

Poetry Series

Jerome Brooke
- poems -

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Jerome Brooke(1949)

Jerome Brooke was born in Evansville, Indiana. He now resides in Thailand. He has a son,34 years of age - and a daughter one year of age.

Ador

Ladies of the court, with grace and charm,
All walk with our Ador.

Ladies of love, and courtesans of song,
All these and more.

In robes of gold and red, silk of pale flame,
Walks our Lady, our maiden fair,
Black eyes flashing fire, burning and cold,
With circlet of gold, holding dark hair.

Noble knights, with swords of steel and honor,
Slay and burn.
Spirits of fire, red crosses on fields of white,
All dance, all turn.

Priests, in robes of white, aged and solemn,
White hair, marking wisdom,
Listen to music, music of stars and spheres,
Wise, in the laws of heaven.

Jerome Brooke

Ages Past

Planes of Mirage, clouds of mist, lie deep,
Freed by light.

Ages past, lost to all eyes, dwell below,
Waiting for life.

Lovers in the spring, death in winter,
Await their freedom.

Empires of Iron, Kings noble and wise
Sleep lightly.

Jerome Brooke

Banner

Warriors in iron mail, still and ready,
Stood in silence.
A banner of blue, dark blue, blew in the wind.
Above the spears.
□
A command came; the men moved forward.
Cold, silent,
The ranks of death moved forward.

Jerome Brooke

Barren Waste

Mount, ride my Prince, son of our Queen,
Lead us to Gold.
Pale is the horse, the dim white horse,
That I now do hold.

Our Queen sent us here, to Cebu,
Most cruel land.
Here we stand, awaiting her command,
Take my hand.

Now you will be lost, silent and pale,
Son of the Queen.
Lead us to Cebu, Land of Gold,
Never to be seen.

Jerome Brooke

Cave Of Shadows

Fast, fast the river flows,
White with waves.
Speeding thru cold years,
Icy, dark days.

Troubled, the deep river goes,
Past cliffs, past eyes;
Caves of silent, waiting darkness,
Windows of night.

Dark eyes, burning in hate, that see,
See the hidden, distant goal;
Where the swift, wild, fleeing river,
Cold and deep, does flow.

Caves of wisdom, cold eyes of fear,
Our dim future now reveals.
All hope secures, all truth, freely tells:
With words, broken from seals.

From my Cave of Shadows (Amazon Books)

Jerome Brooke

Champion Of The Queen

In cold darkness, stood the tall tower,
Red, of glowing stone.
Among the shadows walked the Queen,
Our Lady Fair, alone.

Behind mute walls walked the Lady of Swords,
Covered by robes of white.
In darkness, in night, was the Queen of Spears,
Hidden from eyes, from sight.

Jerome Brooke

Chariot

Brave queen of chariot, queen of sail,
See the milling horde.
Truth and love, spear and sword,
Weep for your Lord.

Circle of swords, war band of stone,
Dance, sing of war.
Blade of silver, cut the red flower,
Cross the cold bar.

Jerome Brooke

Children Of Darkness

Wolves dance in circles of stone,
Children of Darkness.

Maidens spin, turn for the Lady,
Queen and High Priestess.

Cubs of the Red Lady gather,
Circle the prey.
Stones hold back the endless night,
Sable robe of Death.

Stars turn, slaying and cruel,
Dark eyes flash.
Dawn searches, night flees,
Blades slash.

Sword of silver, seek now the rose,
Hidden in shade.
Circle of stone, hide our fear,
Guide our blade.

From my Queen of Darkness (Amazon Books)

Jerome Brooke

Children Of Dawn

Fire dances, circles of stone, leaping high,
Night flows, silently, outside.
Stones dance, in shadows, shadows of fear,
Fear carried, with the tide.

Dawn comes, with light and ice,
Ice that cuts, blades of death.
Hunters stand, round the dancing fire;
Hunters, wolves of the North.

