

Poetry Series

Christopher Thor Britt

- poems -

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Christopher Thor Britt(31 July,1971)

Born in Jackson, Michigan in 1971, Christopher Thor Britt was the youngest child of Russell and Lynda Britt. After serving in the US Air Force for many years, he now lives with his wife, having enjoyed over 20 years of marriage, and his 10 year old son in South Florida, USA.

Chris studied poetry under Professor Michael Joyce at Jackson College, Michigan. Greatly influenced by 19th Century Romantic writers such as, Thoreau, Emerson, Longfellow, Lord Tennyson and Henley, he writes in the 'language of poetry' often without regard for the modern verbiage of his contemporaries.

His writing style is sometimes cryptic, sometime straight forward, but always honest.

'It is with a feeling of reckless abandon that I throw down now the chains of social expectation, cast off the shadow of the night and discard the many faces of an otherwise duplicitous nature to simply walk naked in the light of the sun; made vulnerable for all to see, but at least, at last I can breathe.'

(C.T. Britt,2005)

Above The Blue Twilight

Chance the night, oh fragrant wind
Beckon to its drowsy calling
For 'tis there she rises high
And in the morn's seen falling

Two different worlds on blanket lay
Before creations dawning
T'was there, her glory first espied
Began her lover's fawning

The gentle glow upon her face
Her light of azure gloaming
A reflection of the love he feels
His warmth of heart e'er showing

Chase the wind, disrupt the tides
My lover, oh my soul
And to thy darkened bed abide
In part or by the whole

Though mine eyes rare find your face
Upon the darkened night
Forever shall we meet and dance
Above the blue twilight

Christopher Thor Britt

As The Storm Passed

An empty field, a broken tree
Divided left and right
Nature's course, an unseen force
As the storm passed in the night

The butterflies, they have survived
Though scarred by time and weather
They did flee that broken tree
'til found themselves another

The bluebird left it long before
To chance upon the wind
She got caught up in the storm
And lost her way again

We travel on to where we've gone
To where we shall go hence
To seek a home, to each our own
A place of safe content

Feel no regret 'less we forget
What was gained along the way
Though distant from where we began
We still share yesterday

The bluebird finally found a home
The butterflies are in flight
Nature's course, an unseen force
As the storm passed in the night

Christopher Thor Britt

At Dream's End

My heart travels the wind. Will it find all that it seeks?
Time may hold the answer but may never speak
A slave to the fickle breeze, enthralled by its every whim
It blows emotion to and fro knowing not where to begin
Where is my rose? Where can she be?
In silence, I'm tormented by a future yet unseen
I knew you once in realm of dreams and freely we did soar
But when the night, in err, did fall, I lost the key to your door
Fruitless, my designs have proved and errant the path behind
Still I knock with prayers in hand, forgiveness there to find
Until on virgin ground we meet, or at anger's end
I wait here 'neath your lintel yet with hope to dream again

Christopher Thor Britt

Before The Sun Goes Down

A day of angry words and pain ends as it began with
Little thought for what lay in between
The fading light of memory burns away in heavens flames
As the sun races 'yond to dream unseen.

I turn a cheek to the golden farewell and slowly make my way
To a place of little comfort e'er to find
To tarry long upon this road would find me all alone
To hurry on may leave my heart behind.

In silence, I surrender to the emptiness inside
Struggles lost and won come back around
Peace. Is it had, or made, or something in between?
It must be found before the sun goes down.

Christopher Thor Britt

By Your Side

Late morning rays feel their way up the bedroom wall
A reminder that the day had just begun
Cool sheets hug your contour and on me also fall
As I, first to wake, do loathe the sun.

Still, I lay there awed by your face in morning light
Your look of sweet repose calls out to me
A sigh escapes your parted lips in memory of the night
With a playful smile, brief though it may be.

When at last my love, your eyes they opened wide
Into my own they found me deep in wonder
From dream to waking dream there I lay still by your side
And from your side I nevermore will wander.

