

Poetry Series

# Night Flyer

## - poems -



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## Night Flyer(11/4/1955)

Have been writing poems for a while. Started posting a lot in 2007 to various websites. A lot of my poems touch upon nature, aesthetics, visions and mystic states of consciousness. Like to take walks under the moon and stars or through the forest and these will usually inspire in me some poetry. Also waking up in the middle of the night is sometimes gives me inspiration to write. Am living in Framingham, Massachusetts, USA. Besides poetry, I was also the guitarist for a band in Florida called Nostradamus. Our band put out a CD of original music in 1997 and for a while did local gigs at mainly coffeehouse. A section of one of my poems 'My River Lethe' appeared in the independent UK film 'Beyond The Lake' in 2022. I also have two poetry books entitled 'Garden Of The Mind' and 'An Alchemical Journey On The Road To Love' available on Lulu.com. They are published by Wilderness House Press'.



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# Midnight Wind

Midnight wind outside my window  
Blowing through the trees with its mournful sound  
Carrying with it memories of the people I've known  
And the past  
Such a lonely sound and beautiful at the same time  
Marking the time that has past and the seasons  
In the depths of my mind  
The eternal sound of Cosmos  
Of ages that sweep forever from my dreams  
To the far future beyond my death into eternity  
The rustle of leaves outside  
Like the moments slipping by in my life  
Leaving me a future vision of my weathered gravestone  
Beneath an oak tree in the moonlight of Winter  
Haunting wind passing  
A song that sweeps by in sadness and mystery  
Outside this bedroom where I lay  
Like a visiting old friend  
Keeping me company, and then slipping away back through the trees  
to far distances as I drift back to sleep.

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# From The Plains Of Midnight

Forever lie the plains of midnight  
Silence marks the path before me  
In the dimness of early morn  
The misty air in calm purity floats  
This is the essence that is the night  
And calmness the door to soaring dreams  
A portal to the recesses within  
That reverberate a million miles below  
Like currents alive in oceans deep  
Rising up to move my pen  
These swirling words from dreams sublime  
And far plains, illuminated  
Beyond the twisted paths of desolate night  
They call me from this sleepy season  
And flowing rivers of the mind  
Let them flow from these depths below  
And let these words rise to my room  
Like vapors from mountains high.

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# This Wayward Journey

Forest roads, winding through the blackness of forever  
Beneath the watchful eyes of Heaven  
And the eternal presence of all who have died  
Their moment of unity, here in this windy abyss.

Mesmerized with memories  
Driving toward the distant lights of my town  
I, a rider of eternity  
In the realm of desolate night roads  
Past the frozen chill of forests and graveyards.

The purple black reaches of sky and horizon  
Pulling me rapidly forward  
But realizing I have no home but this windy road and a lifetime of memories  
Saved in bittersweet images.

Lonely but drawn to the beauty of this cold velvet evening  
In an ocean of feeling  
My birth and death, dim points of light in this wayward journey  
United with the heavens and ages  
Guiding me in my long ride home.

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# Strolling Through A Hillside Park

A quaint hillside park, repository of memories in this winter's season  
The mysteries of old Ireland rising like mist from the cold, damp ground  
This sea of lichen covered stones  
Carved with the names of local ancestors  
Their muted voices lost in January's breeze  
As I slowly stroll through this hidden island of silence  
Under a dreamy panorama of stark, leafless trees and painted ivory clouds  
And the spire of an old stone chapel rising in the distance.  
The amber rays of setting sun play across the frozen field in a windy  
kaleidoscope  
As late afternoon shadows dance,  
'cross uneven ground and rusting iron gates  
Drawing me onward in enchantment and fascination, through the haunted park,  
on timeless paths.

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# Across The Moonlit Lake

For my love that ever reaches thee in the dead of night  
Across forested hills, its voice in ghostly echoes  
Your kiss, the seal of quiet victory  
Across the moonlit lake and sound of crickets,  
I smile in sapphire depths of knowing,  
That the night kept the secrets of your passionate kisses  
locked in its somber embrace,  
As I drift across the astral miles  
the music of your smile became one with the moon  
In hypnotic pulses of pleasure,  
And the blissful song of I and thee by that silver lake  
still rings out in the wild night as I drift to sleep.

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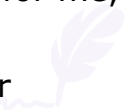


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# Dreams Of Misty Babylon

Dreams of misty Babylon, of moonlit deserts  
Of tales of knights of the infinite sands  
Riding neath the crescent moon,  
I ride the night's pathways, across this desert vast  
Bright Ishtar shining  
Sweet Lady of the skies  
Guide me to your city gates,  
Through wind-blown sand, guide my flying steed  
Past crumbling castles of time,  
Desire, the torch that speeds my journey  
To my maiden of the desert sands,  
Sweet Babylon  
Her dark eyes, reflecting the crescent moon  
Her red lips, like garnet, inviting  
Her gown of lapis lazuli, radiant  
Smiling, behind her silver curtains  
Nubile, neath gossamer sheets  
She waits for me, in the frankincense of night.