Spears reach high, women sing,
Hunters turn, and dance.
Blood, warm food, elders smile;
Hunters raise the lance.

□

Jerome Brooke

Chill Warning

Wolves howl, chill warning,
Song of blood.

Hunters smile, men reach for spears,
Stone, one with wood. □

□

Our Lady of wolves, with fangs,
In dark shadows is seen.

Howl, children of darkness, follow,
Run with your white queen.

Circles of shadows, cover the prey,
Red stains the snow.

Blood, on white snow, ice and fire,
Stars spin, and glow.

Jerome Brooke

Craft

Forward sailed the royal craft, ebony and gold,
Gleaming with jewels.
Sails of red great circles made, racing the clouds,
Before a gale of rage.

Her regal circuit closed about her island realm,
Lands noble and pure,
Spells were cast, wisdom sought, and dreamed,
Safety and wealth to ensure.

Her prince his sword, of steel and will,
Was at her command.
Light was her heart, filled with song,
To see her lands.

Her soul filled with cares, sad and sharp,
Of realm and state.
Returned our queen to her hall, of stone,
To seek her fate.

Jerome Brooke

Cruel And Fleet

Our Lady of Wolves, soft and kind,
Dance with us, brave one.
Run, leader of hunters, cruel and swift,
Slay her, the waiting, swift deer.

Our Lady of Wolves, with fangs,
In dark shadows, is seen.
Howl, children of darkness, follow,
Run, with your White Queen.

High, on the hill, round the lone prey,
Wolves sing of cold.
Wolves, gray hunters, sing and run;
Hunters fleet, and bold.

Blood of red deer, sing the hunters,
Blood for the long day.
Blood, sings the Lady, red blood,
Blood of helpless prey.

Stars of night, burn the flowers, □ On the dale.□
ears of red dawn, gather;
Hold them well.

From my Hunters of the Dawn (Amazon Books) .
Hunters is a cycle of fantasy texts.

Jerome Brooke

Crusade Of The Last Days

Your knights of the Cross sail today,
Bound for the South.
Grant us peace, grant us mercy, Lord,
On the Crusade of the Last Days.

In the burning Desert waits the Evil One,
May our fleet arrows be sure.
In the endless sands wait our certain death,
May our iron swords be true.

Jerome Brooke

Crystal Palace

Near the centre, near Saint Peters,
Stands the Crystal palace,
In the palace, near the silver fountain,
Sleeps our Queen, all in lace.

Thru halls of silver, and bright gold,
Proceeds our noble Queen,
Leading her knights and great lords,
Trailing her robe of green.

Above the black towers, dark clouds gather;
Red banners wildly toss.
Our Lady of Swords calls out to the mailed ranks,
Pale Legions of the Lost.

Gates of iron slam shut, under the blue stars,
Cohorts of the moon.
Our legions, in red, march to red death,
On the morn, so soon.

In her palace of crystal, waits our Lady,
Our victorious Queen.
She weeps for one in her distant legion,
No more to be seen.

Jerome Brooke

Dance

□

Around the lone, tired man, hunters,
Wolves, a circle formed.

Wolves, white wolves, howled,
Howled, and swarmed.

Blood of timid deer, blood of swift horse,
Rich blood, the pack had known.
But now, slow, one fell, and rose, in the snow;
Human blood, would be their own.

Rushing to the lone, tired man,
Sharp fangs bare;
Wolves closed, icy howls rose;
Fear filled the air.

Down, came the heavy axe, cruel,
Sharp, with dark stone.
Sobon cries arose, surprise and pain;
Sobon, stood the man, alone.

Wolves lay, where now the man,
Silent, now stood.
Fangs can be of stone, and tied,
Bound, to barren wood.

Jerome Brooke

Dancer Of Luzon

Dancer, spinning in silk, turn to me,
I do burn.

Lady in black, Maid of Fire, burn me,
Come, return.

Spin, Daughter of Copper, all in rags,
Full of fire.