Christopher Thor Britt

Daffodil Dreams

Living rays of sunshine in fragrant blossom hide their countenance from
The silver face of the moon riding high outside her window

From twilight 'til dawn they in patience 'bide the night while
Keeping silent vigil o'er the lone sleeper that lay before them.

A smile appears as she dreams of open air in the spring, running thru
The bright summer gardens and dancing with the memories of autumn.

Now, as the winter winds howl outside her window, she dreams of
Warm kisses and a man with daffodils in his outstretched hand.

Christopher Thor Britt

Denial

Oh subtle time, deceitful foe
How dare you twist your promise
Forgetful bliss, my intended fate
Should numb this heart remiss

Oh errant path, my feet have found
That bid my thoughts to follow
Where folly leads, sure wisdom flees
Though in sweet memories wallow

Oh spike this heart, myself deny
And passion fore'er abstain
So love may deem me blameless
E'er blameless to remain

Christopher Thor Britt

Dove Of The Morning (Inspired By The Song Of Solemon)

How beautiful and pleasing
You are with your delights
Your scent as if crushed lillies
Kiss your skin each night

Sixty birds of morning there may be
But my dove, you alone are ever she
The only one who captivates my soul
The only one with power to set me free

Place me like a lock upon your heart
My sweet, I'll forever do the same
For love, unyielding as the grave
Burns within; an everlasting flame

Awake! thee wind from the north
Carry my dove through the heat of the night
That I might meet her in the sky
My bride; my beauty delight

Christopher Thor Britt

Dreams Unseen

The waking world leaves me ne'r content
My sweet if there's no place for you and I
To find ourselves, to love and ne'r repent
To live, to love, to dream, and then to die

Beneath the sky above this dreamful sleep
I'll find you there in hope or passions eye
And pray you seek me well and find me deep
Your heart content to love one such as I

But if you find me not in slumbers womb
And passions flame has not the chance to light
Forget me not or to my early tomb
This heart will surely break and rend the night

Yet, sleep you well, my love my timeless muse
And wait anon 'til morrow's dreams pursue

Christopher Thor Britt

Eclipse

Shadows play 'neath the sleepy sky
As the moon waxes full and rises high
Chasing, then fleeing the brightness of day
Mindful that her glory in time will soon wane

The sun e'er regal in brilliant array
And proud to lord o'er all the day
Knows t'is she who holds his praise
Her face commands his constant gaze

Her heart there also yearns for he
Aches to embrace him passionately
So to his bed she'll sometimes stray
To kiss her love, the Lord of Day

When they meet and there, embrace
And all be hidden from each face
Time near stops for those below
Though none feel shame at such a show

The world does patiently wait and abide
This cycle unswerving that pushes the tide
It feeds the poet such favor and boon
That causes young lovers...and dogs to swoon

O'er this heavenly tryst of the sun and moon.

~Christopher Thor Britt

Christopher Thor Britt

Endless Night

Barely is man alive before
Death comes to claim his bride.
Thus betrothed we must abide
Less willing, the groom to meet

Death feigns to court us from the rift of
Time and space. He sends his gifts of
War and plague and violent shifts
His harvest soon to reap

When the endless night does come and
Life upon the Earth is done
No place for wanton souls to run
Their maker soon will meet

If you die before you wake and
Find you've made a grave mistake
Your prayers, too little and much too late
May find deaf ears to boot

But, if you wake before you die and
Take the blinders from your eyes
You'll see that death is but a lie and
Live to see the truth

Christopher Thor Britt

Fair Memory

I see you fair in memory's sweet abode
'tis truly there with you I long to be
To touch again 'fore daydream walls erode
Thy lips of red, o passion, mine to thee

In passion do I feel the tempest rise
Rise to meet the moonlight's sweet caress
To see myself in love there in your eyes
And in thy garden dare to find me rest

O damn the world that holds this body bound
N'er content, my spirit yearns to search the wind
'tis there in sweet repose my love is found
And there I long to be with you again

For in fair memory's eye no care there be
And to thy heart, mine own, I'd give to thee

