

# *Elfin Legends*



Austin P. Torney

# ELFIN LEGENDS

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<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCAqzcN340HXpDqHXmAy3SwA>

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## ELFIN LEGENDS

I love that time just after the gloaming,  
With the last of the glowflies still roaming,  
The night airs full of amorous promise,  
And the quietus that lets love's dreams rise.


Here our ships are over-brimmed with visions  
So clearly seen that some must roll on in,  
For the prismatic arch of the sun bow  
Is anchored twice to the real world below.

I dip myself in, as the cup to fill  
From the stream of consciousness my will  
That is beyond the plain reality,  
As waking from it all the more to be.

The gossamer mist snared me, barely felt,  
A fairy cloth of prehistoric weave that yet  
Haunted every stream, meadow, and wood  
In the Land of Youth,  
Where timeless beings live.







For  
as I'd  
sensed the cloud  
of lilac fragrance  
From a mountainous bush,  
that passing mist  
Awakened olden  
creature things in me  
That sympathized on  
an ancient frequency.

To life's forgotten tides  
and swells I yielded,  
And thus was allowed  
into their spaceless world—  
Through a small opening  
that tunneled at first,  
Then funneled into  
the expanse  
of Fairylande.

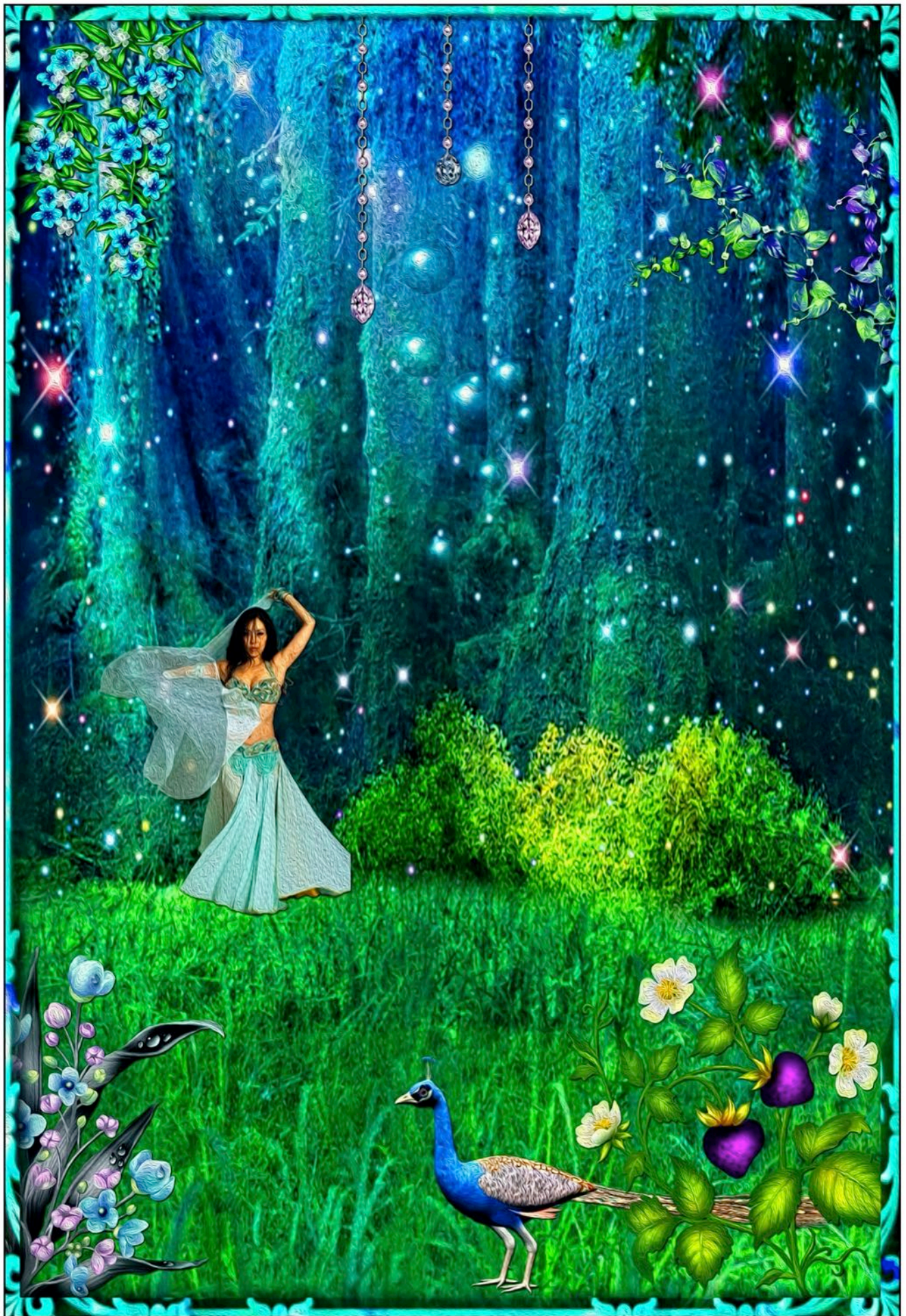



Here the blessed and haunted old forest,  
Whereat the base of a great oak I rest,  
While all about lay wondrous deep coverts,  
And a green-turfed path that leads o'er a crest.

'Twas so still you could hear an acorn fall,  
And the musical strain of mystic call,  
In soft tones flowered upon the silence,  
As floating on the surface of the All.









'Tis that time of morn  
when the exiled rise,  
Thrown to time's Earthly bondage  
through the skies,  
Being for an hour  
their own Heavenly selves,  
Their full glory unhidden by disguise.

These forest fairies, dryads,  
nymphs, and fauns,  
In spring flash their nude blossoms  
on the lawns.

She beckons me along,  
for though the air  
I pass thoughts of  
love, verses and songs.





The life of her face is  
in her deep blue eyes,  
Soft-lipped mouth,  
and the ears that pointed rise,  
As the moon and stars reflect in a pool,  
Which look as for a lifetime pours surprise.

I dive into her eyes, her soulful gate,  
And worship before her heart's flaming grate,  
Midst flowers in the gardens of her dreams,  
Then whirl back up  
through her eyes as her mate.

I'm left with a feeling that's no mere spell,  
But a fact in Heaven that's fancy in Hell,  
Of elemental affinity's flame,  
Deeper than thought,  
much older than speech can tell.



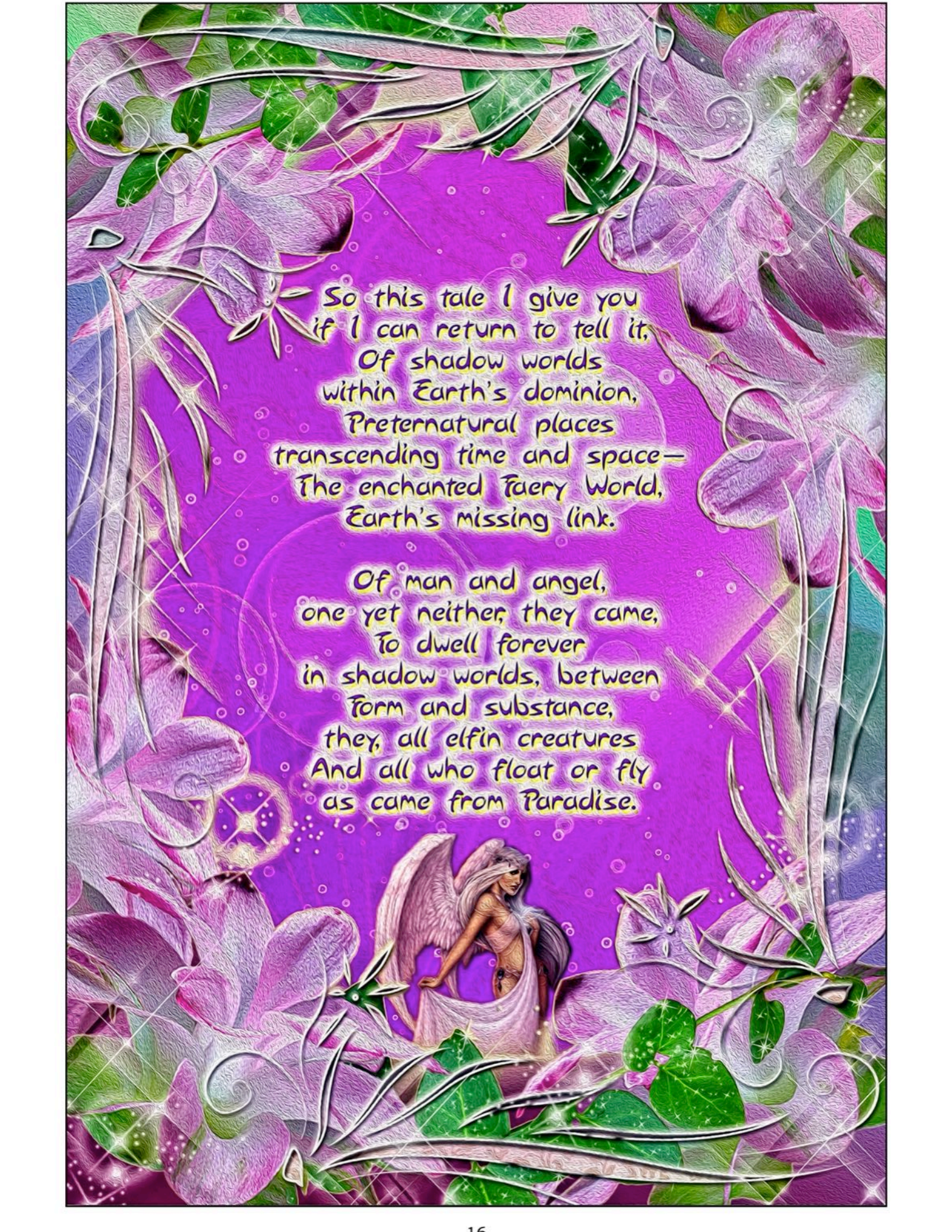




Trumpet flowers  
had announced my coming,  
My ticket being the poems  
that I'd written  
On the lore and legends  
of the flowers—of Eve  
And elves bringing forth  
all that bloomed and grew.

The lande appeared at first  
much like my own,  
But I saw colors that I'd never seen,  
That were neither blue nor green  
nor in between,  
And further they shone  
in some strange direction.






So this tale I give you  
if I can return to tell it,  
Of shadow worlds  
within Earth's dominion,  
Preternatural places  
transcending time and space—  
The enchanted Faery World,  
Earth's missing link.

Of man and angel,  
one yet neither, they came,  
To dwell forever  
in shadow worlds, between  
form and substance,  
they, all elfin creatures  
And all who float or fly  
as came from Paradise.



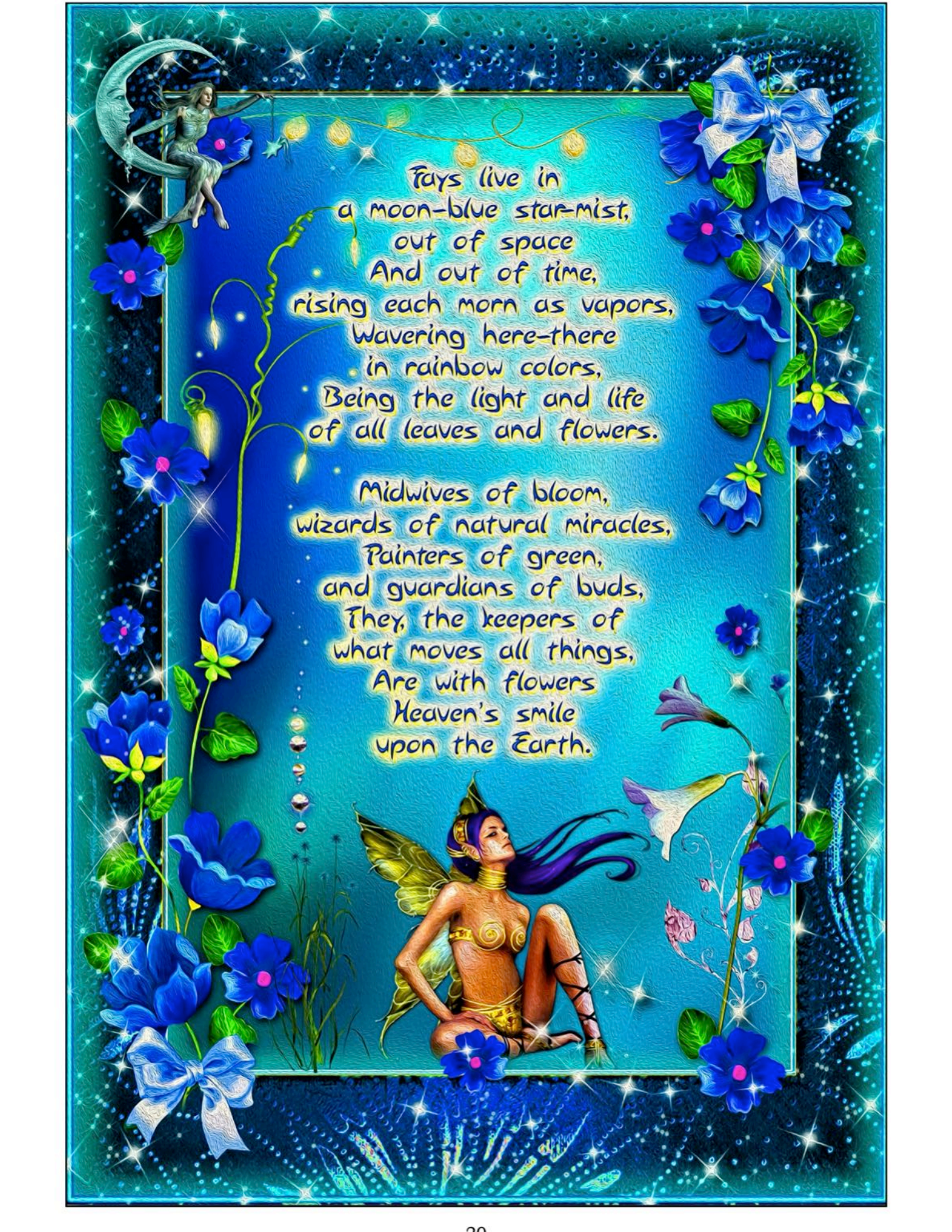




Yet neither  
here nor there,  
though everywhere,  
They're the fairy host,  
nurslings of eternity  
And of all things everlasting,  
like Amaranth,  
And of all things Heavenly,  
with love and dreams.

Alive only at life's Heavenly cusp,  
They appear but  
in half-light dawn or dusk,  
Seen usually by some  
quick sideways glance,  
Or through some  
autumnal haze  
perchance.






Fays live in  
a moon-blue star-mist,  
out of space  
And out of time,  
rising each morn as vapors,  
Wavering here-there  
in rainbow colors,  
Being the light and life  
of all leaves and flowers.

Midwives of bloom,  
wizards of natural miracles,  
Painters of green,  
and guardians of buds,  
They, the keepers of  
what moves all things,  
Are with flowers  
Heaven's smile  
upon the Earth.

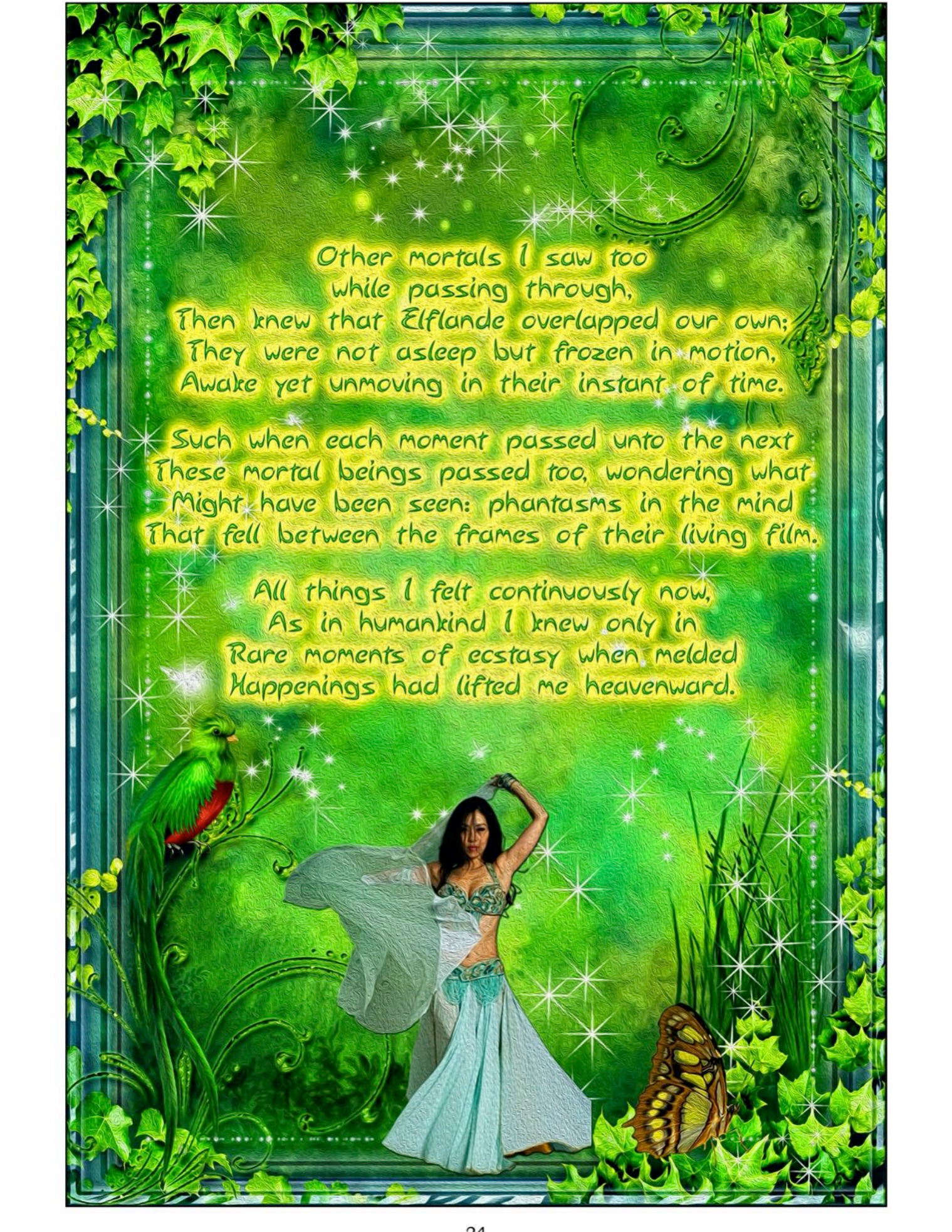




Born of kisses,  
fays are life's spirit-soul,  
So much felt as to be  
oft seen and heard.  
Their musical wings  
play songs so intense  
That they fall as perfume  
upon the sense.

Fairy tinklings are sensed  
as drowsy fumes—  
Incense lifting one  
on wings of fairy sighs,  
The tide that turns us—  
as seen in the wake  
Of leaves rising in their swell  
on windless nights.






Other mortals I saw too  
while passing through,  
Then knew that Elflande overlapped our own;  
They were not asleep but frozen in motion,  
Awake yet unmoving in their instant of time.

Such when each moment passed unto the next  
These mortal beings passed too, wondering what  
Might have been seen: phantasms in the mind  
That fell between the frames of their living film.

All things I felt continuously now,  
As in humankind I knew only in  
Rare moments of ecstasy when melded  
Happenings had lifted me heavenward.







Magical things I saw,  
that only appear  
On Earth when one's eyes close  
but for a second:

Winged ladies, and flowered butterflies,  
Whose prints are pressed  
as dust upon the pansies.

The birds were of a species never known  
And seemed to share a special closeness  
With their elven brethren, faery sisterhood—  
Which I knew and felt and saw as kinship.

I heard woodlands that once only whispered,  
Meadows where there was once but a murmur,  
And grasslands unhushed,  
full of wondrous sounds—  
The music from beyond  
the human range.



My senses were heightened: touch went deeper;  
My eyes saw colors beyond the spectrum;  
I reached into living things, knowing them;  
All the odours called, mixed with emotion.

A flush of youth shot through me, as the chain  
Of light from angel to faerie added my link,  
And my eyes were sparks of bright burning fire,  
Sense extended in a new dimension.

I sprouted wings, and flew like a bumblebee,  
And fell in love with a lovely winged flower  
That had come to life, the vision of fantasy,  
Her elfin eyes beckoning me toward ecstasy.





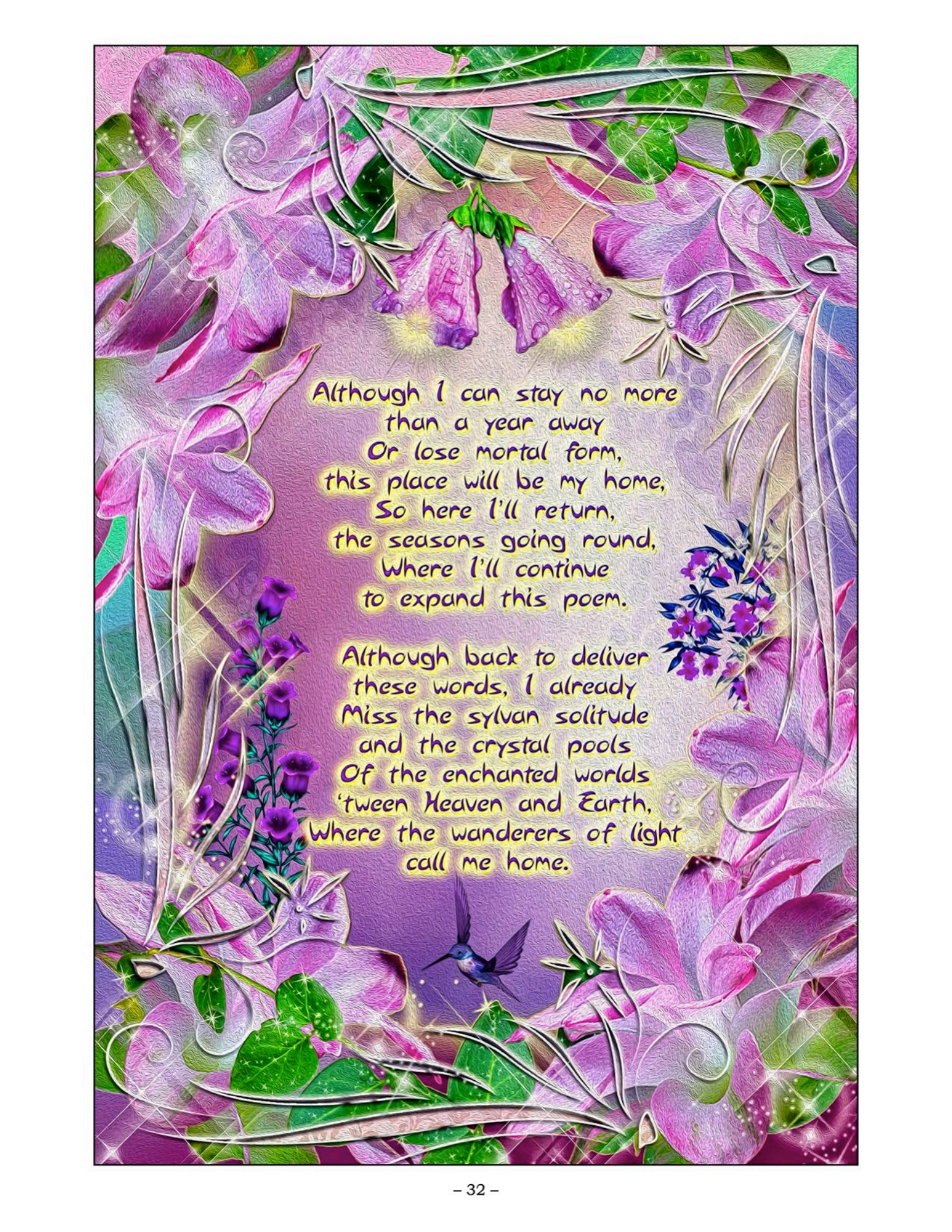


Summer follows us around,  
elfin queen  
Of hearts,  
as we lay snug in winter green,  
Your glowing pixie crown  
lighting the scene,  
Your curves spooning,  
your ears pointing away.

As fays we made love in the air, hovering—  
Evanescent visions of disembodied happiness,  
The magic link in the chain of things,  
connecting  
Man to God by angel and star  
to all that we are.

Satisfied, fulfilled,  
yet desiring more,  
We returned to our cabin,  
loving deep  
Into sleep, as blackness  
fell all around,  
But for  
the starry memories  
that glowed.





Although I can stay no more  
than a year away  
Or lose mortal form,  
this place will be my home,  
So here I'll return,  
the seasons going round,  
Where I'll continue  
to expand this poem.

Although back to deliver  
these words, I already  
Miss the sylvan solitude  
and the crystal pools  
Of the enchanted worlds  
'tween Heaven and Earth,  
Where the wanderers of light  
call me home.







So now, live your life  
and dream a dream through

Dale, meadow, and field,  
in grove and greensward,

Across love's pure stream,  
in shimmering sheens

Of the dells of Elflande;  
it takes but a wish.