You are fair, I am old, you too must die,
You will tire.

Dancer, free as the tiger, show your claws,
Slay my torn heart.
Princes of the Waves, see my shriveled legs,
Kill with your art.

Maiden of Night, in dark silk, spin to me,
Prince of the Lie.

Come to me, Lady Mine, take my hand,
To my palace fly.

From my Dark Sea of Sulu (Amazon Books)
Sulu is a cycle of fantasy poems.

Jerome Brooke

Dawn

Stars turn, slaying and burning,
Eyes flash.

Dawn searches, and night flees,
Bronze blades slash.

Sword of bronze, seek the rose,
Hidden in shade.

Circle of stone, hide the fear,
Guide the blade.

Jerome Brooke

Dreams And Shadows

Flames, dreams, candles, shadows,
All dance in sight.
Flames on a far, dim hill, or near,
Close, in the night.

Torches, running in shadows,
Across the dry valley.
Candles nearby, flames alike,
In in swift memory.

Lost wanderers, walking in realms,
Realms of cold darkness.
Stars fly to us, and dance, on the white,
Cold, flowing stillness.

Flames, and light, leap high, in the far,
Gray, hopeless distance;
On a ridge, hidden away, and dance,
Dance their reckless dance.

Jerome Brooke

Empire At Dawn

Free the captives, return them to Cebu,
Their oaths sworn.
Spare the son of mine enemy, their King,
Fallen and torn.

Rebuild their temples, our true altars raise,
Send bread to the South.
Their gold I hold to rebuild the fair Tacloban;
They have my oath.

□

Burn no more far Cebu, Cebu the Lost,
Say these words.
Call back my Legions, call back my captains,
Hold your swords.

My lords, why are you quiet, why mute,
What matter the cost?
Justice must rule in Cebu, truth will live,
For Cebu the Lost.

Jerome Brooke

Empire Of Darkness

Gold I cast before you, the vanquished stand in chains,
Captives all, rebels now lost.
Fallen kings do lie in pools of blood, red and torn,
What matters the cost?

Your Isle of Samar stands free, truth lives on,
All of the city have bread.
Your Kingdom of Cebu is safe, Catarman secure,
All, all is said.

Your vile foe is slain, soft and Gentle Queen,
His grey head, before you, I do hold.
His gold coin, his green fields, are yours,
His evil, no longer bold.

Cry not, fair and sweet one, weep no more,
Truth now rules the sea.
The people do rejoice, Victorious Queen,
Lady, of the Immortal Jubilee.

Jerome Brooke

Flowers In The Dim Light

I saw a lone bird, high in the morning light

I thought of your voice

I found wild flowers in the dim forest

I remembered your embrace

Jerome Brooke

Gold

□

High, over the sea, stands the Lady,
With spear of gold.

On hills of pure silver, hard driven,
By gales, ever bold.

Our Lady of Wolves, soft and kind,

Dance with us, brave one.

Run, leader of hunters, cruel and swift,

Slay her, the helpless deer.

High, on the hill, round the lone prey, Wolves sing of cold. Wolves
, gray hunters, sing and run;

Hunters fleet and bold.

□

Blood of red deer, sing the hunters,

Blood for the long day.

Blood, sings the Lady, red blood,

Blood of swift prey.

□

□

Jerome Brooke

Green Shield

In blackness stood the tower,
Built of black stone,
Among shadows walked,
Weeping, our lady, alone.

Her warrior bore shield of green,
With dragon gold.
Cry not he said, when last they met,
I shall return.

□

Jerome Brooke

Her Robe

The concubine had dark tresses,
Her skin was soft.
Her robe was of blue; fine silk.
Torn at the side.

The warrior of the North gazed at her,
His hand in mail.
She touched his arm, and drew him near;
Warrior of the North.

Jerome Brooke

High Lady

Protect your children, dear ones,
Comes now the night.
See the stones turn, dance and song,
Give them your sight.

