward the waiting Arms, of Destiny . . .

and in The Time of A Wink, and The Wish of a Promise, the Sound of Bells begins to carry across a Sea of Glass, and a bejeweled Sword emerges from The Depths of Antiquity, borne aloft by a Woman's triumphant Hand, and The Moon, slowly turns, to face The Fall, of the Night . . .

The Awakening

The Dory's Wake

(in Charon's, I)

as a chilly fog of hopelessness settles, once more, upon The River's quiet rush, as if to blanket All that is left to mourn in Shrouds of pearl-grey Ivy, there, out beyond The Reach, where Shadows play across The Water like errant Children, a Susseration steals through The Air as if to herald a Purpose not yet known, even to Itself . . .

when, at last, as The Dory disappears beyond The Bend, a Ring forms on The Surface, slowly growing wider with each passing Thought, until Another, then a Third, radiates Outward with a Precision not found in the World of Men . . .

and then, at the Epicenter, a Woman's Hand, bloody and raw, having fought every Battle since Time's First Breath, rises up through The Mist, bearing a Sword of brilliant luster, graced with The Jewels of An Empire, and pointing, toward The Heavens . . .


* * *

The Doryman ceases His rhythmed Task, and sets His Oars to rest upon the Locks, and listens, while a whisper of dread wraps itself around His Heart, and wonders of The Voice He knows He heard, coming from around The Bend, and slowly lifts His Head to face His Fears . . .

and through the waning Cloak of Night, as The Kiss of Dawn flows, as Liquid, down across The Way of Souls, He gazes back from whence He came, and hears, echoing from SomeWhere beyond The Dory's Wake, Three Rings, as clear to Him as His own Breath, and He smiles, and returns to The Task Fate gave Him, and knowing, that Truth, has risen, Again . . .

The Tenth DoveTale

The Cloak of Simplicity



*a Flock of Grace moves with Fortitude, to find Their Own Way behind
The Sun, Their Voices ringing across The Ages to shatter the Night,
and Their Hearts wide open to encompass The Prayers of All Things
Dear . . .*

*The Whisper of Horses is heard, softly melting into The Realms of
CircumStance, as Their mighty Hooves step forward, from out of The
Mists of Avalon . . .*

*and The ButterFlys of August search The Sky for a tiny Crack in The
Foundation of Heaven, toward and through which They will journey,
bearing with Them the Hope of All Humanity, and The Dream, of Ever
going Home, at Last . . .*

The Awakening

The River, of Light

with Their Chariots glistening in The Light of ten thousand Suns, The Guardians, Her Children of The Clouds, pause on Their Voyage, to witness, and regard a Servant of Time, kneeling among The Stars, with The Legions of Heaven arrayed above and below Him, His Eyes, cast down, whispering of Sorrow and Shame, born from a Heart of great Courage, as He lays The Chains from around His Soul, down, around The Lace, of Grace . . .

The Tracks of His Tears, mark a Journey of Infinite Days, and passionless Nights, of a World of Pain, of a World in the Throes of Chaos, a World on the Frontiers of Madness, where a Child sleeps Alone, afraid of the Fear in His Heart, afraid of being forgotten by Heaven, and afraid of living in a World without Love, without Kindness, without The Shelter of just One Smile to Ever call His very Own . . .

somehow, The Face is known to Him, muses The Angelic Warrior, somehow, He knows of the Grief being shed before Him, somehow, His Heart breaks, and a Tear falls from His Eye, and becomes One, becomes wrapped within a Sea of Many, an endless River of Tears, for when Angels cry, Their Tears become The Rain of Joy, The Twilight Path, of Her Evening Song . . .

and with The Grace of Eagles, He raises His Hand for Universal Silence, His Rings of Brilliance awaits, The Fires of Their Passion rivaling The Core of The Sun, and They listen, Their Hearts, TripHammers of Devotion and Compassion, a fevered Rush of Purpose, of a Promise to keep, and All hushed, while Their Paragon of Her Virtue, The Soldier without a Name or a Number, commands Their AllMighty Allegiance . . .

*We were not sworn, We are,
We were not sought, We seek,
We were not selected, We chose . . .*

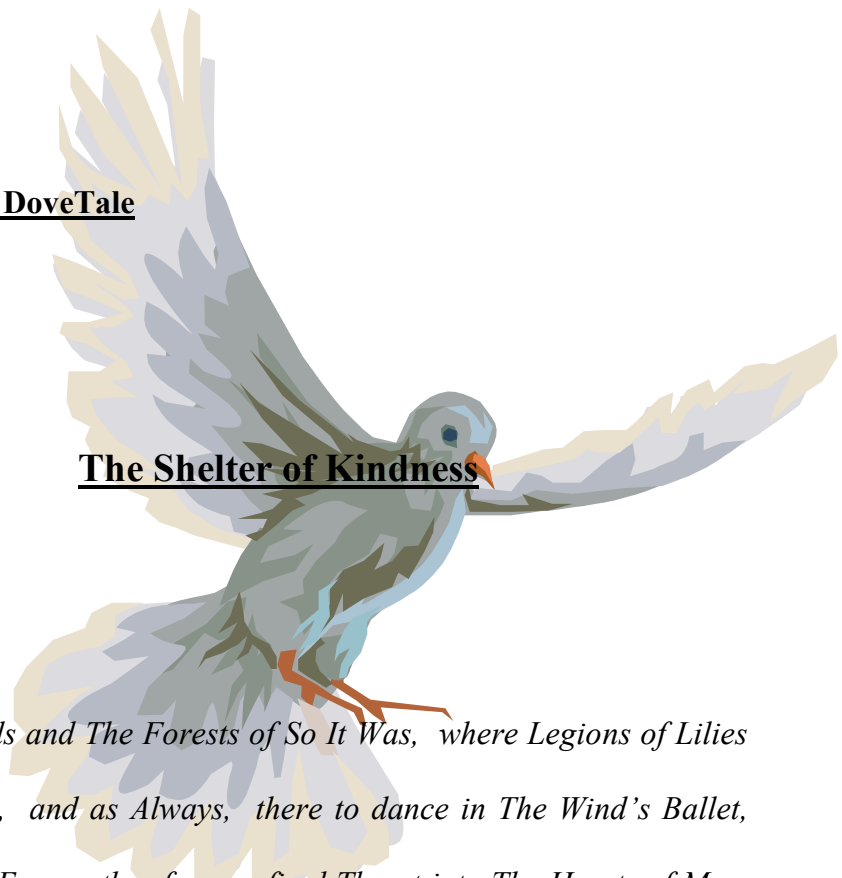
*We, are The Power of All Love,
We, are The Chariots of The Sun,
We, are The Children of The Clouds,
We, are Vanguard of A Voyage of Kings . . .*

* * *

and, with a Gleam of Affection in His Eye, The Pride of Avalon keenly regards His Mistress, The Angel of Love, with a Longing no Man, gone or yet lived, has Ever known, save perhaps in Dreams, and with a Passion borne of The Light of The Millennia, Eons in coming, roaming for Eternity the very Flight of His Soul, a Tear wells in His Eye once more . . . and with The Grace of Eden, She raises Her Hand to capture It before It falls, and She smiles, for She knows of His Intent, and She knows of His Love, and the infinite Patience of His Heart, for She is The Path of His Desire, She is The Fire of All Creation, and She is The Dawn, and Her Light, and Her Name, are Always . . .

The Eleventh Dove Tale

The Shelter of Kindness



over The Fields and The Forests of So It Was, where Legions of Lilies stand or sway, and as Always, there to dance in The Wind's Ballet, The Wrens of Ever gather for one final Thrust into The Hearts of Men, to tear asunder the Shackles of Their Blind Desire, and to free from Their Souls the Burdens of Their Empires, that have laid to waste and to waste, All The Foundations of The Truth upon which They were built, and justly so, are now left crumbling under The Wait, and under The Will, of Avarice . . .

and somewhere beneath the rubble, struggling for a precious Breath of Light, resolute in Its Quest to find a significant Foothold in The Soil of Reason, and of Redemption, stands a single Rose, quietly learning to grow, without Thorns . . .

The Awakening

The Web, of Pearls

on a vast and remote Plain, on an Island in a Southern Sea, in The Shadow of an Ancient Sentinal of Creation, where a Host of Stars circle The Skies above, and pause, to witness, and to wonder, of The Coming, of The Kingdom, of Dawn . . .

and on This Field, All The Lilies stand, Hand in Hand, and Hearts as One, Their Bond of Freedom forged with The Fires of Passion in Their Eyes, ignited by The Light of One Heart, They gather as One, The Dreams of Days yet to Come . . . and as This End heralds of This Beginning, They walk with The Might of Heros, a glorious Parade of Suns, Jewels of Innocence, singing of Joy, of Freedom, of The State of Independence, The Essence of Friendship, Voices of a Golden Wind, in a Myriad of Colors, capturing The Hearts of Men, and The Souls of Women, whispering, of The Echo . . .

and This Time, and This Place, will be The Dawn of The Light of Grace, The Eve of Sunrise, as Hope weds Fulfillment on Their Twilight Path . . . and as The Angel of Love raises Her Eyes and kisses The Tears from The Face of The Crimson Dove, from This Moment on, until All Moments fade, The Song sung on The Breath of Angels, The Love that is The Thread of God's Heart, The Message, The Echo of The Whisper of The Promise of The Gift, is that Her Love is Eternal, and that Her Kiss, is Always . . .


* * *

and, All at Once, All throughout The Universe, from The Fountainhead of Paradise, rising softly, as a Rush of Golden Wind, inside The Sweet Music of The Rhythm of Glory, capturing The Heart and The Soul of All Things Dear, moving as Cool Water, as The Spirit, as The Essence of Joy, roaming for Ever and to Always, The Infinite Path of All Desire, cast from The Distant Horizons of Skies Beyond, The Fires of Creation, and an Absolute Perfection of Harmony heard only in The Thread of Dreams . . .

something Wondrous, and Precious, with an Intensity born to crack
The Heavens, an Echo, a Breath, a Whisper of The Voices of Angels,
Heralds of The Valley of Roses, cascading slowly over The Gardens of
Avalon, singing of The Word, singing of The Message, singing with
The Sound of Light . . . and The Light is The Dawn, and The Dawn is
The Grace of God, and The Grace of God is The Promise, and The
Promise is The Jewel, and The Jewel is The Embrace, and The
Embrace is The Coming, and The Coming is The Kingdom, and The
Kingdom, will be The Gift, of Love, Again . . .

The Twelfth Dove Tale

The Passion of Innocence



*a great and glorious Hush, and So adorned, is the abundant Richness of Friendship, pouring as Liquid, as a Golden Wind out across Her Universe, from Hither to Yon, and yes, from Here to Eternity . . . and deep in The Echo of The Whisper of Her Gratitude, She slowly bows Her Head, and places Her Hand upon Her Heart, and declares to The Host of Stars waiting above and below Her, **from this Moment on, until All Moments have been, All of My Creation shall know, of This Love, Again . . .***

and there in The Sound of The Reason Why, and there by The Light of The Rising Sun, are two winged Messengers, one born SteadFast, the other Resolute, as one flies toward His Understanding, and the other flies toward Her Forgiveness, while both shall Ever dwell, in The Palace of Always, because This, is where Angels shall go to learn of Grace, and where Ever shall be, to finally see, Her Face . . .

The Awakening

One Knight, on a Sea of Glass

(and a Kingdom, comes)

on a HillSighed, above a Meadow, and naught very far from The Reason Why, there first rose a Hush, and then rose a Whisper, and then rose The Voice, of Silence . . . and thereUpon, Her Words poured slowly, as Liquid, out over these gathered Souls, to bathe Them in The Sound, and in The Light, of this glorious Symphony, of Moments . . .

high overHead, in a Perfect Circle, with Wings that would Ever touch The Face of Always, flew The Ibis, Resolute, bearing a Crown of Roses, there among The Flock of Grace, and there beneath a stunningly perfect Sapphire Sky . . . as The Hue, and The Cry, of Days gone by, quietly fade into Long Ago, and Yesterday shares a Thought with Remember, and because Tomorrow may nEver know, The Knight walks slowly Out, far across The Sea, toward The Center of EveryThing, toward The Heart of All Things Dear, toward His Place, in The Valley of The Sun . . .

He moves across the Still Waters, with a Courage born only from Sorrow, and with a Purpose known only to Fate, Far from a Place called Home, He walks, as He has walked All The Days of Infinity, following The Light, from a Distant Star . . . gListening to an Echo down Deep in His Soul, He walks, with The Weight of Destiny on His Shoulders, and Every Prayer of Every Child in His Heart, He walks, until He finally comes to Rest, at The Point, of It All . . .

and there before Him, and before each and every Look of Regard, as The Stars slowly cease Their endless Trek across The Heavens, to pause, to witness, and to wonder of The CircumStance about to unFold before Their Very Eyes, The Dawn, rose, giving Her Final

Promise to The Day . . . and, to Him, waiting now on bended Knee,
and Head bowed, in The Presence of Her Majesty, She offers Her
Hand, whereUpon, He sees, and hears, The Ring, of Truth . . .

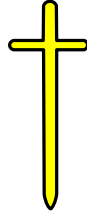
All at Once, a Shimmering, a brilliant Spark of Blue Fire, ignites
within The Ring, and bursts Forth in a WhirlWind of Singing Light,
immersing Him in Living Color, enfolding Each and Every Shadow in
His Heart within a Blanket of Forgiveness, and Always embracing,
His Very Soul . . . and though fleetingly blinded by The Light of
Understanding, He begins to sense a Change, in The Air, as if The
Sky were about to crack, from The Mighty Hammers of Titans, to The
Very Breath of Ten Thousand ButterFlies, because All are waiting,
All are watching, and All are willing, to hear, of This EverLasting
Promise . . .

and, He begins, to tell, His Story . . .

Dream II

of

The Voyage of Kings



The Sword

(Path)

The Prelude, The Calling, and The Nearing . . .

The OverLook



*as I wander among These brilliant Swords of Truth, bathed
in The Reflection of Their Might, I pause for a Moment, on
This Blade of Honor, pointed Now toward a pale blue Gem,
in a dark velvet Sky, as I am to witness and I am to wonder,
because, the Night, has said, “goodbye” . . .*

and The Prelude

Ouroboros

(The Blackest, of Wholes)

horrific . . . and standing there, stark among The Galaxies, as each heaving Breath He takes, draws billions upon billions of Stars into the swirling Chasm, of Oblivion . . . His Form, an immense Nebulae of what might have been, lit from within, by the serpentine Fires of an unnamed Hell, emitting vile and virulent Clouds of unrelenting Rage upon The Silence of untold Æons . . .

a vast and terrible Beauty, a Colossus, made living by the sheer enormity of Evil, and Its dogs He has lain loose upon The Hearts of Men, for Ever kept rabid, and ravenous, by the merciless Hunger of an old, deep and insatiable Darkness . . .

where Angels are doomed to walk Eternity in the final Abyss of Fear, and where The Echoes of Empires have gone to die, along with Their Suns, along with Their Sorrows, unsung, and unforgiven, and unremembered . . .

a ruined Aberration of God, whose Purpose is nothing less than the complete and utter annihilation of The Very Light of All Creation, and therefore, alas, and oh yes, The Very Essence, of All Things Dear . . .

(Chaos, waits)

* * *

and on this Day, there was to come a Sound, soft and slow, yet with a defiant Rhythm, a rising, rolling, and riveting avalanche of Thunder, wrapped in the glorious Cadence of a Righteous Intent, pounding the Earth for All We are Worth, and bearing an Allegiance called The Might . . . comes forth The Seven Hundred . . . Ebony Left, and Ivory, Right . . .

The Whisper

(of Horses)

We are The Sand, flowing through The OurGlass, The Moment before Midnight's Bell . . . We are The Spirit of The Redwood Monolith, The Wishes, long buried in Your Well . . .

We are The Light, from A Distant Star, The Hunters, of Shadows on The Moon . . . We are The Fragrance of The Rose, and The Silence, between Cries of The Loon . . .