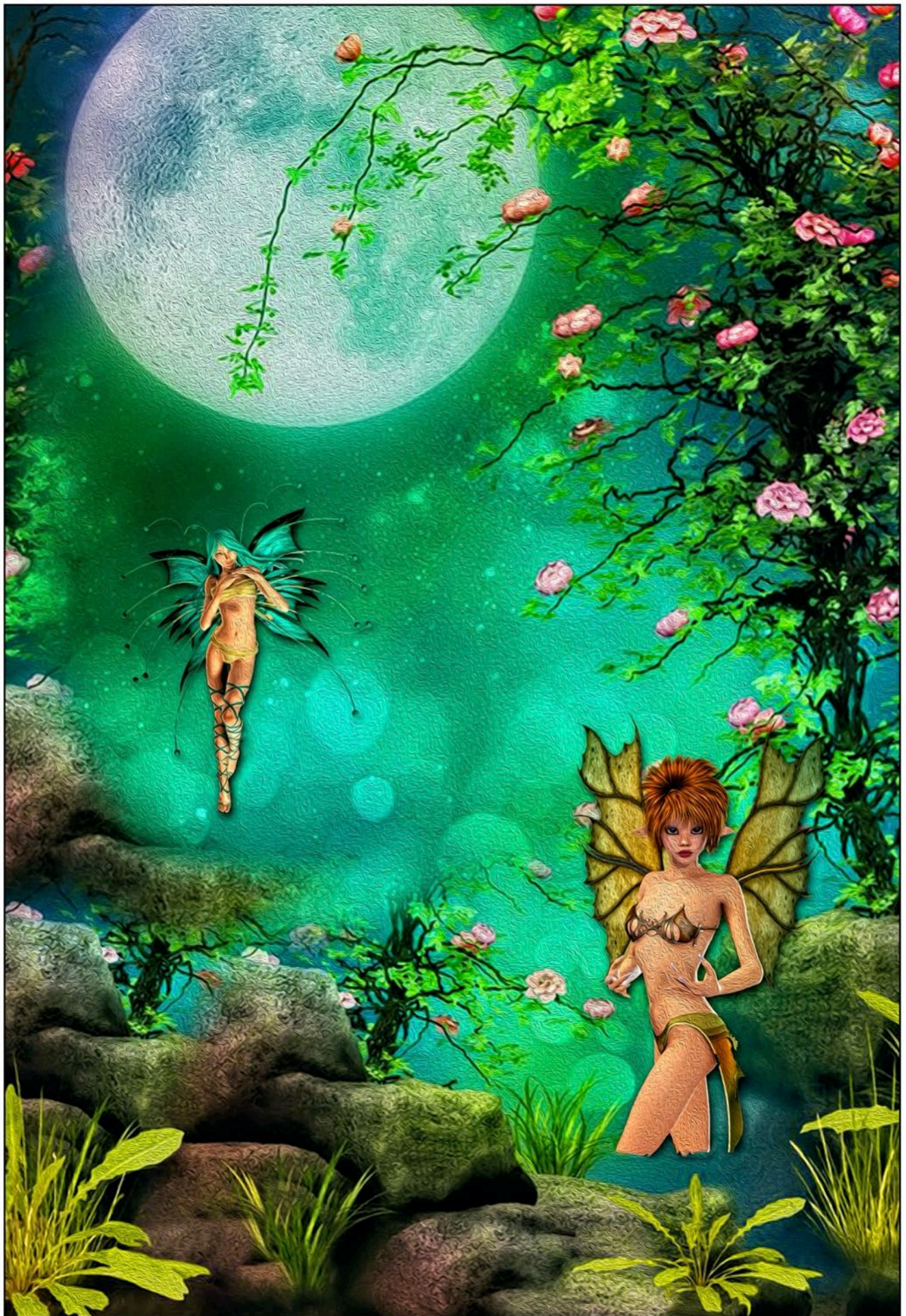


# Ornamented Elfin Legends Embellished



Austin P. Torney



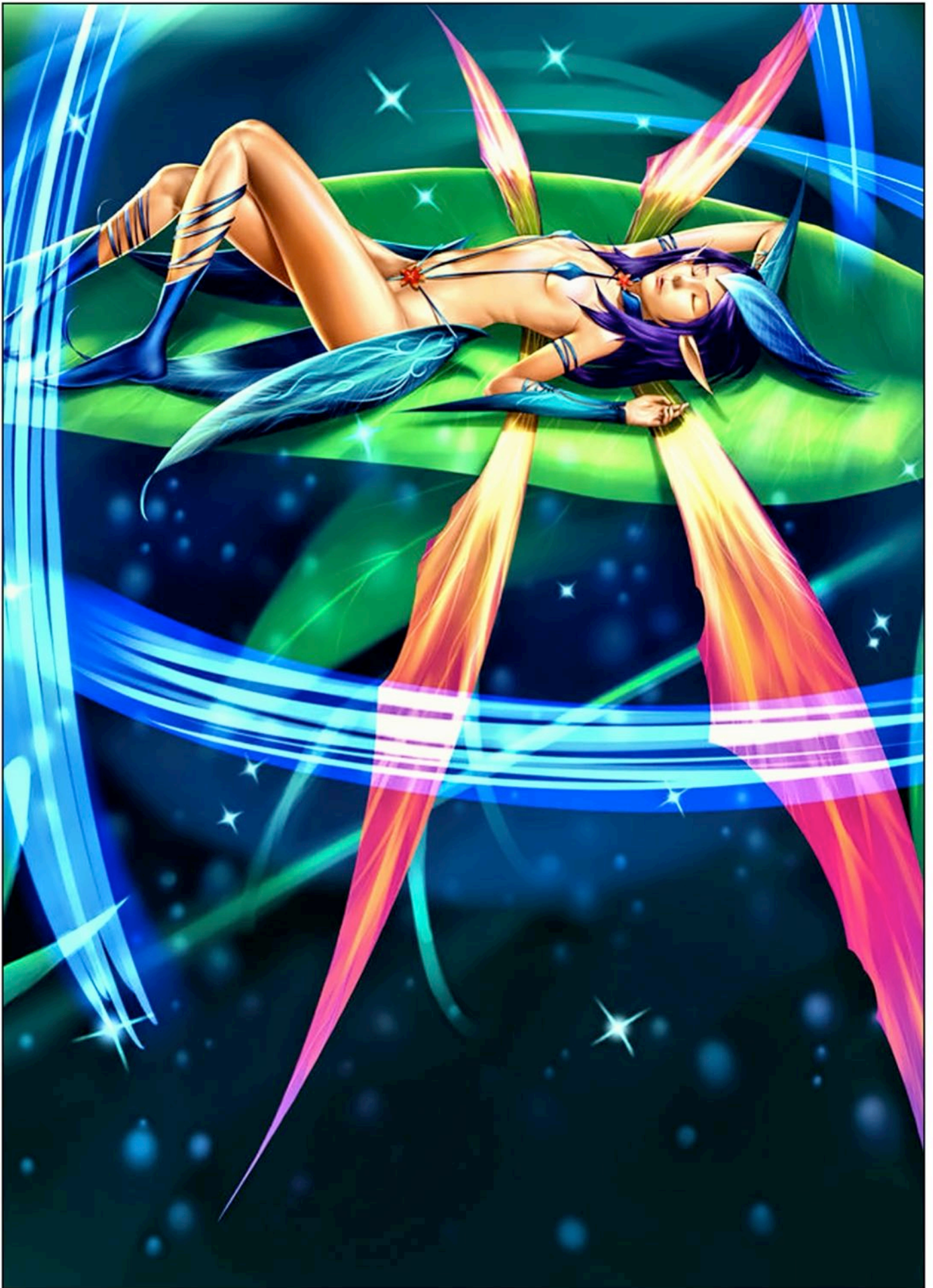


# Elfin Legends

Illustrated



Austin P. Torney





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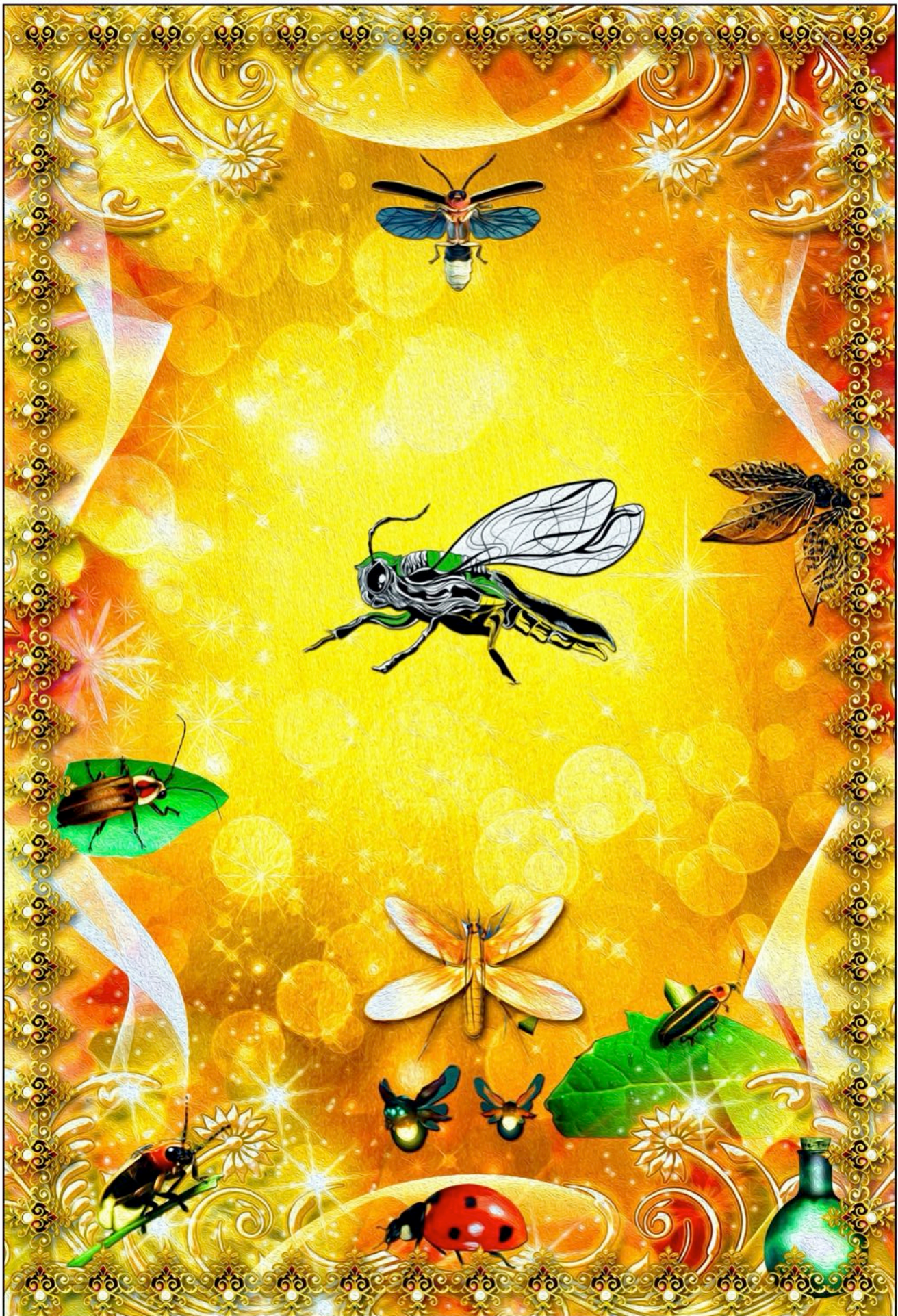
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The night airs full  
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And the quietus that  
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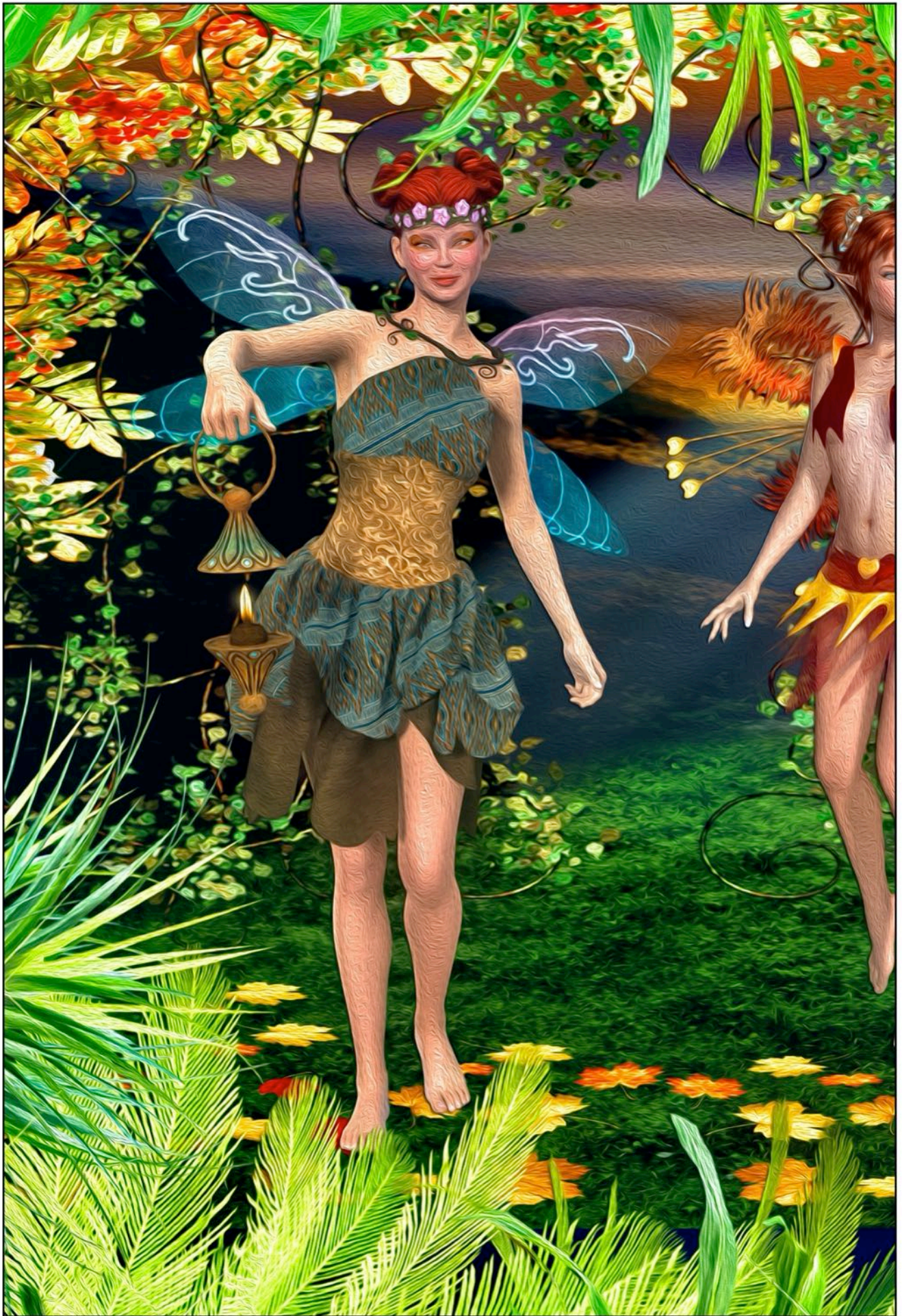
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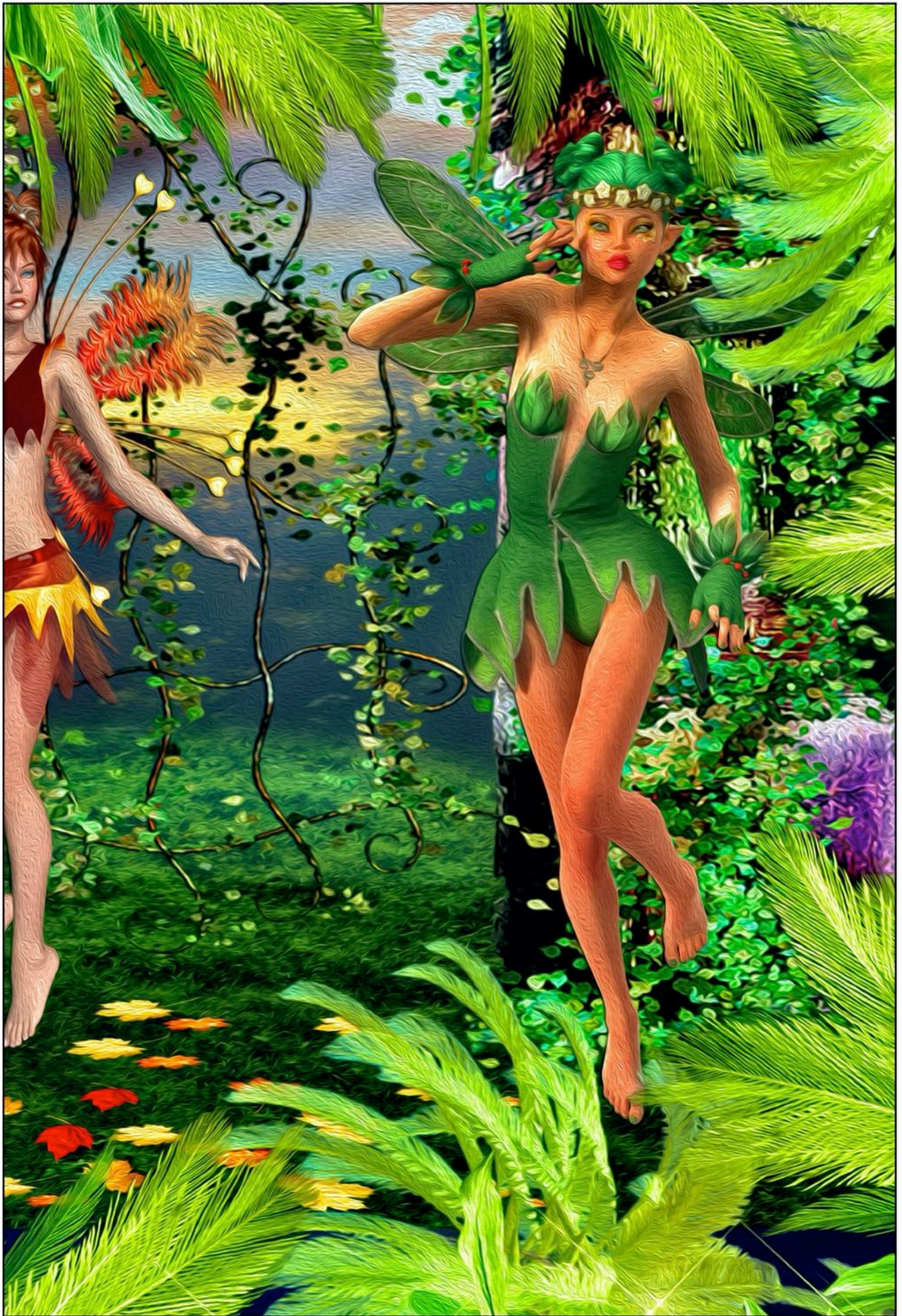
So clearly seen  
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For the prismatic arch  
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Is anchored twice  
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real world below.









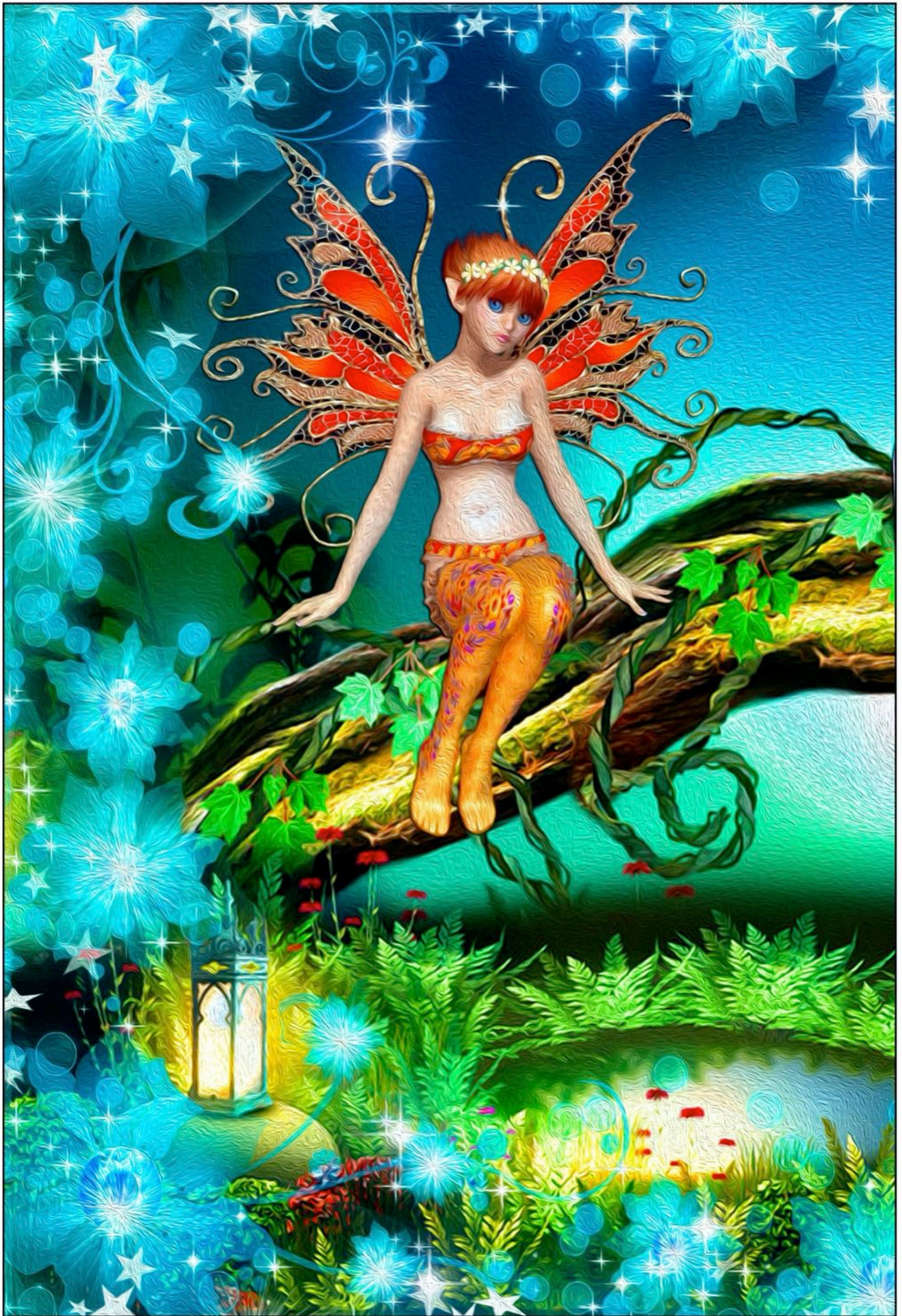
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From the  
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That is beyond  
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As waking from it  
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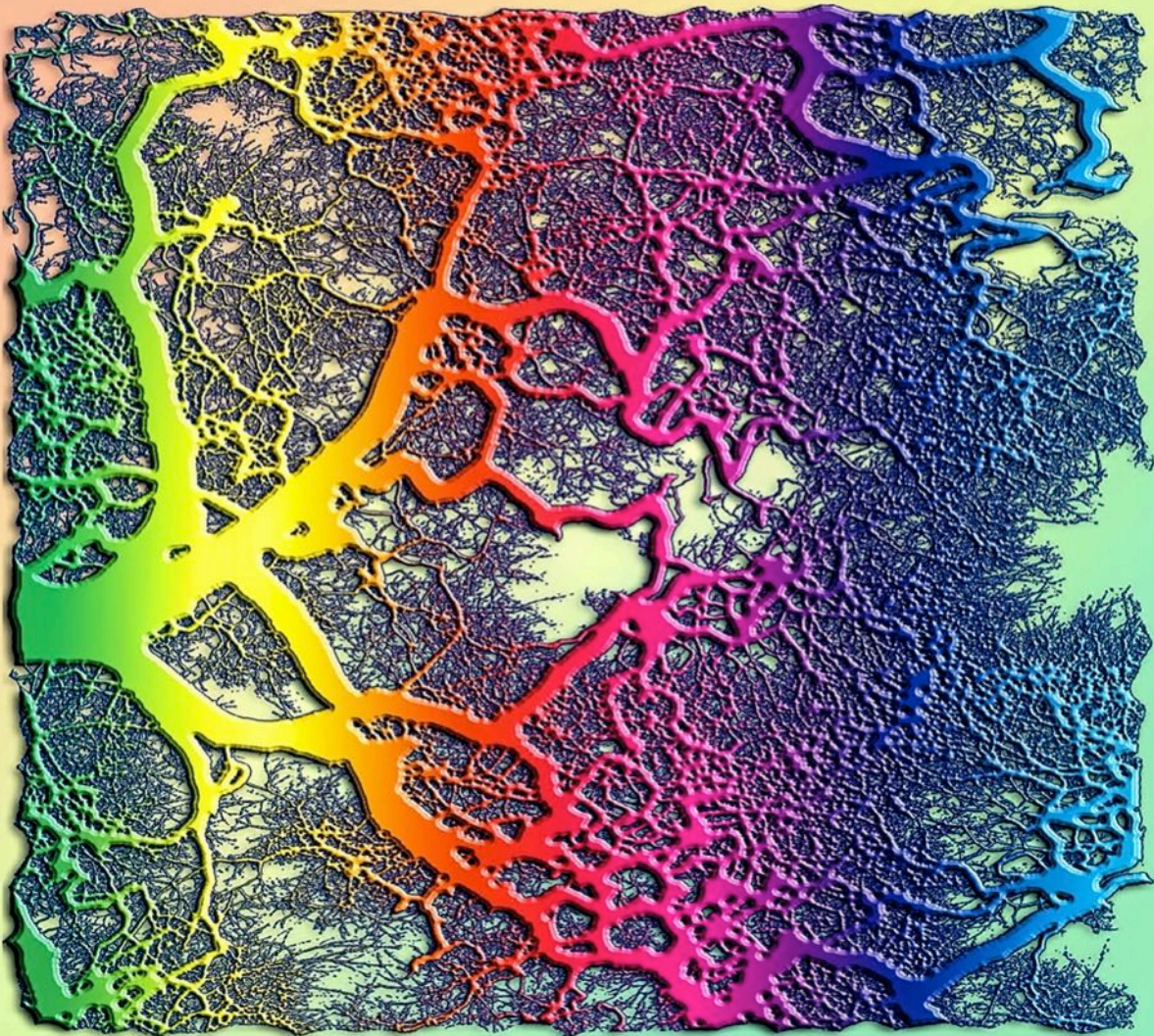







When the well-spring calls, the faint traveler rests,  
As from a torrent, when riding waves and crests,  
One looks in depth to find that deeper source—  
And 'hears' by inner sense against it pressed.

Soon the zephyr fainted, dying in the half-light,  
Its caress suspended, as the day kisses the night,  
And, for some instants, stretching into moments,  
I was neither here nor there, but in twilight.



The gossamer mist snared me, barely felt,  
A fairy cloth, of prehistoric weave, that yet  
haunts every stream, meadow, and wood  
In the Land of Youth, where timeless beings live.





The gossamer mist  
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A fairy cloth  
of prehistoric weave  
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Haunted every stream,  
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In the Land of Youth,  
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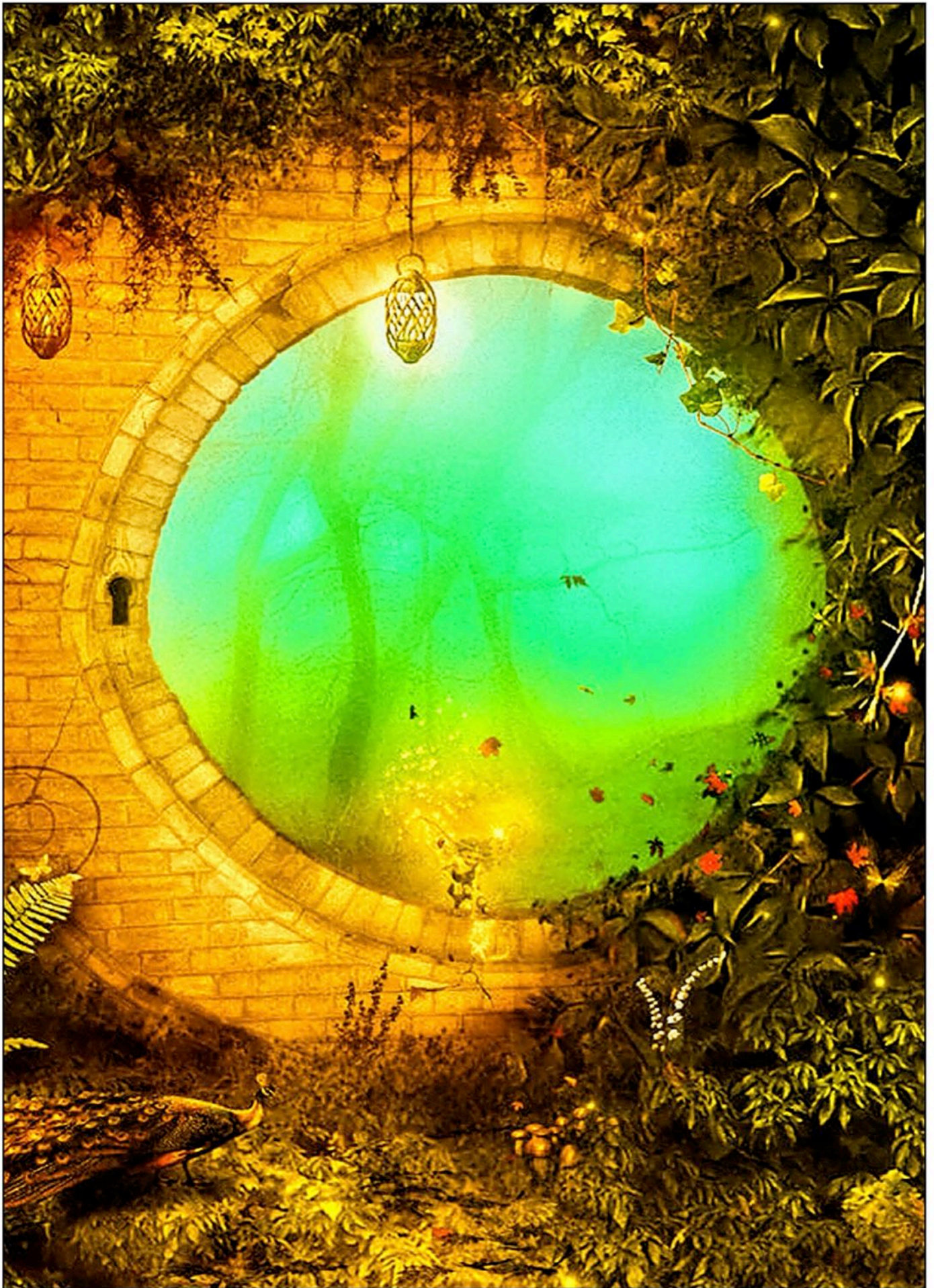


As I'd sensed a cloud of lilac fragrance  
From a mountainous bush, the passing mist  
Awakened ancient creature things in me  
That sympathized on some old frequency.