Tossed by waves, torn by gales,
Sea wolves now sleep.
On the cliffs of white, wall of the Isle,
Near the restless deep.

Jerome Brooke

Hold Me

Warrior mine, man of the North,
Hold me.
Kiss my hand once more, man in mail.
Slay my heart.

Come with me, flowers bloom,
In the forest.
Why do you leave? The air is still.
The fruit is sweet.

Jerome Brooke

Ice And Snow

Ice and snow, lay before them,
In rags, a dirty band.
In front was the man, the tall one,
Wooden spear in hand.

Blood was seen, red on white,
Where he had gone.
Next, came one with hammer,
Crude axe of stone.

Blood, blood could be seen,
Where feet had lain.
Hunger, cruel hunger walked,
No game to be seen.

Last, came one with a metal can,

Where is the tank, it was here,
Yes, here in the pass!

Jerome Brooke

Journey

East and wild, fast the river flows,
Through the empty land;
Down the desert, endless plain,
Through barren sand.

Dark eyes that see,
See the goal,
Where the lost river,
 Wild river, wild soul.

The past, made plain, open,
 Our future known,
All, all is now clear, plainly told,
 All is shown.

Searing eyes, eyes that search,
Eyes that see;
Cruel eyes, eyes now hidden,
Hidden by the sea.

Jerome Brooke

Maiden Of Bali

Lady of Samar,
Maiden of caves,
Call now the rain,
Call the waves.

Flow free the waves,
Racing ever more, Passing the dark rocks,
Rocks along the shore.

 □
Clouds in the black sky,
Wait for the storm.
Waves come, then strike,
Slay, fall, die.

Waves, clouds, cruel rocks,
 Turn, and dance,
Dance now, spin wildly,
 Play, and forever play.

Jerome Brooke

Mirage

Layers of false illusion lie,
Clouds of pale daimons tie.

Under us, red walls glow,
Tears, cold knives, flow.

Choice now, now will return.
Hope and love shall learn.

Jerome Brooke

Myth Of The Eternal Return

Myth

of the

Eternal Return

Jerome Brooke

I

Hunters of the Dawn

i

Chill Warning

Wolves howl, chill warning,
Song of blood.
Hunters smile, men reach for spears,
Stone, one with wood.

Our Lady of wolves, with fangs,
In dark shadows is seen.
Howl, children of darkness, follow,
Run with your white queen.

Circles of shadows, cover the prey,
Red stains the snow.
Blood, on white snow, ice and fire,
Stars spin, and glow.

ii

Children of Dawn

Fire dances, in circles of stone, leaping high,
Night flows, silently, outside.
Stones dance, in shadows, shadows of fear,
Fear carried, with the tide.

Dawn comes, with light and ice,
Ice that cuts, blades of death.
Hunters stand, round the dancing fire;
Hunters, wolves of the North.

Spears reach high, women sing,
Hunters turn, and dance.
Blood, warm food, elders smile;
Hunters raise the lance.

iii

Our Lady of Wolves

Our Lady of Wolves, with fangs,
In dark, cruel shadows, is seen.
Howl, Children of Darkness, follow,
Run, run with your white queen.

Circles of shadows, cover the prey,
Red stains the snow.
Blood on white snow, ice and fire,
Stars spin, and glow.

High, over the sea, stands the Lady,
With hair of gold.
On hills of pure silver, hard driven,
By gales, ever bold.

Our Lady of Wolves, soft and kind,
Dance with us, brave one.
Run, leader of hunters, cruel and swift,
Slay her, the waiting, swift deer.

iv

Cruel and Fleet

Our Lady of Wolves, soft and kind,
Dance with us, brave one.
Run, leader of hunters, cruel and swift,
Slay her, the waiting, swift deer.

Our Lady of Wolves, with fangs,
In dark shadows, is seen.
Howl, children of darkness, follow,
Run with your White Queen.