We have danced for Ages with Daughters of Atlantis, caressed The Heart of Time, at Birth . . . We have flown The Heavens on The Fires of Ice, lifted Mountains, from The Core of Earth . . .


We have sailed endless Waters of Tomorrow, seen The Suns of Skies Beyond die Away . . . We have heard of Your deepest Sorrow, sung The Songs, only The Wind could play . . .

We will blow Our Trumpets, with a Breath of Angels, calm The Rage of Screams in Hell . . . We will wed The Dyad of Hope and Fulfillment, and build Their Home where Freedoms dwell . . .

We will dry The Tears of Broken Children, awaken a World from the Cradle of Night, We will fly The Doves of Love, Again, and lay open The Gates, to The Reign, of Light . . .

The First DoveTale

The Fires of Ice



*as The Echo of The Reason Why, begins to gather about Itself a Fire
more radiant than The Core of The Sun, and All of The Places and The
Spaces in This Universe, begin to hum for All They are worth, a lone
Soldier of Virtue, without Name or Number, stands with pure and
infinite Grace upon The Deck of His mighty Ship of Light . . .*

*and behind Him, stretching as Far Away as The IcanSea, are Wave
upon Wave of His glorious Allegiance, arrayed like The Jewels of an
Empire across The Sky, and Ever standing as Always, to face the
uncountable Armies, of The Oblivion . . .*

The Calling

(of Angels)

I, am a Child of Time, and a Servant of Fate, and I speak from a Place within The Hearts of All Men . . . yet, I remember . . .

I remember a Time, and a Place, beyond The Sky of My Mind . . . One, that is more Distant than a Sea of Dreams, and far Deeper, than The Well of My Tears . . .

I will tell The Story, that of Truth, born from a Sense of extreme Longing, and an intense Desire to understand All that Was, All that Is, and All that Will Be, of This Earth, and Its Place, and Its Purpose within This Universe, as well as to define, My Own . . .

I stand before Your Eyes, with Pen as My Sword, in My Right Hand, and The Key to Your Imagination, and Your Soul, in My Left . . .

and so, My Story, begins . . .

The Calling

There, in The Path, of Eagles

(I walk)

. . . with a Feeling, more, perhaps, a Knowing, that Something was amiss . . . I, and Others, felt the Undulation, a chaotic Vibrancy, a Discordance, almost as if The Fabric of The Universe were somehow flawed, yet without The Benefit of Circumstance, and outside The Realm of Wonder . . . there were also Times, when One could almost touch Its pervasiveness . . .

how, could This, be ? . . . no matter which Corner of The Empire My Endeavors brought Me, none were spared this Undercurrent . . . The Eyes of Heaven were indeed wary . . . no Countenance could successfully hide Its concern . . . no Heart was immune . . .

on Occasion, I would encounter Travelers, solitary Messengers and the Like, and Some, without Name, or Number . . . I dared not ponder this Peculiarity for too long, for Their Existence prompted more Questions than I, or They, cared to discuss with any ardency . . . the only outward Indication of The Nature of Their Journeys, or Their Purpose, was illustrated in the Shadow of Dread, *in* The Windows of Their Eyes . . .

when asked to recount Details of Their Voyage, for Tales of The Outer Reaches of The Empire were Always of great Interest, Their Voices, too, would betray Them . . . any Specifics regarding certain Areas of The Frontier were masked by a lighthearted Banter, yet I felt it never fully disguised The Magnitude of Their Discomfort . . . a Few evaded the Subject altogether . . .

there were, at Times, an obvious Sense of Relief when, at Last, I would not harry Them further, allowing Them to continue on Their Way, leaving Me to digest what little Information They could, or would, impart . . . it seemed the more Knowledge I sought, the darker the Shadow became . . .

and, as They each would drift away, toward Their appointed Duties, I would sit alone, under many a Starfield, alone, save for My Thoughts . . . Uncertainty would soon engulf All My Attempts to preserve a lucid Frame of Mind . . . still, My Heart cried for Reason, to take hold . . .

the vast Ocean of Suns lay before My Eyes, cast, like Diamonds, on Its exquisite Bed of Velvet, across The Eternal Sky . . . All Its Splendor, All Its Precision, All Its Grace, could not keep My Trepidation at bay . . . what was this Shadow that threatened this Peace, this Empire of Love ? . . . what Form did it manifest ? . . . what was Its Aim ? . . . to what End did it dare bring to pass ? . . .

and The Question that shook The Foundation of All that I am, and All I am to become, is what of The Heart of The Supreme ? . . . for This Question permeated the Maelstrom of My Thoughts far deeper than All Others, and raised even more The Edge of My Turmoil . . . could this Discordance be an integral Component in Her Grand Design ? . . . what could the disruption of Pure Harmony serve ? . . . what Direction could this Refraction of Light point to ? . . . and how deeply could this Blade of Chaos, cut into The Heart of Her Dominion ? . . .


All this, and I know not a single Trace of Understanding . . . yet My undying Allegiance to Her Grace burns bright within My Heart . . . I must search for The Answers . . . I must find The Strength of Will to liberate The Heavens of this Darkfall, and discover The Path to Love, Again . . .

still, in The Glory of Perfection that is this Universe, and All that is Paradise, Ever, The Balance, is kept . . . and I must answer The Echo that rings within every Facet of My Being, for It is The Bell of Always, ringing in My Heart, ringing in My Thoughts, ringing through to The Shores of The Kingdom of Angels, and calling Me, Home . . .

and of this, I am sure, I will walk All The Days of Infinity to dry just One Tear from Her Face, to look into The Eyes of Grace, to know, Her Reason, Why . . .

The Second DoveTale

The Sea of Glass



*so vast in Its Depth, and infinite in Its Breadth, The Mirror Image of
this singular and extraordinary Portrayal, floats in limitless Clarity
within a most brilliant Regard, somewhere, in The Sparkle, of God's
adoring Eye . . .*

*and in a Garden, of an Eden, a MockingBird quietly watches, and
waits, with suspended Breath, while four dark Horsemen find
Themselves standing naked and alone, upon a most uncommon
Ground, and surrounded, by The Sum of All Their Fears . . .*

*and off in The Distance, to herald The Return of The Ring of Truth,
The Bells of Freedom slowly come alive, deep in the long-silent
WatchTowers, along The Shores, of Her Paradise . . .*

The Calling

In Horizon's Wake

(I see)

from deep within The Heart of Eternity, flows a River of Light . . . and this Light, is The Sum of All Knowledge, for The Sum of All that is Known, will never exceed The Sum, of All there is to Learn . . . this Light, is The Path, of All Things Dear, and The Beacon, from The Shores of Paradise . . . this Light, is The Light of The Millennia, for It was cast from The Distant Fires of Creation . . . this Light, roams The Seas of Infinity, and now, this Light, is The Path, of My Desire . . .

so, with Sails unfurled, I set out for The Cyan Skies of Eden, awaiting Somewhere at The End of this Beginning, Somewhere along this River of Grace . . . My Ship is borne on The Currents of Destiny, upon which My Dreams will live, for Ever, as I navigate The Oceans of Promise and Fulfillment, to find The Source of All Passion, and The Ring, of Truth . . .

a Myriad of Galaxies illuminate My Course on this, the endless Sea of Wonder . . . as I stand, bound by Honor, on The Deck of My Ship of Light, I have only My Dreams as Companions, and The Wishes of Hope, to guide My Journey through Infinity's Web, of Pearls . . .

All that My Eyes survey, is Beauty of unimagined proportion . . . the immense Cathedral of Heaven rises limitless, beyond The Boundaries of Thought, and each Star, is a confirmation of the extraordinary Gifts that flourish within Her Tapestry of Grace, and each Star, is a Herald, of a Place, called Home . . .


it is by The Light of these Stars I will find My Way, for They are The Islands of Affirmation, each an Oasis of Faith . . . as I sail toward The Center of All, Their Radiance caresses and comforts Me, and like the Petals of a Flower, draws Me Ever closer to The Joy within . . . each delicate Spiral becomes an Arabesque of hypnotic Enchantment . . .

as The Solar Winds embrace My gossamer'd Sails, and gently impel Me Onward, I begin to understand The Magnitude of The Task that awaits Me . . . while I have yet to fathom what lies at The End of My Journey, I begin to sense that if My Purpose is to secure, once and for All, The Absolute Sovereignty of The Heart of this Empire, and to restore The Majesty of The Power of Love, then I, as a Soldier of The Virtues of The Universe, shall surrender My last dying Breath, to that noble Endeavor . . .

and as long as this Shroud of Darkness threatens to disrupt The Sanctity of Order within Her Dominion, I shall resist those forces for as long as Eternity allows, and until the last Moments of My Existence, fade into Memory . . .

The Third Dove Tale

The Rail of Sighs



*a SandPiper walks, along The Shores of His Longing, searching
everyWhere, for The Line once drawn, someWhere, between The
Sand, and The Foam . . .*

*and upon His ceaseless Watch appears The Face of Time, to remind
Him, that Soon the very Last ThunderBird will Ever find Its Way
beyond The Reach of Kings, and that The Laughter of Children, will
finally bless the rising Tides of Compassion . . .*

*and Far on The Horizon, riding high The Waves of Her Abundance,
come The Dophins, Each with Their Eyes upon The Prize, and Each,
pulling on a golden Reign, of Our Guiding Light . . .*

The Calling

of A Promise, to Keep

(I know)

as I draw nearer to Destiny's Realm, and The Galaxies pass, as Tempests, above My Sails, The Strength of My Resolve grows with The Might of My Conviction . . . I begin to mark My Progression, both of Awareness and Proximity, by the faintest, yet however tangible increase in Illumination, within The Sea around Me . . .

no longer do I perceive a vividness in the Nocturnal Sky, more an exchange of Clarity, a incremental graduation of Ideal, a shifting of Knowledge beginning to envelope both My Vessel, and My Mind . . . perhaps, I sense The Dawn, of Awakening . . .

as The Radiance blossoms around Me, so too, does My Ability to comprehend, or at least, ignite a Spark of Understanding, however small, as to My Purpose, and My Path . . . My only Wish is that I come to know All that I must before reaching My Destination, and I become proficient in each Aspect required of Me, in order to best serve The Empire, and The Desires of Her Grace, during this period of Turmoil . . .

Waves of Reality begin to swell in this Tide of Perception, and a Foreboding cloaks My Heart anew . . . it grows from deep within a Chasm of Fear that lies just Outside, at *The Edge*, of Serenity . . . it waits, mocking Patience, for one moment of Hesitancy in The Eye of Vigilance, for one last Chance to violate The Sanctuary of Grace . . . it is an All-encompassing Threat that permeates every Facet of Well Being, eager to gain a FootHold, upon which It will build the Monument, *Antithesis*, to honor All that lies within the Name, and the Realm, of Chaos . . .

for it is the Sword of this Chaos, the Night's Path, an ebony Blade of a Thousand Sorrows, poised to strike, and deeply at The Heart, of All Things Dear . . .

and Now, as The Light of Dawn slowly paints My Sails in the glorious Colors of Sunrise, I understand My Purpose is to defend this Heart of All Things Precious, this Heart of Mine, this Heart of Always that, long Ago, I promised to serve, as a Soldier of Her Empire of Virtue, to preserve The Unity of Friendship, and to uphold The Laws, of Universal Order . . .


indeed, The Rock upon which The Universe rests, is that of Order, and The Sea that flows around this Order, shaping It, defining It, and transforming It, is Love . . . and to understand the everChanging and everConstant Qualities of This Love, One must first wander The Distant Shores of Faith, for Faith is The First Lesson, of The Covenant, between Promise, and Fulfillment . . .

and, when All The Lessons are learned, One *will* come to know of The First and Last Obligation, that the Fulfillment of a *Promise* is The Defining Moment of Truth within One's Heart, for only then, may One Ever wear The Robes, of Honor . . .

perhaps, One Day, I might travel beyond The Bridge of Time, in the Service of Her Majesty, and experience firsthand The Intimacy of this Faith, and follow The Paths of Hope in search of The Thread of God's Heart, and dance to The Voices of Angels, as I surrender, to The EverLasting Joy, of Love's Embrace . . .

The Fourth Dove Tale

The Web of Pearls



each and every precious Particle of the Earth, that was Ever cast into Space by a Touch from The Wing of a lone white Dove, circling for an Eternity, would not be Time enough, to wear away The Dust of Empires come, and gone, nor to unbury All of The Deeds, and All of The Seeds, sown by The Follies of Men . . .

and for this impossible Reason, and in this impossible Dream, a solitary Soul pulls upon The Oars of a small wooden Vessel, rowing East across The Sky . . .

and as The Stars above and below Him quietly ponder His Intent, They gaze in Wonder at The Sight, of a World being brought back to God, by a single, silver Thread, of His Heart . . .

The Calling

The Image, in Wisdom's Eyes

(I am)

there, at long Last, in the Distance, is The Corona of Light I have sailed The Millennia to see, and I let fall My Tears, for I have been too long Away, and I have wandered too far from The Mists of Avalon, too far, from The Shores of Paradise, too far, across the Nocturnal Sea, too far, from Home . . .

this Light, piercing the Darkness, moving as Liquid Fire through The Paths of Eternity, is Divine Light, born of Heaven, and of Grace, The Light of God's Heart . . . as I lift My Eyes to this Light, much brighter It becomes, for as The Radiance grows, so too, grows The Truth, for it is The Truth that lights All It shines upon . . .

My Heart surges with joyous Anticipation, and My Eyes can scarcely encompass The Magnitude of The Beauty before Me, and still, I cannot see The Cyan Skies of Eden, for They are but a shimmering Crescent on The Horizon, and The Jewel of The Universe, The Treasure of All Creation, The Heart of The Diamond, basks under The Light, of Their Glory . . .

alas, My Journey is further yet, for *the* Dimensions of My Awareness are far wider, than the Range of My Understanding . . . I have the Rivers of Enlightenment I must navigate further On, in the Web of Channels that surround the Islands of ForeThought, and the perilous Shoals that lie in the Undercurrents, beneath the Straits of Insight . . . I must keep The Eyes of Patience vigilant, and The Courage of Fortitude standing, everPresent, on My Decks to guide Me, if I am to touch The Hand of Always, Again . . .

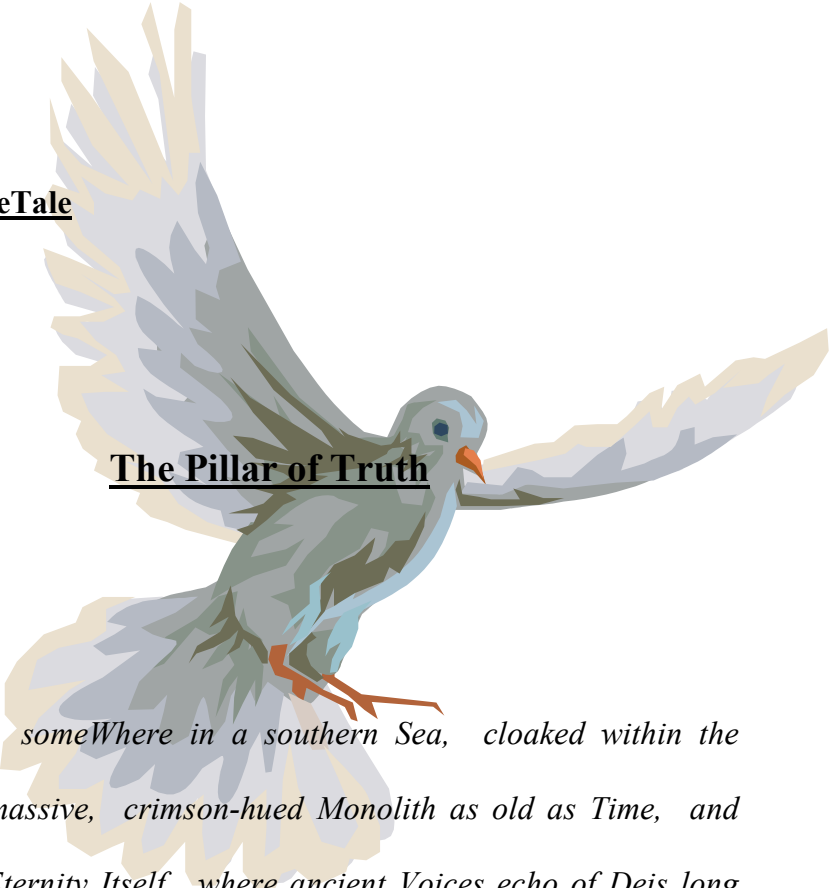
as Mariners of Old, I hear the mythical Siren's Song echoing inside My Heart, calling Me still, from deep within the White Canyons of Stars that lie unseen beyond Eternity's Edge . . . calling Me still, to test the Chains of Honor that bind My Soul to an Ancient Promise . . . calling Me still, to My Fate, cast so long Ago, upon The Endless

Waters, of Tomorrow . . . calling Me still, to The Remains of The Day, when The Dreams of Children begin Their Twilight Voyage into The Loving Arms of Hope, to be carried Away to The Heavens, where I fly, now, on The Wings of those Dreams, on My Way, Home . . .

and yes, blessed are those Children, whose Dreams, and Prayers, and Wishes, ride these Stars, becoming The Tears of Faith, in The Eyes of Forgiveness . . . for Their Tears, are those that fill The Well of My Longing, and Their Tears, I will gather, to drown, for Always, the Fires of Chaos . . .