Christopher Thor Britt

First Embrace

- Oh lover, fair with moonlit eyes
For you my heart sore aches
With depths of passion yet untapped by mortals, love to make
Your silken hair of fire gold
Your eyes of twilight blue
Have put to shame the star-lit night in beauty next to you
Oh lover of my waking thoughts and
Dreams that come by eve
Come to me now my love, my soul and grant this heart reprieve
These gentle lips do for you wait
These hands to show you grace
Will cause us never to forget this night, our first embrace

Christopher Thor Britt

Fishing

I search, research
Drop anchor and wait with
Baited hook cast to seize the day
There's action beyond what I can see
Though anxious, I wait patiently for
Opportunity to bite and run
In the struggle, break water and
Reach for the sun.

With dreams alive and vision true
I see a shimmer. I glimpse a view
Tension mounts. To the challenge, I rise
Reeling and reeling, but
I fail to surmise
The catch requires less drag and more line
Fighting, more fighting.
Give it more time

What's this? A shimmer, I see in the stream
Ripples and more at the surface, my dream
But, down and deeper an unforeseen snag
I must keep control. I tighten the drag
No good. No time. A web-tangled line...
Misfortune dictates, "Cut bait"
Changing my tack, I search and research
Drop anchor and patiently wait... Fishing

Christopher Thor Britt

I Know An Angel

A cup of café almond mocha
On any given day means
There's an angel sitting there beside me.

When gentle words make all things right
And balm a wounded soul, I know
An angel's there to comfort and to guide me.

When I am weak or when I'm strong
Or think I'm right when I am wrong
My angel's there to love and sometimes chide me.

As dreams are dreamed and trials come
I'll not face them alone, because
I know an angel walks this earth beside me.

I know my angel walks this earth beside me.

Christopher Thor Britt

In Your Eyes (From The Feminine Persepective)

A summer's walk on painted sand
Along the beach at night
The salty air may bring a chill
But your arms will hold me tight

I feel you look into my soul
You see past my thin disguise
At once the world just fades away
Lost here in your eyes

What life had I before this night
Before your love's sweet calling?
No shade of peril to hold me bound
My heart's already fallen

Your kiss that lingers at my lips
Draws out a gentle sigh
You breathe life into my breast
Lost here in your eyes

In your embrace I find myself
Lost in your sweet eyes

Christopher Thor Britt

Injustice

The sharpest sight may blind become if
Sense is left behind
When Wisdom's tongue becomes dumb,
No mercy shall we find

Justice too may often peak from
'round her tattered blinders
When scales are tipped, she can't but scream
As freedom slowly binds her

Christopher Thor Britt

Layed To Rest

The distant sound of foot fall as
Trode a barren land
Diminished to an echo thru my heart

My search thru pain and tears has
Brought me to this tearful stand
Encompassed by the fears of a new start

Grieve I for this heart of love
Forever laid to rest
Mine emptiness, in part, a hardened shell

The struggle to surrender fights
Temptation to resist
Who will be the victor? Time will tell.

Christopher Thor Britt

Light Of Day

Beauty vane, oh maiden's bower
Though night be far, still far away
How chance thee fly in early hour
To seek the light of day?

Does not your own bed satisfy?
What crave you more that you should stray
Into the waning light's supply
To wrest the light of day?

'Fore twilight's door you find your place
Though stars unseen, immortal play
They bide their time true to their race
No need for light of day

Oh, lady pure heed not at all
The siren dawn nor noontide's ray
Heed not the lie that to you, calls
Thy need for light of day

Your beauty grows in darkened bed
Your countenance, of azure fey
As you have to your chambers fled
Do scorn the light of day

We mortals here in shadow 'bide
'Neath thy mantle's gloried array
Boon to lover's, poets and tide
'Till new, the light of day

Christopher Thor Britt

Lovers' Tryst

The silent night sleeps as two hearts run in league
Each reluctant to raise the wakeful mist
The drear autumn sky is covered by mantle of night
While forbidden fate hides a lovers' tryst