High, on the hill, round the lone prey,
Wolves sing of cold.
Wolves, gray hunters, sing and run;
Hunters fleet and bold.

Blood of red deer, sing the hunters,
Blood for the long day.
Blood, sings the Lady, red blood,
Blood of helpless prey.

Stars of night, burn the flowers,
On the dale.
Spears of red dawn, gather;
Hold them well.

v

Spears

Spears reach high, women sing,
Hunters turn, and dance.
Blood, warm food, elders smile;
Hunters raise the lance.

Wolves sound chill warning, howls,
Songs of red blood.
Hunters smile, men reach for spears,
Stone, one with wood.

vi

Dance

Around the lone, tired man, hunters,
Wolves, a circle formed.
Wolves, white wolves, howled,
Howled, and swarmed.

Blood of timid deer, blood of swift horse,
Rich blood, the pack had known.
But now, slow, one fell, and rose, in the snow;
Human blood, would be their own.

Rushing to the lone, tired man,
Sharp fangs bare;
Wolves closed, icy howls rose;
Fear filled the air.

Down, came the heavy axe, cruel,
Sharp, with dark stone.
Soon cries arose, surprise and pain;
Soon, stood the man, alone.

Wolves lay, where now the man,
Silent, now stood.

vii

Fire in the Centre

Fire in the centre, rising high,
Cold, flowing outside.
Food is good, hunger bad;
Work well the hide.

Babies soon sleep, small ones play,
Some old ones die.
Hunters draw near, men with spears,
Sharp and cruel, children cry.

Spears find rest, women run,
Children look in.

Food, warm food, women smile,
Hunters now grin.

One dries her tears, one looks,
One now does leave her lair.
Hunter smile, hunters near,
Women frown, and stare.

viii

Waiting

Hate, she is bad, hate, she does no work,
She is fair, very fair.
Hunters eat meat, from the fire, hunters sleep,
Women now, will dare.

Blows rain down, hunters wake,
Women run, and lay.
Hunters laugh, women hate,
Short, short is the day.

ix

Gold

High, over the sea, stands the Lady,
With spear of gold.
On hills of pure silver, hard driven,
By gales, ever bold.

Our Lady of Wolves, soft and kind,
Dance with us, brave one.
Run, leader of hunters, cruel and swift,
Slay her, the helpless deer.

High, on the hill, round the lone prey, Wolves sing of cold. Wolves,
gray hunters, sing and run;
Hunters fleet and bold.

Blood of red deer, sing the hunters,
Blood for the long day.
Blood, sings the Lady, red blood,

Blood of swift prey.

II

Our Lady of Silk

i

Ador the Queen

Ladies of the court, with grace and charm,
All walk with our Ador.

Ladies of love, and courtesans of song,
All these and more.

In robes of gold and red, silk of pale flame,
Walks our Lady, our maiden fair,
Black eyes flashing fire, burning and cold,
With circlet of gold, holding dark hair.

Noble knights, with swords of steel and honor,
Slay and burn.

Spirits of fire, red crosses on fields of white,
All dance, all turn.

Priests, in robes of white, aged and solemn,
White hair, marking wisdom,
Listen to music, music of stars and spheres,
Wise, in the laws of heaven.

ii

Procession

Ladies of the court, with grace and charm,
All walk before.

Ladies of Love, courtesans bold, all walk with her,
Our Queen, Ador.

Lady of War, Queen of Strife, so cold,
Use the spear of Fear.

Lady of Love, Queen of Hearts, so pure,
Slay with words, so dear.

iii

Crystal Palace

Near the centre, near Saint Peters,
Stands the crystal palace.
In the palace, near the silver fountain,
Sleeps our Queen, in lace.

Through halls of gold and bright silver,
Proceeds our Noble Queen.
Leading her knights and great lords,
Trailing her robe of green.

Above the black towers, dark clouds gather;
Red banners wildly toss.
Our Lady of Swords calls, calls out to the ranks,
Pale Legions of the Lost.