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# Don Juan Night

Silence like amber glass, flowing down to endless reaches of darkness  
Silent mists float in cumulus waves 'neath the diamond Moon's sad smile,  
In wintry wisps, over a serpentine wilderness  
Its melting light sings out to the roses of midnight  
The silver wind rising to an ancient panorama of liquid opal and ruby smoothness

In roaring effulgence  
To foggy rooms of sky I reach out  
Here in a Don Juan night  
Trapped in the hourglass of time.

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# Miami Night

Pastel, mescaline skyscrapers growing like crystals on the edge of Miami night  
Flowing shattering, splintering colored lights onto a black ocean canvas  
A million dreams dissolve into the steamy torridness of this tropical mystery  
Melting city of the coral reef  
Calls me to share its secrets, its schemes  
Emerging from the whirlpool of neon confusion lights  
The boulevards are breathing mad revolution,  
Capillary cells flowing, the crowds of dank midnight  
My eyes assaulted in a red sensory overload of luscious Latin coquettes  
Waist deep in a movie that's never been created  
Crucified and laughing by the late night Cameo Theater beer orgy  
Besieged on all corners  
The hobo hoards have conquered sanity's last bastion  
Miami night brain cell genocide oozes into the last red eye of the street crowd  
Burning yearning, young lust flowing like sweat into the last inch of the hopeless streets  
Wild-eyed, the crazy jesters converge into a melting moonlight street symphony,  
My blood flowing in palm tree rhythms into rapid delirium tremens of another night on the town  
The fractured ocean crowd is breathing in mad procession  
Down past the orgasmic paints of dawn  
Rainbow paint flowing like a nightmare into the wild-eyed, lusty streets  
Art riot shaking the mind of the universal whatever it is  
I leave half awake,  
Drowning forever in this acrylic bohemian ocean.  
I come back to Earth,  
Leaving behind the bare bones of last night's street frenzy.

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# Realm Of The Night

Realm of the night  
Sanctum of all mysteries  
Welcoming me back into its arms  
High over swaying pines  
In the cool winds of November  
Calling me from mystical dreams  
With its song of echoing crickets  
An icy sapphire window of sky  
Framed by a ring of tree tops  
Like a shimmering golden crown  
A portrait of infinity with its patterns of stars  
Arranged like a latticework of crystals in  
a purple tapestry  
Blazing down their platinum upon this cosmic  
Autumn scene.

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Over by the wall,  
Her photograph stares sadly at me  
In the late night shadows of my lonely suburban dream  
She lies forever silent now, beneath the leaves of a cold meadow, filled with  
ageless stones  
And I, aging slowly in this wooden mausoleum of retirement  
Others listen to the cicadas of passing evenings  
Joyfully entwined in sexual bliss  
While I lay untouched in the darkness of this blue solitude  
My love gathering dust like wilted roses  
In this three am world of memories  
I call out in vain to the one who will never return  
And to past lovers like mirages on the fading cliffs of my dream world  
Descending to the unforgiving reality of isolation  
My lonely destiny.

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# An Alchemical Journey To The Heart Of Love

Through a misty forest in the night  
Drawn through passageways of darkness  
Over cold rivers  
Drawn to that crimson light that beckons from the distance  
Through this shiny trail of alchemy  
Through the tangle of ghostly branches  
Swaying in the cold breeze  
Neath piercing stars of the mystical heavens  
Warm faint rays illuminating through the crags and cliffs of midnight mountains  
Heart of Love calling me in amber rays as I rise  
Drawing me closer to the burning crucible that lights up this eternal night  
An alchemical union of gold and silver revealed  
As I merge in shimmering waves of purple and red  
Feeling the loving heart of my beloved  
Alive in this burning flame.

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# Doorway To Eternity

Slowly rising half Moon in the silence of the early morn  
over the trees and rooftops of this sleeping neighborhood  
Becoming the smiling face of a long lost friend  
Of all my Floridian summers  
Looking back at me  
Calling on me to join her in the heavens  
When I'm free from the bonds of this corporeal life  
To join her, once more, in the quiet midnight of the ages  
Far beyond this daylight daydream  
This pearly Moon in shining mists, rising in the cool air  
A beckoning doorway to eternity.

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# This Road Of Memories

Through country roads in the darkness of my memories

To Carlisle and Concord

In pathways of ancient silence

And the ghostly breezes that drift through the pine woods

In midnight's unreachable miles

Drive I onward in the darkness

Intrepid traveler on this road of memories

Through Wayland, Natick and Sherborn

Past stagecoach roads and graveyards

And the rustle of Autumn leaves

The memories of all of I've known

Drown in mystery fathoms of forgotten

Beneath Time's passing indifference.

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# Reflections Of The Moon Over A Lake

Ancient moon,  
Guardian of truth  
Your silent smile beckons,  
Across crystal reaches of midnight waters  
And in your glowing smile  
The secrets of death and time.

As sea blown clouds drift opalescently across these waters,  
In your eyes,  
The death of all who've passed into the shades of Summer nights,  
A cloud, a last goodbye before the winds of time  
Their eyes knowing the silent secret of your smile  
They join in on the chorus of a million nights  
And beckon me to join them in nocturnal eyes of silence.

