

Poetry Series

M A Parry Eugene
- poems -

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M A Parry Eugene()

Beside The Blue Mountain

Beside the blue mountains, a hamlet
sweet and serene,
The slender silent trees, the cynosure of dreams reign;
How often my fancy roams through the

strange own alleys with many a theme,
To find your sojourn and wake with many a moist-eyed dream!
Flying away free far from the maddening crowd beyond the clouds,
Nimbus for eyes innocent, silent and serene...

M A Parry Eugene

Desert Rose

You are like a desert rose-unravished, pure,
Though the dust and sand may surround you for sure;
Your breath and beauty must reign supreme forever,
In the lull and storm the fragrance must linger forever;
And the vile winds may not put on you a slur,
But spread the sweet supreme scent in every corner;
For all times you remain a pilgrim place,
Of my dreams, desires -lending them a divine grace;
A sojourn sweet for a traveller torn gone astray,
In the Oasis liberating, the troubles must go away;
Into a pilgrim the waste wanderings turn,
A pure enlightened heart for him you earn;
How dare waste wanderings they call them all,
When unto you Desert Rose their destiny does call.

M A Parry Eugene

F.A.T.H.E.R

'Fathomless fountain of feelings for you surge in my heart,
As you softly still row the boat of life across the Seas of uncertainty fraught,
To the brink, with floods of mundane madness and selfish froth so unkind,
Hero's magic wand your words wise proxy, and smoothly sail I as you bind;
Endlessly the realms of dreams and reality together so easy and fine,
Reap I must the fruits of your labour and love and dedication and that of mine!

M A Parry Eugene

F.R.I.E.N.D

'Feelings pure sublime, faith skiey-high unfaltering,
Respect for sheer individuality and reverence for mutual thinking;
Inspiration forever lasting even when we wander far away from each other,
Eternal flame of the feelings must keep burning in wind and rainy weather;
Near or far so close we are: and the pristine perfume does linger, Dear,
Dawns and dusks even after I wake from many a moist-eyed dream dear! '

M A Parry Eugene

Hacking Your Heart

Could I hack your heart, I would know,
The worth of your words, the signs you show;
Could you hack my heart, you would know,
The deep devotions the abysmal love;
Could I hack your heart, you would show,
A love so true you never know;
Could you feel the way I've been feeling, you would know,
Heaven from Hell, Life from death and Truth from mere show:
Heavenly heights I soar as my mind chase the Shadow Sweet,
An auroral aura breezes me into a world outlandish and so sweet;
Vagaries of a vanquished mind? Or something surreal I hardly need to know,
Into the realms of reality, I pray, never let me like this go!

M A Parry Eugene

New Year

New dreams, new hopes new life and Sweet
old friends,
Eternity is too short to stay in sweet sync
with you all dear friends;
Wish that we could meet somewhere
beyond time and space,
Years go by, but the love still grows as we
stay on the Face;
Endless are the emotions, and fathomless
the feelings pure,
Angelic aura may fill our senses now and
forever and ever,
Remain in the vicinity of rhyme and reason,
et let it be Love Dear!

M A Parry Eugene

Riverband Of Romamce

Riverband of romance often I tread alone
in the labyrinths of time,
I n the secret sacred hours when lonely
cold stars are so kind;
So I forget the trials and tribulations for a
moment, Dear,
Here all alone till I again know to know
that you don't care;
Eerie shudder tolls me back to my frozen
forlorn self,
Too good to be true- may be you were just
a riveting elf;
And drown I deeper in the river of
emotions true and strong,
Ah, awake here I am from many a moist-
eyed dream-I was so wrong;
Miss I true the unsaid love, my uncried
tears too said it a million times,
In you I must still find the cynosure of my
dear dreams and desires;
Softly come away from the maddening
simmer and strife,
Somewhere into our own sphere to belong
to us for many a life!

M A Parry Eugene

Romana

ROMANA: The Divine Spirit

Revered in the lap of Nature now for all
times you will be loved for sure,
O this wild world was too profane to afford
a soul so sweet and pure;
More than a fragrant flower divine to
mystify all around,
Angelic aura to spell-bind even the
immortals alike profound;
Never will your love and beauty, true
Elysian Spirit, die,
Ah, it is too sudden and immature, dear, to
bid a good bye!

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Sacred Garden

Marvel divine meets in the manner of your eyes' skiey oceanic grace,
Angel-like your innocence that kindling pure love sojourns in your soul's face;
Nomadic madness seized, my days are bright and nights full of flowers and
dreams sweet,
Mere thought of you suffuses my senses with perfume pristine, and does beat,
Earthly airs: trouble and torment of diurnal dabble deeds,
Elysian touch, the magic of wise syllables and your lip's meads;
To you do I turn, in spirit and sense, when it is too much to take,
Teasing tinkles of the wild world: brilliant shallow and so fake!
Must you let me into the secret sacred garden that you weave,
Silently savour me the best of you still but till my last heave!

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The Moment Of Rain

'You drenched yourself in rain as though you were in pain,
I could hear you crying in the sad music of rain;
Was the sorrow too deep that you had to hide in vain,
The tears under the shadow of the somber saddening rain?
Out there in a corner, I shared some secret dear sorrow,
Since the Moment of Rain: today too and may be another tomorrow;
The smiles did steal some flashes, and you seemed easy and fine,
But I was sobbing silently, inconsolable somewhat to pine;
For a whisper may be in the evening twilight from you side,
That all is fine and you are over it and the sorrow no longer did abide;
Had come too far from the Moment but still the sorrow stayed, Dear,
Like a soul's shadow it prods and does lie to deep for wanton tear;
The answer to the Moment of rain, my scared half glances still seek in vain,
There is still some proportion of the Sweetness of my own Dear pain:
I confess the crime of slowly pilfering the freedom that danced in the rain,
Might have been blind to the flight of the spirits: oh I was insane! '

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The Sands Of Life

Newness strange seized me through as I softly walked,
In the desert desolate sans a sand of life to be talked;
Visions of life beyond the sands shone
on that inward eye,
Elysian oasis in the sand and simmer or maze of mind stood by;
Dear devotions, eerie emotions here
they spring like Autumn flowers,
In that mirth of madness a feeling above earthly feelings flowers;
Talk we need not about it, but an
eloquent silence, dear,
Angel-way must make us feel and daunting distance not to care!

M A Parry Eugene

When I Have Fears

When I have fears that the shadow may cease to be around,
In the simmer of higher senses and resplendant reasons profound;
When the smiles so sheen will lose the shine so fine,
Through the mirror of indifference-this poor heart will sure pine;
For a whisper sweet may be in the evening twilight,
That might again stir the soul to the long-lost fight;
Then it is high time I turned to the deity, for cold solace,
Painted for decades unchanged on the heart's unchained face;
Time changes all I know Sweet, and so does familiarity that lies,
But give me back the silent face, or still serene the voice of your eyes!

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