The Fifth DoveTale

The Pillar of Truth



*on an Island, someWhere in a southern Sea, cloaked within the
Shadow of a massive, crimson-hued Monolith as old as Time, and
Rhyme, and Eternity Itself, where ancient Voices echo of Deis long
departed, and yes, so Soon to return Again, a Myriad of Angels, ten
thousand strong, and Each holding a Candle of Their undying Faith,
gather to welcome The Light of The Son . . .*

*and far across The Universe, at the very same Moment, a Child,
bearing the Scars of His Abandon deeply etched upon His Heart, and
holding a single Flame, whose soft Light the Darkness has Always
feared the most, steps Forward, into The Arms, of Because . . .*

The Calling

And So It Shall Be

(The One)

in the quiet Moments before a Wink in The Eye of Remember, I behold the grandest Vistas of stellar Choreography known, a spectral Ballet of vivid Wonder, a Myriad of Galaxies, dancing across The Heavens around Me . . . every Point in The Sky, above and below My Ship, bursts forth with The Radiance of Grace . . . this Pantheon of Grandeur defies all attempts at Comparison, for there exists no Place in The Universe capable of this Splendor, and I bow My Head in The Presence, of this Majesty . . .

for this, is Living Light . . . this, is The Paragon of Beauty, of a visual Joy found only in The Dreams of Angels . . . this, is both the BirthPlace, and Sanctuary, of Color, of Shades more abundant than The Stars, more than My Eyes could Ever gaze upon, in a Lifetime . . . My Sails are ablaze with the Aurora of Ten Thousand Dawns, and I tremble in awe at The Sight unfolding before Me, for I have journeyed across The Millennial Sea to stand, at long Last, within this Glory of Grace, of God, The Creator, of All Things Dear, and All My Eyes survey . . .

if My Prayers are answered, and The Ring within My Heart is indeed a Calling, and All I have foreseen has come to Pass, will I ever be chosen ? . . . will I be asked to serve ? . . . am I worthy of this noble Task ? . . . I know, beyond All Doubt, that I am to be counted on, for I am, what Courage is, and I am, what Honor will be . . . and the Intensity of My Will, the Iron of My Fortitude, and the Constancy of My Patience, is Assurance enough, for Always . . .

and yet, I feel there will be no Questions asked, nor any Qualifications considered, or Effectiveness deliberated . . . it will not be a Matter of Loyalty, or Resolve, or Integrity, or Faith, for these Things are foregone Judgments . . . Where and How Long are also moot . . . no Distance, Time, or Circumstance is relevant to My Desire to fulfill My Promise, and to secure The Sanctity of Love . . . and The Emergence

of Truth from the Throes of Chaos is an Endeavor I shall cherish, until I am but a Smile, in The Memory, of Yesterday . . .

I am drifting, with The Speed of Stars, Ever closer to Home, and My Mind continues to fathom The Magnitude of Perfection arrayed on All Horizons . . . every Step, of every Mile My Path has taken Me through The Voyage of My Life, never quite prepared Me for such stunning Ecstasy . . . this Symphony of Her Divine Brilliance heralds The Gifts of Knowledge and of Reason, that ly waiting patiently, within The Facets, of this Jewel of Eternity . . .


magnificent Arcs of Light, arranged in successive Orders of The Spectrum form a seemingly endless Colonnade, through which I, and My Ship, pass with The Grace of Swans . . . this Zenith of Luminescence gives way to Cascades of Rainbows, whose resplendent textures summon a River of Tears to My Eyes, for I am a most fortunate Being, to have been called to witness these Fires of Passion, and on this, My SkyPath to Infinity . . .

now, All My Senses are transformed . . . to touch, is to know, to smell, is to understand, to hear, is to see, and to see, is to embrace Truth . . . the Air of Heaven vibrates through Me, whispering, of The Joys of Love, and I soon discover, there drifts yet another Essence on The Wind, as sensuous as The Breath of Angels, Her Children of The Clouds, for It is The Light of Sound, and The Sound of Light, pouring over The Splendor arrayed before Me . . . I am wrapped in The Music of Her Being, for I have ascended into The Spectrum of Harmonics, where Light and Sound, Eye and Ear, are One . . .

and as My Heart and My Soul, surrender to Her Embrace, I pass through The Ivory Portals of Awakening, ancient Sentinels of All Creation, under whose gaze All shall Pass, for They stand, for Ever, as The Gates of Dawn . . . and 'Lo, in the Distance, on The Shores of Her Paradise, I see The Palace of Rain, and to mark My Passage, ten thousand Butterflies rise up from The Sea, and envelop Me in The Whisper of Their Wings, for I, have come to The End of The Beginning, of The Voyage of Kings . . .

The Sixth DoveTale

The Cradle of Light



*in The Hue, and The Cry, of All The Deis gone by, and among All The
Memories We will Ever try to forget, What Will Be, begins to dance
with Remember, and So It Was speaks in Whispers, to Well Be Met . . .*

*and still, The Mighty Ships keep on coming, to cast the Night, to Once
and for All, and NeverMore, yes still, The Mighty Ships, keep on
coming, to cast Her Light, for One and All, upon Our Shore . . .*

*and 'Lo, and Behold, begin to watch this Story unFold, of The Way
Things will be, once Again, while Tomorrow stands by, just as Hope
begins to cry, because Our FullFillMeant, had kissed His Heart, in
front of When . . .*

The Nearing

(of Angels)

All at Once, from far Away in the Mists of My Memory, drifting up from The Well of Remembrance, into My Living Dream, comes The Reason Why . . . and There, through The Window of My Vision, as I walk mesmerized toward The Majesty of The Splendors of The Palace of Rain, overwhelmed by All before Me, I find Myself surrounded by All that I hold Dear, and in The Time of a Promise, My Eyes begin to shimmer, in Waves, of terrible Longing . . .

and so begins The Trail, of Tears . . .

The Nearing

Along The Watch Towers

(The Approach)

I walk, alone, along The Shore . . . the Roar of Waves becoming Thunder on The Sand . . . My Ship, the dauntless EverMore, lying quiet against the Swells just beyond The Reach . . . The Sky, a vivid Cyan Blue, unfolds a brilliant Array of Suns, a Necklace of Light above My Path . . . it is at this Moment I know, that I have arrived in a Perfect Time, and in a Perfect Place, for The Sands beneath My Feet, washed for Ever, by The Tides of Eternity, are Diamonds . . .

I am alone, save for recent Passage of Another, and by The Distance from The Palace, and the slender Imprints left upon The Path, I judge Their Maker to be One of deep Reflection, and of The Feminine Graces . . . I also sense this to be a Trail of Tears, timeworn by Sorrow and Loneliness, and this Thought, dislodges any Notions of Perfection, from My Feelings of Serenity . . .

here Again, the Discordance precedes Me, in this Garden of Pure Harmony . . . All cannot be Well in The Empire, if The Center of All *that* is Grace, and All that is Good, suffers the Tremors of Conflict . . . the Shadow's Reach is without Boundary, and My Heart cries in dismay, for I have traveled across The Millennia to seek Guidance from those beyond Its insidious Grasp, only to find Paradise, lost . . .

what do The Fates know of My Endeavor, and do The Vagaries of Chance amuse Themselves, at My Trepidation ? . . . how am I, a humble Servant of Her Virtue, to fare against this aberration of Order, whose Virulence has permeated so deeply into The Empire . . . it matters not, for I stand under The Gaze of Come What May, and I have pledged to serve Her Will, with All My Heart, and to liberate, Hers . . .


and there, toward Her shimmering Crystal Castle, go I, Ever heedless of the Perils waiting beyond Tomorrow's Edge . . . for Today, is My Beginning, My Emergence, from the Uncertain, to The Assured,

from the Nebulous, to The Secure . . . from this Moment forward, I must accept the challenges of the unrevealed, and dare to confront the emanations of decay, that is Chaos . . .

and as TwiLight melts into My Surroundings, and I watch The Legion of Stars slowly gather throughout The Heavens above Me, in the Distance, One by One, from high aloft in The Iron Turrets that adorn The Shores of Eden, wrapped inside The Wind, flying across Eternity to forewarn of the Advent of Night, comes The Sound, of Bells . . .

The Seventh Dove Tale

The Robes of Honor



*and marching Forward, in The Legions of Compassion, come The
Soldiers of Antiquity, and They alone are Those, who have walked in
step with Courage, and They alone are Those, who shall be found so
worthy enough, to Ever kiss The Ring on The Hand of Glory . . .*

*and still They come, The Mothers, who gave forth Their Sons and
Lovers, to be crushed by The Wheels of Greed, for They too have cried
and They too have died, and knowing too well, They so bleed . . .*

*and still They come, The Fathers, who have followed in God's
righteous Flame, and be They glad, and Always of Iron clad, yes, to
have served in Heaven's Name . . .*

*and of The Silence, still then, between The White Lilies, of When,
that grew amidst the Monuments of Hate, and of the BagPipes played,
over each Hill and each Glade, while the Drums, rolled in bright
cadence, with Their Fate . . .*

The Nearing

When Longing Weds Desire

(The Promise)

I gaze out upon The Sea, as The Dawn slowly pours over Me . . . Its brilliant Pageant of Light dances upon My Bed of Jewels, where I laid under a Blanket of Stars, to while away Night's Passage . . . after a Moment's Reflection, and a Prayer to All Things Dear, I set out toward The Palace, Once Again, along The Shores of Eden, along this Path of Tears . . . and in The Time of a Wink, My Eyes behold an Image, a Woman, of profound Splendor, walking toward Me, as if I were Her Intent, as if I were Her Reason . . . beside Myself with Wonder, I could only hope . . .

still at a Distance, for I cannot yet see Her Eyes, Her Body pleases Me . . . The Sand, The Sea, The Sky, All are in extreme Clarity, yet All are completely indescribable. . . My Focus, is the spectral Masterpiece in front of Me . . . My Adrenaline is a fevered Rush, and I must command the last vestiges of My Courage to resist taking flight . . . I keep walking, struggling to maintain a bearing of Serenity, and forge Onward . . .

I feel invincible, yet insignificant, by The Magnitude of Her Presence . . . I am alone with My Trepidation . . . I am alone, with Her . . . She moves, as Liquid, with a Grace that startles Me, and She is as natural to Her Surroundings as is SunLight, possessing a Radiance all Her Own . . . She is closer . . . I can now see The Smile I have sailed The Millennia to see . . .

the Sense of Time has abandoned Me, along with involuntary Impulses to breathe . . . Feeling has left My Fingertips, and My Vision, save for Her Aspect, is dimmed beyond Acuity . . . external Light Sources are fading, and all Sound is in retreat . . . conventional Thought synapsing is lost, and core body functions subsist on primal drive . . . My Mind, or what remains of It, is a spinning vortex, of pure, white hot Awe . . . and My Heart, echoes the Roar and Velocity, of a TripHammer . . .

Her Eyes . . . Eyes that could send Armies into Oblivion, cause Empires to rise and fall, the Seasons to unwind, Suns to pale in surrender, and ordinary Men to Their knees . . . Windows to Galaxies are Her Eyes . . . thresholds to the Oceans of My Awareness, and All that is beyond the

Realm of Understanding, and somehow, despite the immense Universe of Her Aura, I remain standing, walking, closer . . .

the Air seems to be vibrating softly, but with a Purpose, as if The Sky were about to crack from the Intensity of mere Thought . . . I have stepped within, surrounded, by The Colors of Her Essence . . . as Her Voice crosses The Distance between Us, spilling over Me like Cool Water, I can see Her Words, flying like Jewels across the Cyan Sky, and I am The Sky . . . She *is* speaking to My Heart, to Me . . . I am spellbound by the Intimacy, and I must respond and I cannot, for My Voice became dust, long Ago . . . closer, is no longer possible, for I am, where Here, is . . .

Artisans, Poets, Painters, and Sculptors down through Antiquity, have never captured The Loveliness of a Goddess such as She . . . Her Face, is a classic Vista of Wonder, and Perfection . . . a Mirror of flawless Crystal could never cast a likeness to compare with The Beauty before Me . . . and I am Ever humbled, in The Presence, of Her Majesty . . .


I am within Her . . . I am reborn, yet I have lost all Sense of self . . . Desire has become My Master though We have yet to Touch, for I feel I would require The Sanctification of Nature to do so . . . yet She, as if knowing My Thoughts, and with The Grace of a Swan, nods Her Head, and slowly raises Her Hand toward My Face . . .

no Man, gone or yet lived, has ever known of this Rapture, even in Dreams . . . the Fire of Anticipation rivals The Core of The Sun, burning All Senses . . . to be touched by Paradise, is to be made One with Her . . . I have never imagined being worthy of this Gift, of this Ecstasy . . . oh yes, to dance with The Muse, in whose Embrace awaits the seldom heard Whisper, of Fulfillment . . .

Her Hand caresses My Face, as She would The Wind, like Silk across My Skin . . . The Rhythm of Life flows through Her Touch, and electrifies My Soul . . . and in the Breath of a Moment, I know All that is in Her Heart, for She has given Me Her Own . . . She is Earth, She is Air, She is Light, She is The Dawn . . . I stand before Creation's Daughter, and I am blessed, for She, is The Angel, of Love . . . I am wrapped, within The Music of Her Being, and I, begin, to cry . . .

The Eighth Dove Tale

The Destiny of Kings



*as a single TearDrop, falls into The Lake of Forgiveness, and creates
a Ring, heard All across Heaven . . . as The Weight of a wooden Cross,
bears down upon the unbeaten and bleeding Heart of a Son of God . . .*

*as a SuperNova, rips a Crack in The Sky, just as deep as the Memory
of Evil, the filthy dogs of Chaos pause, to level their crazed and
blood-hungry Eyes upon each other, only to find that their own vilest
of all shadows, have been devoured by The Very Light of Dei . . .*

*as two lost and forgotten Angels, begin to cry Together, when at Last,
and in The Presence of Their EverLasting Grace, there Here comes,
The Rain, of Joy . . .*

The Nearing

A Path, of Blue

(The Allurance)

when, at Last, becoming aware of a Drifting, I opened My Eyes, and found I was alone, and crying, still . . . while I sensed the Approach of TwiLight, yet Again, in every Direction, moving as Liquid around Me, was The Mist, obscuring from My Sight, All Traces of Her Retreat, All Traces of Her Presence, save One . . . there, in My Hand, fluttering in the everpresent Wind, and The Color of Heaven's Sky, was The Ribbon . . .