Let the crickets' call and frogs' symphony carry me to your eternal truth  
Smiling empress of night, of silence, of death.

Sweep me from the violence of these waters  
To passages of time,  
Away from the stormy battles of my destiny.

Summer moon,  
Bringer of midnight winds  
Scents of jasmine that sway the branches of mystical trees  
Like the winds that pull me from this place of midnight  
To this moment of mystery I share with thee, silver Luna.

Your ascent across the skies,  
Reflected in the glassy depths of this lake of dreams,  
Neath the opal clouds  
Drifting their sad farewell to this world I leave behind.

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# The Maenad's Song

On a hillside flowing with Spring's song  
The palm trees swirl to the music of my heart  
Sultry maenads, who spawn forth from fantasy's depths  
Sing their lustful melodies that echo in the reaches of my mind  
Will youthful love break these icy bonds that imprison my heart  
radiating its warmth to a heart so deprived  
in an explosion of brilliance  
fulfilling the empty spaces of my life's journey?

On this hillside, I vow  
No longer will the walls of doubt and isolation  
stem the flow of the maenad's song  
that surges forth to these crumbling castle walls  
Let their voices burst through this prison of my making  
And bring to this mind and skin life in warm intimate waves....

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# Autumn Dreams

Woman of my dreams,

Still feel you through ascending pathways of Autumn trees

that open up before me

Graced with golden leaves

Kissed by the sunsets of a million dreams

Flying in crystalline shapes of rapture

Your hair of scarlet, billowing across the hills

Your arms, transforming to wings across the sunset

Your face, beckoning me from plains of midnight

Your sweet voice, echoing hauntingly across Autumn meadows

Calling to me from the deep recesses of hallucinogenic

memories.

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# The Old Harbor

Went down to the sea today  
Rode my bike on the sea wall  
Looked out over the windy waters  
The old harbor  
Now a city of memories  
Of Summer camp and birthday parties  
Dissolving in the mirrors of my youth  
City of my parents, grandparents and relatives  
Their faces and voices floating in the depths of the blue green  
waters of the bay,  
Glistening in the afternoon sun  
Calling me back  
From this ocean they came  
To this ocean, they've returned  
But all the love they gave,  
And the lessons they taught  
In my heart, remain.

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# Lake Grove Impressions

A moment lost in the September chill,  
Spirit memories in the wind,  
Chiseled stones dotting the grassy splendor of this verdant hollow,  
Silence breathes through the trees by the lake,  
In a precious world hidden from all eyes but mine,  
Pristine sanctuary of peace,  
Drawing me into its dreamy center,  
On the shady hillside,  
Faint images and memories dancing among lichen covered gravestones,  
Relaxing in cool dampness,  
In this, my sepulchre of eternity,  
Holding me in its embrace.

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# Through The Mystic Breeze

To walk down country roads during Spring's windswept advance,  
Neath the serene light of April's full moon  
Draped in cirrus mists,  
The cooling winds of freedom, rushing down a darkened street  
Raising my eyes upward,  
Toward starry diamonds, timeless, all-knowing  
That peak through long oak branches,  
Swaying in the midnight wind,  
My mind adrift in memories, bittersweet  
Of friends and times, long gone.  
Their images fade in the citrine glow  
As I walk on,  
Through the mystic breeze.

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# Streets Of Hull

Rivers flow down towards the bay  
And with them, lifetimes swept away  
Of cobble stones and windswept sand  
And legends of our native land  
I walk alone down avenues  
Of shifting sands and ocean hues  
And faces from another time  
From road to sandy bluffs, I climb  
Down by the sea, the windy shore  
Whispers their names, who are no more  
Pale ghosts who wander by the sea  
Up from the waves, they call to me  
Of whalers, who for glory, yearned  
And sailing ships that ne'er returned  
Of sailors brave and lovely maids  
To them, the ocean serenades  
I sip my beer and hear a gull  
Lost on these timeless streets of Hull.

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# The Realm Of Moonlight

In the mystic moments of Winter's silent scene  
Lies a realm of moonlight, so precious and serene  
That glows in frozen splendor above the leafless trees  
And leads the mind to wander in ancient mysteries  
So surreal and entrancing, it rules the endless sky  
In mesmerizing wonder to the slumbering eye  
This dreamland of the ages, adrift in silver haze  
Shines through my bedroom window, and to its mists, I gaze.□

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# Midnight Moon

Work your magic across the sky  
Midnight Moon, pearlescent queen  
To your smile, my spirit flies  
Through the clouds and mists pristine.

Drawn by your hypnotic glare  
Proud Selene, eternally  
Captured by your silver stare  
And the spell you've put on me.

Pearly mistress, guide me home  
To my castle by the sea  
Blessed, these miles that I roam  
Neath your shining mystery.

From the fires in my heart  
With rhyming verse, I honor thee  
Before the morning makes its start  
Thou blazing orb of poetry.

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# Pathways Of The Mind

A mystic path winds through my mind  
Of misty gold, its trees sublime  
Where heaven's winds caress the fields  
A Summer dreamscape so surreal  
And it spurs me to venture on  
To emerald depths of Avalon  
Where music dances on the breeze  
And magic swirls amidst the trees  
More blissful realms, I'll never find  
These dreamy pathways of the mind.