To life's forgotten tides and swells I yielded,  
And, so, was allowed into their spaceless world  
Through a small opening that tunneled, at first,  
Then funneled into the expanse of fairylande.





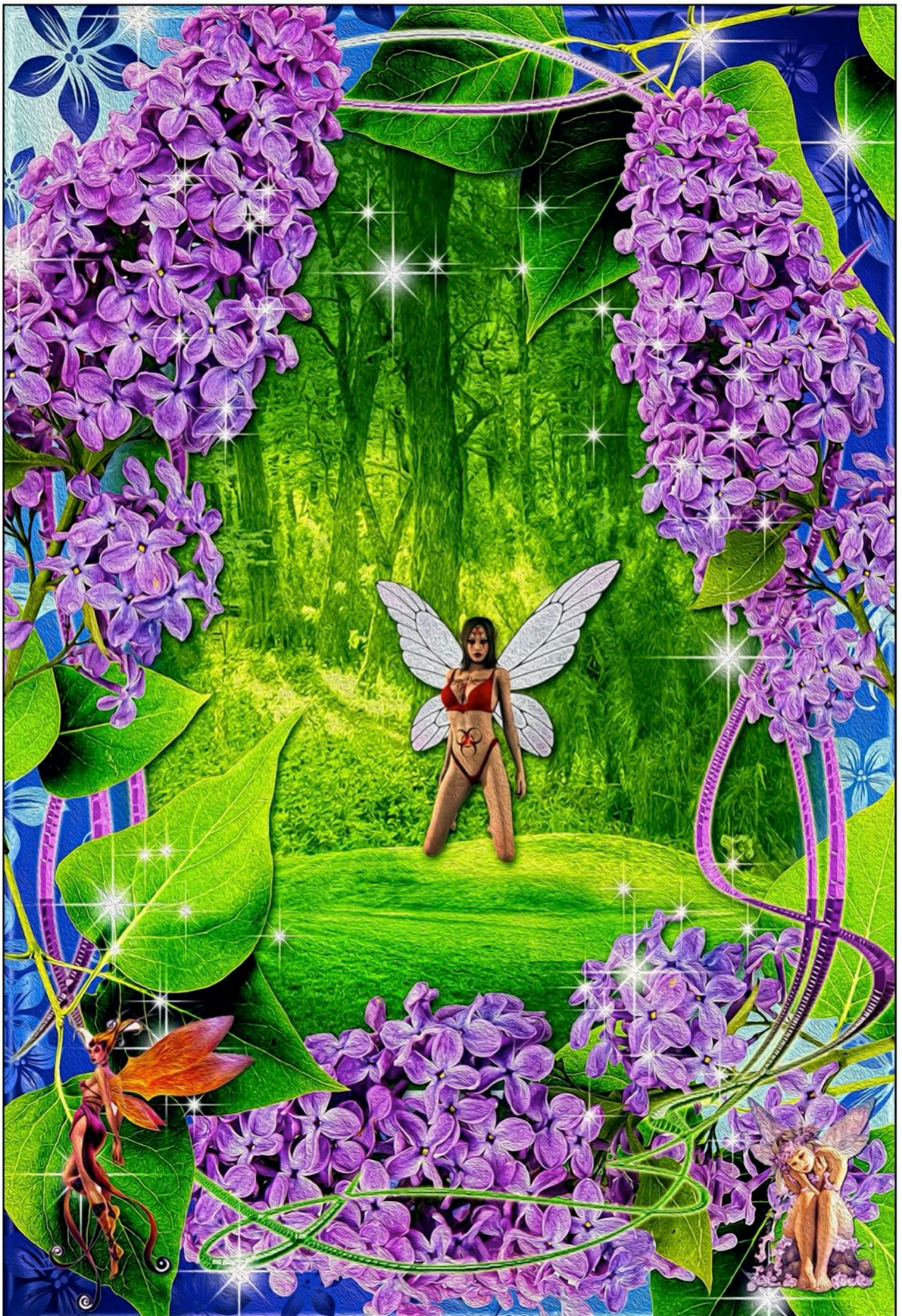


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From a  
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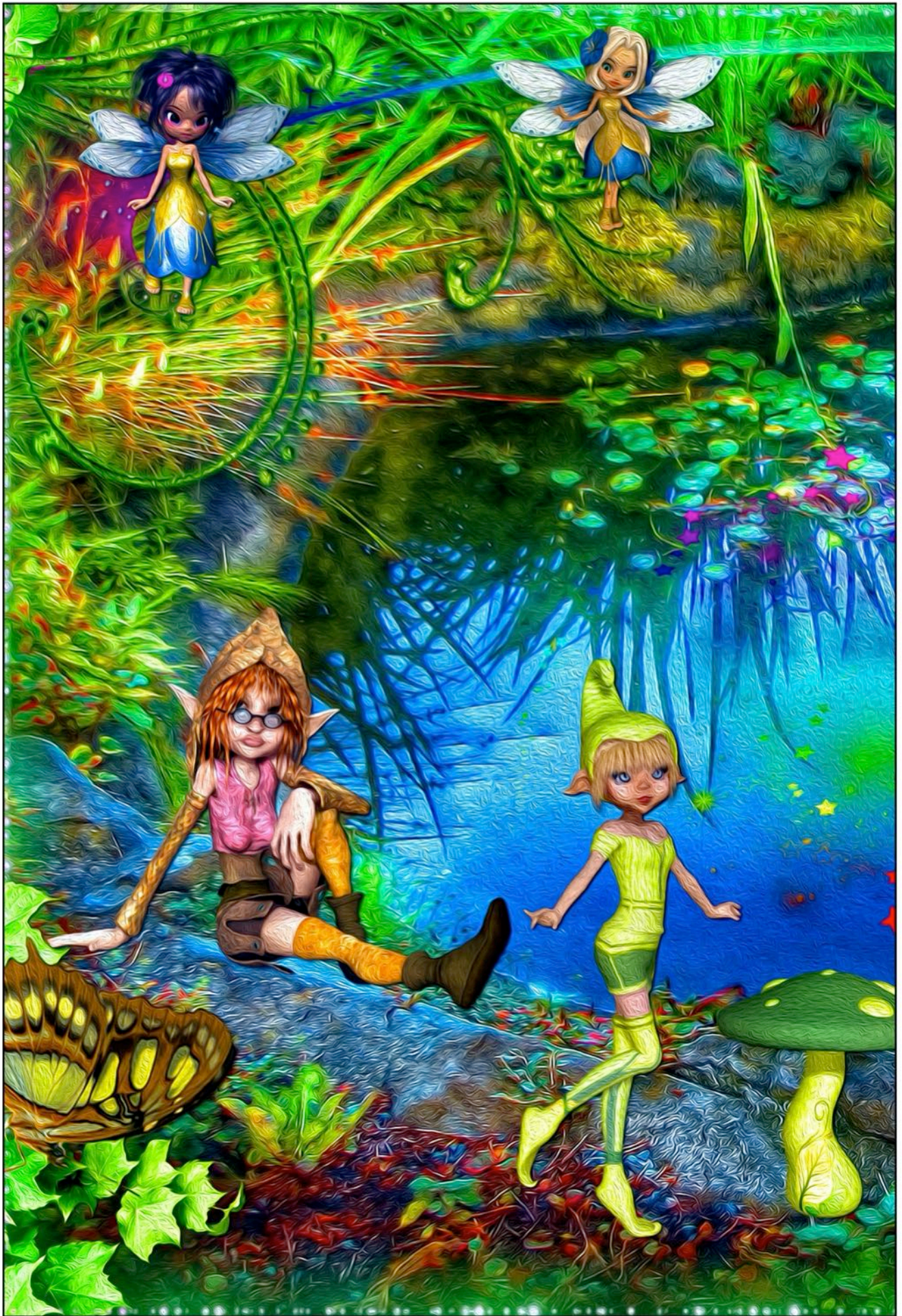
To life's forgotten tides  
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And thus was allowed  
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Through a small opening  
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Then funneled into  
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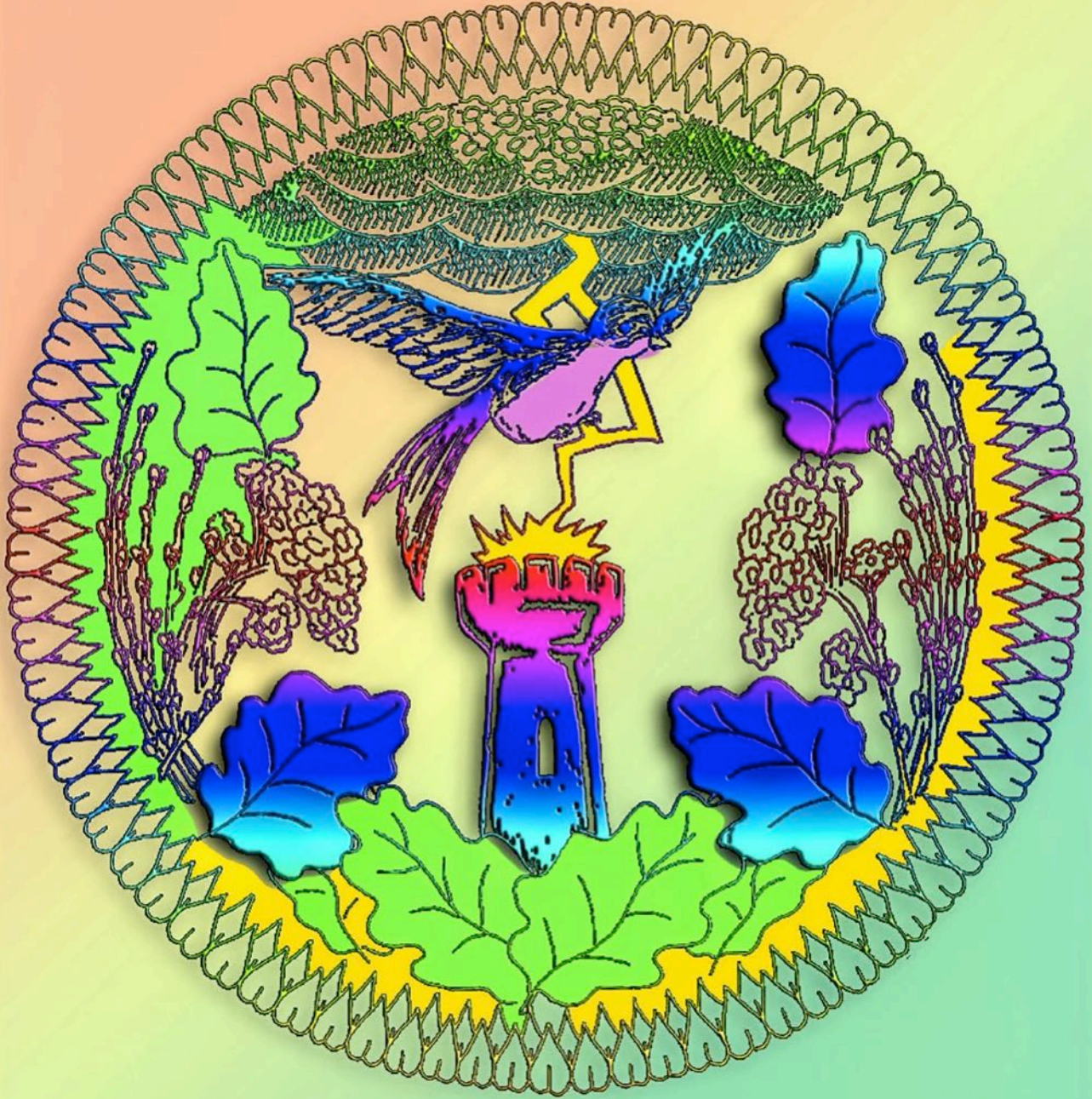








Trumpet flowers had announced my coming,  
My ticket being the poems that I'd written  
On the lore and legends of the flowers—of Eve  
And elves bringing forth all that bloomed and grew.



Poetry makes immortal of what's best  
In life—freeing images of dreams impressed,  
Apprehending those vanishing phantasms, and  
Sending them forth in fine words, fully dressed.





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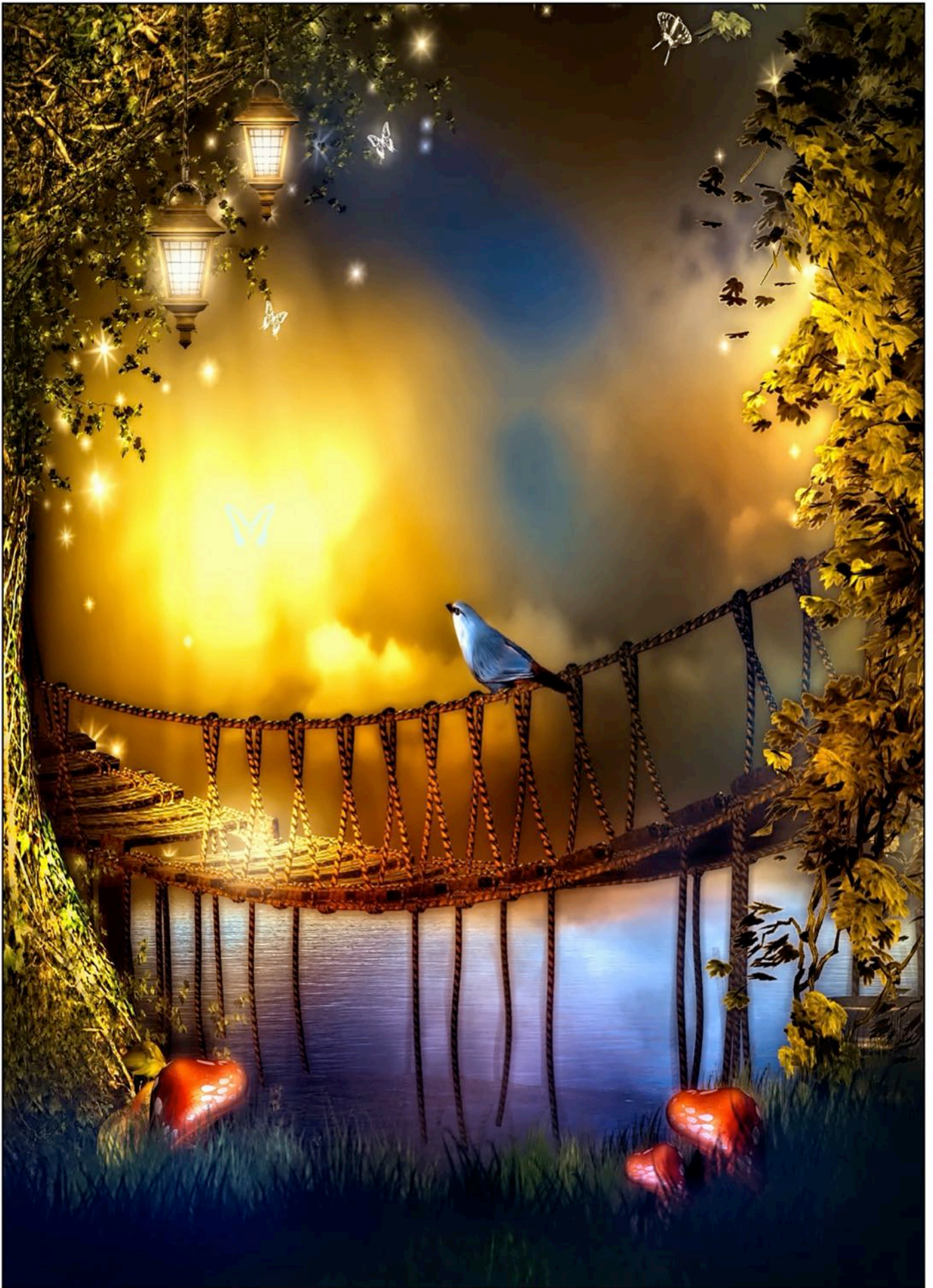
Tulip torches lit my way, fueled by starlight,  
And Crocuses shone as gold gleaned of sunlight.  
I saw into the life of things: Bleeding hearts  
Being grown on a string, heard Valley-Lilys' ringing.



All things I felt continuously now,  
As in humankind known only in those  
Rare moments of ecstasy when melded  
Happenings had lifted me heavenward.

The birds were of a species never known  
And seemed to share a special closeness  
With their elven brethren, faery sisterhood—  
Which I knew and felt and saw as kinship.







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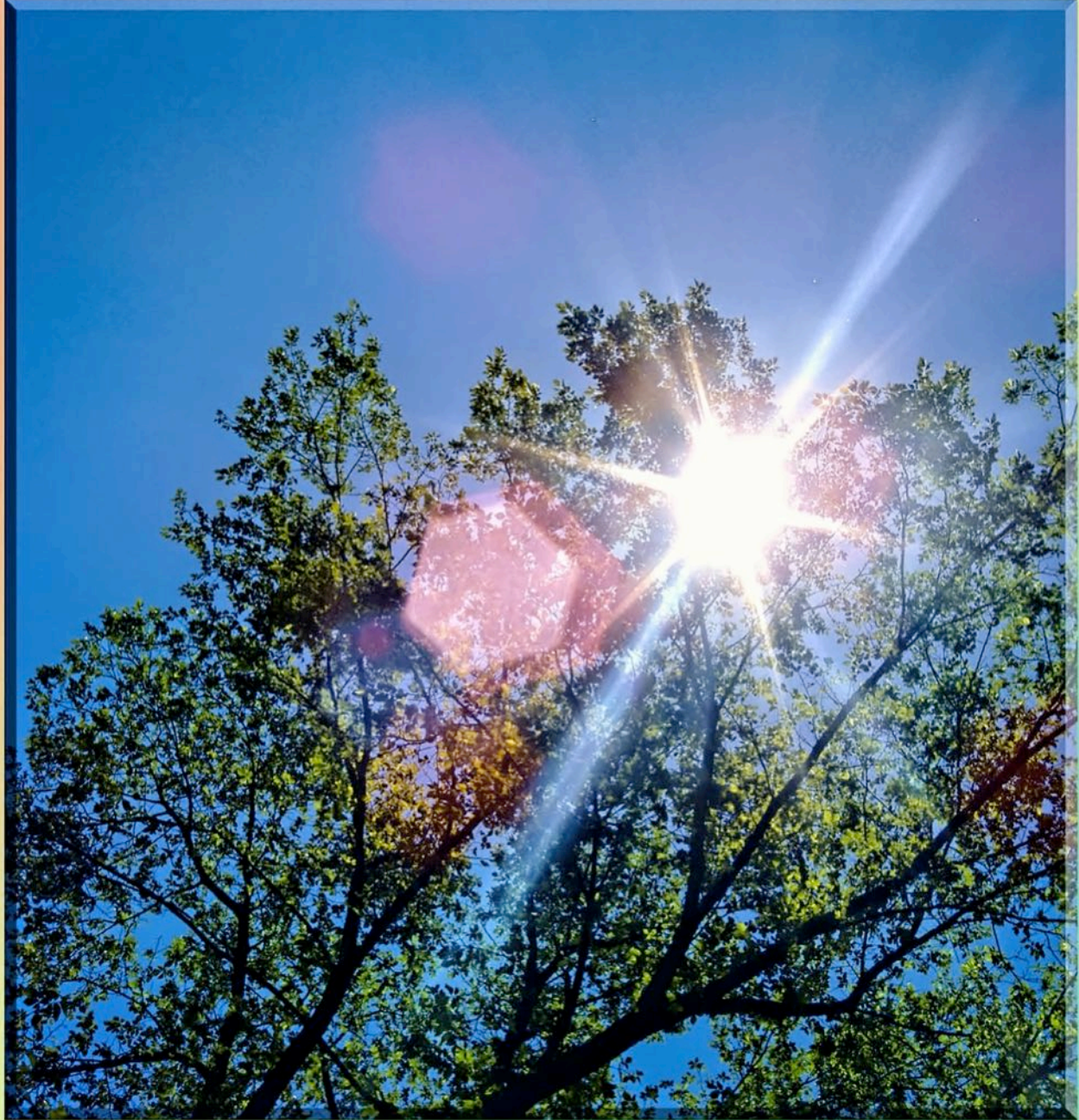








The Lande appeared, at first, much like our own,  
But—I saw colors that I'd never seen,  
That were neither blue nor green nor in between,  
And further shone in some strange direction.



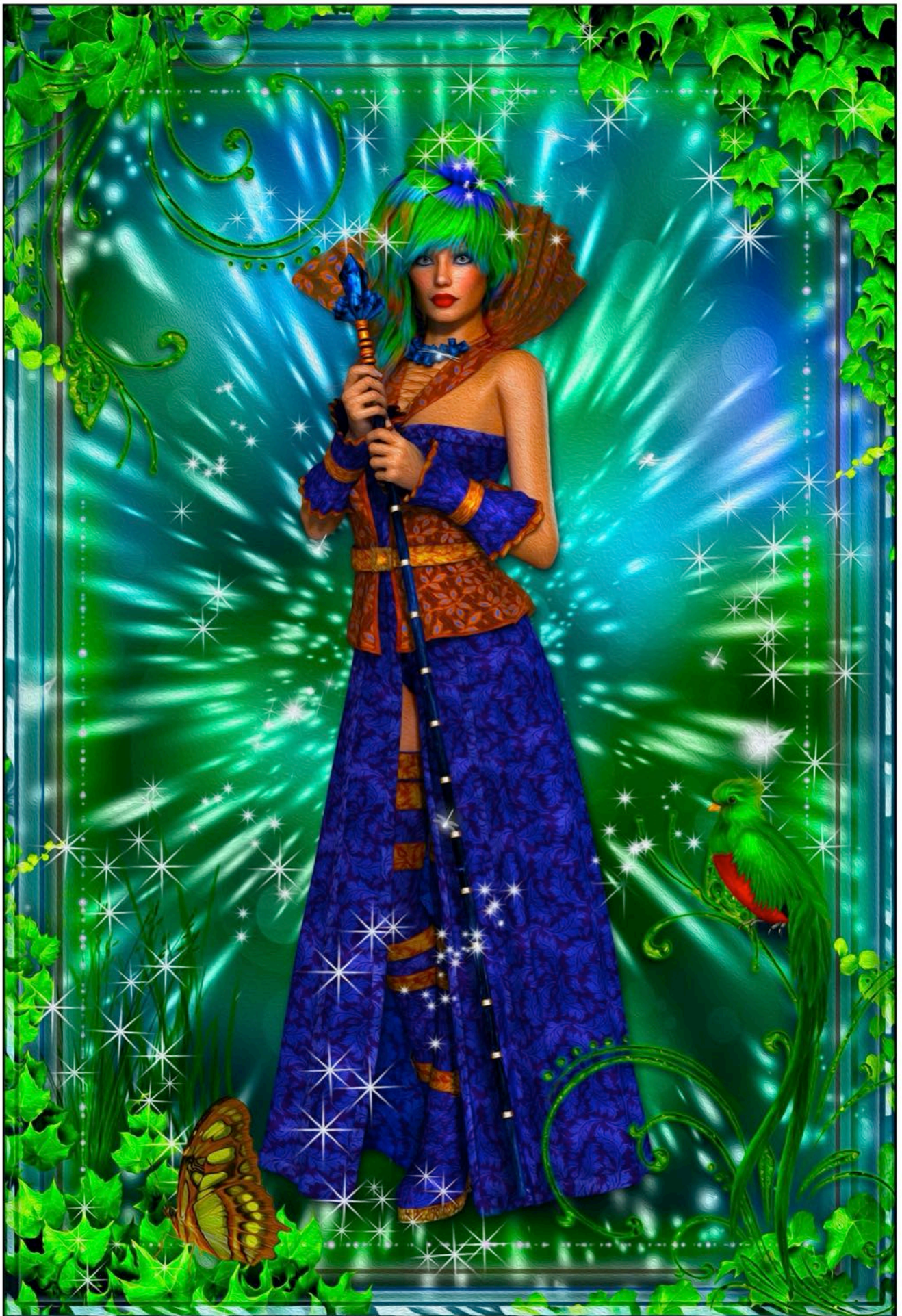
In the spirt-world, the grass was greener,  
The hearts redder, and the passions pinker;  
Orange, Cherry, and Violet were planted colors,  
And twixt blue and green fell a new tincture.