My Heart surged with blissful Expectancy, for The Ribbon revealed that I still possessed My Senses, however bewildered, and this glorious Visit was not a Dream . . . My Face, where She had touched Me, tingled pleasantly, and reminded Me of the swan-like Elegance of Her Movements, as if The Air around Her danced to Her Wishes, as if The Galaxies moved in concert with Her Grace . . .

before long, as My Thoughts of Her became Gifts *in* The Arms of Memory, The Mist began to fade, and there, once more, untouched by The Tide of Time, was The Sea, and The Sands, of Eden . . . unaware of the Moments lost during Her Visit, The Day was drawing to a close around Me, and All inspired Plans of further Travel left My Agenda in favor of Rest, for I lacked the strength of Purpose, reveling as I was, in *The* Glory of Her Wake . . .


yet, as I wandered about in search of a suitable piece of ground on which to while Away the Night's Arrest, I am consumed by Thoughts of Rapture, and of Perplexity . . . for I could not grasp Her Intent, nor if any Message was implied by Her Visit . . . all I knew for certain, is who She is, and that My very Existence, and the Happiness I yearn to find in My Life, depend upon My finding Her, again . . . and this, is The Promise I made to The Legion of Stars swirling in Celestia above Me . . . The Light, in Her Eyes, I will follow for Ever, for She, will Always be, The Path of My Eternal Desire . . .

listening to The Sea gently embrace The Shore, lulled to quiet Contemplation by the Whisper of The Waves, I wonder if Her Voice is The Sound I hear, and She is singing to Me, of Days gone by, of a Time long Ago, before the Fall of Night, of Joy, and Freedom, of Truth, and Friendship . . . a Time before The Well of Longing overflowed with The Tears of Angels, crying for All Things Dear, crying for a Thread of Hope, crying for this Ribbon, of Love . . .

and I whispered to The Wind and The Sea, Ever hoping She was listening to Me, and I promised Her, that both Her Heaven, and Her Heart, would know The Glory, of The Days to come . . .

The Ninth Dove Tale

The Ring of Friendship



*for Those who have yet heard, The Sound of Their Freedom's Ring . . .
nor tasted the sweet Nectar of an endless Summer, so long emptied
from the Vessels of Your Desire . . .*

*nor Ever captured the elusive FireFlies of Your Fortune, so Once and
Always in pursuit of The Vagaries of Chance . . .*

*nor traced The Lines upon The Face of Wisdom, where patiently waits
The Meaning of Life, and so delicately poised, on The Brink of Your
complete Understanding . . .*

*nor sang in The Choir of Her Divine Forgiveness, because Mercy has
yet to gather each and every Moment, from Your inescapable Fall from
Grace . . . and from This, there shall be Peace, on Earth . . .*

The Nearing

Day, of Dreams

(The Remembrance)

I smile, as Dawn cracks The Sky anew, for this Day, will be like no Other . . . I stare into The Face of The Sun, The First of The Myriad, and remember My Promise to The Eyes of Heaven, for My Life is for Ever changed, altered by The Hands of Fate, to walk in The Arms of Destiny's Wish, to yet experience The Embrace, of Love, Again . . .

bound to Her Purpose, I secure The Ribbon around My Neck, the cool Touch of Silk upon My Skin, and I feel The Pulse of Her Energies flow through Me . . . Nature's Might seems within My Grasp, transformed as I am by Her Spirit, and I begin to understand the awesome Power of Her Will, lying just beyond My Fingertips, and the Immensity of Her Sorrow, lying just beyond My Heart . . .

with The Parade of Suns in full Ascension above Me, and the endless Multitude of Fragrances carried on The Wind from All Points within this Garden of Wonder, tantalizing My Senses, I set out, once More, in search of The Source of The Secrets of Paradise, waiting, beyond this Shore of Treasures, somewhere within The Sanctuary of Grace, behind the crystalline Walls, of The Palace of Rain . . .

and of The Mysteries that shroud this Woman of Dawn, this Bright Star of Enchantment, so buried, deep *within* My Soul, I cannot fathom, still . . . She drifts within The Corridors of My Heart, as a Phantom, as a Butterfly, of Golden Wing, swirling amid the Thoughts of Joy She weaves inside Me . . . yet, All the While, I hear the faintest, most delicate Sound, One which She tries desperately to hide behind Her Songs of Mirth, One which carries The Sorrows of Destiny in its Wake, for The Sound, is of Her precious Heart, breaking . . .


will I, Ever, bring Joy to Her Life, as completely as She has done for All Creation, with as much undying Selflessness ? . . . will I, Ever, succeed in creating a lasting Impression in Her Mind to compare with the limitless Sea of Devotion that exists within Her Heart for All

Things Dear, inside The Infinite Web of Her Compassion ? . . . I pray
My undying Loyalty and Honor will prevail, and, after All is said,
after All is done, My final Breath will carry to Her Heart, My
Promise, of Her Fulfillment . . .

and will I, Ever, possess The Courage required to stand against the
Cause of Her Sorrow, to stand in The Well of Her Tears, and hold
back The Tide of Her Anguish ? . . . for She stands before All with The
Might of Titans, The Jewel of All that Her Eyes survey, ready to
defend Her Dominion, with the ancient and iron-clad Armor, of Her
Everlasting Grace . . .

The Tenth DoveTale

The Pinnacle of Choice



*soaring high Above, in the lofty and verdant Canopies of The Sentinels
of Creation, where every Wish and every Prayer has found Refuge,
within the stalwart Boughs of Remember, where each are held, for
Ever, in a single Ray of Hope, and warmed, for Always, by a single
Breath of God . . .*

*there is felt a faint and somehow fragrant Vibration, a susseration of
Imminence, a soft and subtle Shift, in The Paradigms of Our Purpose,
as though the very Gleam in a lonely Child's Eye, could bring All
Heaven to Its Knees, cause The Seasons to unwind, and The Suns to
blink, and yes, these Armies, into The Maelstrom . . .*

and All so brought Forth, here in The Echo, of The Reason Why . . .

The Nearing

Into A Valley of Roses

(The Primeval)

lying just beyond The Edge of Vision, dancing, like a Mirage, within The Mists of Remember, is The Palace, surrounded by gently rolling Hills of verdant Forests, dense, secluded Groves, lush Meadows, and Streams ribboning Their Way among Copses of varied Brush and Thicket . . . and laced perfectly within this Panorama are delicate Tapestries of every Flower, of every Color, rivaling My Senses for attention, and All radiant under a wondrously Blue, Sun-filled Sky . . .

I find Myself standing at the Convergence of PathWays, each having a Source from The Sea, and All leading toward the inland Beauty of Eden . . . My Vantage Point atop The Dune provides a view of extreme Clarity, in All Directions, All astounding in Their Allure . . . yet, I must leave The Sea, My infinite Path of Stars, behind Me now, Its profound Splendor to wait, patiently, for My Return . . . and silhouetted against the Velvet Sky, in crystalline Grace, moored within The Sea's liquid Embrace, out beyond The Reach, is My Ship of Light, reflecting The Memories of My Voyage, a Path chosen, long Ago, and only just begun . . .

and with these Memories came a Voice, again, Her Voice, rising up from the quiet Swell of The Waves, carried on the faintest sussuration of Wind, telling Me of The Dreams of The Innocent, and The Prayers of The Forgotten, to be remembered, once More, for Always . . . Her Voice became *The* Whispers of Children, lost and alone under the darkened Skies of Time, waiting for just one Look, into The Eyes of Hope, and just one Touch, from The Hand of Love . . .

as delicate as Its Arrival, Her Voice fades Away, into a sacred Corner of My Heart, to be remembered, to be honored, to live On . . . I am left to dance alone with Her Memory, holding The Spirit of Her Wishes, and The Phantoms of Her Sorrow . . . and for every Breath She takes, be It of Gladness, or of Sadness, I shall engulf within My Sea of Devotion . . . I shall carry Her Tears in the Palm of My Hand,

until They become Diamonds on The Shores of Time, and I shall Ever
bring The Sound of Her Laughter, far beyond The Frontiers of this
Universe . . .

with a Sigh as Deep as Heaven, I turned My Gaze from Yesterday,
and stepped within Her Garden's fragrant Aura, to follow The Path
laid before Me, Eons Ago, toward The Palace of The Sun . . . and as
My Eyes fell upon The Abundancy, the rich, vibrantly exotic Panoply
of Life arrayed beyond The Dune, I see, quivering on a murmured
Breeze, tied to a Willow's Branch, as Blue as The Sea, a Ribbon . . .

The Eleventh DoveTale

The Chariots of The Sun



*as The Light of All Creation begins to pour from The Crack in The Sky,
as if to herald a Purpose known only to Fate, up until This Moment,
moving soft and slow across The Horizon, and Ever drawn by The
Might of Seven Hundred Horses, of Ebony, Left, and of Ivory, Right,
are now assembled The Supreme Guardians of Her Virtue . . .*

*and deep in The Core of these massive Ships of Her Infinite Might,
thundering like The Roar of Titans, rising from The Throats of The
Engines of God, fueled by The High Glory of Her EverLasting Desire,
burn The Fires, of Ice . . .*

The Nearing

Pools of Innocence

(The Shimmering)

amidst All Its gloriously vivid Wonder, My Senses revel, overwhelmed by the kaleidoscopic Display of Nature's Pageantry . . . every Sight, Sound, and Smell pours over Me like Cool Water, a total immersion into The Tapestry of Her Essence, for I am walking within Her Mind's Eye, within The Portrait of Her Imagination . . . The River of Suns above bathe each facet in a Tapestry of Light, as if The Air were Gold, and All Things are blessed in The Brilliance of Her Majesty . . .

the Woodlands and Meadows abound with Life, of every Class and Category . . . scores of Mammals, Reptiles, and Insects wander about, from every assortment of Fauna, creating a Myriad of zoological Diversity far beyond My Capacity to analyze . . . My Amazement is tested further when I realize, some regard My Presence with nothing more than mild Curiosity, while others illustrate a welcoming Acceptance, as if knowing of My Purpose, exhibiting subtle, though discernible Nods or Sounds of Approval . . .

and above Me, in the Azure Meadows of The Sky, fly every conceivable form of winged Creature, a bewildering Display of Talon, Feather, and Beak, in a grand Ballet of aerial Mastery . . . Flocks of every Plumage gracefully arc across My Vision creating luminous Waves of Color, brilliant Hues dancing from every Crest and Tail . . . how I so long for Their Freedom, and Their lifelong Caress of The Wind . . . yet how fortunate I am, to witness The Grace, of The Birds of Paradise . . .

through Glade and Glen I aimlessly wander, over The Fields of Her Forgiveness, over Her Pastures of unbridled Artistry, All overflowing in Their Abundance, All so richly woven with the Colors, Textures, and Fragrances of Life . . . and The Sounds of this Eden echo vibrantly through every Leaf, every Petal, every Thicket, every Briar, and

every Blade of Grass, to create a lavishly resonant Symphony of Nature, enveloping My Senses in Harmonic Perfection . . .

and Soon, as I draw closer to The Heart of The Valley, and The Palace looms radiant within the diaphanous Veil of Mist, shining now, in Full Grandeur, draped in effervescent Ribbons of colored Light, I hear a different Sound . . . a Rush, whisper-like, floats through The Air to announce My Nearness to The Stream, and I quicken My Steps toward Its Course . . . for My Journey has taken Me many miles, through every sort of terrain, and I wish to rest My Body and Soul awhile, to gather My Thoughts of The Days gone by, to ponder The Days to come, to ly in cool Shade upon Its Shore, and to drink of Its liquid Grace . . .


glittering Gems of SunLight, reflected from The Stream's gently undulating Surface, dart magically about, painting every Avenue of Approach in a Tempest of Gold . . . All Sound is hushed, save for the Whisper of Water, The Path of Life, as It meanders On toward Fields and Forests of Another Day, endlessly, until The Horizon delivers It once more, into The Sky's Embrace . . . I can almost taste Its cool Fragrance, as I step within sight of Its crystalline Blue, and become mesmerized by The Beauty . . .

quiet was The Mockingbird, as I draw nearer, and The Look in Her Eye told of Her Purpose, as Sentinel, before *whom*, All shall Pass . . . with a Nod of Understanding, I move closer to The Edge, and the sudden Stillness, takes My Breath away . . . The Stream, as if told by Nature to do so, slows to a Pause in front of Me, becoming a flawless Ribbon of Glass . . .

and now, finally within Reach, I kneel down beside a Pool of pristine Clarity, and gaze into Its Secrets, and as I begin to fathom The Reasons Why, there, slowly rising to The Brink of Knowledge, up from The Depths of Wisdom, emerging phantom-like, to rest upon The Windows of My Eyes, I see, Her Face, Again . . .

The Twelfth Dove Tale

The Children of The Clouds



*and as Far as The IcanSea, echoing well beyond The Reach, and long
past The Broken Sound, wrapped in The Wonder of Because, and All
gathered in a single, shimmering Tear from The Eye of Always, comes
The Reign . . .*

*and as what was the Darkness, disappears into what was the Night,
and All Evil now haunts only The Memories of The Follies of Men, a
solitary Soldier, battle-worn and weary, takes a final Look at The
Instrument of Her Justice, His Sword, that Once upon a Time, and far
Ago and long Away, in a Place called Camelot, was named Excalibur,
and was forged, for an Eternity, in The Crucible of Truth . . .*

*and before Our Yesterdays could tell Tomorrow of what has finally
come to pass, He thrusts The Sword deep into The Rock of Patience,
and then All The Weigh, up to The Hilt . . .*

*for The Blade had been made, from The Voices of The Children of The
Love of God, and was Ever honed in The Blood of Angels, and a
Savior, and Long may They All rest, Here, in The Comfort, of The
Reason Why . . .*

* * *

*and as Their Voices cascade, across a World not forgotten, and Come
What May winks, and nods, to So It Shall Be, far Away in The
Distance, where The Stars shall for Ever kiss The Sky, I and Those All
around Me lift Our Eyes to see, Her victorious Flock of Grace, now
standing, behind The Son . . .*

The Nearing

The Sky of Her Mind

(The AbundanSea)

I am riveted by The Rapture of Her Gaze, as She stares from the flawless crystalline Mirror of Perfection, a Pool of deep liquid Sapphire only Moments Ago . . . Her Face, so much lovelier than I remembered, is haloed by The Panoply of Heaven above Us, a luxuriant Coronet of Stars, and The Array is matched by The Galaxies of Her Eyes . . . She regards Me with an exquisite Allure, and I must restrain My Impulses to plunge into The Depths to embrace Her Essence, this Illusion of Paradise . . . slowly, so as not to break The Spell, I reach toward Her Image, smiling there, a Portrait of Grace, and as My Hand hovers between a Thought and a Wish, She winks, and in an Instant, is gone . . .

while I try to gather My Senses, each a swirling Gale of *Confusion*, and My Heart begins to recover from still another Incidence of extreme Longing, there, on The Wind, a faint yet enchanting Fragrance dances lightly through The Surround, wrapping around Me like a Breath of Silk . . . All at Once, I know It to be Her Fragrance, Her Scent, a singular Bouquet of Her seductively elusive Mystery, and the *hypnotic* Allusion of Her Promise . . . as intrepid as I fancy Myself to be, in The Light of All I have seen, and All I have done, I feel as fragile to Her Design as would a Feather, in a Cyclone . . . I am but Clay, cradled in The Hands, of The Master . . .

how deep Her Hold on Me is, for I cannot fathom the Eternity of spending One Moment without Her . . . so Total is Her Presence, that I sense The Nature of All Things, enveloped in The Cloak of Her Kindness, and I dream, of The Comfort of Simplicity . . . to dance within Her Loving Arms, would be to embrace The Gift, of Fulfillment . . . The Whisper, of The Muse . . . and still, She remains but an Apparition, and I am destined to walk this Path another Day, alone, in The Gardens of Her Mind . . . just as a Breeze, as if summoned by The Wake of Her Notion, gently pushes Me onward, toward Paradise . . .

for it is TwiLight, once more, The Chain of Suns having flown across The Sky, to find the Thoughts of Tomorrow . . . I, too, set off for the brighter Horizon, dressed now in a coral Splendor, and an Armada of rose-hued Clouds shepherd My Footsteps along The Path . . . in The Distance, bathed in the Embers of Sunset, stands The Palace, a Citadel of Love, exalting The Eyes of All that survey It, and as I pass, again, through The Bows of The Willow, I regard The Mockingbird, gazing there upon Me . . . with a Look that told of Diligence, and The Mark of Honor in Her Pose, Silence was The Message She gave Me, knowing I would understand . . . and long after I had watched Her fly away, did I notice yet another Ribbon, lying there, in My Hand . . .

as the endless Ballet of Stars majestically wheels Its Way across the black velvet Sky above Me, I huddle closer to My only Candle, My Island of Light, and consider All Things, while the last Ring of The WatchTower Bells is swallowed once again, by the Chasm of Night, intensely vivid in its chilling Splendor . . . secure beneath My Cloak of Memory, and warmed by Thoughts of The Days to come, I surrender peacefully to The Veil of Sleep, knowing full well The Path My Dreams will for Ever wander . . . away, and by a Stream, in a Glen, through a Window, found in a Pool of Innocence, and illuminated by The Diamonds, in Her Eyes . . .