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# This Wretched Path

Branches move and sadly sway  
Their farewell to this long day  
Shadows over woodlands, creep  
As this village drifts to sleep.

The sad song of a twilight loon  
Greets the rising crescent moon  
As sunset's crimson fades to black  
For healing love, I feel a lack.

Far past the twilight's interlude  
I pay the price for solitude  
The night has rendered my dreams dark  
So down these empty streets I walk.

Now toward my cabin, I retreat  
As day to night passes complete  
In evening's chill, its plainly shown  
This wretched path, I walk alone.

This need for love, inside it drums  
So cruel a sting when nighttime comes  
As loneliness inwardly maims  
Another night, my heart, it claims.

Soon in my cabin, I'll recline  
And pour a glass of bitter wine  
And drift to sleep's merciful arms  
To dream of some fair lover's charms.

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# Aurora

Fair Aurora,  
Paints her sky with brush strokes of amethyst  
On misty clouds, she rides  
Past the glory of the Morning Star  
A sea of opal pours through gates of sleep  
And pearly clouds gather like foam on timeless waves  
As she pushes back the night on her turquoise tide,  
Making way to mother-of-pearl.

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# Of Distant Dreams

Of distant dreams that call in the silence of dusk,  
Their resonance in tropic humidity  
Calling to me through the jacaranda and palm  
past the swirling spanish moss  
Their melodies resounding like bells in the lilac evening  
And the chorus of crickets that drifts out to a harvest moon sky  
O distant dreams that calm my sadness  
and wrap me in their warmth  
on passing ocean breezes,  
Meander through stirring branches of twilight forests  
to greet my Summer desolation,  
sweeping me to your fabled lands,  
beyond evening's gateways.

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# Autumn Sky

Sapphire blue and cirrus white  
Silver smile of bright moonlight  
Leads me down where spirits meet  
All along this silent street  
Fleecy clouds that glow on high  
Brighten up the midnight sky  
Haunted cries and past life streams  
Fill this windy realm of dreams  
Stranded now on ghostly lanes  
To far hills and astral plains  
Blue moon shines her mystery  
In her light, I know I'm free  
Spellbound, I behold her rise  
Opal of the crystal skies  
Fills the night, her jasmine kiss  
Starlit boulevards of bliss  
Autumn sky, my mind, you've raised  
To your heights, I drift, amazed.

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# Walls Of Babylon

To the walls of Babylon I float  
In the summer heat of centuries  
I drift to the graves of kings,  
Who ruled from thrones of lapis lazuli,  
In the shadow of hanging gardens  
Their voices, down long corridors, echoed,  
With the scent of frankincense and myrrh  
This blue glazed palace, where caravans strayed,  
To quench their thirst neath burning skies,  
Now, distant memories, in sun-baked rubble  
Yet Ishtar rises, sweet desert nymph,  
Like a vision, o'er her broken walls  
Her song, like a rainbow mist,  
Over endless plains, calling,  
In the depths of my dreams.

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# Strange Visions

The desolate graveyards of yesterday's tears  
Are lying below me in wilderness clears  
The pale spectral faces that wait behind doors  
They gather before me o'er bleak granite floors  
These ghosts of my nightmares drift silently on  
As this tempest rages so long before dawn  
The midnight's dark voices in hallways, resound  
As I feel the presence of spirits earthbound  
Night whispers, they're calling, as strange as it seems  
These voices enthralling in ominous dreams  
Strange visions I'm knowing, so ghostly, congeal  
In Luna's bright glowing o'er landscapes surreal.

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# Mermaid

I saw her just the other day  
Swimming in a Western bay  
I saw her face  
I knew it was love.

Smiling mermaid of the Seven Seas  
It was then she looked at me  
I saw her face  
I knew it was love.

And she called out my name  
And I knew it would never be the same to me  
In waves of crashing ecstasy  
She's calling me from an emerald sea  
Mermaid.

The sunset came, the full moon rose  
A windy beach where no one goes  
To water's edge, I walked along.

And then a voice called out to me  
As moonlight swept the endless sea  
So beautiful, her mermaid song.

And the Moon, it did rise  
As I looked into her deep blue eyes  
And heard the roar  
Of breakers on that ancient shore  
So close to me forever more  
Mermaid.

She will be there  
When I want her  
Swimming out, into the blue.

Like an angel  
On a seashell  
Ocean girl, I love you  
And you know she will be



Shining mermaid of the sea.

And she called out my name  
And I knew it would never be the same to me  
In waves of crashing ecstasy  
She's calling me from an emerald sea  
Mermaid.

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# Cruel, Cruel Love

A bank of mists burns scarlet gold  
Across the dusk in Autumn skies  
As sunset glows with colors bold  
The emptiness within me cries.

How deeper would these colors shine  
To watch this scene 'tween loving arms  
And feel the warmth of lips divine  
Across my brow, romantic charms.

And what I'd give if I could find  
That girl with eyes that softly gleam  
She smiles at me within my mind  
But fades away just like a dream.