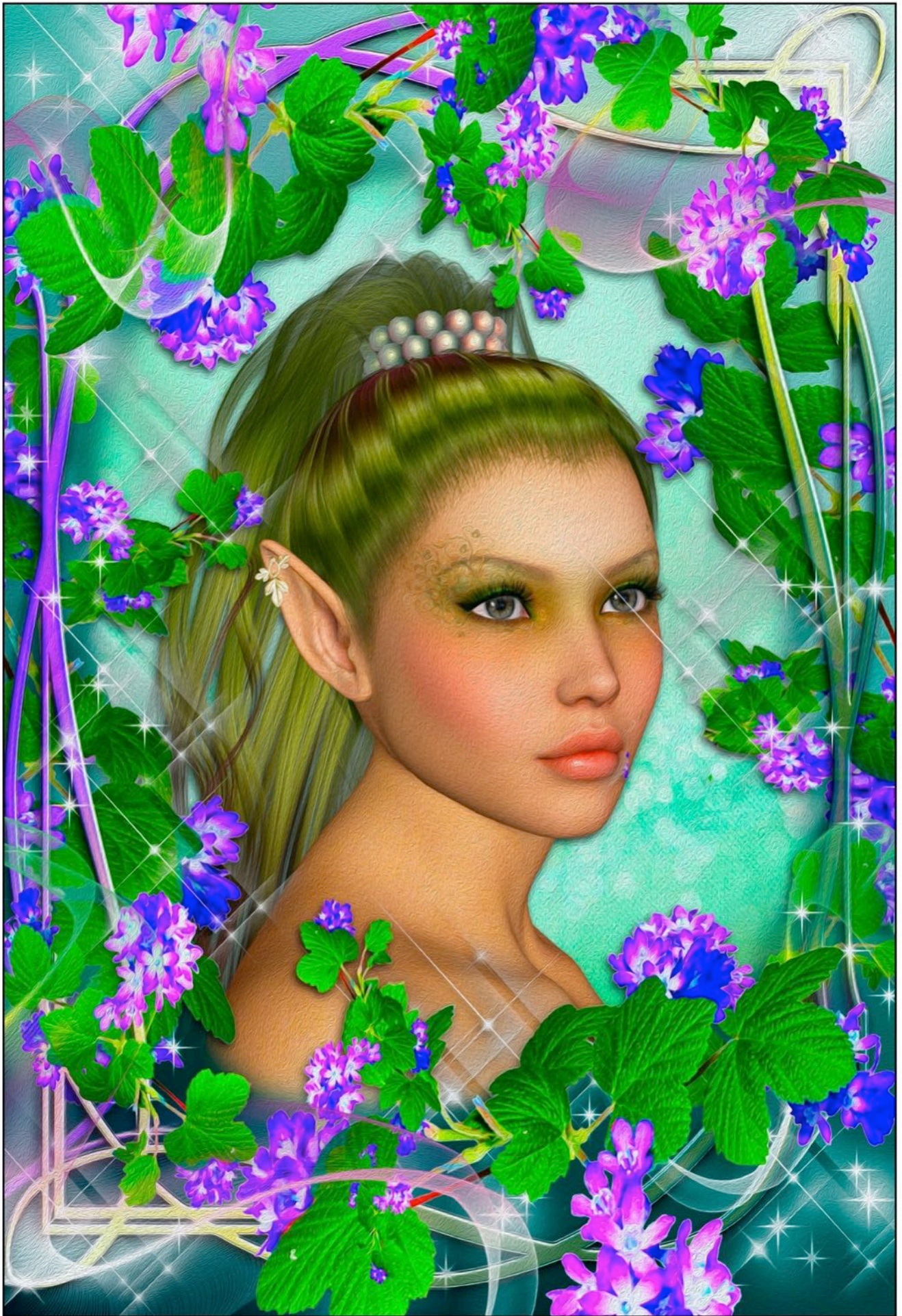




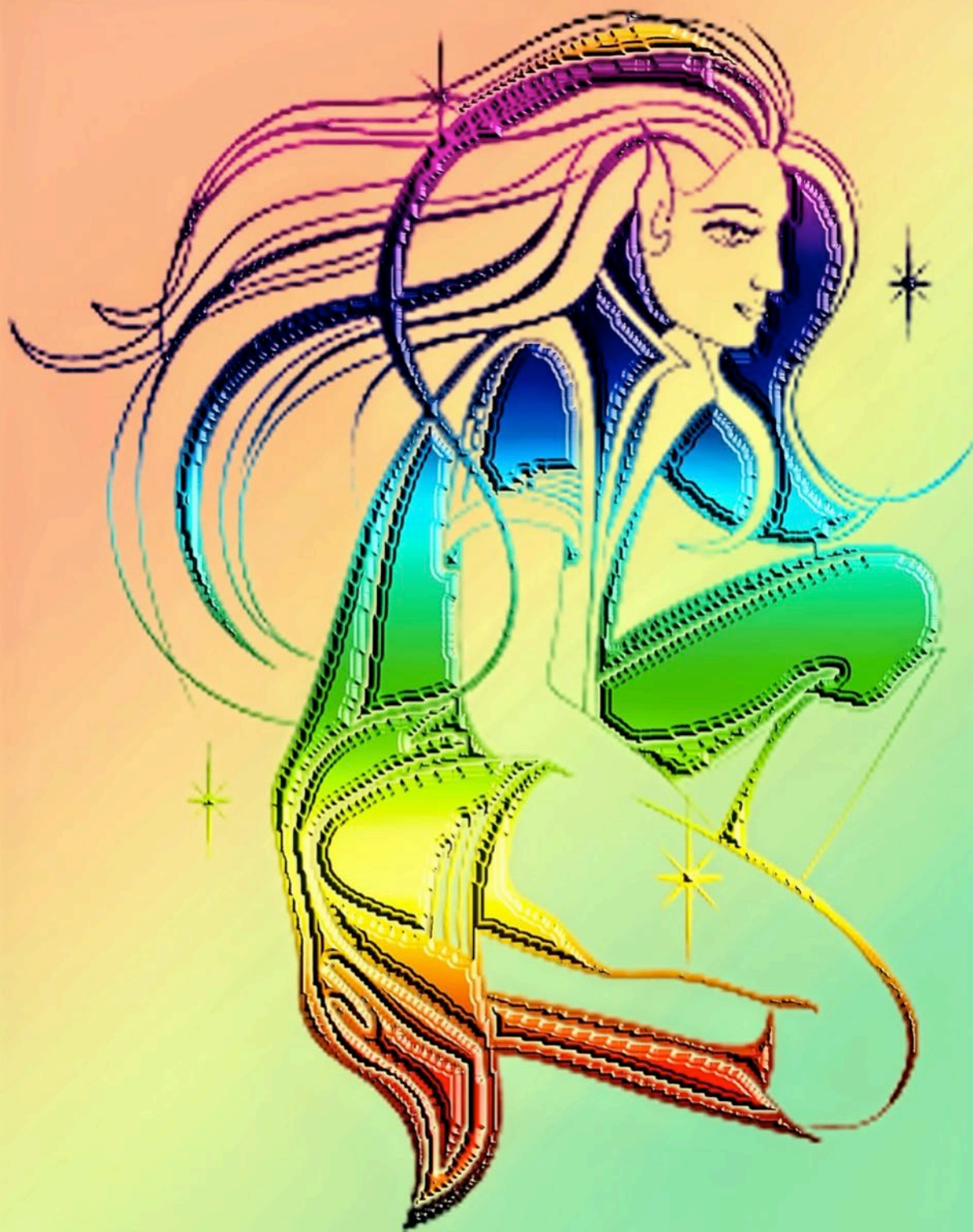
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That were neither blue nor green  
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And further they shone  
in some strange direction.











So, this tale I give you, if I can return to tell it,  
Of shadow worlds within Earth's dominion,  
Preternatural places transcending time and space—  
The enchanted faery world, Earth's missing link.





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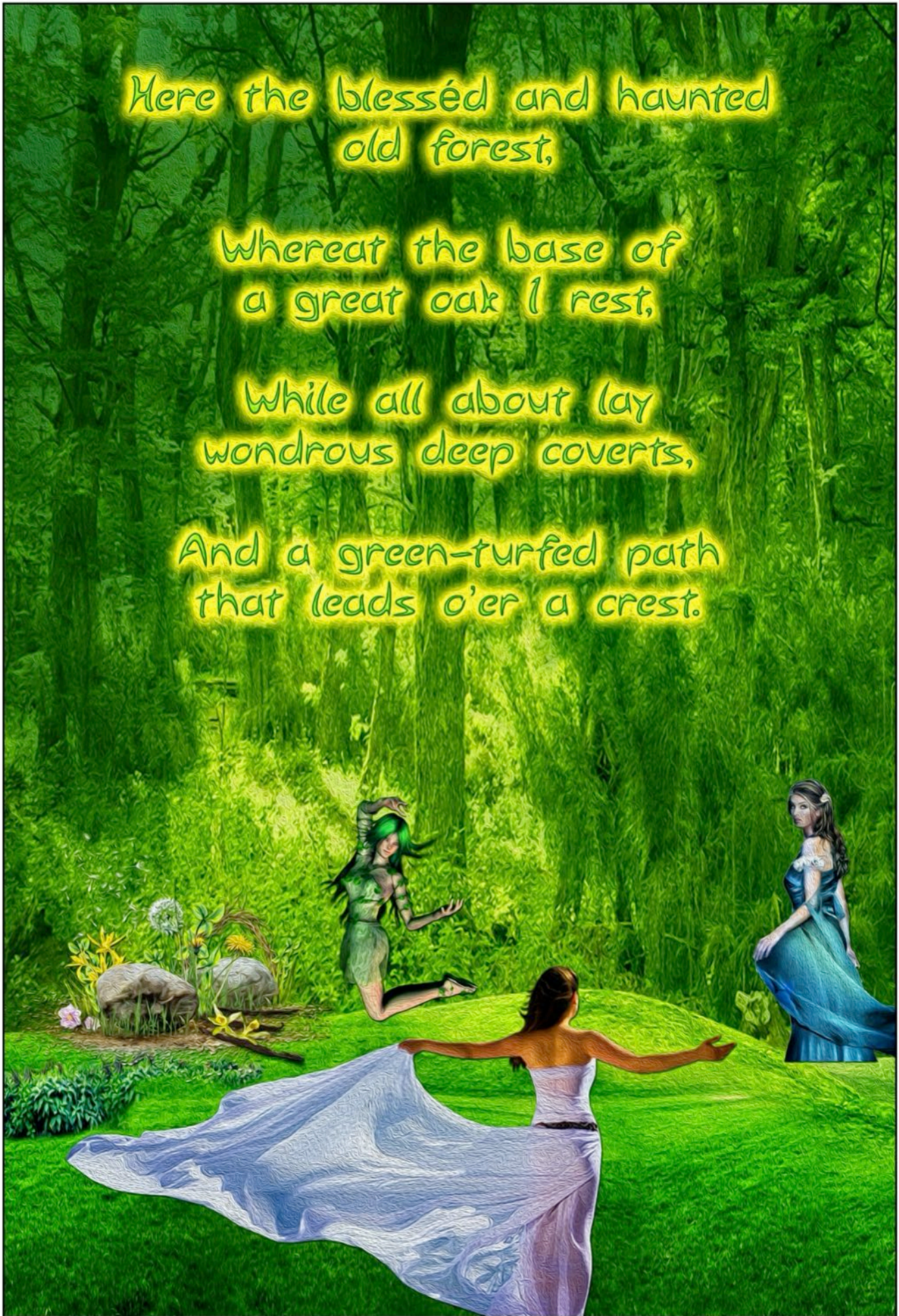


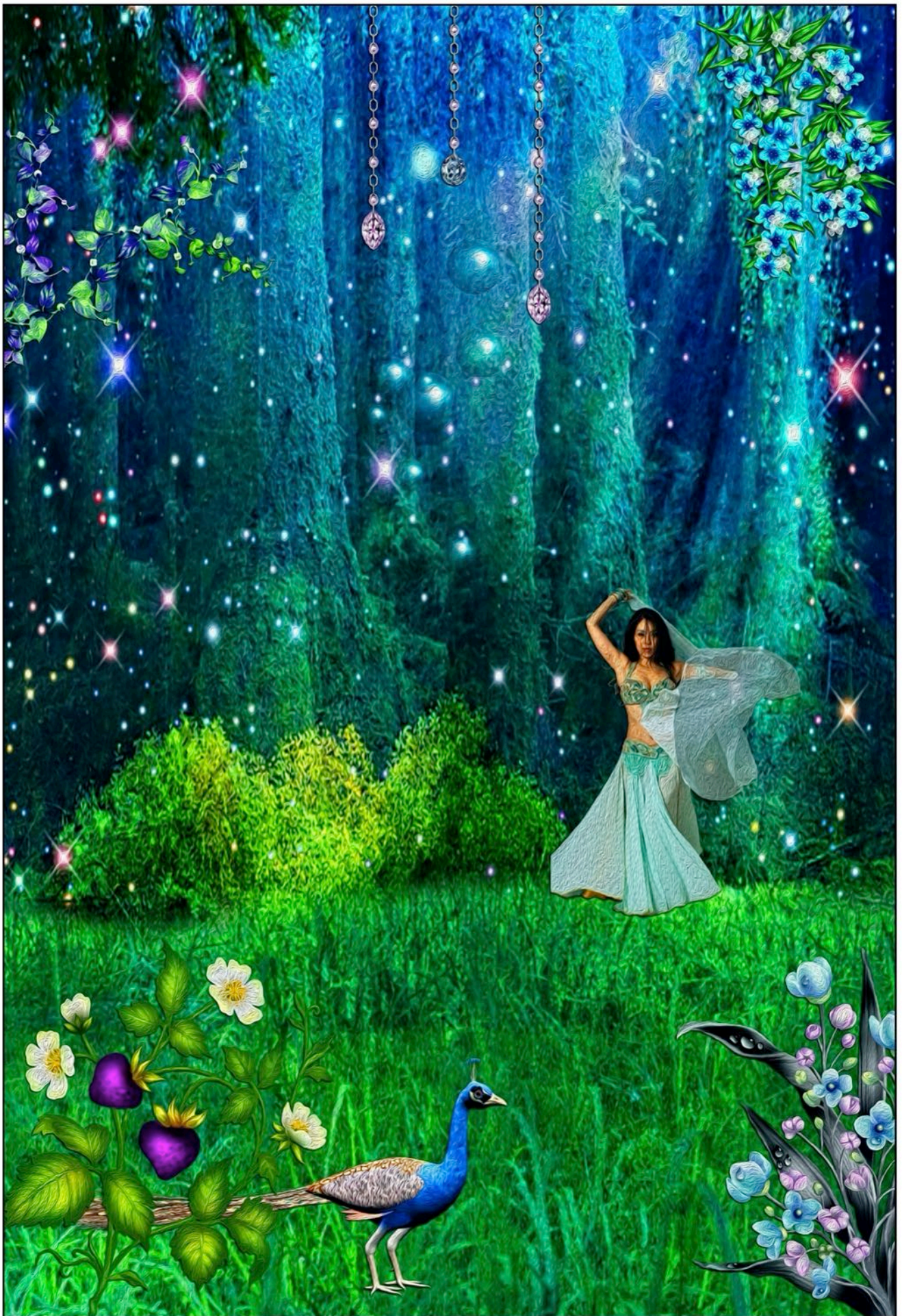
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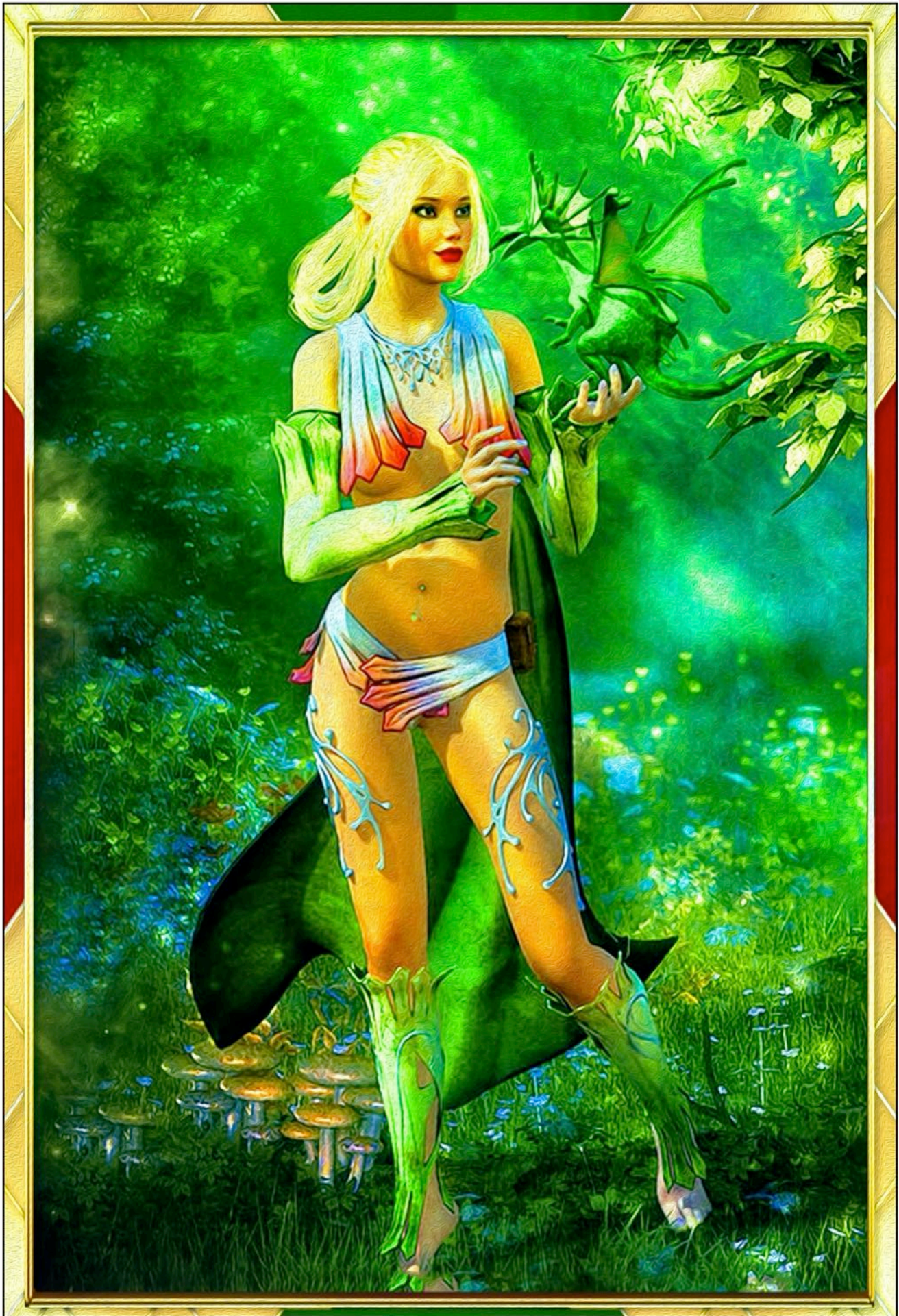
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And a green-turfed path  
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'Twas so still you could  
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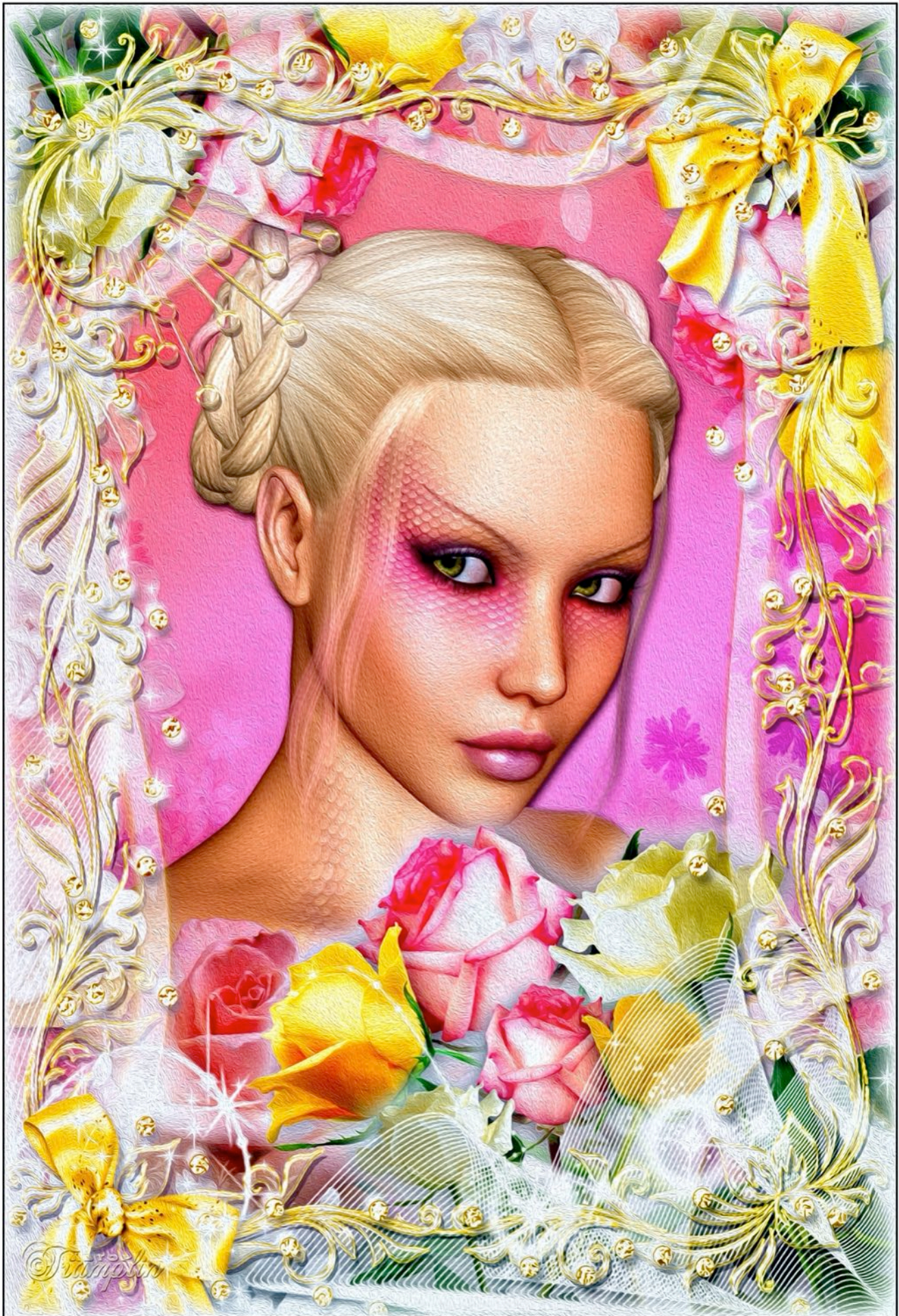
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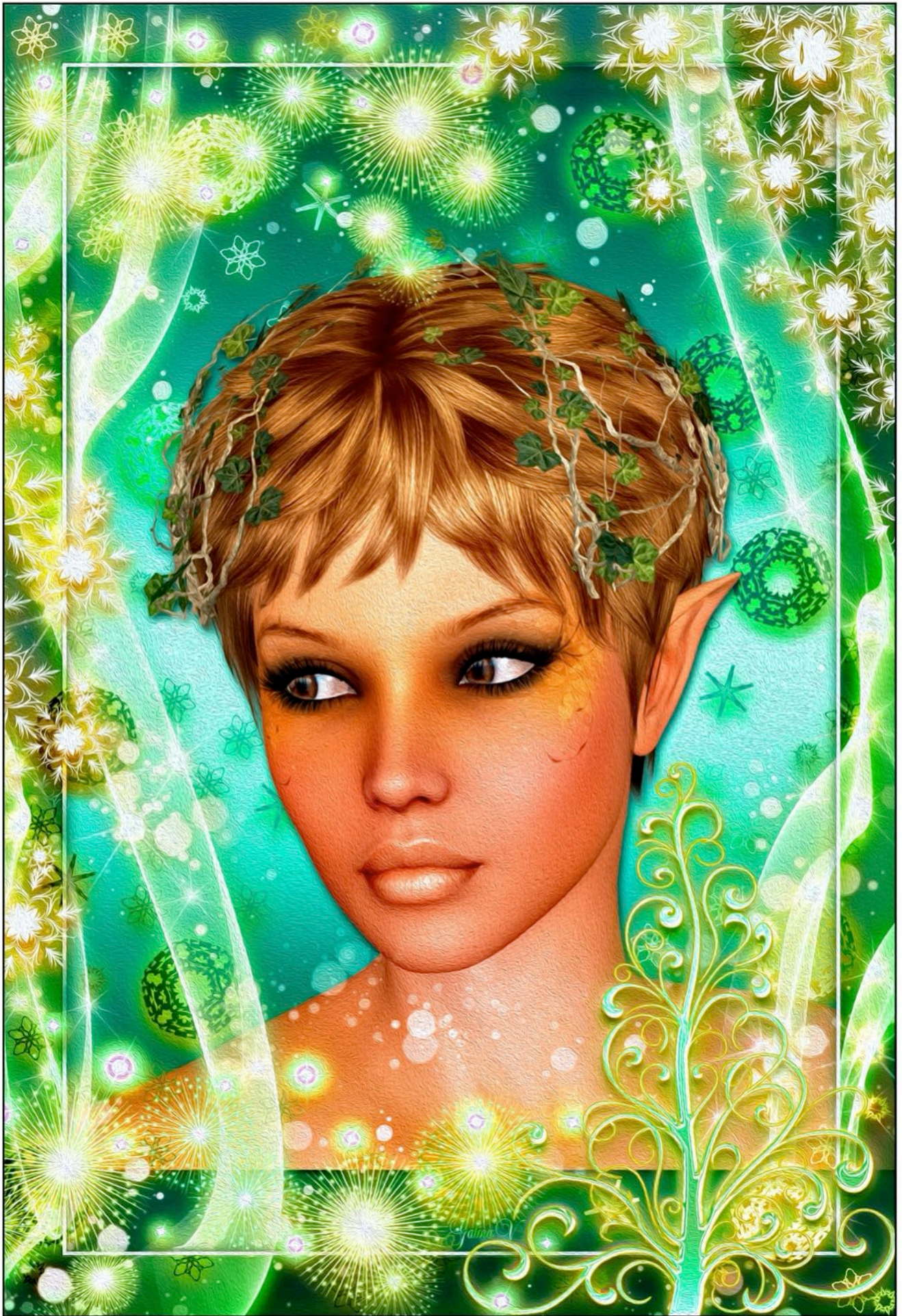
Thrown to  
time's Earthly bondage  
through the skies,


Being for an hour  
their own Heavenly selves,

Their full glory  
unhidden by disguise.







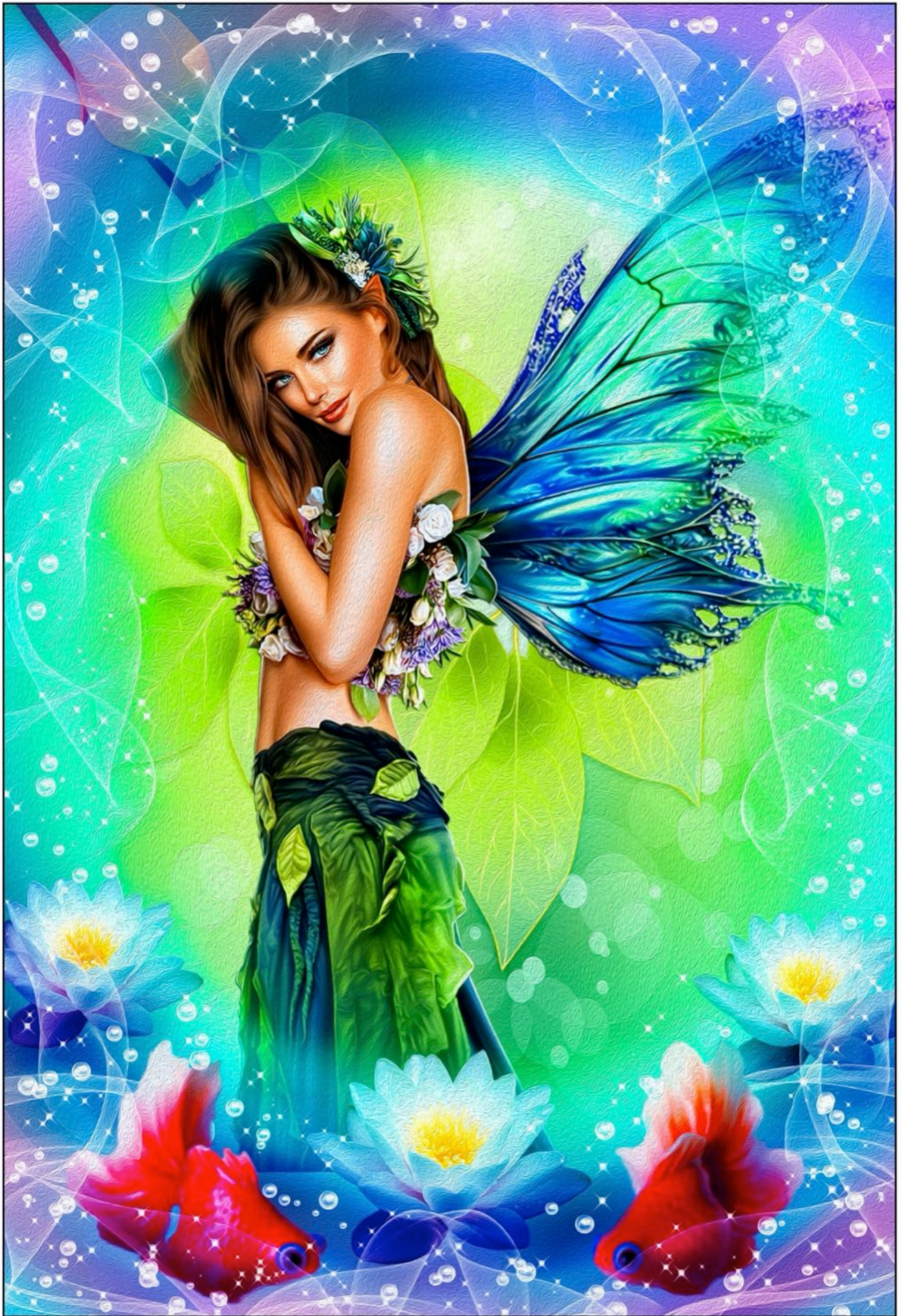


These  
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In spring  
flash their nude blossoms  
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She beckons me along,  
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I pass thoughts of  
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The life of her face is  
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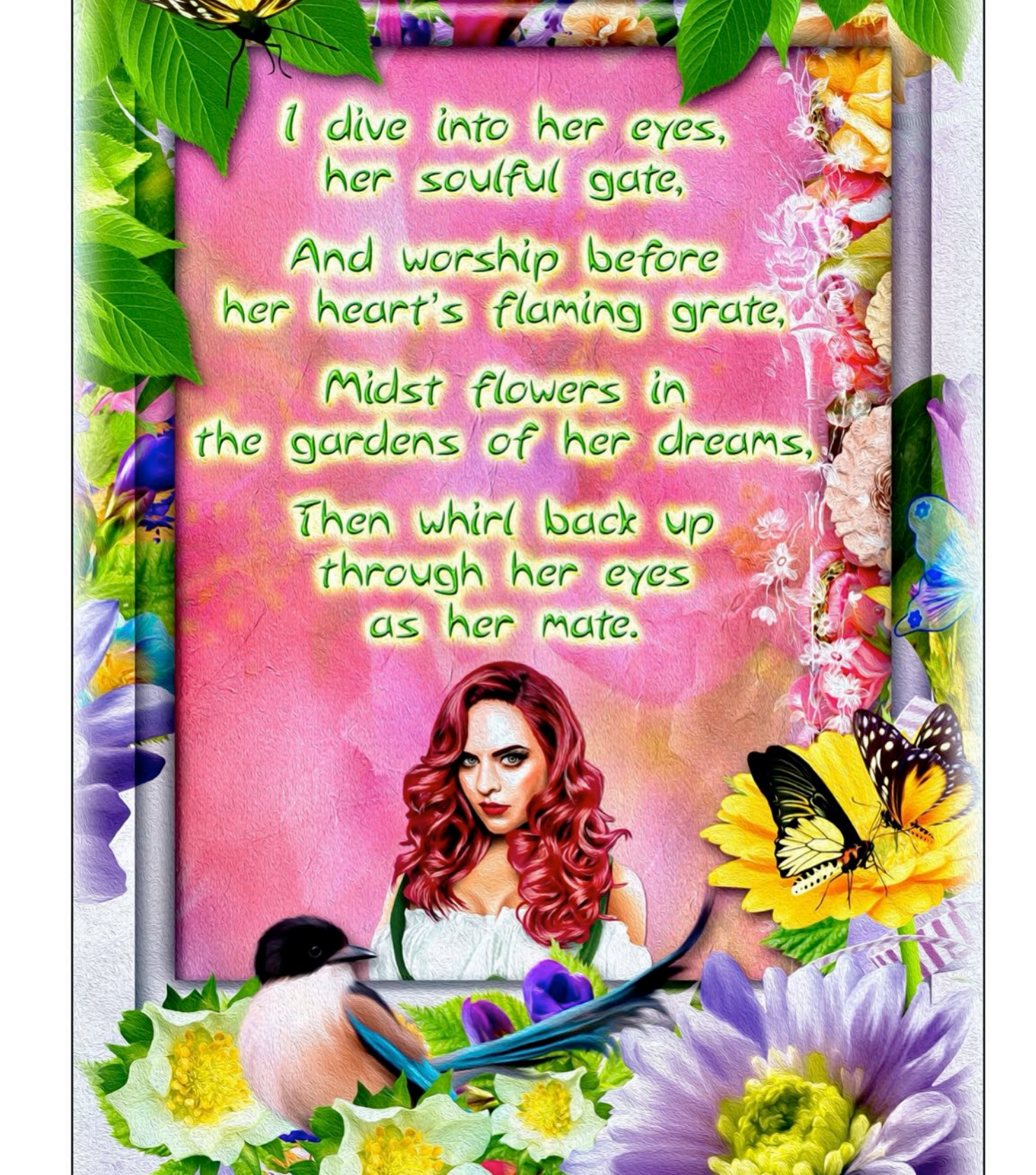
Soft-lipped mouth,  
and the ears that pointed rise,  
As the moon and stars  
reflect in a pool,  
Which look as for  
a lifetime pours surprise.