The eyes of night do espy that which by day abides in guise
Though fate will not allow this love one can't resist
They chance the heart stay open to live, to love and soon be broken
While dreams hearken to this lovers tryst

To pray the moon hold fast its path and beg yond' dawn be stayed
Though noble true and fair the cause, they're bound ne'er to desist
"O blessed night..." Juliet sighs, holding back her secret fear that
This dream will e'er remain a lovers' tryst

Christopher Thor Britt

My Love, My Soul

Shadows lengthen slowly o'er
The place our hearts did meet
Where are you moon, light of my soul?
Where is your watchful gaze?

These eyes are sorely blinded, for
They long for blissful sleep
Yet, still I wait. Be still my soul
Wait 'til the end of day.

For in the gentle gloaming hour
When sun meets western deep
The moon shall light unto my soul
And light her beckoned way.

Oh, maiden fairly bless-ed, our
Two hearts do run in league
For love, I risk eternal soul
For love, here I remain.

Christopher Thor Britt

My Rose

My rose, though growing in a garden not my own, is mine all the same

Do not my eyes smile at her beauty and lose themselves in her scent?

Do not my fingers tremble with anticipation just to touch her silky skin?

While there may be pain when I hold her in my strong embrace

It compares not to the loss I feel when at last her I release

All the world may know her beauty and pen such odes to last in infamy

Yet words alone will never do poetic justice to her loveliness

This rose grows ever in my heart for it is, and will e'er remain her own

Christopher Thor Britt

Nothing Lost

Shared dreams and shadows of what will never falter
Rise to the heavens on the celestial steam from
Our morning cup of sunshine.

We hope and believe and choose to see
Through rose colored glasses as we nibble from
The same sweet pastry.

Our cardboard vessels keep us company as
Time slips by and the world goes on before us
Around us, in spite of us.

The morning is past and the sun flies high
Though we are shaded by the immovable
Unchanging tide of being.

The world at large goes on happily ignored
While yet one drop, one smile remains to feed
This fervent vision.

Steam will abate and our cups may grow lighter but
There is nothing lost, nothing lost that a little time and
A few dollars can't refill.

Christopher Thor Britt

O Love, My Love

O love, my love...where in this lonesome hour
Can my heart with sweet abandon find you there?
If chance upon the wind, you do float as lotus flower
Would on my earthen bed you gladly fare?

I am your silent lover...though cloaked in gentile guise
With lips, mine own affection would I treat you
And in the twilight's gloaming your embrace there would I prize
If fate would look away while there I greet you.

O suitors, I commend thy will to win her proffered hand
While exile finds me close enough to see
Yet mark this, would be lovers, her hand there you may find
But her gentle heart was offered first to me.

Christopher Thor Britt

Once More

I see your name here and there
Suddenly, I can't get you off my mind

I catch your fragrance on the air
Remembering when your lips touched mine

I feel your presence all around
In the night and the sunshine, warm

I would give all, and all again
To hold you once more in my arms

Christopher Thor Britt

Passing Regret

Dead winds blow through the
Parlor door
Silently she screams

No one to hear her
Desperate cry
She waits, hopes, and dreams

A sin it seems to
Want for more
Than stone, wood and brass

Resolved, she watches
The sun die
Through the old stained glass

Trapped in unselfish
Devotion
Both, the cage and key

Lingering in what
Might have been
Pain comes easily

Vows uttered with good
Intention
A velvet-lined snare

She, with rosary
In her hand
Buries it in prayer

Christopher Thor Britt

Portrait Of A Man

I see a picture painted of
A kneeling man of prayer
The face of strength is beaten down with tears

Resembling the man I heard
Commands the very wind and
Calms the tempest seas without fear

I see a man who walks on water and
Drives the spirits out with
Power and God's own authority

But then I see him heal the sick and
Hear words of compassion
As he gently holds a child on his knee

Who is this man of sorrow
Crying out with tears of blood?
Willingly he drinks the cup of death

What holds him there upon that tree?
Could it be his endless love
For those of us who daily fail the test?