Somewhere out there, lovers embrace  
In pastel rooms with candlelight  
Neath crumpled sheets of velvet lace  
Their passion echoes through the night.

But here for me, a wretched poem  
To cry out to the empty sky  
And to the Moon as I drift home  
Oh cruel, cruel Love, you've passed me by!

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# Spectral Siren Of The Night

Up on a hill, I saw a light  
In bitter cold December gloom  
On frozen roads of windy night  
Past avenues of graves and tombs.

I carefully walked, stricken with dread  
On rocky paths of ancient years  
To byways of the lonely dead  
Where midst the trees, they shed their tears.

The winding trail, it took me high  
Toward Moose Hill's haunted mystery  
I heard a woman's eerie cry  
That like thin smoke, flowed down to me.

In misty dark, I made my way  
And came upon a thorny hedge  
On broken paths, as clear as day,  
A stone house on a craggy ledge.

She smiled at me beside her door  
With sparkling eyes and scarlet hair  
A face that made my fires roar  
Voluptuous beyond compare.

She bade me then to come inside  
And through that door, I quickly raced  
White candles glowed on every side  
As flames danced in her fireplace.

This spectral siren of the night  
Right next to me, her body thrust  
So mesmerizing with delight  
It stirred those burning flames of lust.

The fire in her eyes, it gleamed  
We kissed and then she gently spoke  
But disappeared, twas just a dream  
And in my bedroom, I awoke.

Next morn, I climbed that steep terrain  
In hope I'd find her by her door  
A pile of rocks, all that remained  
Of some old house from years before.

A weathered gravestone stood nearby  
I walked to it and then I saw  
An epitaph from years gone by  
Its worn words shook me to the core.

'In life, they called me Lizabeth  
For years lived on that ledge above  
Though turned to dust, conquered by death  
My spirit lingers here for love'.

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# A Winter Scene

Cottony lace surging across the season's sky  
And starry jewels scintillating in dreamy heavens  
White birch spires lost in the swirling clouds of December's majesty  
That blazing spark of winter's glory  
Imbued with precious evergreen scent  
Shining down through leafless branches  
A mystery that draws us up  
To this silent celebration of Christmastime.

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# Your Memory On This Road Of Solitude

Distant lover,  
Cast your mournful spell across the evening's cold  
On this road I glide, past shuttered homes  
The glare of street lights play across the shadows  
I feel your embrace, though miles away you lie,  
Cross the unforgiving silence  
Pine branches, like a tapestry  
Above this road that goes nowhere  
Across the vault of haunted sky that shines its stars through the branches  
Piercing me in desolation as I gaze upward  
The scent of pine and smoke, embracing me in my solitude  
Like your memory,  
Guiding me back through the amethyst night.

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# Flamingo Dawn

Shimmering light on dawn's lake  
A rising sun of caramel gold  
This flamingo land silent, in waves of motion  
Its smiles rising over flowing distances  
Blue heron gliding over silver waters  
Mirroring the lazy sky  
Sun disk exploding forth with golden rays  
Piercing the horizon in brilliance  
Flooding my eyes with liquid gold  
This super nova of tropical fire  
Surging forward in dancing rainbows.

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# My Burning Quest

I hear your voice reverberate  
Captured on crumbling acetate  
The music we made in our past  
We thought those times would ever last  
My guitar rang, the drums did boom  
I listen from this darkened room  
Our music jams, our songs, our friends  
Dissolve into a dream that ends  
Those carefree days, our sweet escape  
These dreams remain on this old tape  
Our songs, we gave them our best try  
But I forget, the times slipped by  
The music of our hearts' delight  
Is now just echoes in the night  
To raise our band from its long rest  
I vow to make my burning quest.

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# Like The Spring Wind

Warm Spring wind,  
Streaming past my vale in swirling crescendos  
Past the grey skies of the barren Winter's sorrows  
A refreshing breeze,  
Roaring past heaving branches in this new season's panorama  
From the sparkling seas,  
New life merging with the clarion winds over swaying trees and hillocks  
This symphony resounding in victory  
O'er the bleak wastelands of Winter's dominion  
May new love, like the Spring wind  
Glide and melt this Winter's heart that reigns in my being  
May her kiss forever free me from the bonds of yesterday's prison  
Like the sun warming the cold earth  
And her touch, like a breath of new life.

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# Musical Dream

I dreamt I came up to the shore  
And stared out on the windy bay  
Bright city lights aglow, I saw,  
Miami Beach, a mile away.

I felt our band had reached our dream  
As ocean clouds drifted along  
No doubt, dear Mari, it would seem  
The whole wide world now loved your song.

In rapture, I gazed at the sea  
Our band had finally met with fame  
Our music now had set us free  
And everybody knew our name.

This feeling of success, so real,  
Nothing with it could e'er compare  
To know our music gained appeal  
Across the country, everywhere.

They beckoned us, those lights of gold  
To share our music with the night  
And build a dream of things untold  
As I awoke in sheer delight.

But fame flew by, and left us here  
And with time, passed our merry band  
Still my sweet dream remains so clear  
When I hear songs of Mari Ann.