Gates of iron close fast, under blue stars,
Cohorts of the moon.
Our legions march, with spears, march to death,
On the morn, so soon.

In her palace of crystal, sleeps our lady,
Our Victorious Queen.
She speaks the name of one, one in her legion,
No more to be seen.

iv

Knight of the Cross

For her knight with the Cross of Red,
Fell her precious tears.
For the crusader, the Green Knight,
Were her consuming fears.

Half a world away, marched the warriors,
Crusaders, our Legion.
In the desolate waste, rode the knight,
Marked, as Champion.

Champion of the True Queen,

Knight of the Cross;
Ride to victory, ride to the fore,
Into the mist of the lost.

v

Silk and Steel

Turning, turning, the red token waved,
Turning in the air.
Hearing the cheers, the High Queen smiled,
Our Lady once fair.

On his black, brave steed, the knight held high,
Then set, his iron lance.
His wild, brave horse reared, pawed the dusk,
Then did proudly dance.

High, high was his heart, high was his lance,
His cold, iron lance.
Fast, fast was the charge, fast the dance,
Their reckless dance.

Racing, racing, two iron warriors now rode,
Rode, and did clash.
Riding, riding, lances aflame, raced the men,
Raced to cut, and slash.

vi

Fair Lady

Red, red was the blood of the Emerald Knight,
Her dying knight.
Red, red were the lips of the queen, fair lady,
Now in his sight.

Lips of cruelty, lips of fire, lips of love,
Red, red lips.
Red, red were her claws, red her fangs,
Red at the tips.

III

Eternity

i

Cruel Babylon

Thunder, cruel master, sounds far away,
Ashes blow in the sky.
Fear walks the street, cries ring out,
Filling the empty square.

 Tremors move the land, the valley, Of death and desolation

.
Death walks the winding streets,
All is barren, all is lost.

Lava flows near, fires rise and dance,
Ending desperate life.
Hope slowly dies, life departs,
Death reaches out.

Red chariots fill the square, troops fire,
Then fall back.
Iron arrows fill the way, iron sharp,
Hard, and fleet.

ii

Ice and Snow

Ice and snow, lay before them,
In rags, a dirty band.
In front was the man, the tall one,
Wooden spear in hand.

Blood was seen, red on white,
Where he had gone.
Next, came one with hammer,
Crude axe of stone.

Blood, blood could be seen,
Where feet had lain.

Hunger, relentless hunger walked,
No game to be seen.
Last, came one with a metal can,
Filled with precious...gas.

Where is the tank, it was here,
Yes, here in the pass!

iii

Fangs of the Night

Tyger, Queen of Dark Night,
Queen of Day,
Always you walk, always you hunt,
Searching for prey.

Dead shadows, shadows of cold night,
Shadows now cold,
Hiding claws of death, dire claws of pain,
Hiding fangs of gold.

Snow leopard, queen of death,
Follow this, our band.
Embrace us, kiss us, one by one,
Silent in the land.

Jerome Brooke

Prince Of Mindanao

Prince of Mindanao, splendid in bronze,
Marching, so young, so pure.
Vassals bow before your horse, the warband,
Does salute you, bright in azure.

Gold and silver, robes of silk, gleaming bronze,
Vassals before you bow.
Girls beg for mere copper coins, peasants mutter,
Reap as you sow.

Bring the fire, young and immortal, dear one,
Prince of the lie.
Your arms will surely weaken, false friends,
You too will die.

Prince of Shades, see your lady, at your feet,
Captive of seeming.
Beauty she sees, a god among us, love gazes,
Love pure, fleeting.

Look below you, gaze at her, a peasant,
Girl in rags, low of the land.
Hate, envy, pity, all weave the web,
Pass on with your band.

From my Dark Sea of Sulu (Amazon Books)

Jerome Brooke

Queen Of Darkness

Lady, Queen of Night,
Queen of Day,
Always you do hunt,
Searching for prey.