Never have I touched the hands that
Gave that I might live
His spirit freed that tragic 'Good' Friday

Ever do I long to know
The man who can forgive
We who drove the nails and walked away

Christopher Thor Britt

Quotes

'With reckless abandon I throw down now these chains, cast off the shadow of the night and discard the many faces of an otherwise duplicitous nature to simply walk naked in the light of the sun; made vulnerable for all to see, but at least, at last I can breathe.'

'I will set my course by moon lit ways, an ethereal shadow taking flight
Till find I day light's brilliant rays that free me from the night.'

'The true victory is not in how you place at the finish line, but in the effort you apply while running your own race.'

'Rain on me, oh sky, down on me keep falling 'til all is cleansed in your sight.
Rain on me, oh sky, my dry soul is calling. Tears wash me away in the night.'

Christopher Thor Britt

Raven And The Fox (Reprise)

A raven, dark as sorrow's dream
Sat perched upon a tree
His sable wings and golden eye
His gaze turned to the sea.
The memory of his vixen, red
Though far on distant shore
Does take his love on yonder wind
To seek her evermore

As shadows stretch on to the west
Silent vigil, yet he keeps
To wait the lonely dawn for she
His love across the sea
The sky there he'd forsake
For sake of she on distant shore
And ride the airs of lonely night
Lonely nevermore

Christopher Thor Britt

Reflection

Oh innocence of trust unchecked
How stare you back at me?
T'was you who fled this heart laid bare
Oh barren calamity

Empty now the heart ill used
So used to gentle dreams
No more to see the flower's bloom
No song but silence's scream

Tell me true, reflection mine
Convince these naked eyes
What errant way or walk or word
Did scorn this heart and thine?

Does not love, our love, true love
Still soar above the weather?
Or like Iccarus, did we dare too high
Then, fall to earth unfeathered?

I cast my lot on winds of change
Though the end be hard to find
The siren muse did have her chance
Now...I shall have mine.

Christopher Thor Britt

Rose Of White

Slowly dancing in the wind, swaying as to music
Rocking like a ship at sea to the whims of air and water
Her face shone bright with the tears of heaven

By consorts of every shape and hue, this elegant lady stood
White on white, her gown shown among those dressed in like manner
Looking upward, she opened to the rising sun

Christopher Thor Britt

Siren's Song

I long for the open sea while gentle waves call to me in my sleep
Dreams of fresh air and a boundless horizon
No words ride the night air, yet I hear her song and know her voice.

Stand I here at waters' edge while the moon bids her rise to greet me
To embrace her as she beckons me to follow
To become one with her, or perish in the striving

Grounded, here I stand in the dry shifting sand
Afraid to plunge into the depths, I am rooted...captive
Denying myself passage to that distant horizon

O happy tide, would that I were as free as thee

Christopher Thor Britt

Thought And Memory (Huginn And Muninn)

O'er the waters of time
My attention is quickly drawn
As Thought soars the heavens with
Memory at its side

By thorn and thicket we have passed
At times we struggle through
As that around us tears and shreds
Yet time we abide

Travel we birds of like feather
Black as night, strong as day
A reflection, one to another
Two arrows taking flight

We chance upon the wind
Unyielding as the grave
Our ballad, sight and sorrow
Two ravens in the night

Christopher Thor Britt

Time

Patient is the man whom
Time has hold of not
Hours fall an endless stream
Sand through the hourglass
Slave of a limited day
Ebbing slowly through a wasted dream
Must we die before we realize that
Time isn't money to spend, but air to breathe?
Let us choose then to spend our
Numbered days living, not dieing
Until we leave.