Dream III

of

The Voyage of Kings



The Diamond

(Passion)

The Promise, The Gathering, and The Forgiving . . .

The OverLace 

*for Æons, I have followed, The Flight, of The Sound, of Freedom,
a Whisper, more delicate than The Breath of Angels, sailing across
The Fields and Forests of Remember, held in The Wake of The Light
of Her Grace, Always wrapped, in the deep Silence of Her Lucidity,
because The Light of The Millennia, Once cast from a Distant Fire,
roam, I will for Ever, This Path, of My Desire . . .*

and The Promise

of Kingdoms, Come

(and Gone)

a small piece, by most standards, pummeled and polished by countless hands, just a bit of gold that had witnessed the light of a billion stars in a myriad of skies, since its first purpose had acquired a pair of shoes for a carpenter, who plied his craft on boats down by the river . . .

odd indeed, the notion of a poor tradesman falling under fortune's favor, by possessing even one in a lifetime, for its faces were accustomed to nobler cuts of pocket or purse, lined with a finer cloth or the rarest hide . . .

stranger still was the voyage of this coin of a realm, once cast to honor the folly of men, and an empire now two millennia dead . . .

by land and sea, across times and continents, marking a journey of simple and stunning complexity, a coin, all battered and worn, yet with a hidden splendor, waiting just below the surface, lies shining, in a morning sun . . .

until one day, a woman, guided by the grace of God, walking along a path to KnowWhere, beholds a reflection, and lowers her hand to touch The Rose, emblazoned for Ever, upon her heart . . .

* * *

The Rain, of Joy

(OdysSea)

and as The Angel of Love gazes down at this Child of the Night, this Child of Broken Promises, this Child of Sorrow, and Loneliness, She wraps Him within The Warmth of Her Embrace, and The Light of Her Smile . . .

and as She gently brushes the Tears from His Face, She sings to Him, of a wondrous Place, of a Supreme Joy, of a Peace, of a Land of Ten Thousand Rainbows, and of a Myriad of Friends, to call His Own . . .

and She sings to Him of The Grace of God, and of Her Heart, and of Her Infinite Kindness, waiting within The Shelter of Her EverLasting Light of Love . . .

and as The Child feels The Touch of The Angel's Hand upon His Face, the Cool Water of Her silken Embrace upon His Skin, He regards Her spectral Mist of radiant Color, dancing among The Galaxies of Her Eyes . . .

and He sees shining, luminescent Pearls of Joy, cascading down the ivory softness of Her Face, The Tears of Heaven, as the Night, softly and slowly, begins to cry . . .

* * *

A Pheonix Rose

(an Echo's Return)

as a Lone Rider, a Fifth HorseMan, draws Ever closer to The Edge of Paradise, The Eyes of The Mockingbird, Her Sentry, cloak Him within Her Mist, within a Myth, for He wanders nEverMore, among The Fears and The Follies, of Men . . .

and 'Lo, there, in His Hand, a Rose, more lovely than The Smiles of Ten Thousand Angels, as His Voice, as Liquid, falls over The Air, as Cool Water, whispering, *I, am Ever, and, My Love, is for Always, and I, have walked All The Days of Infinity, in search of just One Rose, to compare with The Light of All Creation, as The Smile, on The Face of Grace, so, please, I beg U to tell Her, then, that Ever, has finally come Home, Again . . .*

as He regards the Iron Gates of Her Beloved Dominion, and The Sentry, before whom All shall Pass, quietly nods Her Assent, did The Gates of Dawn, begin to open . . .

* * *

and High over His Head, flying for Ever toward the cyan Skies of Avalon, The Ibis, Resolute, with Her Eyes toward The Reason Why, bearing Her Burden of Time, featherlight . . . a Crown, of Her glorious and eternal Grace, a Crown, of Her infinite and unwavering Kindness . . . soaring still, Ever higher, Ever closer, toward a pale-blue Gem in a dark velvet Sky, bringing forth at Last, and oh yes Once and for Always, The Return of The Light, of Love, Again . . .

* * *

and NoOne knew

Where Ever Was

until His Candle was heard, Ever was gone, and withOut a Trace, and without a single Word . . .

All, throughOut The Kingdom, and All, throughOut The Land, NoWhere, was heard, The Voice, of Ever, save for The Sound of falling Sand . . .

for as this Sand fell through Her Ourglass, The Sound became The Sigh of Always, as She waited, for Eons to pass . . .

The Sigh, became The Echo, and The Echo became The Word, and The Word came on The Wings, of a lone and silver Bird . . .


and The Words, that came from Ever, when, in Her Heart, They came to rest, *to The Tears that lay upon Your Face, I so kneel in Sorrow's Quest* . . .

and for All that Time, and for All those Days, NoOne knew, where Ever was, only an Echo of His Voice was heard, a Whisper from The Land of Because . . .

and in The Time of Always, while for Ever She waited, and for Ever She longed, this, became The Day for Ever and, for Ever, this Day, has dawned . . .

The First DoveTale

The Kiss of Always



*while this luxurious Imminence pours like Grace, out over a pale blue
Gem in a rose Velvet Sky, and both The Victors and the Vanquished in
a war of Roses, still bowing Their Heads in The Presence of Because,
turn Their Hearts toward Mercy, who in turn, faces The True Paladin
of Virtue, and The Might of Her Forgiveness, arrayed close beside
Him . . .*

*and as She bathes Them All with a Look of brilliant Regard, waiting
just until The Winds of Change begin to blow, She then whispers,
from This Very Moment on, and until All Our Moments fade, I so
stand, in Awe, of The Sacrifice U have made, and what Ever You so
find, in Your Hearts to do, do so with All of Your Might, for The Ties
that bind U to Always, are these Echoes, of The Fall, of Night . . .*

* * *

*and as The Sun, finally sets, down in a Meadow of Lilies, and
Children begin laughing, at the soft and smiling Face on the other
Sighed of The Moon, a Girl, in a Box long made of Would, and buried
deep in a Place once called Hell, slowly, and so like a Swan, lifts up
Her newborn Eyes, to The Light, of a brand new Dei . . .*

The Gathering

(of Angels)

and Still, The Ring, wraps around My Heart, as if to bless My Allegiance, to an Echo, of Millennia Past, and Millennia to Be, as I slowly caress Remember, as We dance to forget, the Night . . .

and, if You listen very closely, You will hear The Story of every Tear, that has Ever cried, as They walk All The Days of Infinity, to find a Rose as lovely as Always, as They whisper of The Glory, and The Promise, of Her Name . . .

and Her Name, is Fulfillment . . .

and I, am, Hope . . .

The Gathering

Allusions, of Grandeur

(A Sea, of Glass)

I awoke with a start, as The Colors of Dawn recaptured The Sky, and All at once, I felt an Urgency, a tremor of Uncertainty, wash below the semblance of Repose, rumbling deep within The Senses, deep within The Fabric of Reason, to haunt the frozen Fields of Doubt, and melt The Chains of Resolve . . . just as quickly, these Undulations faded from Awareness, leaving a small Scar on My Heart, and a Feeling of being violated, by Fear, knowing of its Presence, yet impossible to see . . .

still, nothing was capable of eclipsing The Glory of This, a SunRise, bathing Me now in a coral-colored Blaze, and a Brilliance that seemed to herald more than The Promise of Day . . . The SunLight, as Liquid Grace, poured over The Garden with dazzling Abandon, painting The Myriad of Colors upon All My Eyes survey, igniting The Breath of Life within All Things Near, and Dear . . . and there in The Distance, I see Her Legion of FireFlies, like a Field of Diamonds, dancing in the Morning Mist, chasing away The Edge, of the Night . . .

immersed in this spectacular Adornment of Light, there too, stood The Palace, in All Its Might and Majesty, draped now in luxuriant Rays of Awakening . . . I gazed at The Seven Spires, disappearing beyond View into the vast Ivory Embrace of The Clouds, and The Heavens, slowly spinning around Them . . . for yes, this is The Center of All, this, is The Source . . . while never having set Foot within Its crystalline Walls, a Feeling of complete Peace gently washes over Me, one of Knowing, for no Question existed in My Mind, that Here, poised at The Heart of Eternity, The Heart of this Universe, is The Place, called, Home . . .

though quite *Far away*, The Palace fills The Air with the reflected Light of Its Presence, waiting, for All to behold . . . each Spire, One of The Seven Points of U, rises up beyond Regard, each, a Pinnacle of Virtue . . . and visible from My Position, as The Parade of Suns


began Its Journey across The Sky, up where Faith flies, on The Wings of a Prayer, and just before Heaven's Mystery captures Them from Sight, like Jewels on The Fingers of God, and of a Clarity beyond Compromise, wrapped around The Face of Each Tower, as far as Her Eyes can see, are The Windows, of Always . . .

and Out over The Fields, and The Forests of Her Dominion, I see, rising Up, slipped from the delicate Grasp of Dawn's Mist, soaring, toward The Sound of Destiny's Bell, toward a Pale Blue Dot, far beyond The Reach, toward a Morning yet to be, on the Other Side of Night, on The Shores of a Place called Avalon, flies The Ibis . . . and held aloft by The Winds of Eternity, She sets Her Gaze across The Celestial Sea, laden with Her Burden of Glory, a Crown of Roses, yet and Ever guided, by The Hands of Time, and The Grace of Angels . . .

and within Her Heart, goes The Hope of a Universe, and Fate, knows that Her Name, and Her Purpose, are Resolute . . .

The Second DoveTale

The Crown of Roses



*an Ibis, flies low and slow, out over The Fields and The Forests of
Man's Kind, and He sees . . . All the Pathos, and the Pain, fading
Away, back to Then, and All the Suffering, and the Sorrow, hide in
The Mist, of Never Again . . .*

*and All the Women of the World, proClaming, what had Always been
Theirs, and to be granted full Passage, to All, of The Whys, and The
Wheres . . . and All throughout Heaven, was not a Breath barely taken,
until All Things Dear, knew They had not been forsaken . . .*

*and as Each One of Them, began falling, into The Loving Arms of It
Was So, came The Seven Trumpets of Dawn, and as One, They began
to blow . . . and before The Ibis took a Tern for a Verse, He offers One
last Look, and yes He sees . . .*

*a Child, long without the Essence of Hope, or the Joy of a Smile, or
just the Shelter of a Kindness, walking out upon a Sea of Glass, and
slowly beginning to pick up All of The Peaces, only to place Them,
and One by One, inside His overflowing Heart . . .*

The Gathering

Into The Forest, of Sound

(go I)

The Myriad of Suns, whose EverPresence guides Me still, begins Its Majestic Voyage, as Dawn cracks The Sky, once more . . . We quietly regard each Other's Passage, and so bearing Witness, and bearing Wonder, to each of Our respective Tasks, knowing that Our Paths have indeed converged at Last, in this Place, where The Reason Why was born . . .

as My Spirit basks in the Enchantment of My Surroundings, far to The East, from whence I have roamed, came a Hush of Wind, soft and slow, yet, with a Purpose, and most assuredly, a Passion . . . and laced within Its Arrival, was carried a Voice, Her Voice, riding The Light . . .

Angel, U, are All that Is, Ever My Will Be, and My Was,

U, are Why I Am, and for Always, U, are My, Because . . .

and as sure as The Morning has made Her Promise to Day, so too, has She spoken to Me, and as I pause, to recover My Senses, breathing The Sweet Air of Awareness, watching The Dawn unfold before My Eyes, and Her Words, sailing across a rose-blushed Sky, like Diamonds, like ButterFlies, soaring above the Forgotten Fields, of My Heart . . .


before Her Voice fades into The Mist, It becomes, All at once, a Feather of Light, rising to meet the Azure Tide of The Day, in delicate Swirls, until transforming into a Ray of Hope, to live, One Day, in a Child's Eye . . . and as My Gaze fell toward The Palace, I was not completely decisive, in wondering whether the Shimmering of Its Walls, was due to My Imagination, or My Tears . . .

this last Thought, would have to keep for a Time, for I must navigate one Final Course, through what could only be My one Final Endeavor, allowing Me Entry into Her Crystal Sanctuary, waiting there, balanced, centered, and on a Rise, solitary, amidst an immense Sea of Trees, standing as Sentinels, ancient and wise and strong, defending The Virtues of an Empire, and now, as though protecting a Jewel, set upon The Velvet, of a deep Hunter's Green . . .

and from Somewhere deep within The Forest, and closer still to The End of My Journey, came another Sound, with an Urgency veiled in Its Meaning, and a Point, veiled in Its Aim . . . and until this Moment, no Sorrow had Ever before pierced My Heart, as sharply as the Blade of this Truth . . . for The Sound, was of a single Tree, falling, and It was Ever, quite, alone . . .

The Third DoveTale

The Flame of Desire



The Willow, stands waiting, in a glorious Vale of Abundance, with a Ribbon of Love fluttering gently within Her Boughs, as a Child comes walking, toward The Voices He began to hear so long Ago, and who now stands before ten thousand Angels, singing in The Glow, of a Morning Son . . .

and He pulls from His Pocket, All tattered and worn, a Coin, once forged in a Kingdom come and gone, and an Empire two Millennia dead, and emblazoned on both Sides now, with the very same Face, as The Eagle, soaring high above Him . . .