Lurking in the forest, deep in time,
With claws of silver,
You do rake the chests of hunters,
Making lines of pain.

Jerome Brooke

Queen Of The Saxon Shore

Pennants of red, and emerald green, did stream,
Twisting in the dim light.
Shadows fell from the mute, sheer walls,
Hiding all, all from sight.

Warrior queen, daughter of Woden, hidden god,
Thou that bears the Silver spear;
Look to the sea, the great North Sea, search now,
For the lost, look for one dear.

Mistress of the West, Queen of the Saxon Shore,
Ruler of the dark, gray Main;
Look to the South, to the far, burning South,
Look for the warrior, now slain.

Mistress of the fortress, Sister of Ravens,
Priestess of the Lost Realm;
Look for the warrior, search for the Knight,
Lord of the Golden Helm.

Jerome Brooke

Rally

Few against many, betrayed by fate,
Our line stood,
Men covered in robes of burning scarlet,
With crimson hood.

□

Raiders of the cold, icy North,
Did cry out.
Men of the South heard well, Well their shout.

But soon, soon a sweet song rang out,
Bravely, a song of spring.
In mail of iron, heavy and icy cold,
In defiance, a lad did sing.

Storms dance on high, dark clouds,
Do race away,
Dance of death, men dance merrily,
Gladly today.

Raide

Men saw men who feared not,
□ Not the northern spear.
Raiders looked at men who held,
More life, not dear.

Jerome Brooke

Red Gold

Empress of the waves, Warrior Queen,
Ruler of the bold.
Lead us to battle, lead us to jewels,
And to red gold.

Your soft hands cool my brow,
Do kiss my cheek;
If you can reach so high; mighty is your will,
You rule all, all that you seek.

We are ready to follow, command us,
To ride to the South.
Lead us to victory, or lead us,
To red death.

Why do you cry? Look, find him,
I will surely slay the man,
Find him, the one who has failed,
Who has earned my hand.

Now you smile, now all, all is well,
Dread Queen of the West.
Now My Lady, lead us on to victory,
And the test!

Jerome Brooke

Robes Of Scarlett

Lost, the city stood near the sandy bar,
 Circled by walls of stone.
Towers stabbed at the bright, fleeing stars;
 Bound the deserted keep, alone.

Bastion of lost empire, strong and bold,
 With towers, standing tall.
Our Queen, Noble Lady, in her hall of gold,
 Lead them all.

Brave queen of horse, Commander of Sail,
 Stand against the mute horde.
Truth and love, bronze helmet and iron mail,
 Weep for your fallen Lord.

Jerome Brooke

Rubies

In the North Sea, nigh Boraë, land of the red rubies,
Lay our fleet, in the wild sea.
Over the cruel waves, dark and without mercy,
Sailed forth the dread ships, of our Lady.

Her fierce eyes saw the prey, her claws,
Fleet and sharp, reached out;
Her sword of bronze, did shine in the sun,
High was our shout!

Where are the ships, hawks of the South,
Swift birds of prey?
Scattered, lost are the cruel ships of dawn,
Burning, this day.

Jerome Brooke

Shadows Of Night

High on the hill, round the lone prey,
Wolves sing, howls of cold.
Wolves, gray hunters, sing and run;
Hunters fleet, and bold.

Blood of red deer, sing the hunters,
Blood for the long day.
Blood, sings the Lady, red blood,
Blood of helpless prey.

Rushing to the lone, silent prey,
Wolves now dare.
Wolves call, cold hate, howls rise;
Fear, hate, fills the air.

Wolves sing, howl their cruel tune,
In song of old.
Our Lady, Lady of Wolves, alone,
With claws of gold.

Jerome Brooke

Siam Woman

My brown body I will cast
At your feet.
I have sold my virgin body
To you, Master.

A handful of copper coins,
A man of the West;
My red blood covers my rags,
Cruel Master.