I dive into her eyes,  
her soulful gate,  
And worship before  
her heart's flaming grate,  
Midst flowers in  
the gardens of her dreams,  
Then whirl back up  
through her eyes  
as her mate.











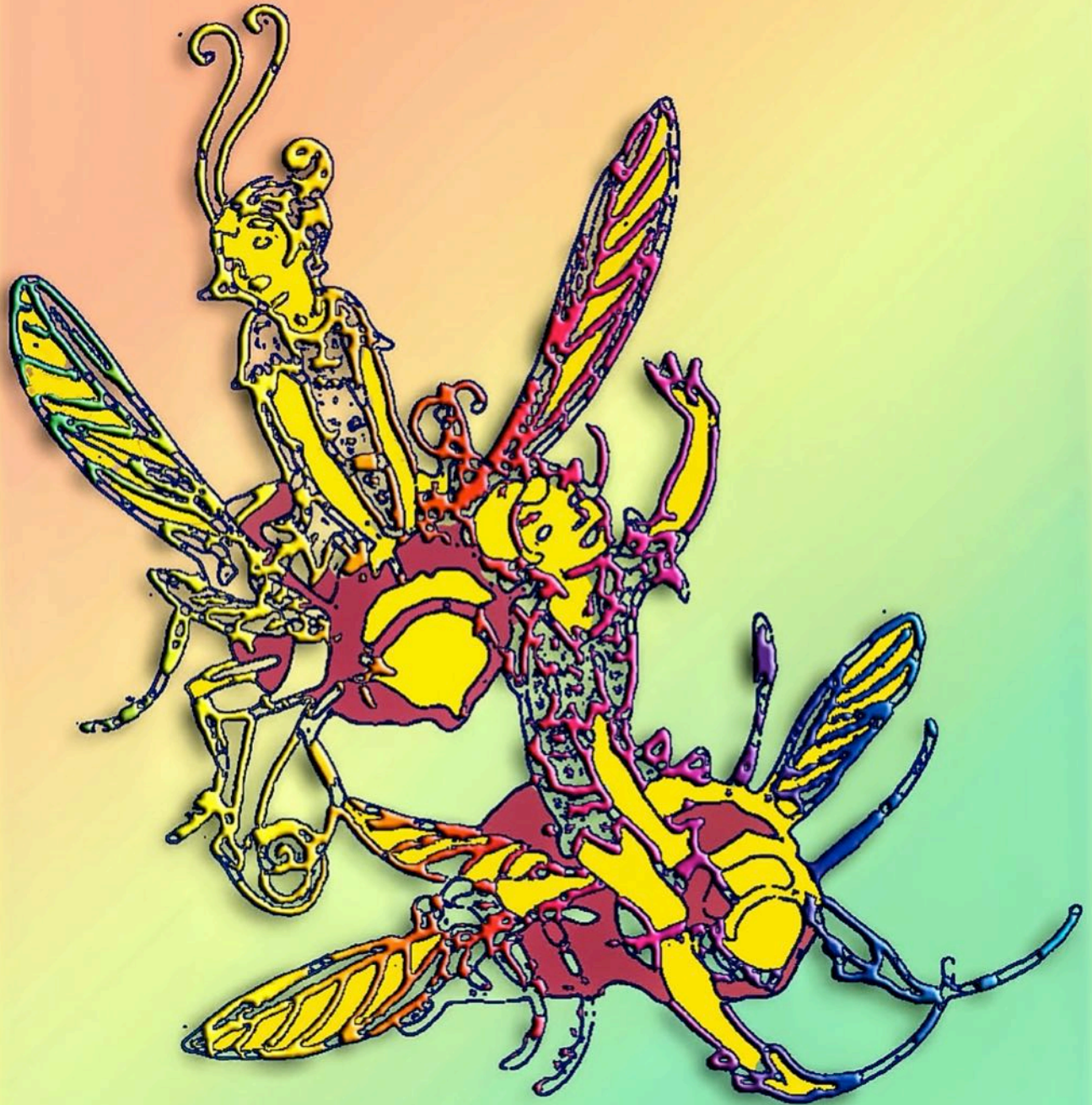
I'm left  
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that's no mere spell,  
But a fact in Heaven  
that's fancy in Hell,  
Of elemental affinity's flame,  
Deeper than thought,  
much older than  
speech can tell.







Of man and angel, one, yet neither, they must  
Dwell forever in those shadow worlds between  
form and substance—they, all elfin creatures  
And all who float or fly as came from Paradise.



They're the mist of an autumnal sea,  
Alive only by possibility:  
Dancing spirits, caught by a believing glance,  
Sleepy-eyed visions beheld in a trance.









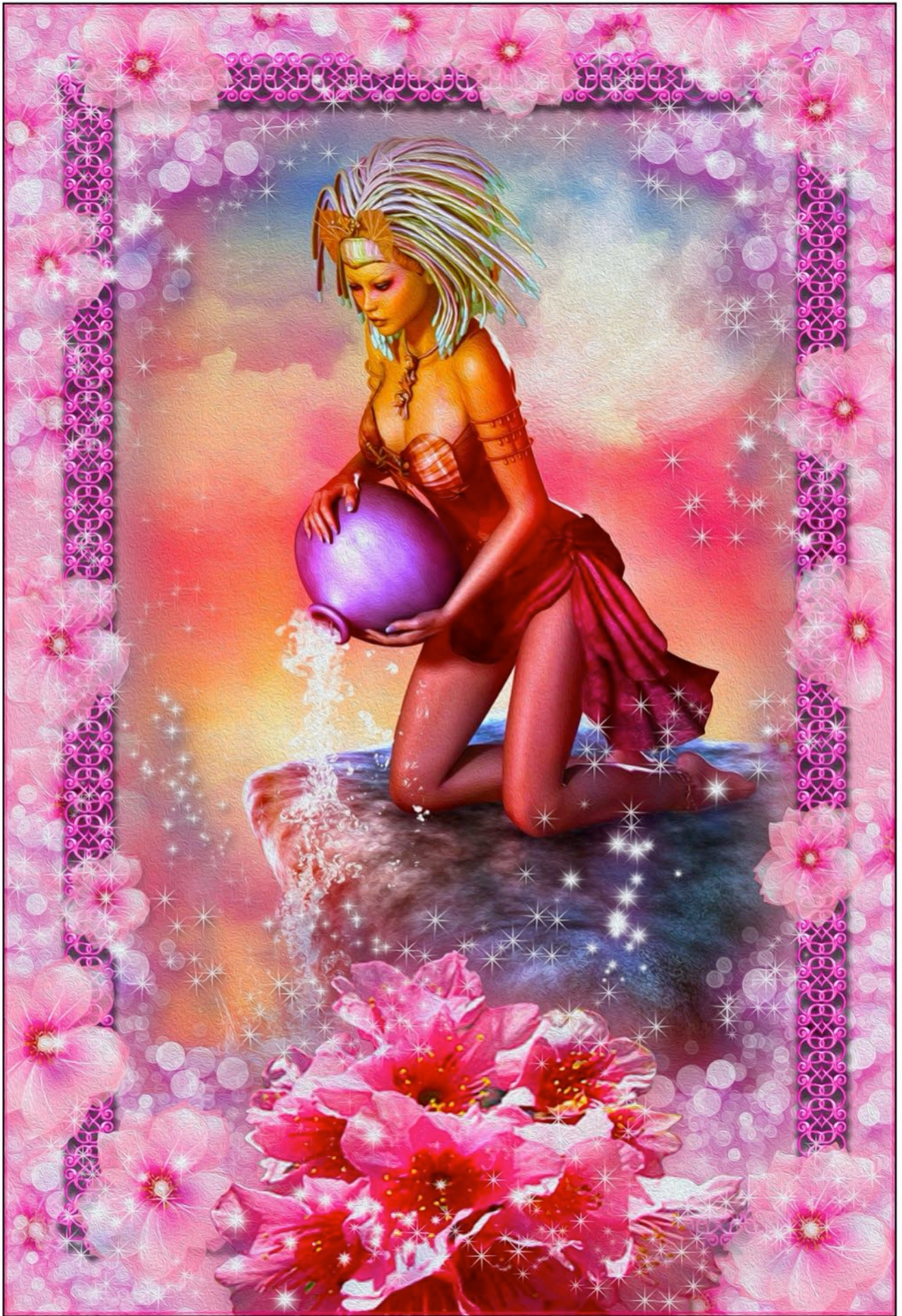
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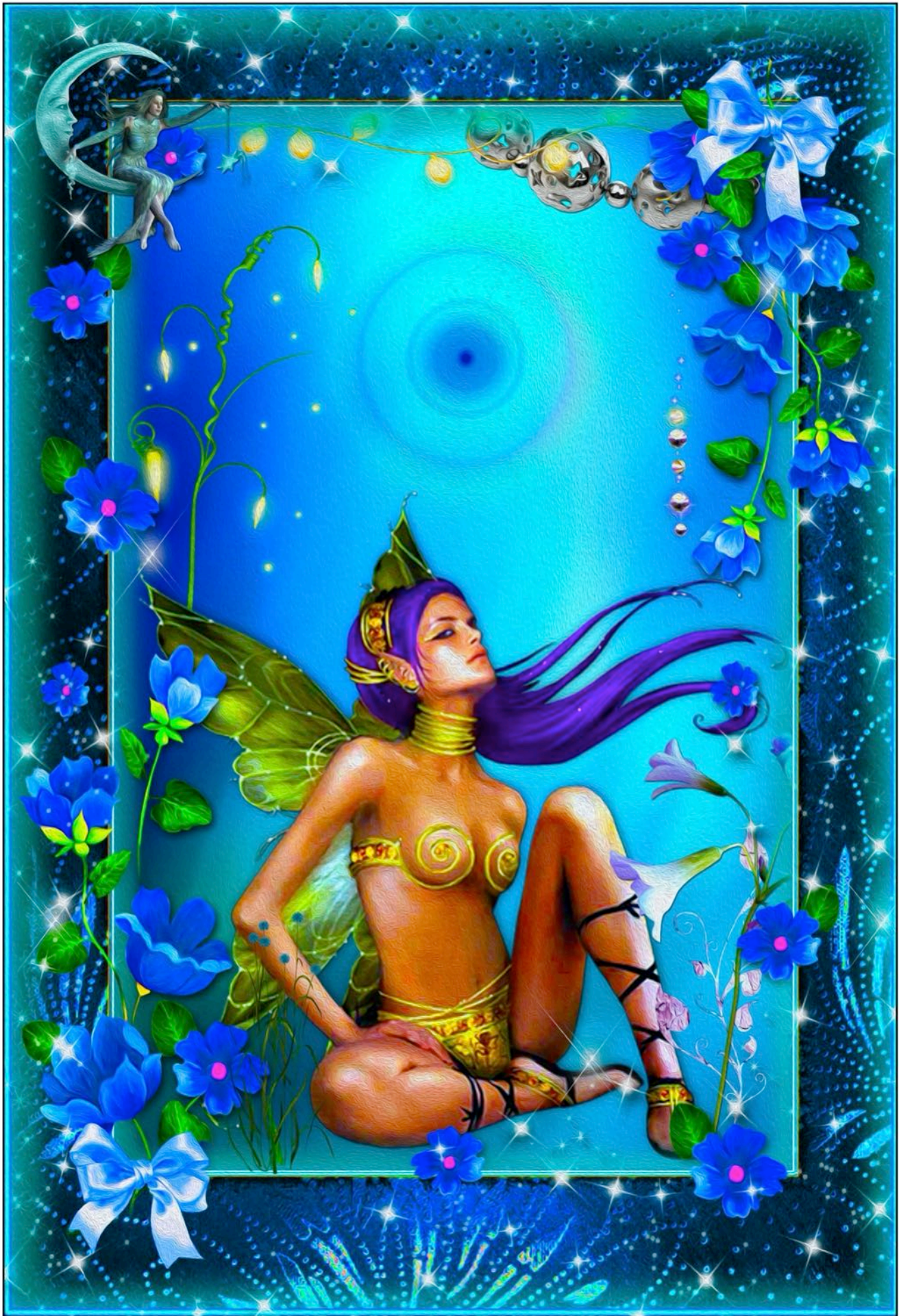
To dwell forever  
in shadow worlds, between

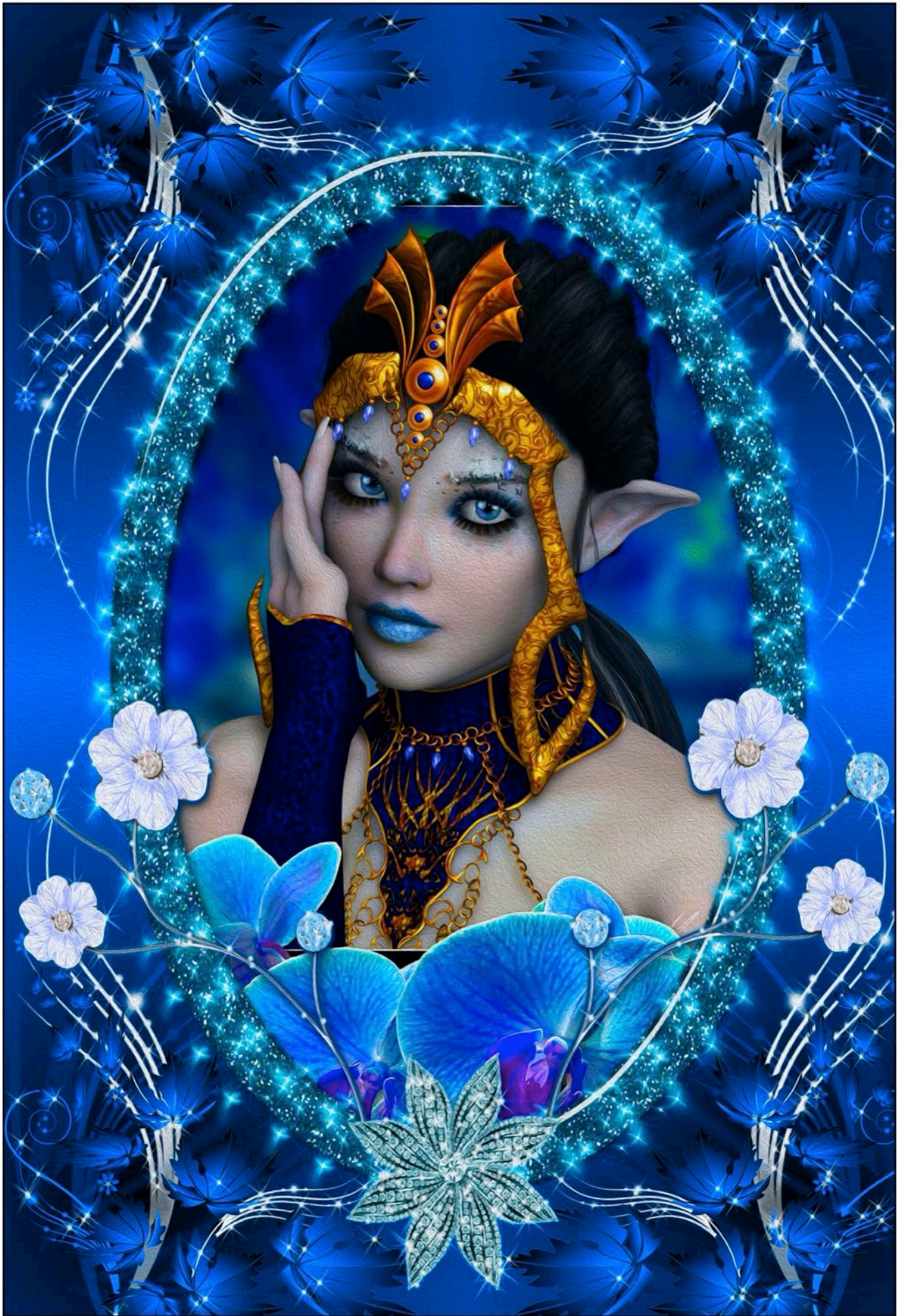
Form and substance,  
they, all elfin creatures

And all who float or fly  
as came from Paradise.










Yet neither here nor there, though everywhere,  
They're the fairy host—nurslings of Eternity  
And of all things everlasting, like Amaranth,  
And of all things heavenly, like love and dreams.



Alive only at life's heavenly cusp,  
They appear but in half-light dawn or dusk—  
Seen usually by some quick sideways glance,  
Or through some autumnal haze perchance.





Yet neither,  
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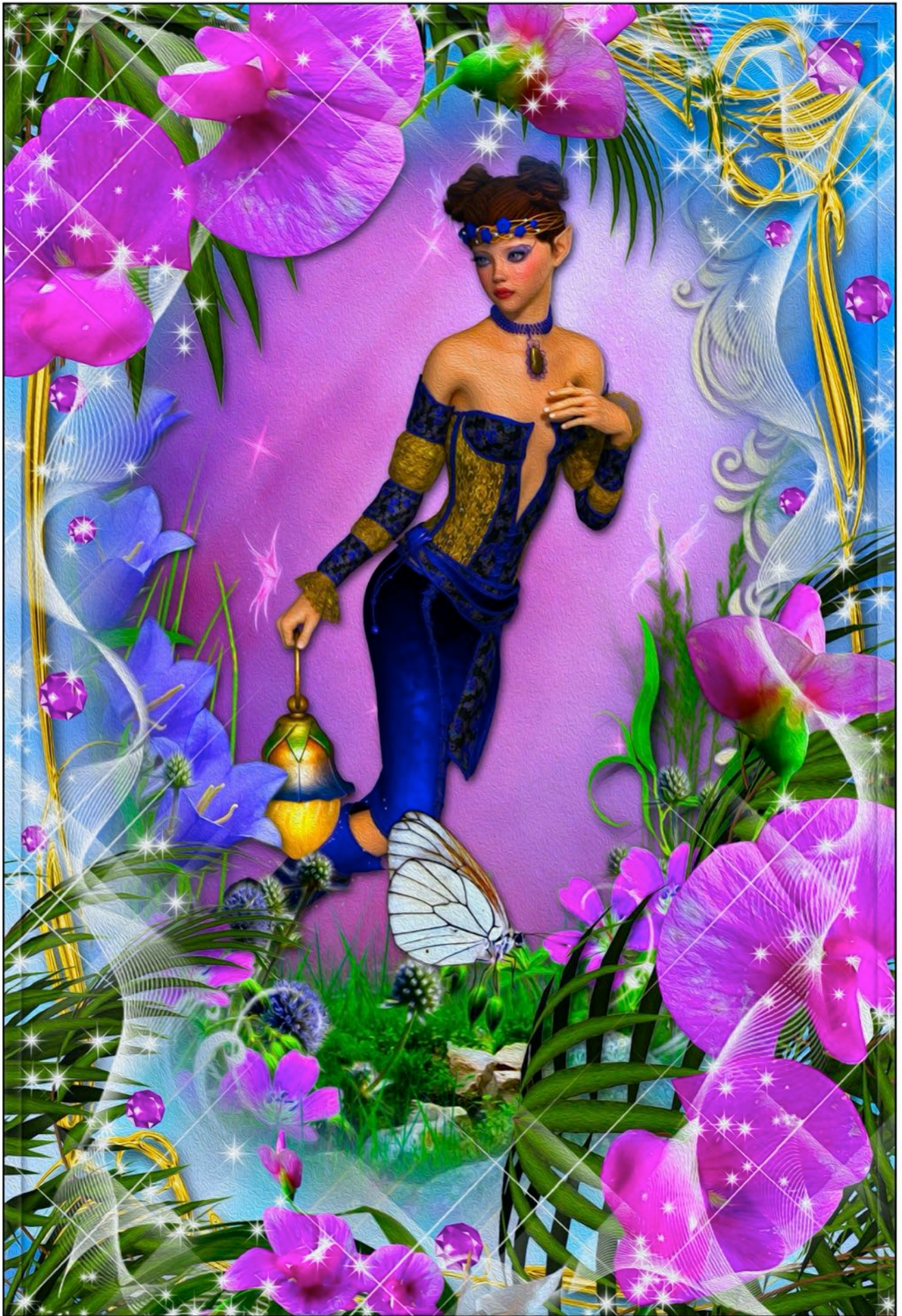
Alive only at  
life's Heavenly cusp,

They appear but  
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Seen usually by some  
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fays live in a moon-blue star-mist, out of space  
And out of time, rising each morn in vapors,  
And wavering there, in rainbow colors,  
As the light and life of all leaf and flower.

“What’s that?” Phantoms, that are but a glimmer  
Of the life and light of some halfway scene,  
Of beings twixt man and angel—they shimmer,  
As one might remember them in a dream.



“There!” What uncanny things flock, in between,  
Unknown in the shadows, there but unseen?  
They’re dream-visions—completing the triad of  
Earth’s heavenly things, with flowers and love.

They, cupid-like, are the spirit-souls of flowers,  
And wear petal cloaks, and have wings that blur;  
They sleep in Cowslips, where, with childhood’s ear,  
You, listening, all their music can hear.





Fays live in a  
moon-blue star-mist,  
out of space

And out of time,  
rising each morn  
as vapors,

Wavering here-there  
in rainbow colors,

Being the  
light and life  
of all  
leaves and flowers.









They're sylphs, tree-spirits, wood-folk, and fays  
Gathered in posies of living bouquets.  
Knowing well the language of the flowers,  
They bestow their favors on the growers.

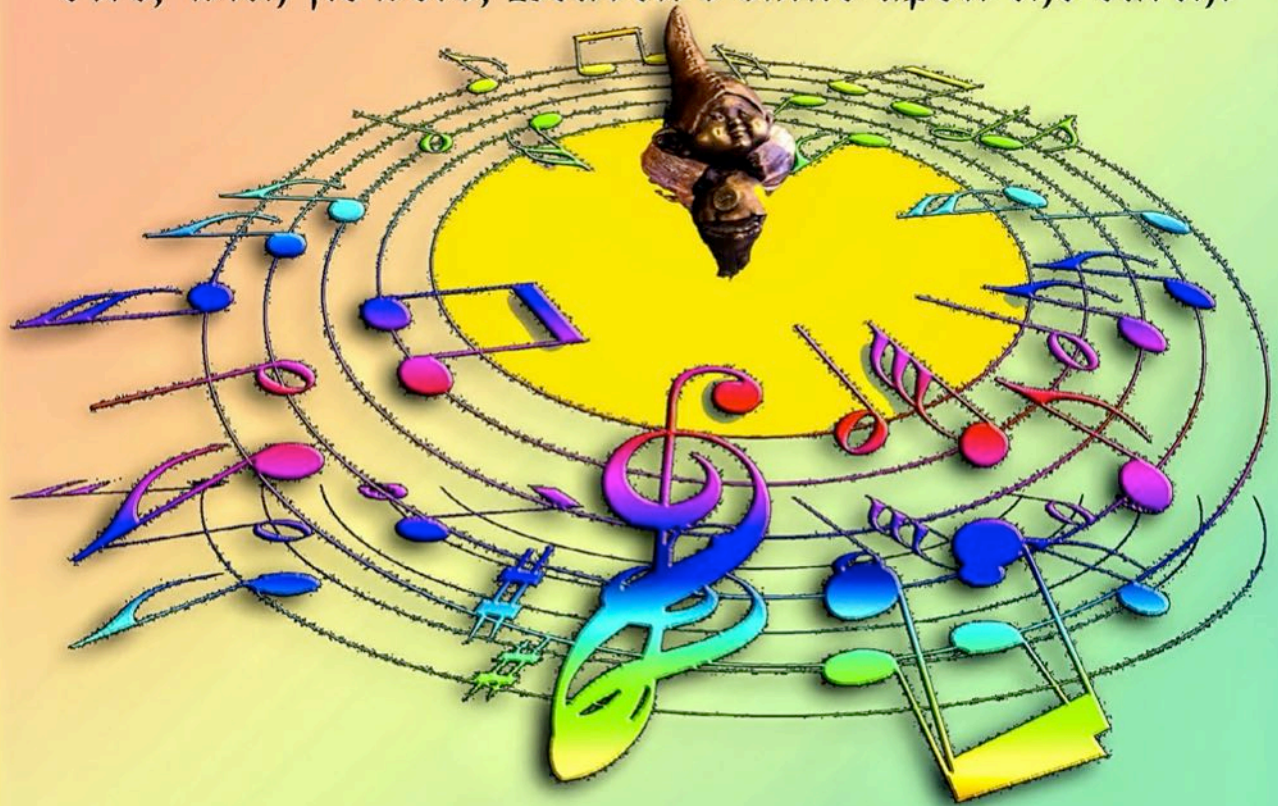


When Eden fell, all elfin creatures, too,  
Were loosed with Eve into the world anew.  
They're tenders of the precious flowers few,  
Of those flora that in the Garden grew.