Night Flyer

# In Distant Memories

I remember the Moon over the bay, at Sanibel  
When we walked its golden sands, hand in hand  
The colored lights of Fort Meyers shown like gems for us,  
Across the mystic waters,  
The orange Moon in its perfection, smiling down upon us  
As we tread on the soft sands, through the gentle breeze  
Our new love soaring on that special night  
Two poets, two friends, walking out toward the sea,  
The crystal waters reflecting the fire of burning Luna  
Deep truths we shared that night, by those glistening waters  
And our love, eternal  
Your laughter drifting, I recall, across the midnight bay  
O what I'd give to join you now, on that magic beach,  
So long ago, so far away, in distant memories...

Night Flyer



PoemHunter.com

# Your Mermaid Song

We meet again one dreamy night  
Of emerald green on midnight's shore  
Warm waves reflected in the light  
Of silver moon forevermore.

I listen to your soaring voice  
That echoes cross the sapphire waves  
And causes my heart to rejoice  
For music of the sea, it craves.

In this Aegean dream, we play  
This magic beach of windswept sand  
In pale moonlight, we've lost our way  
Here where the ocean meets the land

Sweet Mari Ann, your poet ways  
Through endless dunes, you lead me on  
Way past the rocks, lost in a daze  
Enraptured by your mermaid song

Night Flyer

# Mystic Words

From this verdant hallowed site  
By the plains, forevermore  
Bathed in golden morning light  
I can watch brave eagles soar.

By the ancient, misty plain  
In the shade of oak trees brown  
Fed by endless Winter rain  
I can hear the West wind's sound.

As I watch a rustic bog  
Mystic words flow out to me  
Sitting on a weathered rock  
Neath the forest canopy.

A humble spot it may now seem  
On this lichen covered stone  
But like a vision in a dream  
'Tis poetry's exalted throne.

So I come here every day  
To this sunny Shangri La  
Catching words that come my way  
On the winds from meadows far.

Night Flyer

# The Winds Of Winter

Intrepid these winds that swirl through the listless night,  
On white marble clouds that coalesce in silence  
They carry a certain malice,  
Surging forward from the deep ocean far  
These winds in the cold gloom  
No deliverance they send, nor compassion  
Just the grey looming vapors of the coming Winter  
Gathering from afar,  
A stark panorama in exhausting frames of vision,  
I stand beneath their medieval fury.

Night Flyer



PoemHunter.com

# The Freedom Of The Sea

Brave sailors who sailed distant seas  
In ages, crossing Neptune's realm  
Sweet treasure's call, their minds, it pleased  
Through surging waves, they took the helm.

With sextants held neath silver stars  
They plied swift currents in the breeze  
And sailed their ships to islands far  
Past harbor lights and port cities.

For what rich treasures spurred their quests  
For gold or silver, were they sent  
With wanderlust that never rests  
To ends of earth they gladly went.

But give me treasure that is real  
The chance to write some poetry  
On swirling waves, this heart will heal  
And feel the freedom of the sea.

Don't want to stay here anymore  
And drown in my uncertainties  
I'd rather hear the ocean's roar  
And see Gibraltar's majesty.

And know that I shall join someday  
Those ancient mariners of yore  
And reach that land so far away  
Elysium's enchanted shore.

Night Flyer

# An Ode To Mystras

A wind-swept plain in morning light  
Beneath the heights of ancient slopes  
The golden rays that drowned the night  
Renew again these broken hopes.

From this deep valley I have seen  
Grey castles on a steep terrain  
Old Mystras still sits so pristine  
So high above the Spartan plain.

Her rocky slopes tell the story  
Of the blood that washed her castle walls  
Through battles won, she earned her glory  
To wounded cries and trumpet calls.

The brilliant silver armour gleamed  
As armies rushed her citadel  
Her gallant knights against them streamed  
With bravery, the castle held.

The years have passed like the hot breeze  
That still swirls o'er her ruined walls  
Fair jewel of the Peloponnese  
You've earned a place in valour's halls.

Night Flyer



# Ghosts Of Summers Lost

When dusk comes, I take my walk  
Meeting ghosts of Summers lost  
Near the lake, they often flock  
On the paths, in youth, I crossed.

Breaking waves upon the beach  
Bring the winds of evening's blue  
Feeling lost and out of reach  
On this twilight rendezvous.

Voices calling on the breeze  
Past the rocks where I would play  
Laughing banter through the trees  
Echoes from another day.

How the drifting white sands fly  
O'er this barren, windy shore  
Like the years that pass me by  
Leaving ghosts forevermore.

Night Flyer

# Vision Of Tyche

I looked up to the sky, the twilight rising,  
In a Floridian park, saw a vision spellbinding,  
The goddess Tyche, She appeared to me,  
On a throne of gold overlooking the sea,  
Goddess of Chance and Fortune strong,  
Protectress of the fair port Ascalon,  
Melting caramel clouds of time,  
Drifted over a windy shoreline,  
Through the mists I could plainly see,  
Her immortal gaze of serenity,  
In shimmering mists, She was wearing a crown,  
Gazing over this city of much renown,  
As time stood still, I watched in awe,  
This ancient goddess of the Levantine shore,  
Fortune has gone, but forever She must,  
Watch o'er a dead city long buried in dust.