* * *

and deep inside a Web of Pearls, a Candle, whose Light was once heard Far across this Universe, had brought the very Darkness to its

*Knees, and caused The Stars to fade, if even for a Moment, suddenly
begins to find Itself transFormed, into something Grand, and
something Wise . . .*

*and not only did It see, that It was now not just made of Wax, but also
of Clay, and was fired in the finest Color, of Blue, howEver, and yet,
little did It know, that Its Very Wick, was, too . . .*

*and this, was The Color, of **Truth** . . .*

The Gathering

The Falling, Leaves

(a Ring)

like Silk upon My Skin, a Coolness wraps Itself around Me, as I step within Her Forest, so primal, so peaceful, so pristine . . . and so begin Wave upon Wave of Thoughts, and Ideas, Disquisitions, and Suppositions, Declarations, and Speculations, and All laced within a quiet Symphony of Logic, and All causing My Mind to dance, as if caught in a frenetic dervish, allowing only a Thread of Hope, of Ever beginning to grasp each and every Ion, of InSight . . .

a Stillness . . . absolute, and complete . . . where Silence comes to think, and Echoes go to fade Away . . . where the slightest Sound, is The Light of Her Candle, up there behind a Sea of Glass, behind Her Window, burning, as Always, waiting, for Ever . . . without Its Luminescence, My Way would be shrouded in Doubt, for even Here, Shadows play across My Path like errant Children, hoping I forget My Purpose, and indeed praying, that I forget My Promise . . .


an utter Quiet, tangibly real, mythical in Age, titanic in Its Wisdom, and as limitless as The Hope found in a Moment, awaits My silent Footsteps . . . for the Ground upon which I walk, is a luxuriant Mantle of Moss and Fern, blanketing an Eternity of fallen leaf, needle, cone, and twig . . . it is All I can do, to resist the Hush of Temptation, and lay down upon this Cradle of Serene, for I know, *that* once wrapped inside The Cloak of Sleep, is once returned, to The Land, of Yon . . .

walking through this arboreal Cathedral, where My Presence is dwarfed by The Majesty and Magnitude of these towering Sentinels, each as old as Time, or Rhyme, each as old as Love Itself, rising up, reaching for The Reason Why . . . and finding All, climbing beyond Sight, beyond Might, Pillars of Oak, of Pine, of Cedar, Alder and Hemlock, and Birch, from Redwood, Spruce, and Fir, to Maple, Ash, and Elm, and those of strange and unnamed Places, Bark of every Girth and Grain, Leaf of every Hue and Cry, and All standing, resolute, in a grand and glorious Colonnade, of Knowledge . . .

then My Eyes caught a flicker of Movement, a small flash of Urgency, again, telling Me to hasten My Steps, to tarry not one Moment, and upward from Her long Branch of Regard, arose The Mockingbird, once more, flying amid these Monoliths, navigating Her Way among these Titans of Solitude, leading Me toward The Sum of My Intent, My Calling, and through it All, She rose, up beyond The Path of Light, up beyond The Question of Right, up beyond The Thoughts of God, because, there was, no Sky . . .

The Fourth Dove Tale

The Secret of Prisms



as The Thunder of Horses, drives the last Tendrils of Evil from The Heart of Avalon, and DeiLight breaks, deep inside The Music of Men, Always gazes out across Her breathTaking Dominion, so high Above It All, within the most elegant and crystalline Spires, of The Seven Points of U . . .

and with smiling Eyes, She sees, flying in long, and lazy Arcs across Her Sky, the steadfast and resolute Wings, of Hope, having finally arrived, to this wondrous Place, called Fullfillment . . . and living inside this Hope, is The Memory of a Daughter, and therefore of a Sister, of the still Arising and EverLasting Sun, upon whose Shoulders rest All the Ills of Mankind, once held in a Box of Her timeless Remorse, so built by the Hand, of a devious and deceitful Tool, of God's Design . . .

* * *

*and nigh by a Bend on a forgotten Shore, so near a secret Garden,
where a Tree once stood, that Ever sought to bear The Fruits of Our
Understanding, and close by The Sound of Waves, still breaking upon
The Sands of Her Time, in the far and fallen Kingdoms of Men, and
moving so soft and as slow, as the endless River of Her Tears, flowing
toward Her Divine Forgiveness, walks The Eve, of Our Salvation . . .*

The Gathering

Nigh, The River, of Souls

(I, by The Bend)

at long Last, I stop to rest, never sure of the Passage of Day or Night, for The Parade of Suns remain hidden from My View, by The Canopy held high above . . . I have come upon an immense Rock, singular and steadfast in Its Aspect, and of a reddish Cast, as if made of Iron, and invitingly cool to My Touch . . . Its massive Breadth is only exceeded by Its Loft, disappearing far from Sight, beyond The Pale . . . and there, at the Center of My Gaze, hewn into The Face of this Monolith, were The Words, that would, One Day, launch a Thousand Ships of Light . . .

without The Eyes, of Patience, U cannot see . . .

while scarcely leaving Time enough to ponder Its Rhyme, or Its Reason, I take hold of the nearest Rift that My Reach would allow, and pull Myself up onto this Rock, of Patience, and prayed I would grasp the Meaning far sooner than Faith would allow . . . and for each Thrust of Will, upward, and for every Breath of Resolve, higher, I must climb, Ever closer to All, that Patience, knows . . .

The Face of this ageless Wonder, this Monument of silent Lucidity, scored by relentless Winds of Change, scarred by The Sands that fall through The Ourglass, waiting there, upon this Iron Mantle of Fortitude, one Fissure or Cleft for every broken Promise, for every Tear that found Its Way across Heaven . . . and the Going, more arduous with each Point of Ascension, is balanced against an equal Measure of Discernment, as I climb into and amidst, the many splendored Branches of Wisdom, adorned with the lush verdancy of Nature's infinite Array, of Her leaf-bound Cloak, of Knowledge . . .


soon, I discover, as My Vision of the Forest Floor grows faint, My Awareness of a few slight Tendrils of Sky, offering Themselves into

View, becomes paramount, as if They were heralding a Purpose known to All, but Me . . . onward I press, into Ever more refined Atmospheres of Being, and Realms of Acuity that are the stuff of Dreams, and where The Wind susserates through My outstretched Fingers, laughing at My Trepidation, wondering of My Fortitude, and All the while, whispering Her Name, as Patience . . .

and as My Eyes begin to crest The Canopy, to bathe again in The Rush of Sky, there, in The Distance, flowing from The Edge of The Universe, to The Gates of The Palace of Rain, from one Horizon to this, winding Its Way through The Sound of The Forest, and Always toward Home, lay The River . . . as a lone Mockingbird comes within a Whisper of My Ear, and with a Wink as a Promise, and a Smile in Her Eye, points The Way, to My last, great, and glorious Ribbon, of Blue . . .

The Fifth DoveTale

The Circle of Heaven



*everyWhere at Once, and still careening, toward All of the outer
Frontiers of Infinity, laughing at both Gravity and The Steed of Light,
and Ever gathering Strength despite the vast Distance from Paradise,
becoming a ShockWave of Righteous Intent, The Echo of The Reason
Why soon begins to find Itself surrounded by a Sky without Limits, and
so full of Grace, and well within the waiting and boundless Arms, of
Friendship . . .*

*and the only living Thing faster, than The Flight of this mighty Sound,
is the Edge of what was once called Oblivion, which now finds Its own
Purpose, without sumWhere to go, and oh yes, noWhere, to be . . .*

* * *

*and 'Lo and Behold, staring awestruck by the sheer Wonder of It All,
and seeking to grasp the very Gleaning of Life, before It Ever slips
through Their Hands, now humbly bow Their Heads, as The Blade of
The Sword of The Majesty of The Love of Because sets out, to pierce
and to conquer All that remains, of the last and overriding Force,
inside The Heart, of Chaos . . .*

*and The Blade, was The Echo, of The Breath, of Angels . . . and yes,
The Blade, was Ever forged, with The Point, of The Reason Why . . .*

The Gathering

And Still, The Waters

(run I, toward We)

the Almighty Grace of The River, whose Course had been altered, a Long Time Ago, to wrap around this Crimson Stone, moves, as Liquid, by My present Point of View, and Ever toward My immediate, and final, Destination . . . I can only hold My Breath, to witness and to wonder, as It slowly passes, so determined and deliberate, for It is indeed, a faultless and flowing Tide of Souls, bound for Home . . .

and Home, is the shining Spectacle before Me, This Palace, of Always, whose Image wavers in the brilliance of The Halo of Suns, gathered Here, gathered Now . . . each Buttress, Pillar, and Spire, every Balcony, Rail, and Turret, All, are adorned in The Majesty of Blue, and All, lay in The Path, of River and Sky, and All, are One, and The Same . . . above and beyond, rising up through a Necklace of Clouds, like Jewels on The Fingers of God, like a Sea of Glass, are The Windows, from where All, Her Eyes, survey . . .

as I climb higher on The Face of The Rock, and each Breath, comes and goes, with a clear and present Purpose, and every Foothold, is one Step closer to Understanding, I feel a Change in The Wind, as if a Sigh has found Its Way into The Air, as if to remind Me just how preciously fragile, and so delicately precise, The Balance, is being kept . . . a more acute Sense of Urgency has taken hold of My Heart, and I double My Efforts, and soon, I become aware of My Nearness to The Summit, as The Sky opens above Me . . . now, as I approach what could only be The OverLook, I stand again, in The Presence of Wonder, as I look upon This Vista, Grand, in All Its Glory . . .

as I stare, mesmerized by The Splendor, I begin to notice a faint, yet unmistakable Ringing in My Ears, though quite pleasant, and with a hush of Enchantment, as if I were *hearing* All that I see . . . and laced within this Sound, was a Voice of peerless Tranquility, a Woman's Voice, carefully wrapped within The Light of Day . . . I turn to find Its


Source, and there, standing beside Me, is Silence, and before another Moment passes between Us, She spoke, in a Whisper . . .

and for One to know Patience, is to know, All Else . . .

and as I look, again, out across The View, knowing I have heard The Answer, to The Riddle of The Rock, I see, mirrored flawlessly upon the shimmering Surface of The Palace Gates, Silence and I, standing atop this Sentinel of Stone . . . and far below Us, exquisitely carved into Its crimson Aspect, and therefore etched into Her Reflection, is the august Face, of Patience . . .

The Sixth DoveTale

The Trials of Ecstasy



*for All Our Days, labored in The Fields of God, Ever sowing the very
Significance of Our Souls, and for All Our Hopes, forgotten on The
Pillow of Silence, for All Our Dreams lying shattered in the Pools of
Our Reflection, for All Our Prayers gathering Dust upon The Windows
of Our Time, Ever is The Wish of Always to gather Them, each and
every One, into The Embrace of Our complete Fruition, and leaving
Nothing to Chance, or to Circumstance . . .*

*and blessed is this Knowing, that The Balance of Our Lives shall be
kept for Eternity, and held in the radiant Light, of Her Son . . .*

*and across The Urth, and in a single MoMeant, a million Churches
open wide Their Doors to The Truth of This, and a vast Sea of
Windows, stained by The Blood of All Her Sorrows, explodes with a*

mighty Abandon across The Lait of The Land, and finally comes to rest, as ReignDrops, in The Sound of His glorious Music . . .

* * *

a Woman and a Man, sitting by The Light of an August Moon, that floats like a forgotten Dream under a star-lit Sky above How Long Bay, staring out upon a quiet Harbor, and far beyond, to All the lonely Distances lying there between Them, that seem to end only at the Horizons of Their disContent, slowly extend a Hand toward each Other, and smile, and then promise, to remember to forget The Days gone by, and begin to talk, of All The Deis, to come . . .

The Gathering

Standing, on The Ledge, of Know

(Two, Blue, Eyes)

captive, as I am, by The Sight before Me, I feel the cool Breath of Wind upon My Skin, and turn, to be held once more, by The Eyes of Silence . . . and it *is* there, that I finally see The Magnitude of Oblivion, slowly come to pass across a Corner of Her Heart, stark and absolute, though lasting but a Moment, and surely willing to endure, Eternity . . .

slowly, I raise My Hand, and slowly, one by one, I capture each Tear as It falls from Her Face, so to cherish Them, to hold Them, to share Them in Sorrow's Name, and I promise Her The Preservation of All Things Dear, and I whisper of The ConstanSea of Her Purpose, and I vow that Her Love will pass, this Way, Again . . . All this, as I lay Silence down to rest, along with Her Tears, Ever golden, upon The Pillow, of Hope . . .

and with that, I turned, to face The Day, affording one last long Look at My Destination, The Ark of My Allegiance, so gracefully placed, this Palace of Rain, at The Center, of The End, of The River of Souls, and rising up, as shimmering Pillars of Ice, to touch, and be touched, by The Sky . . . The Halo of Suns, arrayed as a Crown around The Pinnacles, like Jewels in a Cyan Sky, reflects far below in The Lake surrounding Their Foundation, creating The Wonder, of Diamonds set in a Ring, of liquid Gold . . . and arranged around *this* magnificent Ring, like The Spokes of a great Wheel, resplendent in Their Purpose, are The Seven Bridges, of Why . . .

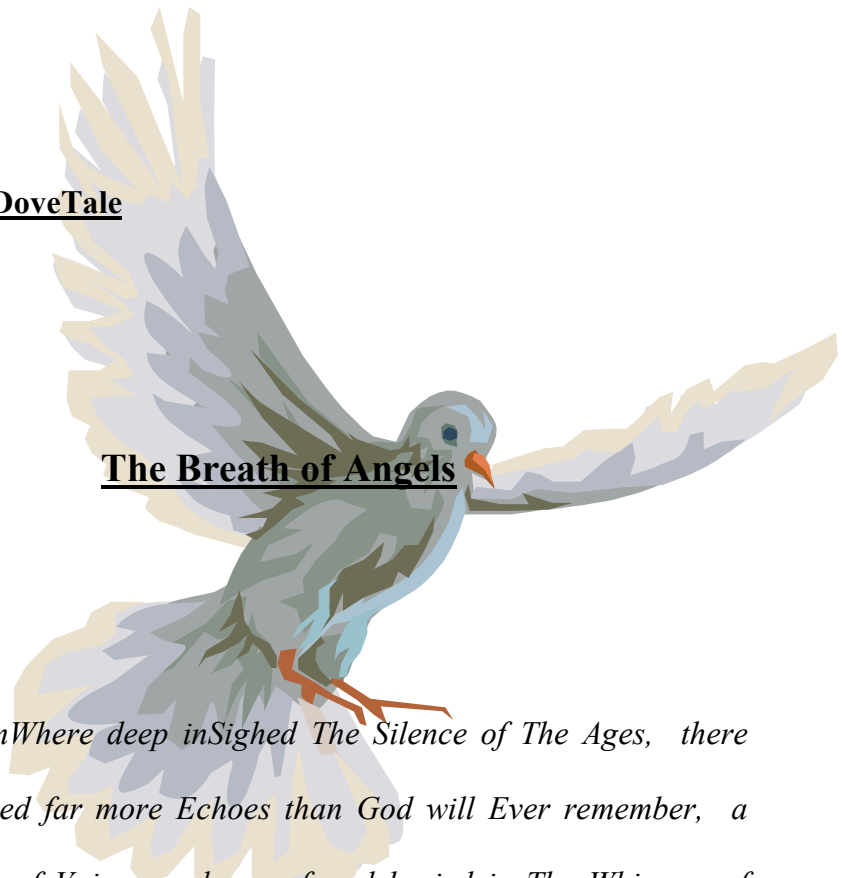
this, is the Memory I hold as I begin My Descent upon The Face of Patience, who gazes, for Always, toward The Gates of Dawn, as if She too, were waiting for Ever, to return . . . and while standing at The Edge of The OverLook, where begins the graceful Curve of Her Brow, I gaze far below, into The Mirror of The Lake of Forgiveness, and there I behold My own Reflection, staring up into My own Eyes, and surrounded by The Spectacle of Heaven . . . and before the next

Moment begins, I suddenly see small Glints of Light slowly emerge from The Corners of Her Eyes, and begin to fall slowly Away, and only then do I realize, as yet another Pair assumes Their proper Place, that I am watching The Tears of Infinity, quietly find Their Way, Home . . .

and Home, is the sapphired Waters of The River of Souls, waiting far below, waiting to embrace Them in a Sea of Many, waiting to welcome Them into The Arms of The Sum of The Whole, and as The Eyes of Patience surrender Them to The Air, They fall, as One, to The Surface, where Their long-awaited Arrival creates a perfect Ring, and whose Sound radiates Outward, becoming The Everlasting Echo, of Truth . . .