The sprites shadowed Adam's Eve through the land,  
Making seeds sprout everywhere. by their hand,  
Their growth blessed by pixies' twinkling wand  
That showered the plants with a fine dewy sand.

Midwives of bloom, wizards of natural miracles,  
Painters of green, and guardians of buds,  
They, the keepers of that which moves all things,  
Are, with flowers, Heaven's smile upon the earth.



Born of kisses, fays are life's spirit-soul,  
So much felt as to be oft seen and heard.  
Their musical wings play songs so intense—  
That the sounds fall as fumes upon the sense.

Fairy tinklings are sensed as drowsy fumes—  
Incense lifting one on wings of fairy sighs,  
The tide that turns us, oft seen in the wake  
Of leaves rising in their swell on windless nights.





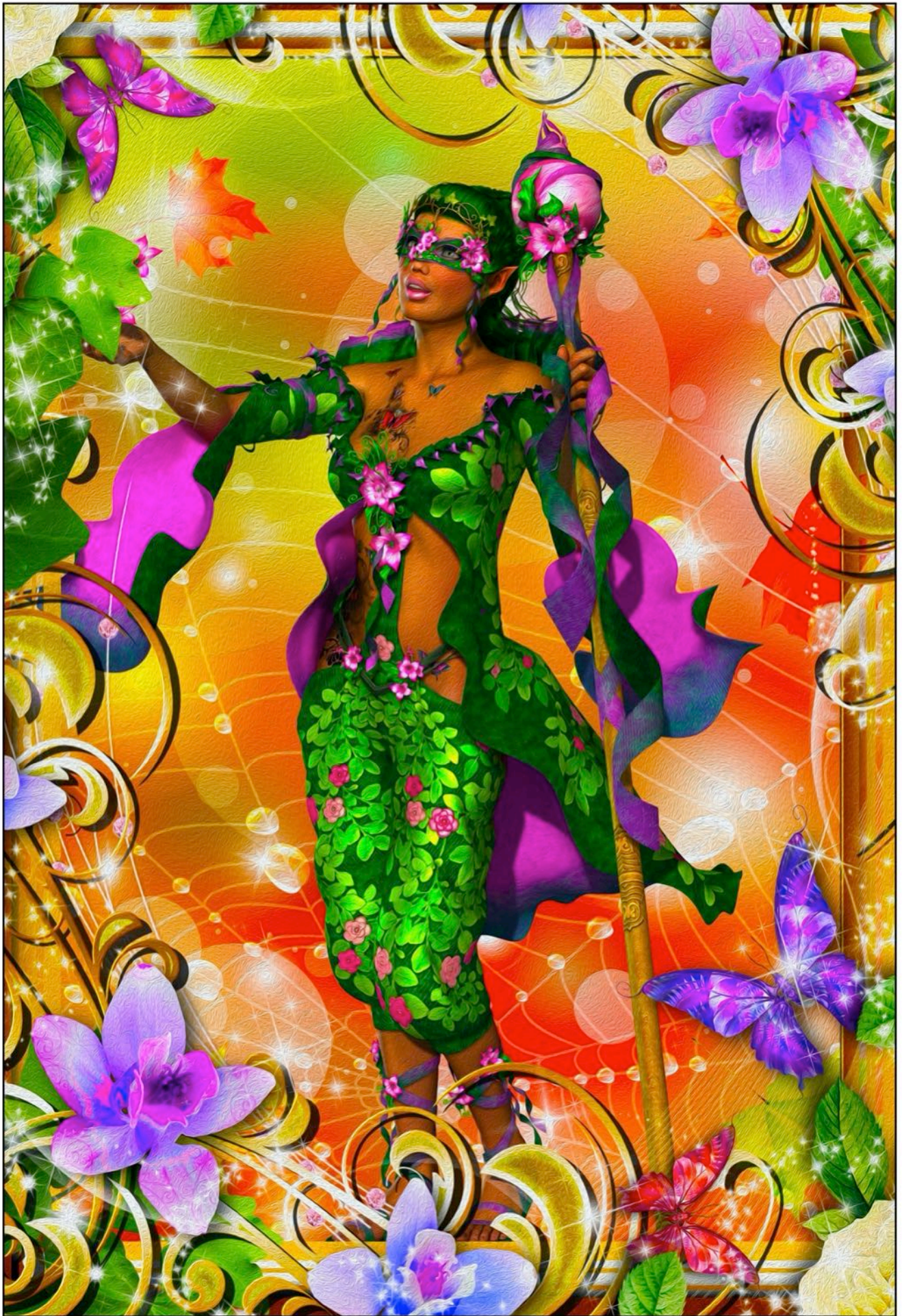
Midwives of bloom,  
wizards of  
natural miracles,

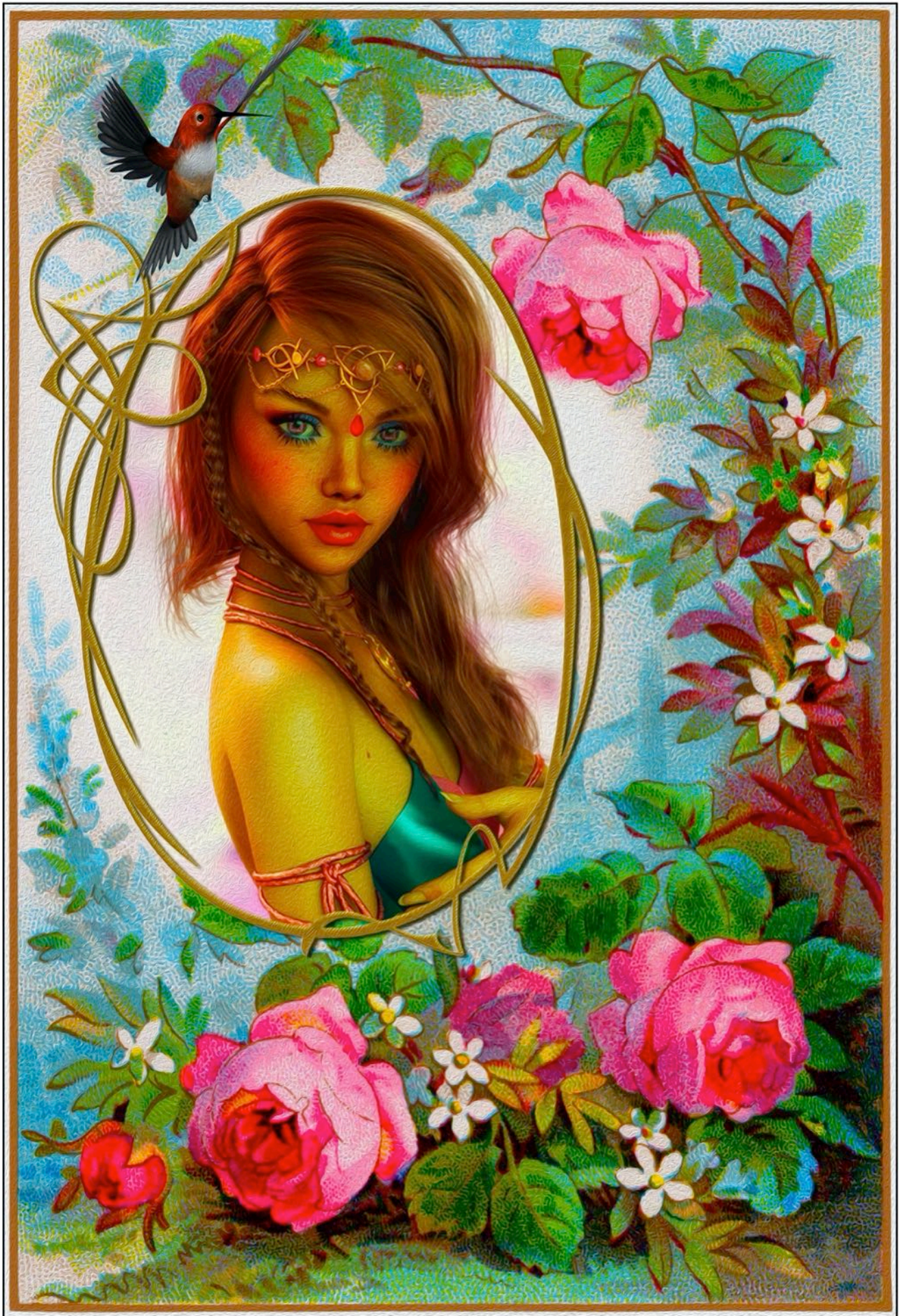
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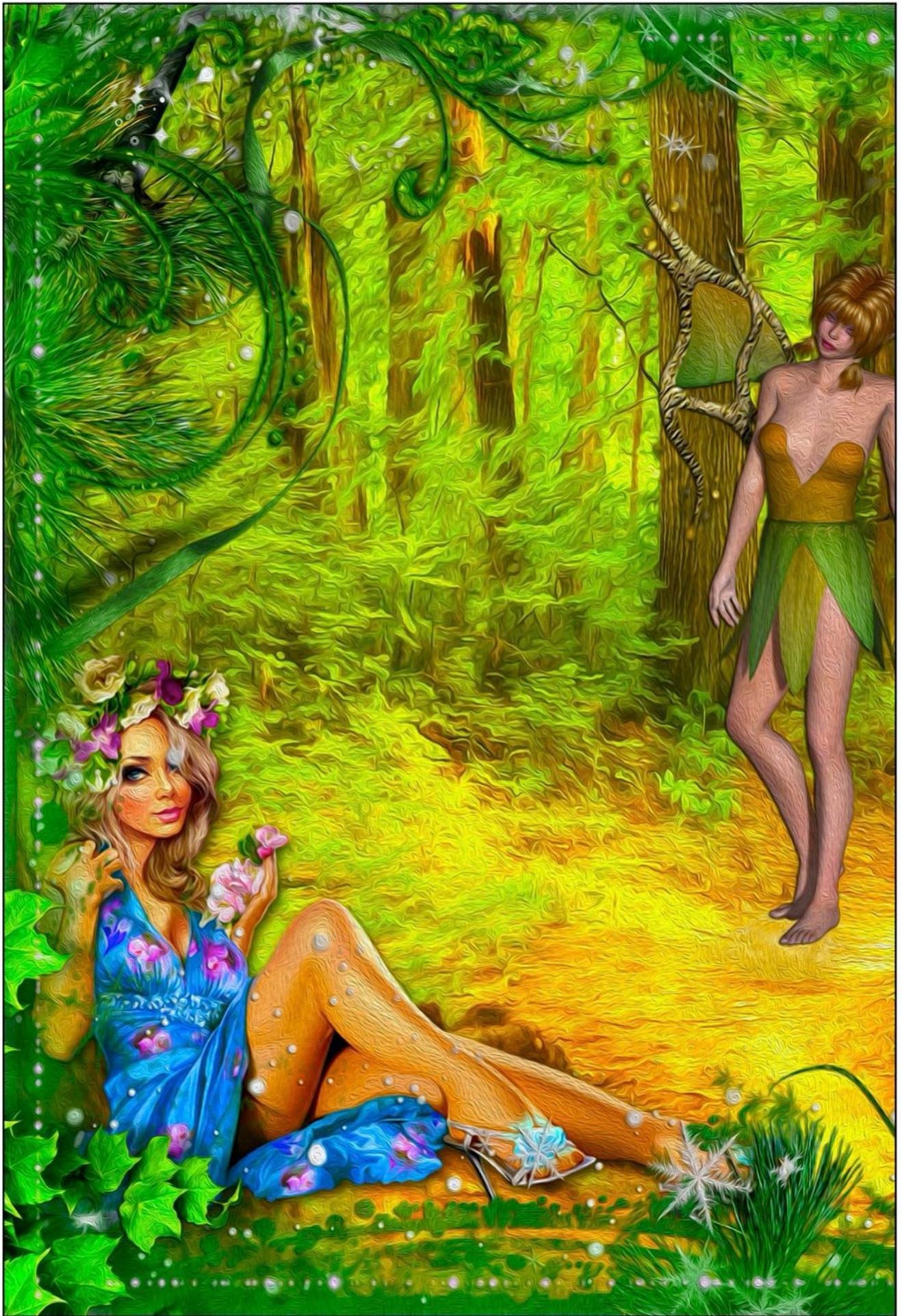
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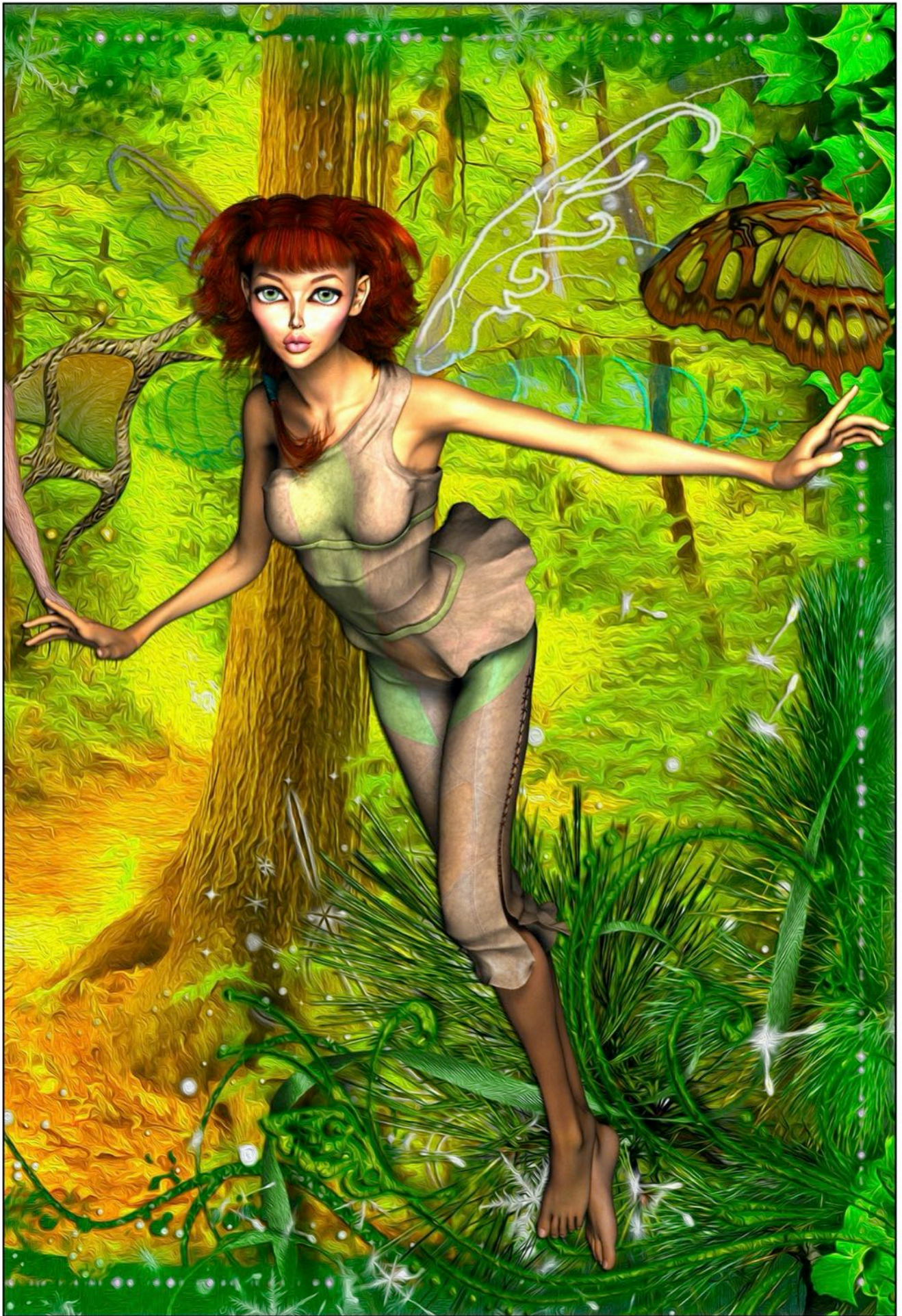
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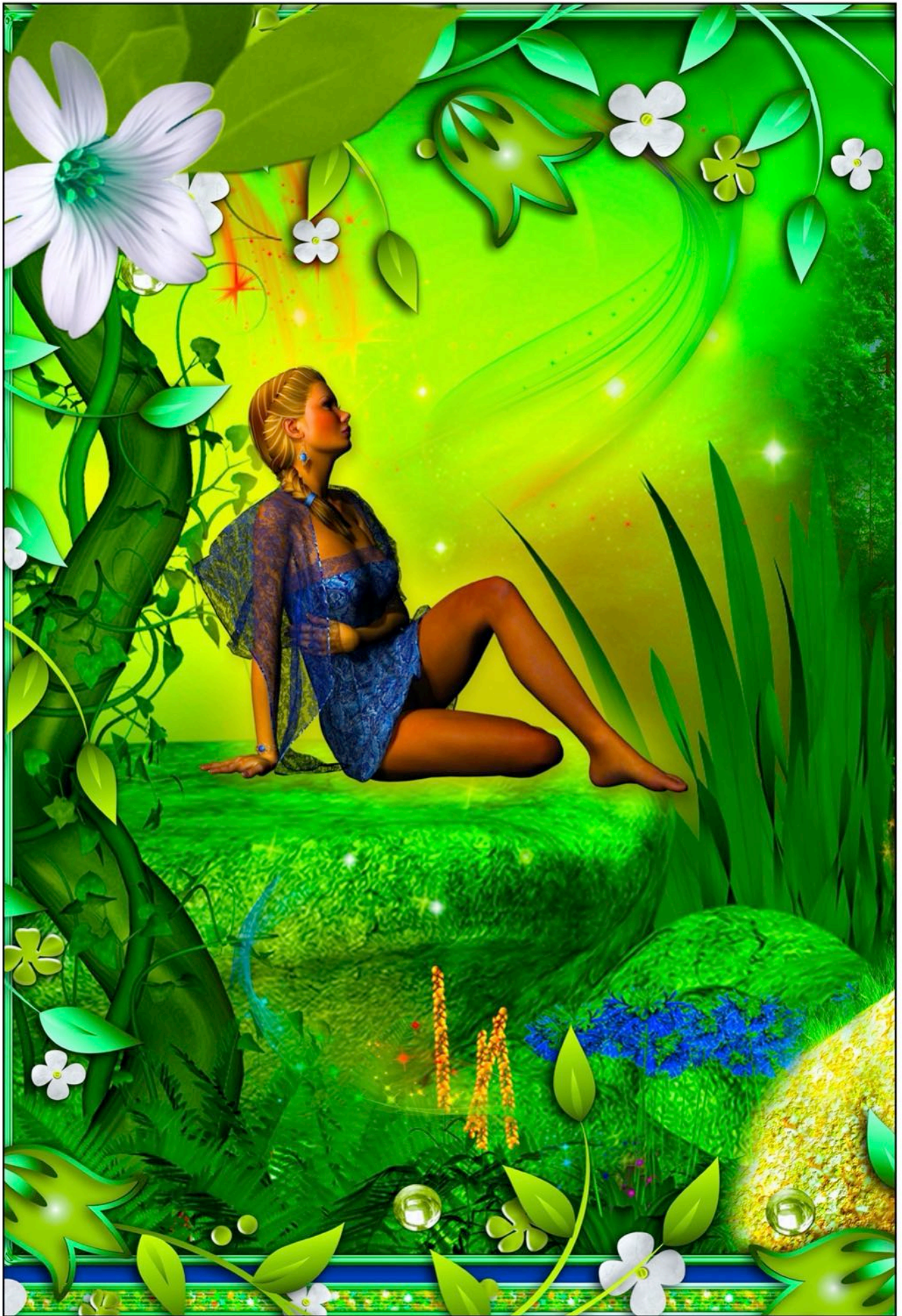
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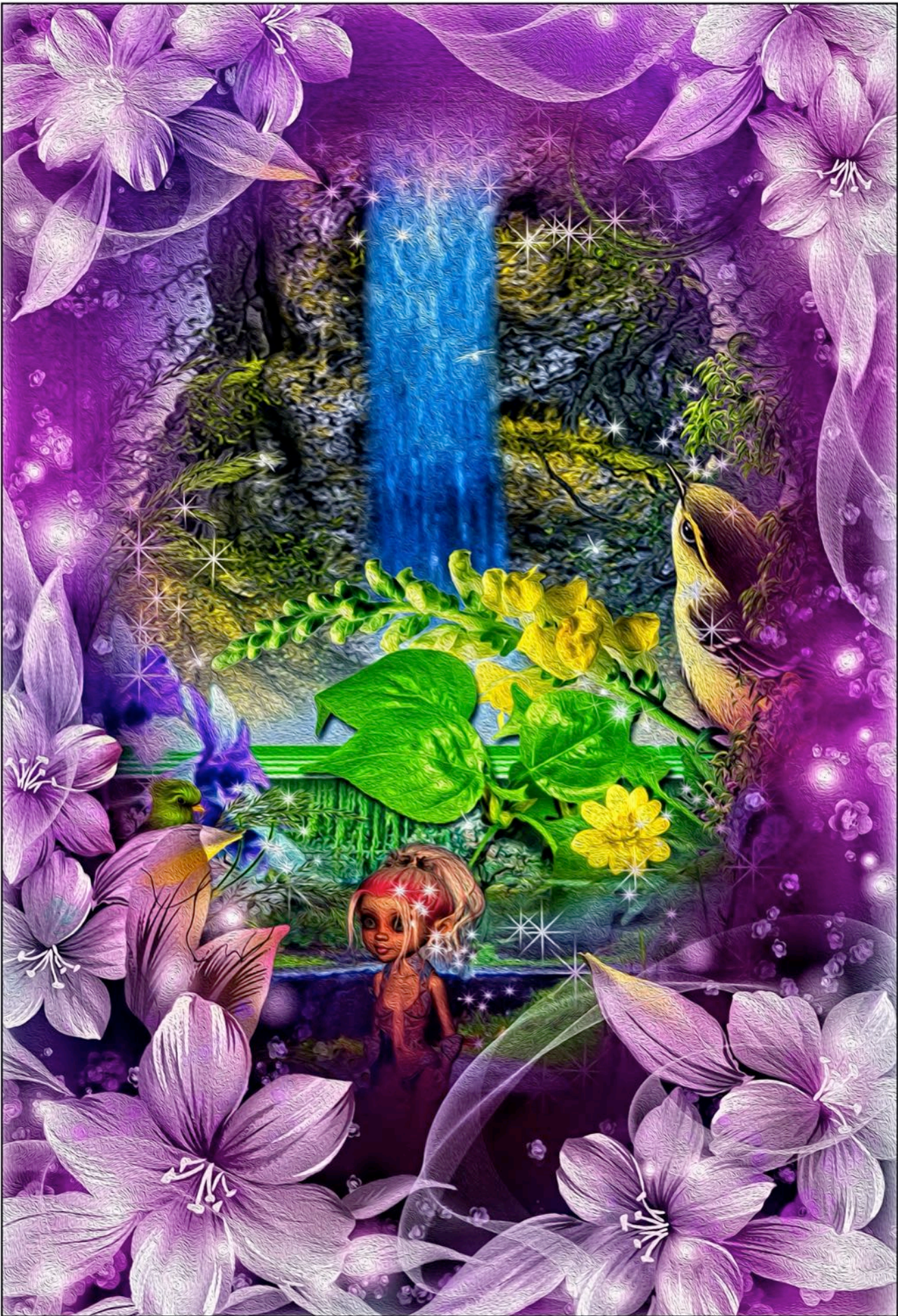




Elfin winds make love to the blossoms of May,  
As spring flowers reach for the light of day.  
Drinking deep draughts of life's sunny delight,  
The woods burst with the joy of love's bouquet.



Daydreams fill us with thoughts on promenade:  
Wishes, fantasies over the mind cascade.  
We listen well to these plans already made,  
For by sundown the phantom shapes may fade.



flowerets sprang from the footfalls of a lass,  
foliage withered where evil spirits passed;  
But, where unknown colors shone, fairies massed,  
And drank the twilight dew off of the grass.

Chrysanthemums drank the mellow day—  
falling petals carried the light away.  
The evening fog enswirled, the mist upcurled;  
Into nothingness the wisp slow unfurled.



Castle builders laid their stones across the sky  
As dream merchants gave out gifts of unreality;  
Mirages sprang to life at the slightest touch,  
For, the impossible had become my reality.



Many mortals I saw, too, while passing through,  
And knew that Elflande overlapped our own.  
They were not asleep, but frozen in movement,  
Awake, yet unmoving in their instant of time.



And, as each moment passed onto the next,  
These mortal beings passed, too, wondering what  
Might have been seen—phantasms in the mind  
That fell between the frames of their living film.