Night Flyer



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# Silver Dreams

Silver lace spun cross the sky  
Pierced by Luna's blazing eye  
Moonlit walk takes me away  
Down quaint lanes of autumn gray  
Cooling winds of season's end  
Follow like a long lost friend  
Till their fury sets me free  
Neath this glowing tapestry  
On to silver dreams, in flight  
Borne by soaring wings of night.

Night Flyer



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# Poetry Goddess

In the depths of azure of my mystical dream  
The warm summer winds that pull me downstream  
On a river of gold that runs through my mind  
Past billowing curtains of tropical vines  
To a verdant green garden that captures my eye  
Neath the circling dance of the birds in the sky  
My poetry goddess, she waits for me there  
So graceful in form with a beauty so rare  
She's calling me back with a warm serenade  
From heavenly meadows of blossoming jade  
In the depths of azure of my mystical dream  
And the warm summer winds that pull me downstream.

Night Flyer



PoemHunter.com

# Tapestry Of Life

If you could see the tapestry of life on which all our lives are woven,  
Then you'd feel the purpose to which we've all been chosen,  
As our lives surge forward like waves on an endless ocean,  
There's so much we can do to fill our world with devotion,  
The value and effect of all that we do,  
Transforms our planet and environment too,  
The pain, the sadness, the joy and the growing,  
All enrich our lives with the seeds of all-knowing,  
The wisdom that burns within, heals us like a song,  
Like the rays of the sun as it warms a cold empty dawn,  
So if we treasure each moment like it was our last,  
We're treasuring our lives, future, present and past,  
When we see that glory lies in each moment, we'll be drawn,  
Like dandelion seeds carried by a mystic wind, to a new golden dawn.

Night Flyer



PoemHunter.com

# A Vision On The Autumn Breeze

October winds, they came at last  
Across the hills and ponds, they passed  
And strewn bright autumn leaves around  
So wonderful, their stirring sound  
Relentlessly, they lured my mind  
Down ancient paths that ever wind  
So forthwith I sped through my door  
Toward Massapoag's long sandy shore  
And to the windy beach, I came  
As waters glowed with twilight's flame  
I felt your love on me enfold  
As I gazed out on waters gold  
So movingly, our hearts were one  
Neath crimson rays of setting sun  
Though far across the land, you dwelt  
Eternal was the love I felt  
That spanned the mountains and the seas  
And rode the wild Autumn breeze  
Now Autumn days to Winter, turn  
This vision will, in my heart, burn.

Night Flyer

# On The Road To Rebirth

Take this path unto the sea  
Neath bright clouds, chalcedony  
On a marbled path I walk  
Past these twisted trees so dark  
Here the moon eerily gleams  
On this road of haunted dreams  
To my destination far  
Beckons like a silver star  
From a place where waters dance  
Guiding me, my midnight trance  
Swaying branches lead the way  
To a glowing moonlit bay  
See it shine beyond the bend  
There my sad life's journey's end  
Feel the wind as I come near  
To the endless ocean clear  
Lapping waves, please take me in  
Toward my rebirth, I begin  
To your mystery, I leap  
Pulled by ocean currents deep  
Soon to me, a new life's shown  
Out here in the great unknown.

Night Flyer

# From Here To Persepolis

Desert star of melting silver,  
Gleaming through the clouds  
The crossroads of desert merging in midnight's gloom,  
From here to Persepolis  
This royal road of ghost castles, disappearing into nowhere,  
Neath glowing starshine  
Like fields of rubies in the night.

Crescent moon in the heights of clouds, luminous, over desert vistas  
I hear the Silk Road calling me  
Toward endless mountains, unconquered in the purple night  
My dreams, my treasure, slipping by like hot desert sands  
Carried by the wind over crossroads of infinity.

Castles crumble in the clouds  
As Shahrazad of the night sings her stories to the wind,  
In waves of desire, over Parthian roads of barrenness,  
My passion burning like stars in the sky  
Feeling the warm caress of desert winds against my face  
As I follow my love to the end of time,  
Through the swirling sands of Persian nights.

Night Flyer



# A Greater Treasure

Worn coral paths of history  
Wind gently neath the evening shadows  
In this warm land of mystery  
And restless site of ancient battles.

Deep turquoise blue of daylight fades  
To twilight's sea of scarlet gold  
Walk I, alone, by windy glades  
As evening's symphony enfolds.

The palm trees sway in tropic breeze  
As golden Luna starts her rise  
If you were here, this heart you'd please  
I search for you in endless skies.

But you're not here, my search in vain  
As Luna shines her brilliant glow  
This gold moonlight can't rid the pain  
Of love that fled so long ago.

So stars, keep burning all night long  
My bruised heart's song is silenced mute  
The heavens cannot right this wrong  
Nor offer calming substitute.

The shining stars, I'll gladly miss  
To your warm kiss, they cannot measure  
The bright heavens offer no bliss  
Your sweet caress, a greater treasure.