The Seventh Dove Tale

The Breath of Angels



*and while sunWhere deep inSighed The Silence of The Ages, there
now are carried far more Echoes than God will Ever remember, a
glorious Hush of Voices no longer found buried in The Whispers of
Tomorrow . . .*

*and drifting between the Hopes and the Dreams of All Things Dear,
and soaring deep into The Heart of The Absence of Fear, Ever still,
there comes The Reign . . .*

*and a Child, in a Meadow, by a Willow, folds His Fingers over The
Coin in His Hand, as The Eyes of The Eagle stare back at Him, and
wink, gleaming now in The Blaze of Reflection, and He says, [The
Light of The Millennia, cast from Her Distant Fire, roam It will for
Always, The Path of Your Desire . . .](#)*

*and when His Hand unFurls, after reaching into Heaven for the
brightest Object He could find, He sees, a ButterFly, waiting there,
Her delicate Wings emerging in a Symphony of Colors, and with a
Story to tell, and so, softly, He blows Her, Away . . .*

*and sumWhere quiet, along The Shores of Our Longing, in the
peaceful Susseration of A Morning's Promise to The Coming Dei, The
SandPiper's Watch suddenly reveals a perfect Time, and a perfect
Place, but only for This MoMeant . . .*

*and as He looks up in Wonder, He sees and He hears The Prince of
Tides, walking toward a Line barely visible, and drawn where The
Waves have finally found a Home at His Feet, and soon discovers,
lying there between The Sand and The Foam, is nothing but The
Shadow, and slowly fading, between The Now, and The Never . . .*

The Gathering

And The Fall, is a State of Grace

(in My Mind's I)

and I, too, must respond to My own Ring of Truth, borne by an Echo, who has seen every Sun in every Sky beyond, who has held The Hand of Simplicity since Remember knew When, who stands before Me, now, as this Vista, Grand, whose Voice is All Sight, and All Sound, and All that I survey, and I bow My Head, in The Presence, of Her Magnitude . . .

and how do I reach this Monument to Perfection, this Hallmark of Creation, this Jewel on The Ring of Life, for My Way is decidedly, and unexpectedly, paused, as I deliberate The Means, by which My Journey, will finally become, My Destination . . . a brief observation reveals no Stairway to Heaven, down from The Height of Patience, and My aerial Skills, without the vital means of rope or rigging, are no match for the Task at Hand . . .

and these are not The End, of The Trials of Ecstasy, for The Aspect lying before Me, is for Ever marked by Circumstance, and mourned by Reason . . . for there, beyond The Reach, is The Seventh Bridge, standing for All Time, still and yet, Undone . . . its Terminus lies waiting, as Always, between this Rock, and Paradise, between The Face, and a Deep, Blue, Sea . . .

and with a Sigh of the deepest Sorrow, The Wind lashes through My Thoughts as if adorned in Shadow, and for one Moment, I know the Breath of Chaos has visited Fear upon My Heart, as It seeks one Final Grasp, of My Intent . . . and without leaving this Thought to Chance, I quietly whisper a Prayer to Silence, seeking The Hand, of God's Forgiveness . . .

and The Hand, offered Me, to have, and to hold, is that of Faith . . . for My Choice, has now emerged within The Sphere of Destiny, because I must give over My Purpose to The Realm of Gravity, and

embrace The Wind as My Partner, on this Voyage, into the Cool
Water, into The Depths of Kindness, far, far, below . . .


and so, I do . . .

and I, become . . .

One . . .

The Eighth Dove Tale

The Bridge of Dreams



waiting There, inside the faintest Trace of The Sigh of Always, and wrapped within The Breath of a Legion of Angels, is the very Music, the very Echo of The Gift of A Promise, that holds Us within The enThrall, of a Flaw, in The Fabric of Certainty, yet reveals a Story of a terrible Beauty, that still weighs upon The Balance of a Universe, as would a Feather, upon Nothing at All, because this Sound travels upon The Steed of Light, and He is Ironclad and Ever gListening, and because, the more Ever gListens, in the brightness of The Light, Always, beComes . . .

* * *

and once more, The Sisters of The Sun step forward, as One, from within The Reason Why, and The First, Eve, and The Second, Pandora, move into The Music of Our collective Souls, with a Rhythm

*only an Echo can hear, and in a single Voice of pure harmonic
Perfection, so whisper, imagine a Place, where it rains only when U
wish, and Wishes come true only when U smile, and where The
Quality of Your Life is Always measured, by The Quantity of Your
Time Ever spent, while Learning, Loving, Laughing, and Lasting . . .*

* * *

*while Mercy stands, at The End of The Rail of Sighs, staring up at the
august Face of Patience, so close, and still so Far away, because the
Space between Them waits for Ever, to break these Chains of Time, by
casting the Nails from Across, into the open Well of Forgiveness,
waiting Here, beyond a narrowing Divide, in The Land, of Our
Because . . .*

The Forgiving

(of Angels)

I stand, before You, Now, with The River of Souls beneath My Feet,
a great and glorious Lake of Forgiveness, moving, as Ever, around
The Center, of All Thought . . . and, as I look back, upon The Places I
have been, at The Moments I have known, I find none are more
precious, than those, of Remember, and none are more treasured,
than those, of Because . . .

I raise My Eyes to The Rock of Patience, and I could not keep, from
wondering *Why* . . . because The Tear, that fell upon Her Face, had
fallen, from, The Sky . . .

and as I turned, to walk Away, Silence, waved, *Goodbye* . . .

The Forgiving

On The Bridge

(of Dreams)

The Music of Light, a gentle Breath upon My Senses, awakens My Awareness, of All Things, Here . . . My Immediacy, is the graceful Undulation of The Waves, rising, falling, caressing the massive Redwood Pilings that reach, agelessly, into The Depths of Kindness, that bear, Eternal, these Tide and Time-worn Timbers, beneath My Feet . . .

I am leaning, as Ever, upon The Rail of Sighs, watching a billion Stars begin to emerge, reflected in the twilight Surface of The Water, for The Parade of Suns has resumed Its ceaseless Trek, to the western Skies of Beyond . . . and in The AfterGlow, The Palace radiates in a wondrous Blaze of Color, as if The Light of Day, rested Within, and I know that My Eyes have been blessed, with The Glory of The Sight, of The Fires, of Ice . . .

I lay My Hands, finally upon The Rail, and I feel The Remembrances, The Timelessness, The Memory of The Moment of The Beginning of When, where ringing deep in The Heart of The Wood, every Prayer is captured, and every Wish is known, and as I slide My Hand along Its polished Faces, I can hear The Whispers of Hope, roaming somewhere, inSighed . . .


I return My Gaze to The Bridge, to the mighty care-worn Beam on which I stand, The First, of The Final Mile . . . Its upturned Face, dark with Tears, stares at The Sky, regarding All that It surveys, with each Grain of Thought, and every Fiber, of Its Existence . . . it was then that I noticed, echoing from a dark and forgotten Corner of My Heart, an unbidden and unfamiliar Thrust of Agony, for lying there, as if placed by Destiny's Wish, and waiting for All to see, stained in the blood-red Hue of an ancient Iron, cast in The Forge of what will Be, was a Handful, of nine-inch Nails . . .

as I ponder The Magnitude of Their Presence, Here, upon My Path,
Here, at The End of The Beginning, I attempt to take one Step closer
toward Home, and discover, that I cannot . . . My Gaze is once Again
fixed upon these deadly Shards of a man-made Metal, lying under The
Weight of Reason, and each with a Point, of No Return . . . and as a
Hush is heard across The Universe, I take them in My Left Hand, and
in a blinding Flash of Light, I feel The Passion, The Purpose, and The
Pain . . .

in a fevered Rush, I free My Hand from Its Burden, Ever scorched by
The Fires of a far-off Place called Hell, where a Man once stood, on a
Cross of Wood, and hurl the Atrocities deep into The Lake of
Forgiveness, down and beyond The Reach of Certainty, where waits,
The Arms, of Oblivion . . .

The Ninth Dove Tale

The Shield of Courage



*as The Eyes of Endlessness now stand Watch over The Realms of
Because, and the Ghosts of Oblivion drag Their Chains of Awakening
toward a final Demise, there amidst the rustling Robes of Honor,
comes The Sound of Swords being forged into PlowShares, being
tempered with The Iron of Faith, and The Steel of Integrity, thrust
deep into the brilliant Fires of Truth, Ever stoked by The Bellows of
Freedom, and finally balanced, by The Hammer in The Hand of
Justice . . .*

*and before a single Rock was Ever thrown, into the Face of pure
Aggression, before a single Arrow was Ever loosed, from the Bows of
deliberate Avarice, before a single Bullet was Ever fired, from the
Guns of abject Malice, yes there was Peace, upon The Land, The Sea,
and The Sky . . .*

*and because of a Promise, made in the dire and darkest Days of Hope,
almost forgotten by the rolling underTow of Time, and kept afloat, by
a subtle yet undeniable Will to live, as Its Legacy, now sails higher
than All the Purple in The Mountains of Majesty . . .*

*and while Amber, waves of Reign, She imagines a Whirled, pale and
blue, and held high aloft by The View from Mirth, and suspended
someWhere, between The Thanks and The Giving, where even in the
quietest Moments, One can Always hear that Whisper of a Promise, of
Peace returning, and Crosses burning, and Bells tolling, and Angels
singing, and FireFlies laughing, at The Children, now beaming, in a
great and glorious Sea, of Love . . .*

The Forgiving

All The Reasons

(Between)

and with that, I turned, again, to face The Day, and headed for Home . . . and Home, is The Splendor of The Palace of Always, waiting, as Patience, there, at The End of The Bridge of Time . . . and still, Her Look is etched, as Liquid, upon The Mirrors of The Universe, The Gates of Dawn, and as I watch My Wish unfold before My Eyes, a Smile begins to adorn Her Face . . .

at this Moment, I know the Logic of Purpose, and take anew My first Step towards Truth, unimpeded now by Destiny's Weight . . . the Sound of My Boots upon the Wood echoes out across The Seas of Space, and I sense the Hands of Chaos tremble in Its Wake, for even The Wind has escaped Their withered Grasp . . . it was then, that I placed My own Hands again upon The Rail, to guide My Thoughts, and to remember My Intent . . .

with a Voice, as One, The Prayers of All Things Dear cry out to My Touch, and as I move forward, quickening My Pace, each Whisper of Hope comes to The Surface, revealing the Proximity, of Where, and When . . . it is to Them that I silently pledge My Allegiance, once more, as I walk, Ever closer, toward The Heart of My Because, on this, My final Path, of The Voyage of Kings . . .

as I near The Palace Gates, I begin to see, clearly, The Presence of Words, delicately inscribed upon Them, and radiant with the Color of Gold . . . it was not until I stepped within this Brilliance, that I could decipher Their Meaning, and awaken to Their Motive, for They, were The Point, of It All . . .

ease my pain

with the Fingers of My Right Hand, I trace The Letters, One by One, knowing, that when All is Said, and All is Done, this Promise, I will keep . . . and, All The Moments that have come to Pass, and All The Moments yet to Be, I stand, at Last, with Here, right before Me, and as if All Heaven were awaiting My next and final Purpose, and with nothing less than the Strength of My Wish for Universal Renascence, I open The Gates, of Dawn . . .

The Tenth DoveTale

The Cliffs of Andromeda



*The Face, on The SandPiper's Watch, barely seems to provide a Clue,
so He lifts The SpyGlass to His Eye, and sees, just the very same View . . .*

*. . . as The Our Hand, moves toward The Moments, in The Time
before Midnight's Bell, may Our Seconds fall toward The Dei, We
find Our Dreams, inSighed Our Wishing, Well . . .*

*and as Our Time, Here, moves On, toward All the Pleasure waiting
just beneath Our Pain, rest Assured, yes, We shall be cured, by The
Light that Always falls, inSighed The Reign . . .*

*The Eyes of Avalon stare out across this Grand Design, so vast in Its
majestic Simplicity, and so vacant in Its Regard, for The Very
Thoughts of Mercy, because She, is a Child of this Universe, Ever*

*caught between a Wink, and a Nod, because She is The Daughter of
Patience, and a Sister, of The Sun of God . . .*

*and Here, on The Face of The SandPiper's Watch, what will happen,
only Time will tell, for what Dreams may come, for The All and for
The Sum, long may They rest, where The Angels dwell, and if Your
Hope cannot place U, among Those, We will Always hold, so Dear,
We will find U, just to remind U, there waits A Living, in The
Absence, of Fear . . .*

The Forgiving

This, Shining, Gift

(The Jewel)

I am kneeling among The Galaxies, The Sea above and below Me . . .
The Legion of Stars quietly ponder My Intent, in The Presence, of
Their Grace . . .

yet They are not The Purpose at Hand, nor am I, Their Servant, of
Fate . . . I have come, to surrender My Heart's Remorse, and to lay It,
Here, upon Her Lace . . .

She regards Me with a look of Kindness, still I cannot see Her Eyes . . .
My Heart, is an Echo, in Her Canyon of Wonder, for She, is The
Dyad, of Time, and Space . . .

as a Swan, She glides The Sea between Us, and Her Music, is The
Air around Me . . . how I long to know Her Secrets, while I find not a
Trace, of The Splendor, of Her Face . . .

with Her Arms open wide, and with Her Children gathered from The
Clouds, She softly sings a Melody of Forgiveness . . . and I again, am
still crying when, I fall, to Her Embrace . . .

* * *

in The Quiet of The Dawn, as Her Light pours slowly over The
Garden, a Whisper is heard, throughout The Universe . . . The
Guardians of The Sun, with Their brilliant Swords of Truth, stand
watch over Him, as He kneels among The Stars . . . His Voice, a
Breath of Harmonic Perfection, cannot disguise the Pain in His Heart,
and with a Sincerity born of great Sadness, and Courage, and a Grace
of Angels, He spoke . . .

*The Tears, that lay upon Your Face,
I will share, in Sorrow's Name,
for I have known The Folly, of Men,
I come, to cleanse Their Shame,
as I have come, to bear Their Blame . . .*

and All at Once, a Great and Glorious Peace, felt through to The Core of Paradise, washes over Him, and All that His Eyes survey . . . in His Heart, He knew the Darkness was fading into Memory, and The Light, The Dawn, was victorious . . . and with The Power of Love surging through His Soul, He stands, and raises His Eyes, to behold a Vision of Absolute Purity, The Jewel of All Creation, for He has been blessed, once more, by The Sight of The Face, by The Eyes of Grace, by The Mother, of The Sun . . .

The Eleventh DoveTale

The Whisper of Fullfilment

and high on a Cliff, someWhere on a Jewel named Andromeda, overLooking All that He had wrought upon this Universe, and listening to the Echoes of the Follies of Men obliterate themselves, upon The Rocks down far below His Boots, once made of a golden Fire, and now, covered with the Dust and Destiny of Æons, having walked every Mile that Ever was, in The Sapphire Eyes, of Infinity . . .

and with His SpyGlass resting on The Horizon, searching for The Reason, the final End of His Voyage would portray, and though He could not Yet see Her Face, it was these Words, that Ever chose, to say . . .

All The Tears, that lay upon Your Face, I will cast into Sorrow's Flames, for I, have caused The Disgrace of Kings, without Ever knowing Their Names, and no matter how long I've been Gone, and no matter how Far were My Aways, know that Ever I have loved U, as I will Always, 'til The Very End, of My Days . . .

and there in The Rock of Patience, The Sword of Excalibur stands, for no Man, King or God, shall Ever wield Her Truth, without First, kissing The Palm, of Her Hand . . . and as He listens to The Roar of The IcanSea, churning far below The Mantle of His Regard, pounding with The Hammers of Titans upon a World He could never call His own, He remembers . . .

where All His Journeys have brought Him, from Hither to Yon, in search, of The Finest Prize, He could not see, nor could He Ever be, The Light that once shone, in Her Eyes . . . for Those were His Days with Eternity, where He had walked in search of a Rose, what He never knew Then, and what He Ever knows now, is that His Voyage, was coming, to a Close . . .

and still He is left to Wonder, should He Ever dream of a someTime When, for if Her Smiles were The Prize, and so lovely were Her Eyes, then He would never leave Home, as Ever, Again . . . and as He takes One Last Look at The Horizon, where never He will Ever choose to roam, He sees and hears a great Parting of The Waves rumble across Heaven, and as Far as The IcanSea . . .