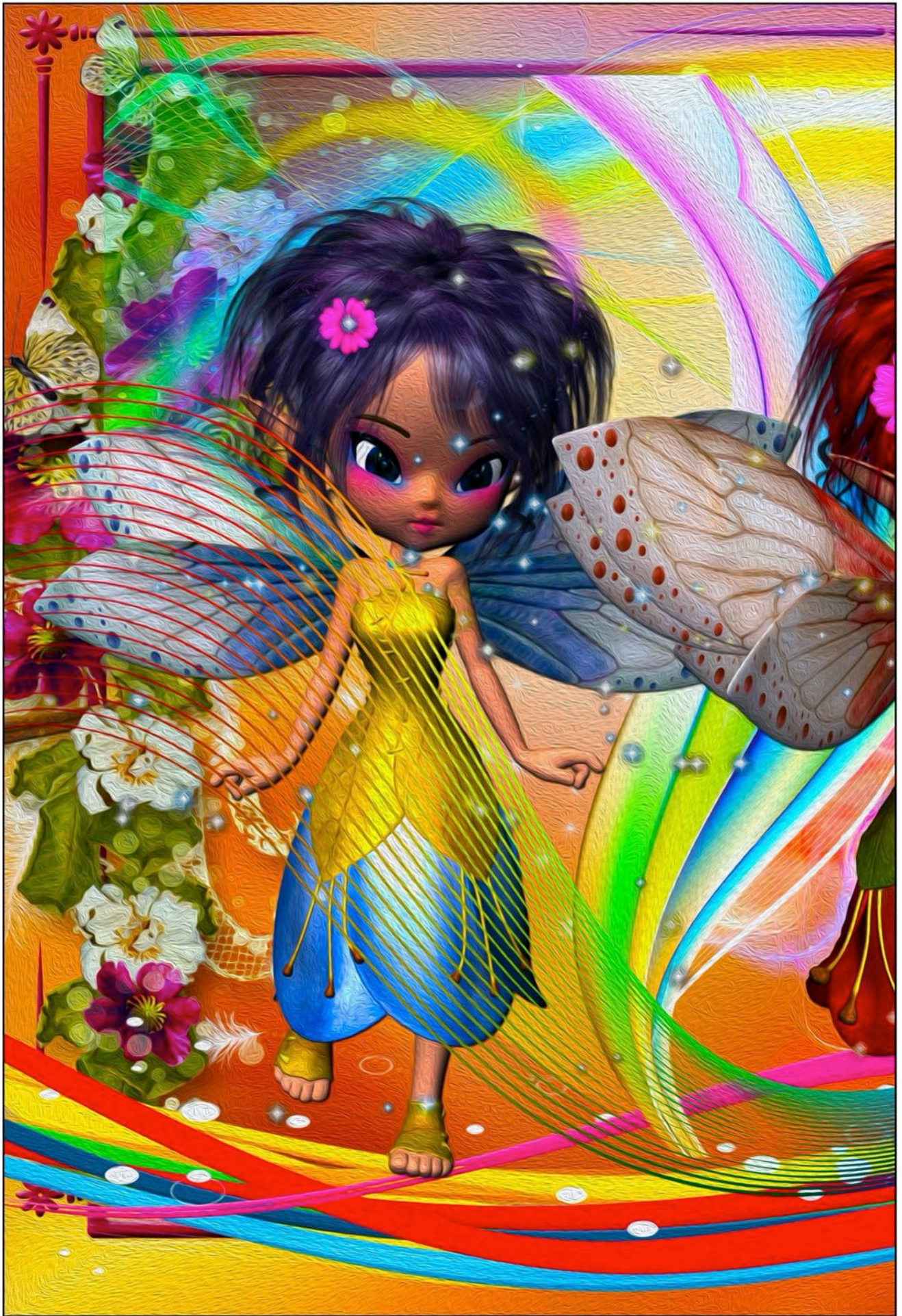
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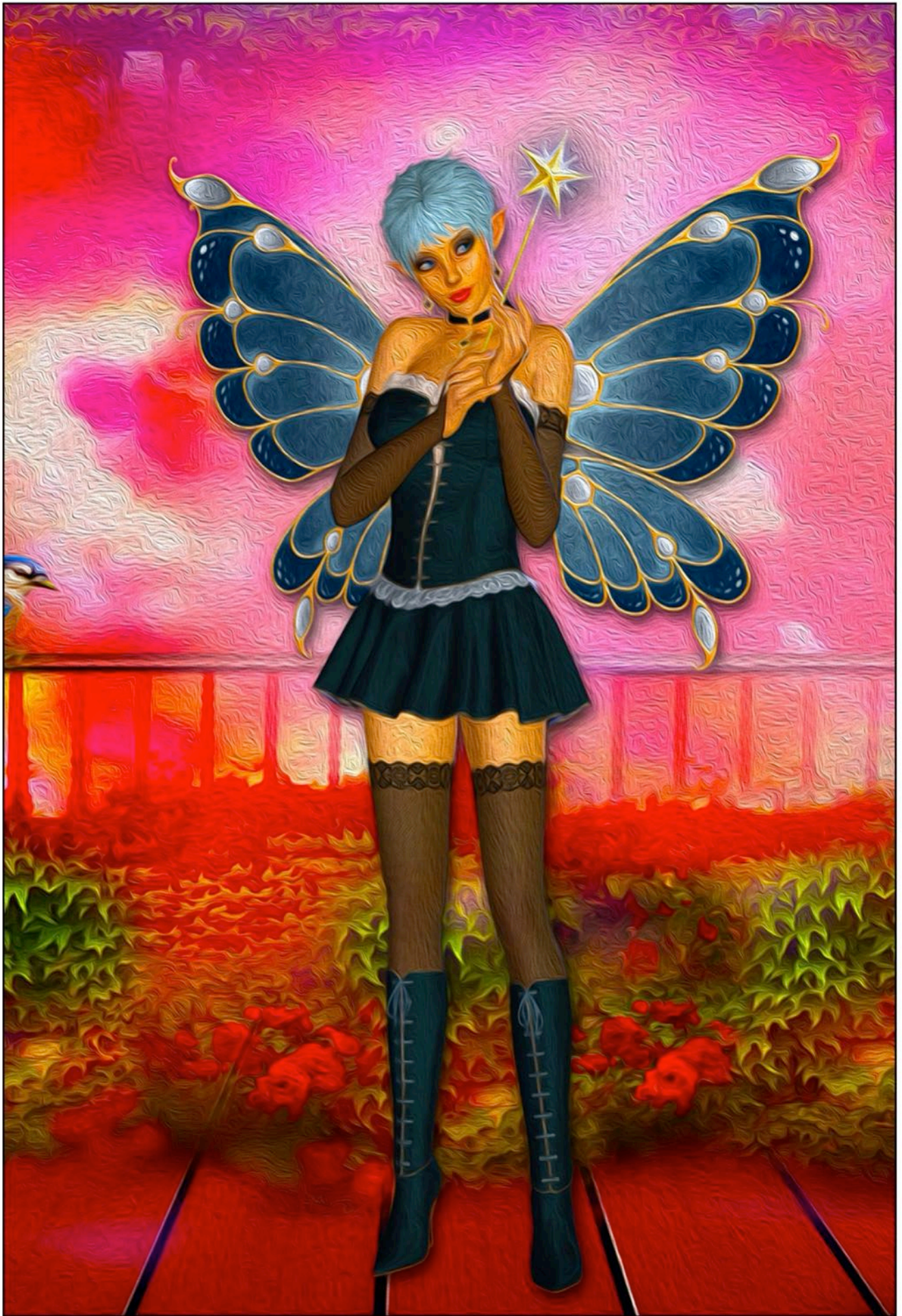


Such when each moment  
passed unto the next

These mortal beings  
passed too, wondering what

Might have been seen:  
phantasms in the mind

That fell between the frames  
of their living film.



Magical things I saw—that only appear  
On earth when one's eyes close for just a second:  
Winged ladies, and flowered butterflies  
Whose prints were pressed as dust upon the pansies.



Butterflies came to life in Pansies' psyches,  
Embodied by extension into flight.  
They're flowers floating on the air, propelled,  
Leaving shadow prints behind on the petals.







Magical things I saw,  
that only appear

On Earth  
when one's eyes close  
but for a second:

Winged ladies,  
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Whose prints are pressed  
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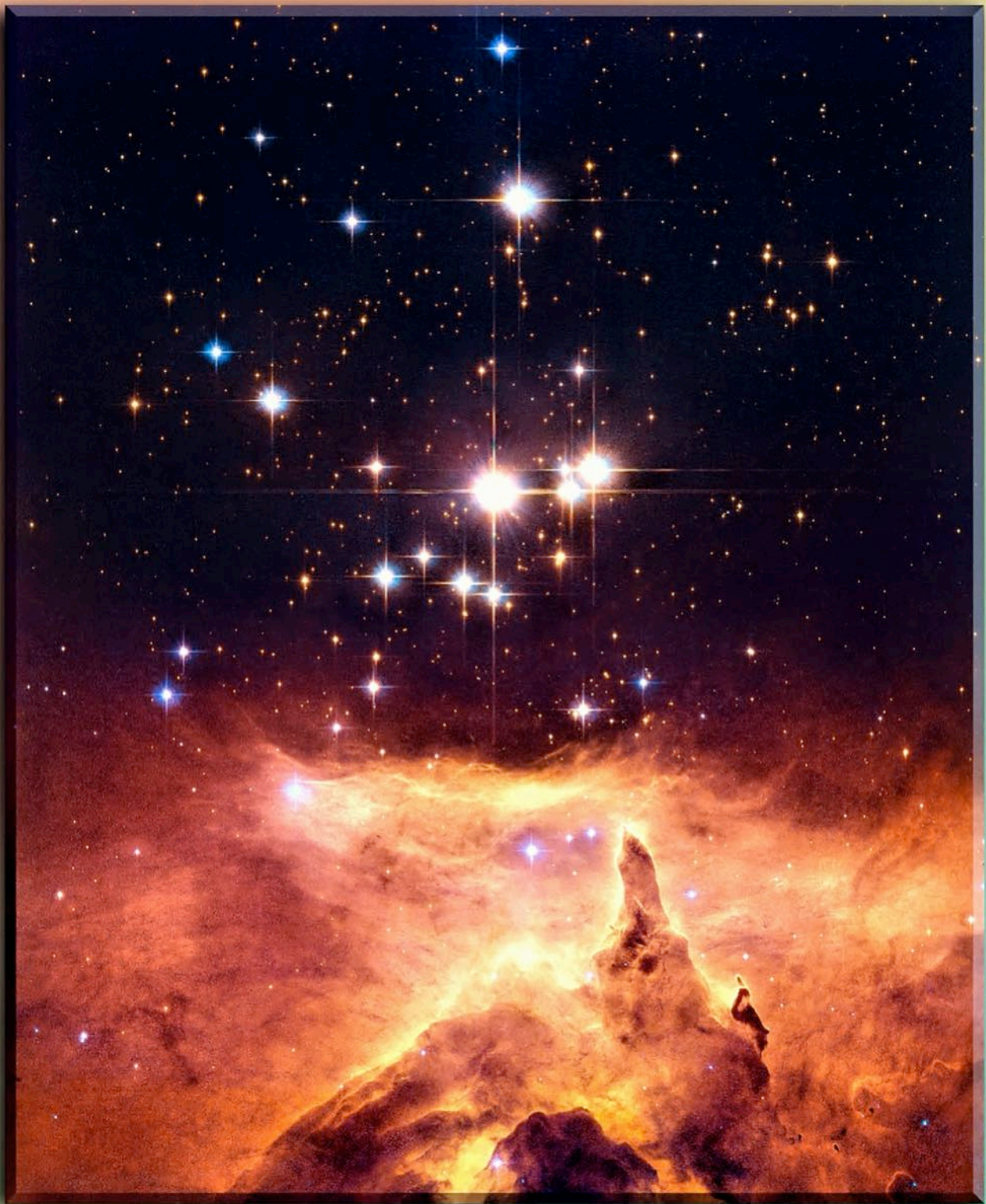






The flowers mirrored the pixies, and so obtained  
Their colors from the reflections and the rain;  
Thus, through the flowers we can see and gain  
The glints and gleams of life's hidden domain.





All things I saw in a new light, like the stars—  
Colors I could have seen before, had I looked:  
for the stars were not white, but jeweled in hues,  
Sparkling and scintillating in rainbow colors.





I found a garden, half as old as time,  
In which poets could write and live their rhyme—  
Where the nightingale created the rose,  
By moonlight magic, from the thoughts sublime.



My quick thoughts rose, mist rising from the dew,  
As living dreams unveiled more than I knew.  
From poetry's light a garden grew,  
Revealing mysterious wonders new:

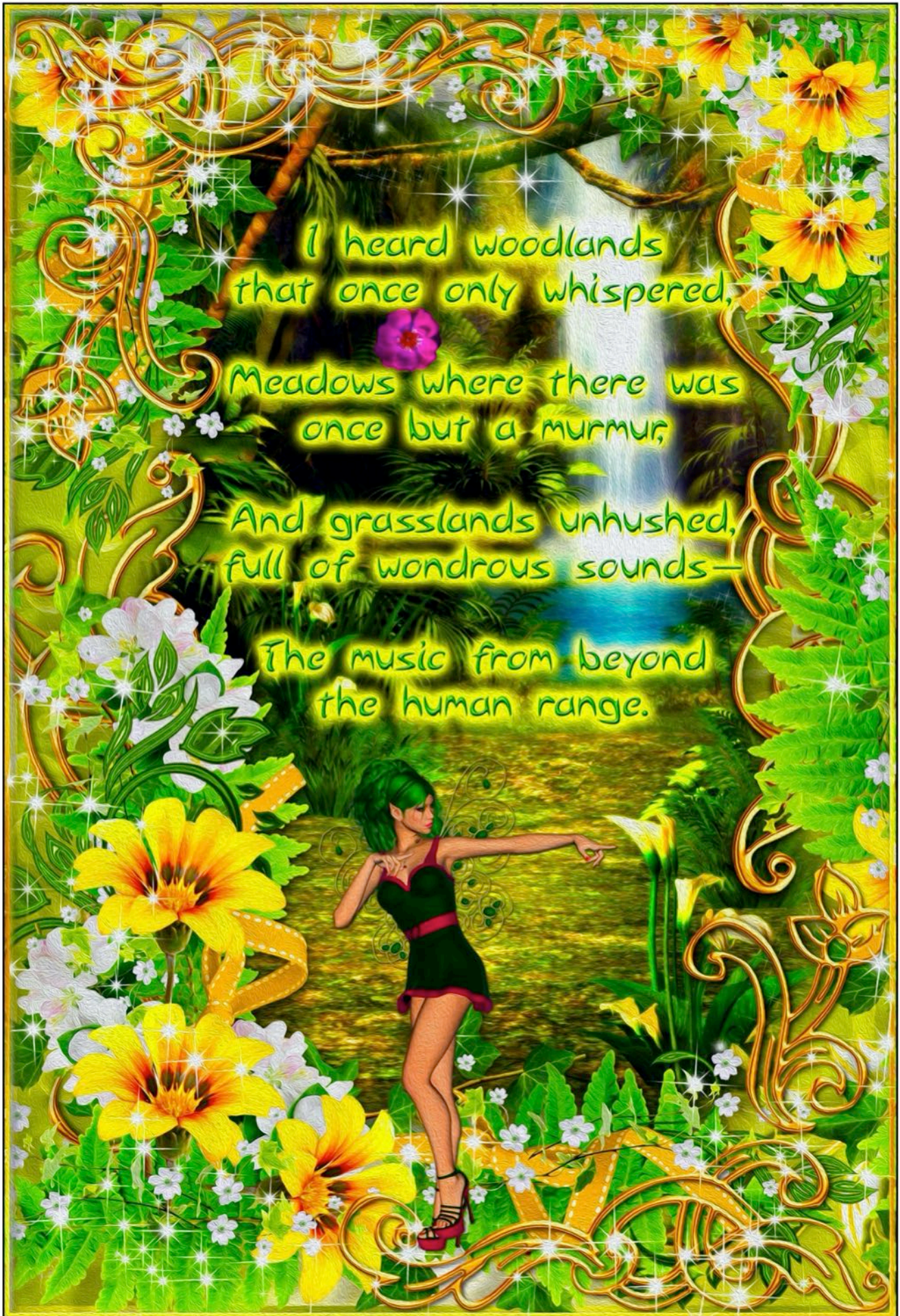


I heard woodlands that once only whispered,  
Meadows where there was once but a murmur,  
And grasslands, unhushed, full of wondrous sounds—  
The music from beyond the human range.



My senses were heightened: touch went deeper;  
My eyes saw colors beyond the spectrum;  
I reached into living things, knowing them—  
And the odours called, mixed with emotion.





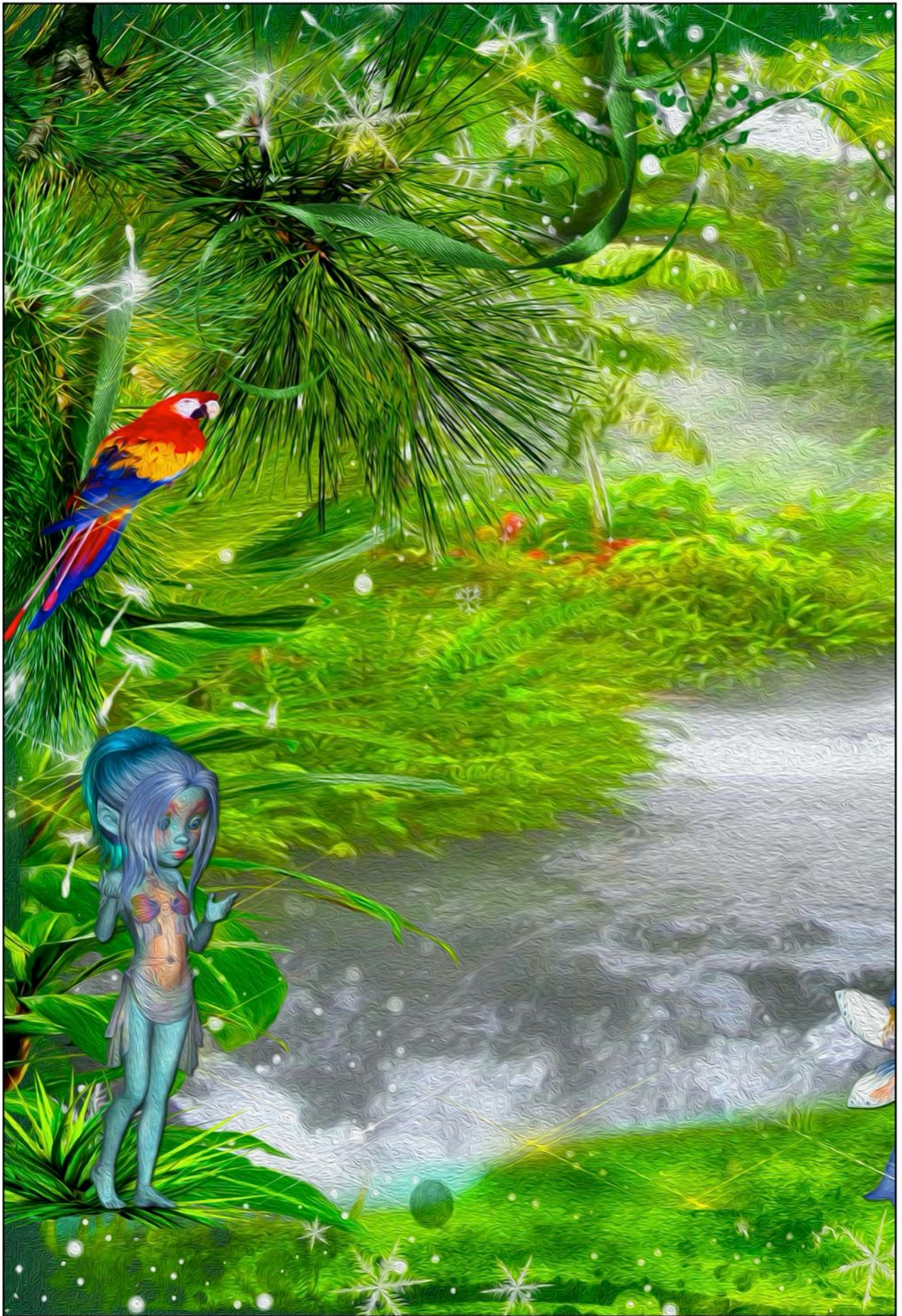
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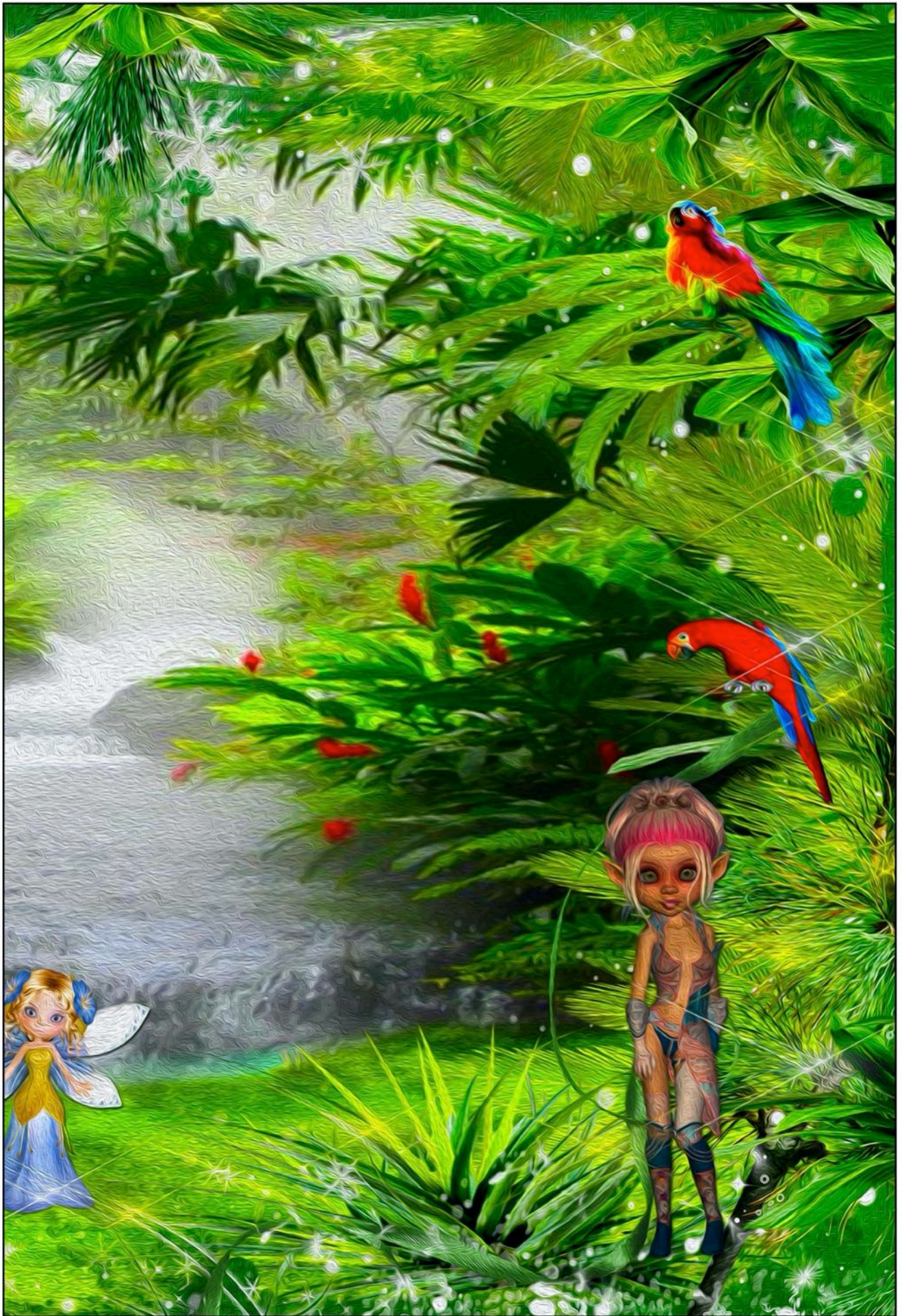
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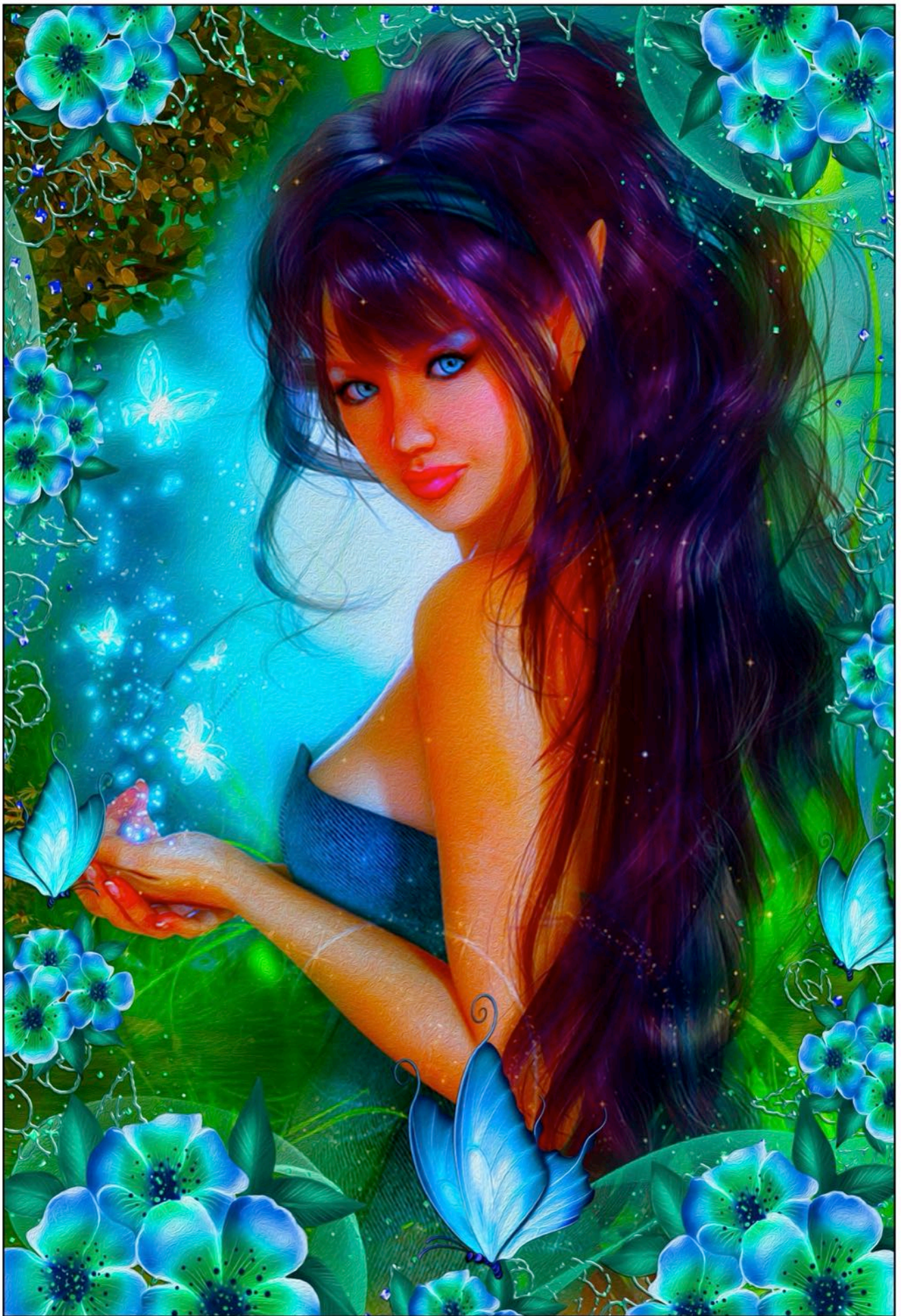
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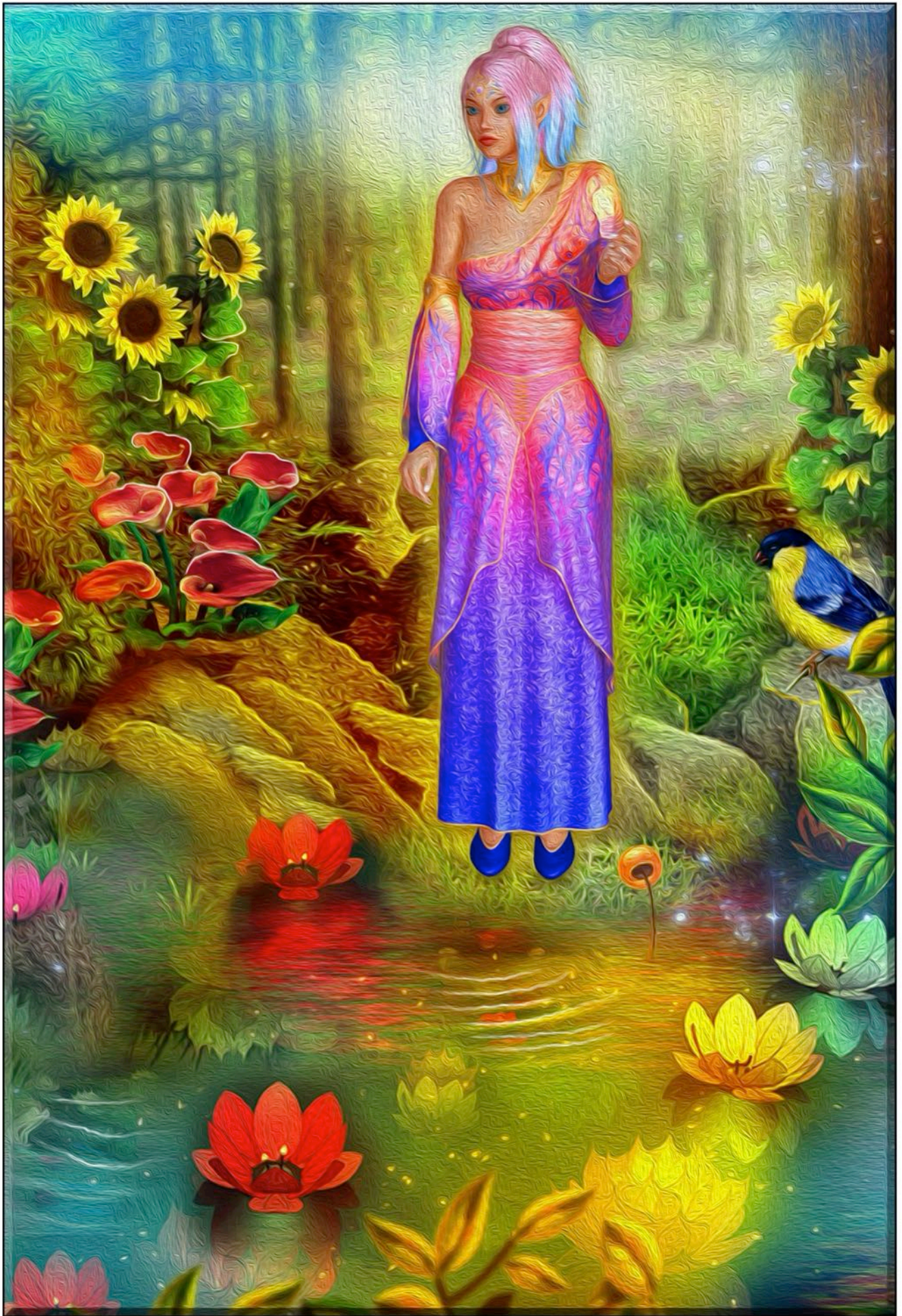
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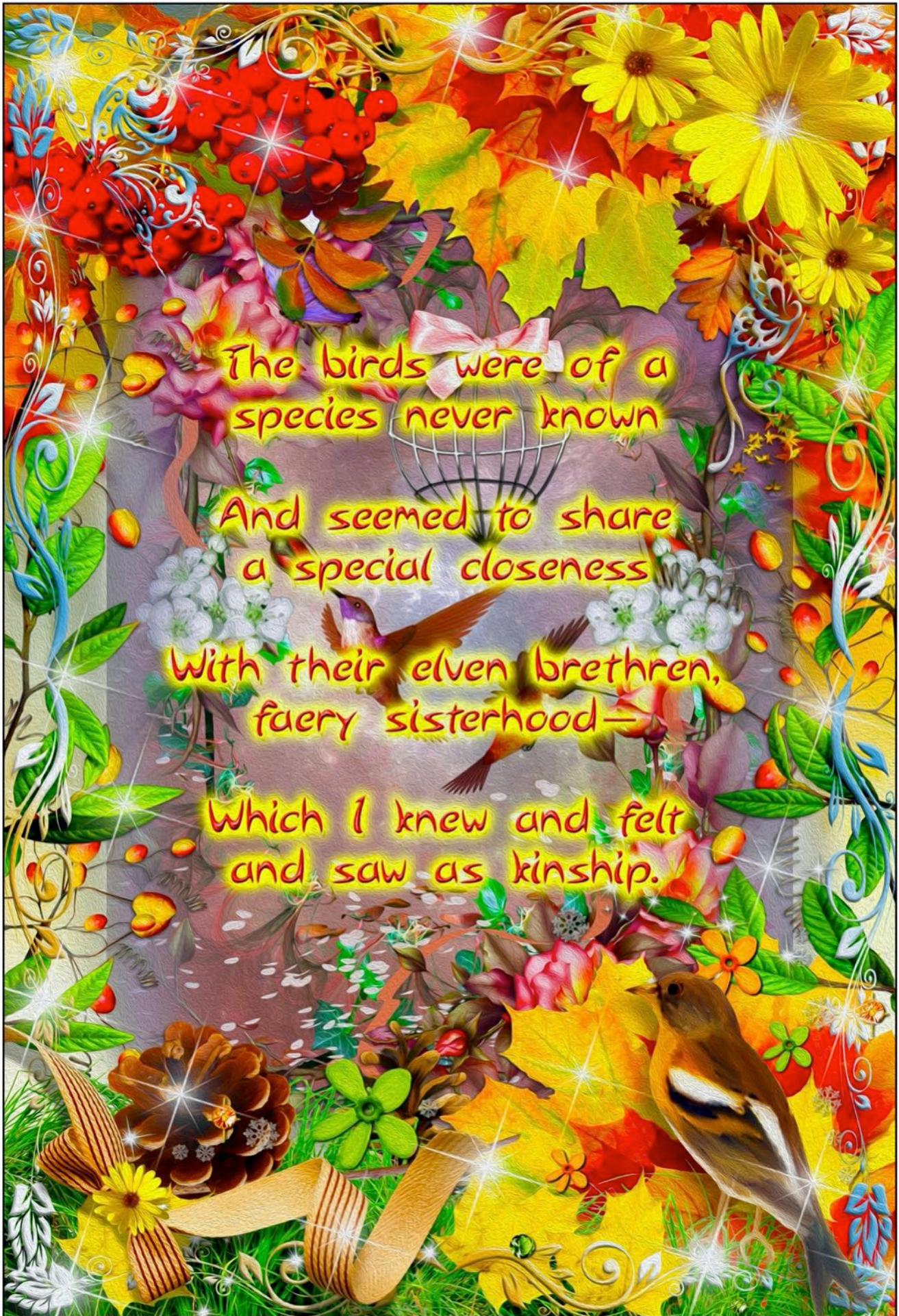
All the odours called,  
mixed with emotion.