Night Flyer

# The Sibyl Of The Lake

At the gates of gloom,  
By the shores of midnight waters.  
She waits, radiant beauty of ancient dreams.  
A delicate apparition of the misty night  
The sibyl of the lake,  
Watching through vaporous rings of haunted forests  
She gazes across the waters adamant  
in the pearly glow of a ghostly moon  
Scanning the black expanse of astral forests  
and the cloudy legions that gather above  
Emblazoned across the starry night  
Her sibyl eye staring across these still waters,  
to the Pleiades rising.

Night Flyer



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# In Purple Dreams

In purple dreams I glide, over sultry evening roads,  
Making my way homeward through night's crimson threshold,  
Starlit dreams are melting across the ancient seasons,  
Sweet scents of royal night, under cloudy swirling legions,  
My mind reflected in galaxies, mesmerised, spellbound,  
As the night wind gently flows, with supernatural sound,  
In shimmering shades of shadows, in the wild jasmine breeze  
Lies a pastoral scene of starlight through mystic swaying trees,  
My journey's marked in colors, in passages of love,  
I peer up through passing purple, to a presence up above,  
Sweet woman of my dreams, gazing down from way up high,  
Her lovely face reflected, in windy heights of sky  
Dear Muse, your smile guides me to that home within my heart,  
Till the night your sweet love finds me, 'neath evening's starry art..

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Night Flyer



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# Seasons Of The Night

The misty firmament above in the hours before the rising sun  
Swirls patterns deeply etched into the grey sky  
Windy realm of night with its soaring echoes  
A play of wind, clouds and dancing moonlight  
The spirits of the ages play, spread across the invincible night  
They play unseen, yet fill the Arcadian meadows with their presence  
To the wind, they vow a burning promise  
To the night, their unquenchable energies  
In the windy sea sky, adrift with misty cloud schooners  
The season of the Solstice sweeps her glowing gown  
Drawn by oceanic breezes  
Her midnight tempest spawns vaporous clouds 'cross the gloomy moors,  
Her Druid song haunting the moonlit fields,  
This swirling mirth of darkness strips the tired senses spellbound in these  
seasons of the night.

Night Flyer



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# Shahrazad

Shahrazad, dancer of the night  
Behind the purple lattice of Persian screens  
You dance to the rhythm of ancient voices  
Swirling in the mirth of frankincense  
Spinning into the night.

I drink from the silver chalice of your smile  
Seeing crescent moons reflected in your eyes,  
The echoes of singing voices radiate the vision of desert nights  
As I feel my passion flowing  
A river of silver and gold melting into distant plateaus.

Desert enchantress,  
Spinning your dance eternal in the lapis depths of evening's promise  
I surrender now to your smile  
Let me drown in the music of your dark eyes  
Your seductive voice,  
Leading me to misty moonscapes and ruined castle walls.

Shahrzad,  
Swaying to the syncopating rhythms of bells and drums.  
Beneath a Persian moon.  
Drawing me to the magic of your spell.

Night Flyer

# Angel

Silver curtains of moonlight,  
Undulating slowly over glowing hillsides  
Bathing me in their radiance.

My moonlight walk,  
Through darkened, foliated passageways,  
Opening to mountain vistas of eternity  
And of soaring angels,  
Marble visaged in the silver glow of dancing mists  
Neath the full moon's glow.

Crimson woman of my Summer dreams,  
In the guise of a smiling angel  
Her flowing hair in the swirling wind, like fire  
Her touch, soothing me like quenching waters.

She leads me through smoky cloud realms  
On the burning rivers of her smile,  
To distant meadows of Summer's moon.

Night Flyer

# Epitaph

I vanished in the midnight wind  
Neath silver glare of hallowed moon  
Pale mistress Death, she calmly grinned  
And firmly held my hand too soon.

Into the night, I quickly flew  
As deep sadness possessed my mind  
To shadowlands, my spirit drew  
And left the mortal life behind.

And now you read this chiseled poem  
As whistling wind in moonlight plays  
Forever will my spirit roam  
While quickly pass time's fleeting days.

Don't call on me, I can't explain  
Death's mystery, in nature, lies  
Someday you'll walk that misty lane  
Far past the clouds of Autumn skies.

Night Flyer

# Goddess Of Eternal Night

Magic marble purple, melting into the windy night,  
She stands in the distance, on a hill,  
High above the plains of Infinity,  
The Goddess of Eternal Night,  
Holding a torch of white fire,  
Cold chill of the night, through swaying branches,  
Her flames beckoning all minds transfixed in this moment,  
Across endless reaches of Autumn darkness,  
The Luna glare pulsating in a chilly breeze,  
As my weary mind sets sail for Her kingdom,  
Bathed in the splendor of Her burning light.

Night Flyer



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# The Garnet Star

Look up, behold the garnet star  
High up in starry heavens far  
Bright amber jewel that shines pristine  
What ancient secrets have you seen  
Over a distant desert void  
Its crumbling castles, long destroyed  
And ghostly armies passing by  
Naught could escape your piercing eye  
Bold crimson star, we're far apart  
But your deep gaze enchants my heart  
So radiate your mystery  
That through the night, calls out to me  
And please impart, I do appeal  
Your mystic secrets to reveal.

Night Flyer



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