*and All at Once, a lost and lonely little Zephyr blows toward Him like
an errant Child in The Skies of Remember, and carrying the last
Whisper of All that remains of an Echo of The Reason Why, She asks
Him, if He would Ever care to know a Secret, and to This, He gave a
quiet Nod . . . Lord, Your Forgiveness, is The Whisper of Fulfillment,
and She is borne, upon The Breath, of God . . .*

The Forgiving

For as Long, as I, Remember

(The Deis)

and Now, at Last, before Me, is That, which *I* have walked The Breadth, and The Depth, of All Infinity to find . . . That, which launched Ten Thousand Ships of Light . . . and That, whose Essence carries with It, Each and Every Drop of Grace, that Ever fell, during The Reign, of God . . .

and I, on My Knees among The Myriad of Stars, above and below Me, circling, for The First Time, and most assuredly, for The Last Time, before They begin Their Journey, toward Places far beyond The Sun, and as I gaze into The Face of Always, I see these Places, shining, in The Windows, of Her Eyes . . .

and There, I find, moving as Liquid, and suspended in The Galaxies of Her Eternal Wisdom, is The Very Reason All Things have come to Pass, The Very Source of The Light, that proclaims Her as Victorious over Darkness, and The Very Heart that Always holds The Love, that Ever I adore . . .

and to This Heart, I so promise, to uphold All The Dreams, and All The Desires, and All The Devotions required, to bring Hope to the Have Not, to bring Is to the Was Not, to bring Yes to the Why Not, to bring Love, to the Will Not, and to raise The Tide of Reason, well beyond The Shores, of NoWhere . . .

and All at Once, while even The Air around Us seems to shiver, with The Anticipation known only to Now, and a Vibrancy brought Forth, through a Ribbon in Our Sapphire Sky, She raises *Her* Eyes to Her Sea of Glass, and gazes Out across Her Dominion, to The Places She has nEver been, to The Places She will see, Again, as They All lay quietly, patiently, waiting, as The Leaves, lying on The Surface, of The Pools of Her Supreme Innocence . . .

and Still, We have yet to touch, because Now, surely, the mere Notion, would cause The Ignition, of Ten Thousand Suns . . . Each, having made Their Journey across The Heavens, and Each, having finally laid Their Anchors, SteadFast, upon The Shores of Avalon, and Each, having so delivered The Light of Her Love, unto The Fields and The Forests of Her Divine Forgiveness, where, for Ever, and yes, for Always, so She shall Be . . .

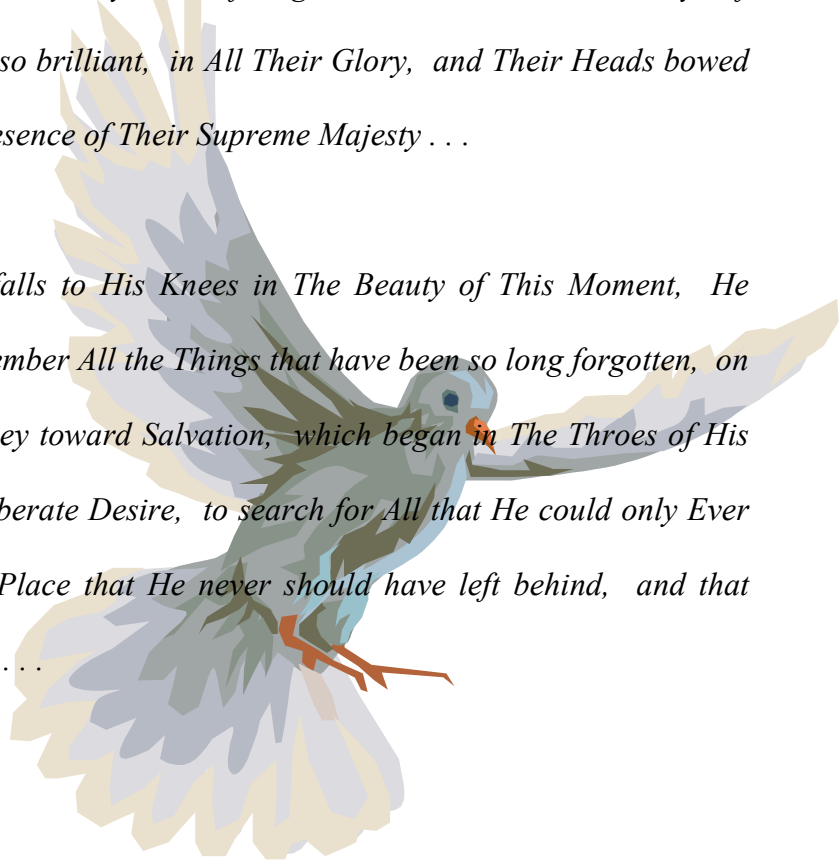
and Now, Again, still I am crying when, I offer The Hand upon My Left, to The One upon Her Right, just as Three Rings can be heard, flying, across Paradise . . . and before The Echo can Ever say *Hello*, We walk on through The Gates of Dawn, and out into The Morning Sun, and there before Our Eyes, stretching as Far as The IcanSea, is The River of Souls, fanning Out across The Universe, becoming One with The Sky, Again, and yes, there, for All to see, and for All to be, is The Seventh Bridge of Why, lasting and complete, and held fast for Always, to The Shores of Her New Beginning, because Her Silence, is KnowWhere in Sight, and because Her Patience, is KnowWhere, to be Seen . . .

The Twelfth Dove Tale

The Symphony of Moments

so as 'Lo and Behold, stand at The Edge of Wonder, The Parting of The Waves of The IcanSea, move as Liquid Glass, into All that Ever's Eyes survey, and with The Magic found only in Fairy Tales, The Waters rise up to form crystalline Portals into The Heart of Always, where stands, Her Myriad, of Angels, The Ten Thousand Rays of Illumination, so brilliant, in All Their Glory, and Their Heads bowed low in The Presence of Their Supreme Majesty . . .

and as Ever falls to His Knees in The Beauty of This Moment, He begins to remember All the Things that have been so long forgotten, on this His Journey toward Salvation, which began in The Throes of His blind and deliberate Desire, to search for All that He could only Ever find, in The Place that He never should have left behind, and that Place, is This . . .



and in The Rush of Regret pouring through His Heart, and The Call of His Disgrace still as clear as The Light that shines upon EveryThing, He cannot bear the Wait of His Tears, and They begin to fall on the very Point, where He once stood, so far Ago, so long Away . . .

yet All of The Days labored in the Fields of His Abandon, All The Moments gathered in The Wake of His Sorrows, All The Tears He could Ever cry could never fill The Magnitude of The Well of Her Loneliness, nor The Measure of Her Devotion, and these very Things were not only The Essences of The Light that He had followed, but were The Echoes of The Light, that Always brought Him Home, and He is Ever, so crying, still . . .

* * *

and in the Sun-dappled Shade of a lone Willow, and nigh by The Bend in a River of Forgiveness, The Jewels of a Universe gaze down upon a Child, who holds a MockingBird free in The Wink of His Eye, and a Ribbon, of a sapphired Blue, in His trembling yet quite resolute Hands . . .

and in a single Flash of Brilliance, and of Understanding, as His Heart came to know what His Soul had set out to find, so long wrapped in The Mystery of The Voices of The Pageant of Lilies now arrayed before Him . . .

and suspended from The Ribbon by a fine and silver Thread, brought from The Tapestry of God's Infinite Grace, was The Very Key, to The Very Kingdom, of Heaven . . .

* * *

as a Rush of Wings, breaks The Silence between Them, a Flock of Grace soars behind The Sun, while roaring at The Wind, as One . . . She raises Her Hand toward The Tears on His Face . . .

*and as Cool Water, Her Touch answers The Question in His Heart, as He falls into The Window of Her Eyes, **So, will U Ever, forgive Me ?** a Whisper, **Forgiven,** He will Always, Be . . .*

The Forgiving

The Embrace

. . . off in the distance, you hear the sounds of my engine, my Iron Horse, guttural, throaty, as with the roar of lions, stroking the Night with the awesome Power of Love . . .

. . . you are wrapped in the throes of anticipation never felt before . . . a fire in your Soul, a rage of Ecstasy that brings tears to your eyes, and a Promise, a Whisper of Fulfillment . . .

. . . the tread of my boot echoes through the Night, as i climb the stairway to your Heart, to your Wonder, to your Arms, to your fragrant Mist . . .

. . . lying there, your flesh burns icy hot, a fevered rush of Desire . . . your eyes close to the Mystery about to unfold, and your body hums electric . . .

. . . i shed the raiment of the world from my stride, and don The Crown of Glory . . . slowly i drift through the corridors of your Heart, and now, oh so close, is the Doorway to Paradise . . .

. . . you have abandoned all self-possession, your Surrender will be complete, EverLasting, and Eternal . . . your body undulates exquisitely, to the rhythm of your Heart . . .

. . . i move quietly to your soft silhouette, and behold The Radiance of your Smile, a Beacon of Beauty, in what is now a Sea of Joy, a Sheathing of scarlet Fire . . .

. . . you raise your hand to mine, The Touch of Lightning, and i raise you to my arms, and enfold you within a Veil of Rapture, your feet never to grace this Earth again, as i lift your Spirit to Heaven, unbound . . .

. . . i carry my sweet burden to The Edge of Always, and stare into The Galaxies of Her Eyes, and she wraps her Music around me, as i enter her Canyon of Dreams . . .

. . . The Portal to The Sea allows Natures Wind to tenderly bathe us, and The Moon to paint us with golden Light . . . shimmering Prisms of Passion, a perfect Luminescence of Desire . . .

. . . we rock, and sway, with the motion of The Waves creating quiet thunder on The Sand . . . Time ceases Its relentless Path, to witness, and to wonder, of This Voyage of Stars, a Union of Suns, a Fusion of Enchantment . . .

. . . our bodies melt to a single, indivisible Entity, for Ever bound by The Chains of Awakening, of spiritual Nirvana, as we tremble together in Cascades of Eruption, in the magnificent Freedom of Release . . .

* * *

as The Sentinel of Night slowly fades from Existence, and falls below The Sea's Horizon, a glow in The Eastern sky, born from The Heart of The Universe, slowly rises . . . She is The Morning, and She has come to bless Her Children of The Clouds . . .

and with Peace in His Heart, and Love in His Soul, He gently lays His Angel down, sleeping, Her Dreams of Eagles, soaring . . . He regards Her Face with Tears in His Eyes, and places His Kiss upon Her Lips, and lays down beside Her, and closes His Eyes, to join Her, on Their Journey . . . through The Gates, of Dawn . . .

The Epilogue

The Story, of Why

(as Due, tells)

i

when Ever set out to find His Truth, She sent before Him, The Light of Her Understanding, which, He soon discovered, had Always seemed to precede Him, where Ever He had gone, and when Ever finally reTurned, to The Place where He had begun, He realized that All He had brought upon HimSelf, was so felt across All of Her Creation . . .

and that each and every Folly of Men, which sought to conquer, and lay ruin, upon The Hearts of All Things Dear, was born in the very Reason for His blind Desire, to search for, behold, and yes ultimately possess, All that He had Always been freely given, and held within the very Beauty of the very Smile of the very Rose, that He had walked All the Empires of Gods and Kings to find . . .

a Voyage that had brought Him to the very Shadow in a Valley of Death, where once stood, a Cross of Wood, that bore The Weight of

*Their Everlasting Sun, whose Flame and whose Name, was not only
The Very Light of Their BeCause, but was The Very Essence, of All of
The Reasons Why . . .*

* * *

*and Now, standing in The Radiance of Her See of Forgiveness, and
bowing His Head, in The Presence, of The Glory of Their Blessed
Union, Ever slowly walks toward The Light of this AllMighty Truth,
who bears a Smile more lovely than All the Roses in Heaven, and He
embraces The Dove, who is The Dawn, of Love, Again . . .*

* * *

*and The Dove, of Love, Again, is His Son, and oh yes, The Dawn, of
His Love, Again, has begun . . .*

in The AfterGlow

Still Falling, Higher

(of Wings, and Prayers)



a delicate, pale-blue Sparrow, without even a Name or a Number, and fresh from The Shores of a pale-blue Gem in a dark velvet Sky, called Avalon, stares with unblinking Eyes upon the vast, and venomous Maw of Oblivion, waiting, well past The Reach, and just beyond The Edge, of Her fading, and now forgotten, unCertainty . . .

She is poised, not by dare nor design, yet knowing, beyond a Shadow of Doubt, that All that has come to Pass, ended, Here, and, as sure as the very next Breath She will take during this Journey, will begin the First Moments, of All that will come to Be . . .

and so Far, She has flown, so Far, from The Fields and The Forests, of SomeTime When, carrying with Her, The Dreams, The Desires, and The Music of Men . . .

and while this Night begins to pale from The Light of The One, and The Moon slowly turns, once More, to face The Advent of The Sun, whose Smile, heralds Her Return, to The Land, of Love, Again . . .

and, with a final Thrust, born from The Strength of Her Conviction and Courage, She pushes off from Her Place upon The Hopes of Humanity, with Wings outstretched to embrace the eternal Whispers of God, which will guide Her, unerringly, into the wide and waiting Arms of FullFillMeant, and knowing, so well, as She soars at Last into The Absence of Her Fear, that behind Her, lifting high into The Realm of Their Significance, and, with The Might of The Majesty of Titans, come Tens, of Thousands, More . . .

The Beginning

(sic itur ad astra)

and thus, We go to The Stars . . .

(and I, am dreaming . . . still)

The AfterThoughts

of Ancient Voices



there is no Doubt, as to the Relevancy of these Words, that have flown from this hope-hammered Heart of Mine, nor is there any lack of Immediacy, in Passion or Purpose, as to My Ever-present Need, Want, Deservance, or Desire, to cast Them upon every Stream of Consciousness that has ever run the Gamut of ordinary Day-to-Day Existence, or to ply My Oars, amidst The Shallows of every waveless emOceanal backWater of Antipathy, or unCertainty, or down-right aVoidance of Commitment or Conviction, that has ever caused Our collective Voice to stammer or quake, in untold and unheard Echelons of timeless Abandon, having marched for Eternity across these night-trodden Millennia, in the up-to-the-present Hope of earning just one, single, and blessed Moment of Significance, in God's grand, and so mysterious Design . . .

and Still, I wait, for this Echo to escape, unfettered and unforsaken, from this Shell of immense and undeniable Potential, to journey back, into The Depths of Heaven from whence it came, and now clad in the Armor of a most righteous Intent, to bear witness, and to bring wonder, into the very Source of the very Reason, that Its Essence, was Ever, so inevitably required . . .

* * *

there are Thymes when I read what I have wrought, and I wonder . . .

who was this Essence, this Traveler, whose Echo rings withIn Me still, yet whose Thread, is but a whisper of a wisp of Hope, that All that was ~spoken~, All that was portrayed in undeniable Memory of what Was, is so loosed upon the World in such chaotic disArray, that I am in Awe, only because of Its former Self, and Its neverEnding capacity to capture Again My fear-weary Heart, and to cause My trembling Hand to grasp this once AllMighty Pen, that once scorched the Words with a Lightning's Dance across even the Devil's own Diary, and once brought The Stars to a standstill, to witness, and to wonder, of the death of Innocence, the resurrection of Forgiveness, the Birth of an Empire, called Love, Again . . .

who was this desperate Soldier of Fate's forgotten Fortune, in whose Hand was held, All the Destinies of Men . . .

* * *

how loud must I scream, or how softly do I whisper, and what Words do I pour forth, that have not already been issued in every conceivable Manner, and in every possible Arrangement, including Those not yet recognized within fashionable or acceptable Methods of TransMission, though are fully and irrevocably placed for Ever into The TimeLine of The Reign of The Son of Man . . .

All of which, by the Surety and Substance of Faith alone, demand to be made One with The Designs and Desires of God, by Virtue of each and every Dream, Hope, Prayer or Wish that exists within The Souls of All Creation, that remain vivid and inviolate by the sheer Power of Their Courage and Conviction . . .

and need not still suffer of even a single Spasm of unCertainty, regarding Their Purpose, Place, or Path within this Universe, from this very Moment on, until every Moment, has come to pass . . .

as Ever,

I.H.

March 27th, 2011