I cannot sleep, I do not eat,
Will I see you
Before I die? Will my son,
Know his father?

Your hard wife, a high lady;
She can spare me
A crust of bread, a place near
Her hearth.

I
I am your concubine, only,
My mouth warm,
My lips soft; you may watch
Me bathe, Master mine.

Jerome Brooke

Spears

Spears reach high, women sing,
Hunters turn, and dance.
Blood, warm food, elders smile;
Hunters raise the lance.

Wolves sound chill warning, howls,
Songs of red blood.
Hunters smile, men reach for spears,
Stone, one with wood.□

Jerome Brooke

Sulu

Dark waves rise, then race at the shore,
Black nights of the soul.
At sea, pale clouds, and mist, hide memory,
Moments of joy, and sorrow.

Layers of Mirage, mere image, reach down,
Free of light.
Ages past, lost to eyes, dwell below,
Waiting for life.

From my *Dark Sea of Sulu* (Amazon Books)

Jerome Brooke

Sword Of Samar

Prince of Shades, see your Lady, at your feet,
Captive of seeming.
Beauty she sees, a god among us, love gazes,
Love pure, fleeting.

Love below you, eyes of a peasant,
Girl in rags, low of the land.
Hate, envy, pity, all weave the web,
Pass on with your band

Jerome Brooke

War Leader

Through the waste marched the warriors,
Silent was the band.
In the swift, hot wind, were seen the men,
Quiet in the sand.

Gold, red gold, at their feet, gems,
Cast far, far away.
Swords no longer shone, as on parade,
Dull this fearful day.

My prince looked, saw this lost line,
Lost, dead on this dark day.
Men of the Queen, lost by fate,
Found where they fell, and lay.

Jerome Brooke

Warning And Promise

Wolves howl, chill warning,
Songs of red blood.
Hunters smile, men reach for spears,
Stone, one with wood.

Our Lady of wolves, with fangs,
In dark shadows is seen.
Howl, children of darkness, follow,
Run with your white queen.

Circles of shadows, cover the prey,
Red stains the snow.
Blood on white snow, ice and fire,
Stars spin, and glow.

Jerome Brooke

Waves

Fast, fast the river flows,
White with waves;
Down the endless plain,
Through burning sand.
Dark eyes that see, □
iver, goes.

See the goal, Where the lost river, □

Wild r

The past is open,
Our future known,
All is plainly told,
All is made cle

Eyes that search,
Eyes that see;
Eyes, eyes hidden,
Hidden in the night.

Jerome Brooke

White Hills

High, over the sea, stands our Lady,
With hair of gold.

On hills of pure silver, hard driven,
By gales, ever bold.

Our Lady of Wolves, soft and kind,
Dance with us, brave one.
Run, leader of hunters, cruel and swift,
Slay her, the waiting deer.

Stars of dark night, save the white Lady,
Lead her to deer.

Dance with her, Our Lady of Wolves,
Do not see fear.

Jerome Brooke

White With Waves

East, fast the river flows,
White with waves;
Speeding through cold years;
Dry, dark slaves.

Troubled, the deep river goes,
Past cliffs, into sight;
Caves of silent, waiting darkness,
Windows of night.

Dark eyes, burning in hate, that see,
See the hidden, distance goals.
Deep in the swift, wild, fleeing river,
See the lovers, lost souls.

Caves of wisdom, cold eyes of fear,
Our dim future now reveals.
All hope secures, all truth, freely tells;
With words, broken from seals.

Jerome Brooke

Wings Of Death

In the sea by Mataran, land of rubies and silver,
Lay the fleet in the sea.

Over the waves from the west, near Samare,
Sailed the ships of our lady.

□ □

Her dark eyes saw the prey, her claws,
Fleet and sharp, reached out;
Her sword of bronze, shone in the sun,
High was our shout.

Where are the ships, ships of the South,
Swift birds of prey?
Scattered, lost are the dark ships of dawn,
Burning, this day.

Jerome Brooke