**Poetry Series** 

## ngaio beck - poems -

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## ngaio beck(dec7 1976)

A Soldier

## **Purgas Grove**

As the mists and the damp of early November Hid the whipering woods of the Sangamon tree The smoldering fires were all I remember The curse of this land, it still haunted me

Just at dusk, as I moved through the shadows Fear and my guilt caused unbearable pain Your voice in this place is now just a whisper Without a shape, any form would sustain

The priests long ago, I remember they told us Stay away from this woodland, wait until dawn When the darkness and all of its' voices have scattered When the Masters of death they have finally gone

The Ferial days, we knew they were narrow Soon the things of the dark will be here, will be born The house of the moon now is cold, now is empty Prayer and my faith they surely will scorn

Alone in this grove, in sorrow I've wandered To hear your voice once again from the trees Your fragrance with Nightshade meanders Your scent I can feel as a stench on the breeze

It taunts me with whispers, it's part of the madness The screams and the cries plead aloud from the cove You're gone now, in torment my soul still remembers The demons, (their dwellings), in dark Purgas Grove

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## When Came The Dawn

At evening time when sets the sun A creeping darkness then will come And bury yet another day Into the night where demons play

I came this way, (a time or two) And tried to hold at bay Dark forces now that evil do Would steal it all away

A different music on the wind A different sound I hear The moaning of the spirit-world Of pain, Of loss, Of fear

I wandered lonely, where to go That I may ease my tortured soul A phantom sower hating dawn But with the planting carry on

A grisly forest, blackened, dead These tunes were playing, in my head I followed where this music led A Roman chorus, now all dead

A silent scream, 'Please let me be' As I hid behind the tree There to stay, eternally A cursed shadow, never free

But as the sun begins to rise A golden light to cleanse the skies Chase the darkness; Yes it does And now I find I never was

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