Christopher Thor Britt

To The East

I set my gaze to the east each morn'
To the east to meet the sun
I chase the light of day each day
'til a new day has begun

Awake, indomitable soul within
No fear will grace this brow
But, tears and sweat; unwavering pride
My head held high, unbowed

No caste to tell me who I am
Nor, who I am to be
Fate will never hold me bound
I live because I'm free

Free to try and to succeed
Free to struggle through
To tread all failures under foot
And start each day anew

Patience is my soul mate
Perseverance, my close kin
Tomorrow is ever before my eyes
Just waiting to begin

So, I gaze to the East each morn
To the East to meet the sun
I chase the light of day each day
'til a new day has begun

A new day has begun

~Christopher Thor Britt

Christopher Thor Britt

Truth

From silence comes silence
From solitude, a prayer
Running brings distance
Foolishness, a stare
Misery looks for misery
For it hates to be alone
Time, it waits for no one as
Seasons come and go
Waiting teaches patience
Goodness wears a smile
Kindness takes one simple step
That runs a country mile
Wisdom teaches wisdom to
Those who seek to learn
Selfless love gives all
Asking nothing in return
From God the truth is planted
From His hand the seed is sewn
It spreads itself upon the wind
And grows wherever blown
Truth is firmly rooted
Growing stronger like a tree
It's fruit, ours for the taking
Truth has set us free.

Christopher Thor Britt

Unborn Hope

Waiting, wanting life to grasp like
A leaf from a barren tree
I dream in death-like worship
Beneath eternity

No eyes to see, nor ears to hear
No need for sight or sound
In this time before the morning dawns
Breath may ne'er be found

But, hope comes with the morning.
Hope is all there is
Seeking without eyes to see
To find my place in this

Sterile world of flesh and fire
Burning, searing all desire
Willing not that I retire
I put my hand in His

Christopher Thor Britt

Unfettered

Tears shred this helpless soul inside
Held back to hide the pain
Like iced blades, they cut the ties
And mock these many faces

Behind closed doors there is no pride
No need, no smile to feign
My failures seek no place to hide
Here on these private pages

Here dreams are made and hope still thrives
Where time will not decay
Tomorrow has but to arrive
To loose me from these cages

But, will I fight or will I fly
When faced with a new day?
The question is, "to live or die? "
Though on the battle rages

Christopher Thor Britt

Untouchable

Fear abides where
Darkness hides the
Impossible and peculiar
Shadows cast o'er
The place where last
The untouchable seemed familiar

Whether friends, or lovers
Or sisters and brothers
All searching for different ends
What is found and
Where we're bound
On point of view, depends

To count the cost of
What was lost
Remains to me unthinkable
When what's peculiar
Yet, so familiar
Remains to me, untouchable

Christopher Thor Britt

Christopher Thor Britt

When I Look At You

I've seen the waves of the sea pound
Against the rocks, chiseling out a message for ages yet to come.
Yet its power is diminished when I look at you.

The wind issues forth. The very breath of God
Seeking a resting place but finds none.
As my heart goes out to you and is never satisfied.

The sun by day and the moon by night
Chasing then fleeing in the dance of time
Both will grow weary long before my love for you.

I've soared the heavens and noted
Mountainous peaks in the clouds beneath me
I've flown with the creatures of the sea, a beauty seldom seen

Still, nothing on this earth, above or below
Captures me like the beauty I behold when I look at you.

Christopher Thor Britt

Woe Of Circumstance

My bitter heart, a ghost that ever lingers at the edge of sight
First seeking, then fleeing as if by chancing that which it desires most
Might forever add permanence to its lonely sentence

Still the specter remains, shrieking in sleepless sleep
Wailing in her misery for that which was lost and what can never be
She haunts my dreams by day and night with woe of circumstance

Though these arms enfold me and lips do claim my own
Fickle memory taunts me and scorns me for the fool I am
The taste of honey adorns my lips from mead I long to sip, but cannot

Endless, lay eternal night across the expanse to my heart
The walls once worn thin with pleasant fiction grow tall and wide as
The door little used, now rusts upon the hinges of negligence

My hands are empty of all but time, and that, the heaviest burden
I carry it alone, and alone I will remain though the world surrounds me
This bitter cup, once sweet, falls empty to the ground...spent

Christopher Thor Britt