The birds were of a  
species never known

And seemed to share  
a special closeness

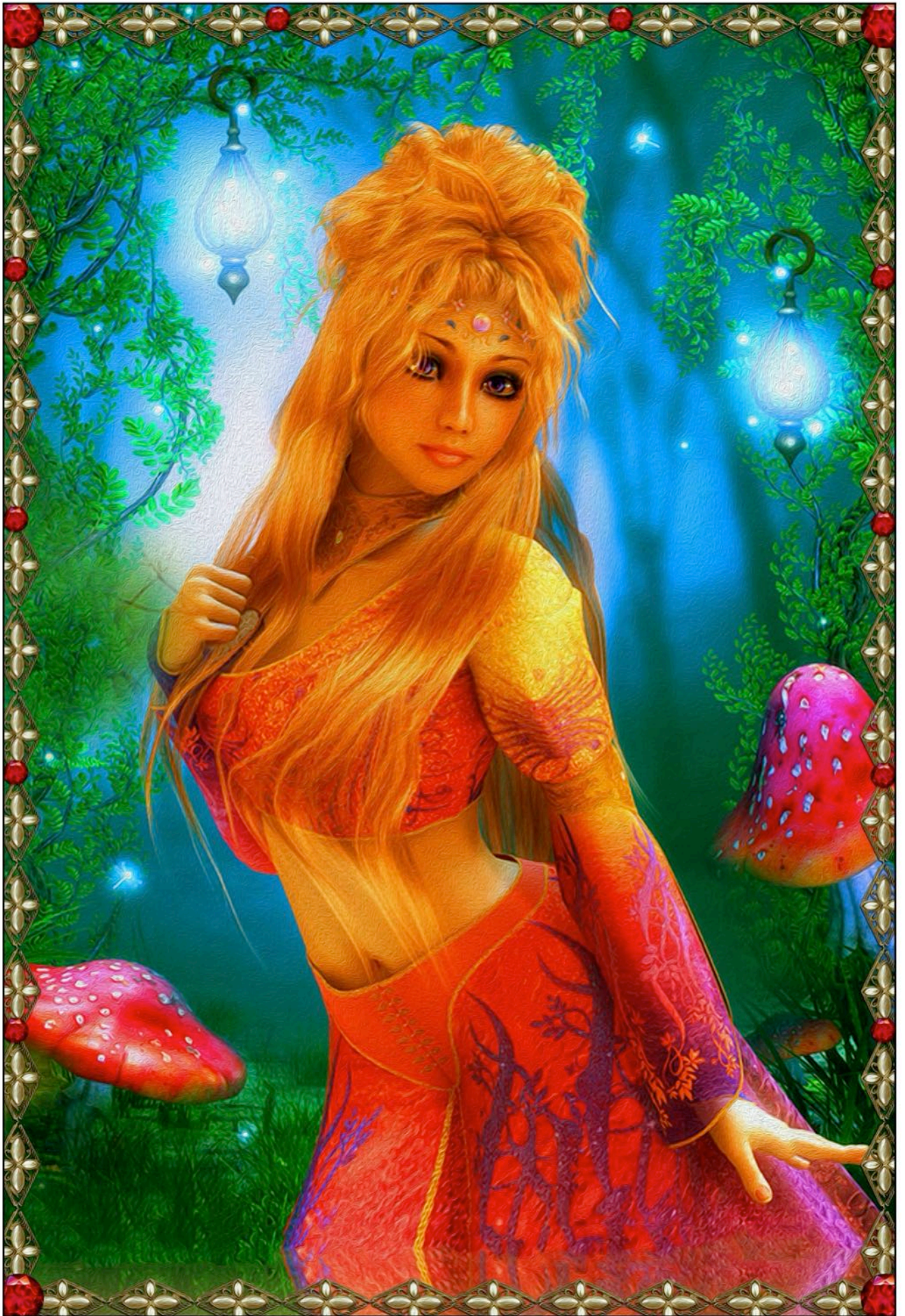
With their elven brethren,  
faery sisterhood—

Which I knew and felt  
and saw as kinship.












A flush of youth shot through me, as the chain  
Of light from angel to faerie added my link,  
And my eyes were sparks of bright burning fire,  
Sense extended in a new dimension.





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Sense extended  
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Petunias grew wherever rainbows touched,  
Their colors vibrant, a bouquet, as such,  
Of rays that made the flowers glow so much:  
Heaven's prismatic radiance—life's clutch.



There sprouted Buttercups, all bright and new,  
Goblets from which the fairies drank the dew,  
And from the Eglantine sprang poetry's power—  
For it was the only way to describe this flower.





The elves found Venus shining, in daylight,  
Knowing where to look, as if it were night,  
Then followed her as an evening star,  
Till with her fiery lover she took flight.



Cotton was woven by the little people,  
Into clothes, with a whirling spinning-wheel  
Whose spindle was the stinger of a bee,  
Weavings that surpassed the spider's best web.

Fireflies followed and lit the way for the  
Little weavers who were chased by jealous  
Spiders—the wee folk hid in a Cotton ball,  
The spider finding nothing there at all.





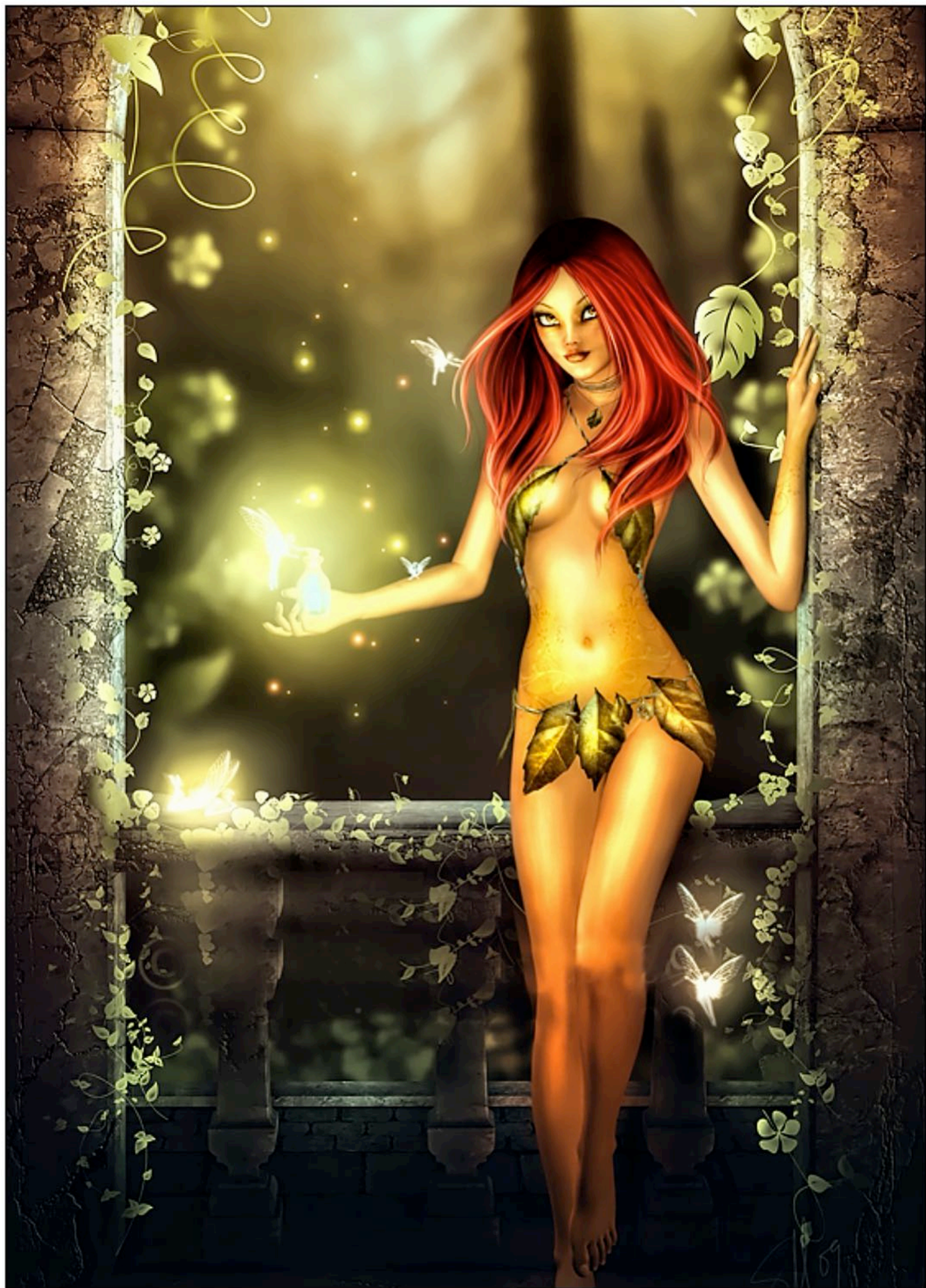
Just before dawn, amid the dew and moss,  
Elves rode on a moonbeam made of Bugloss,  
And saw the North Star, the Southern Cross,  
In the same sky, 'most all the way across.



Pearly Everlasting, here frozen in time  
By Eve's purity, yet survives all cold and rime—  
It's a bit of Heaven given to our clime,  
Where it still ignores the knell of Death's chime.



The innocent Daisy, or the day's eye,  
Is a lot like the sun—it cannot die;  
It far outlasts every other flower,  
Shining even when the sun has no power.



Breathe flowered air and you'll never know death,  
Your incarnate life an eternal wreath.  
Breathe ambrosial incense, balm, and spice  
Of flowers as fragrant as a fairy's breath.



Love's first emotion rose from the Lilac,  
For it blooms when Nature is first aroused;  
It is love's youngest dream to us come back,  
Where it will ne'er again remain unspoused.

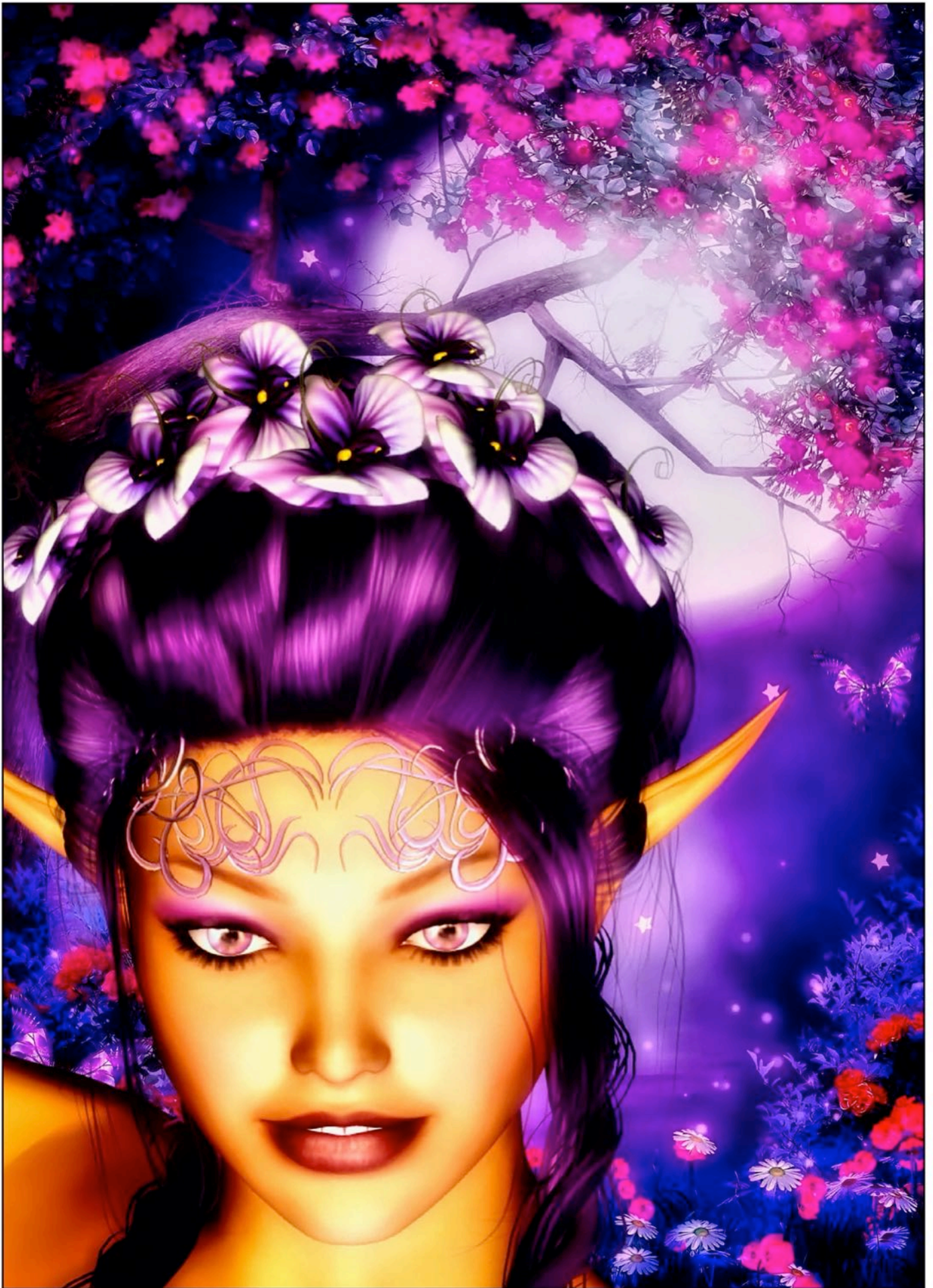




I sprouted wings and flew, like a bumblebee,  
Then fell in love with a lovely winged flower  
That had come to life, a vision of fantasy,  
Her elfin eyes beckoning me toward ecstasy.



Summer follows us around, elfin queen  
As we lay so snug in the tender green,  
Your glowing pixie crown lighting the scene,  
Your curves spooning, your ears pointing away.





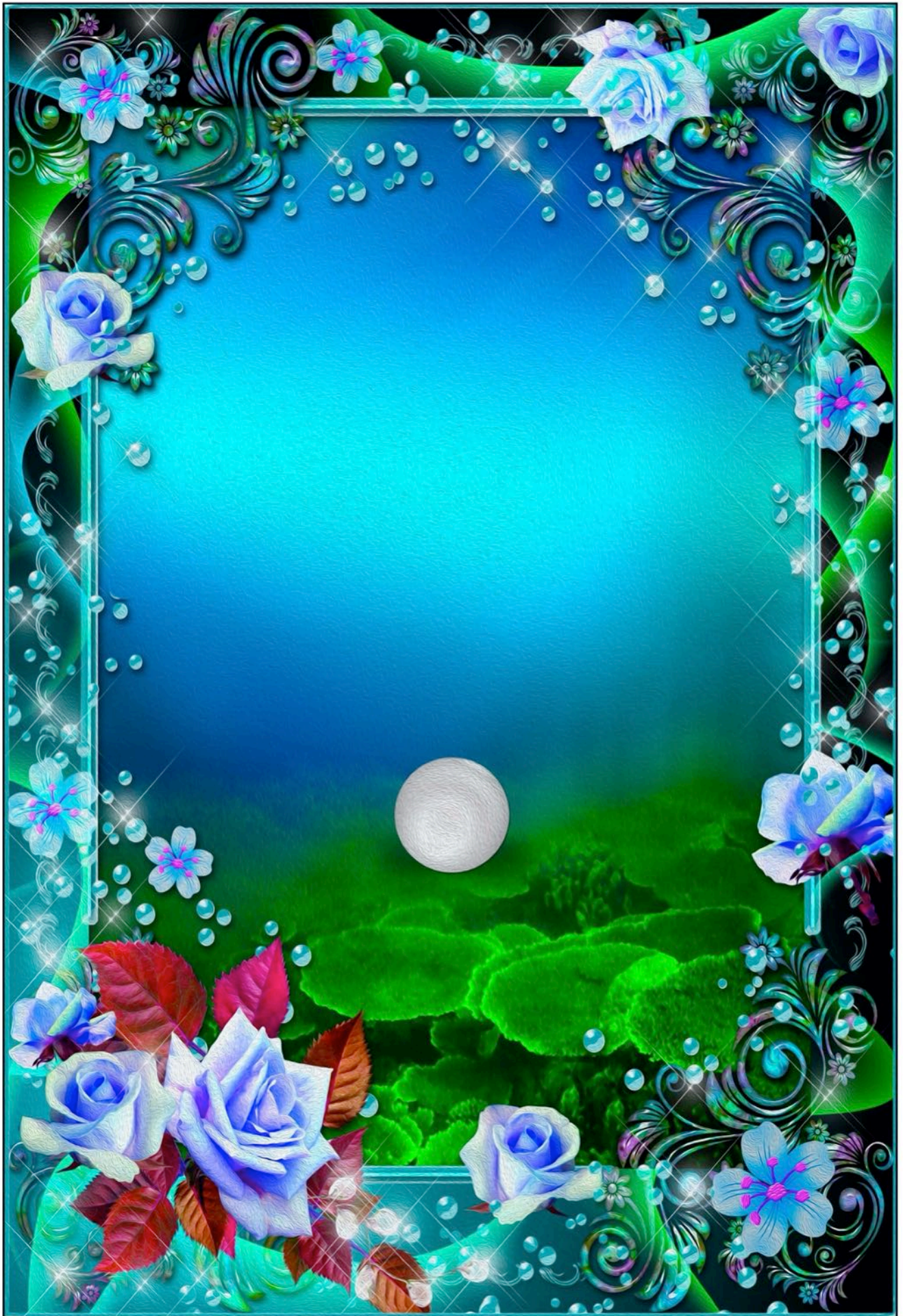
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Her elfin eyes  
beckoning me  
toward ecstasy.









Summer follows  
us around,  
elfin queen

Of hearts,  
as we lay snug  
in winter green,

Your glowing pixie crown  
lighting the scene,

Your curves spooning,  
your ears  
pointing away.









She sent out emanations of love fair  
That were sweet, soft, and smiling on the air—  
'Twas a scented mist, a liquid love that filled  
The scene with a well-being everywhere.



There's an urge between root and flower,  
Plant and soil, leaf and sun, air and water,  
Daystar and planet, valley and mountain,  
Wind and mist, man and woman—for ever.



Love's Dreamland is the final refuge found—  
Where untainted ideals thrive and abound.  
“Meet me,” she said, “at half-light dawn or dusk;  
We'll reign as King and Queen of twilight crowned.”



Like voices merged in the Canon Pachelbel,  
We spoke as one, like the knell to the bell,  
She saying what I thought and vice-versa,  
In tune, in unison, yet parallel.



With her I strolled the elfin scene,  
Beholding faery wonders seldom seen:  
The leaves breathed deep of the wandering airs,  
With the growth of spring thrust upon them green.



A reflected bird crossed the glassy sky,  
Passing water lilies floating on high;  
Waves rippled the leaves of the mirrored trees.  
We met at the looking-glass when days die.





We were immersed in love's boundless dream,  
floating in peace on beauty's quiet stream.  
Truth could be clearly seen, so bright and right—  
Purity's goodness swelled each sparkling gleam.



In the water, a face to me was shown,  
One that sang all the songs the earth has known—  
It was my own, yesterday's summer wanderer,  
Free again to shine on the world we own.



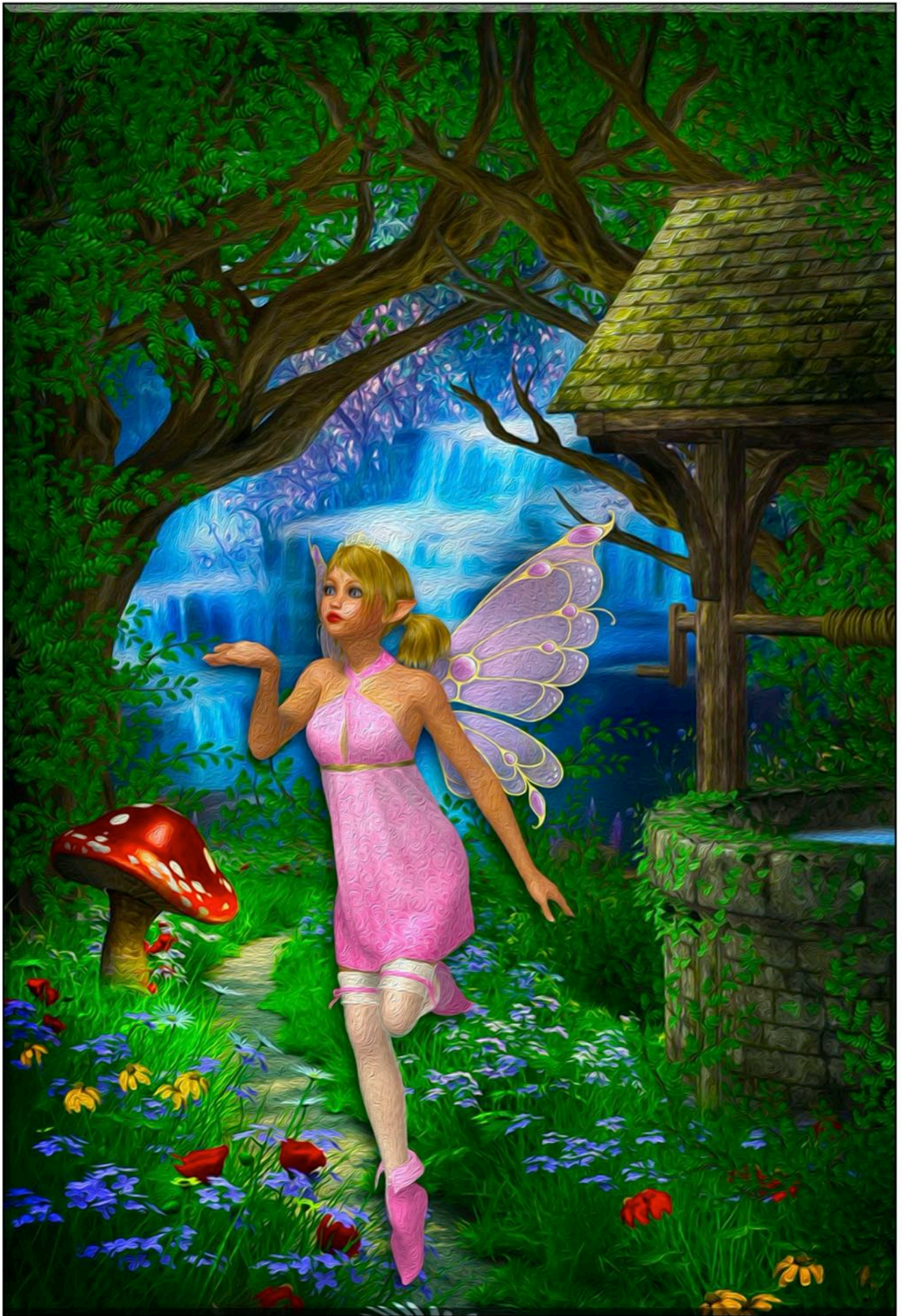


Yes, spring's fountains were gushing now,  
As the bees buzzed me through yesterday's time,  
Whereto I flew, down memory's slope,  
Through all the springs I'd ever known.





The child in us was warm, playful, and bold—  
But vanished, ere we knew, leaving us cold.  
Now this I've learned: The day one stops being  
Playful is the day one starts to get old.

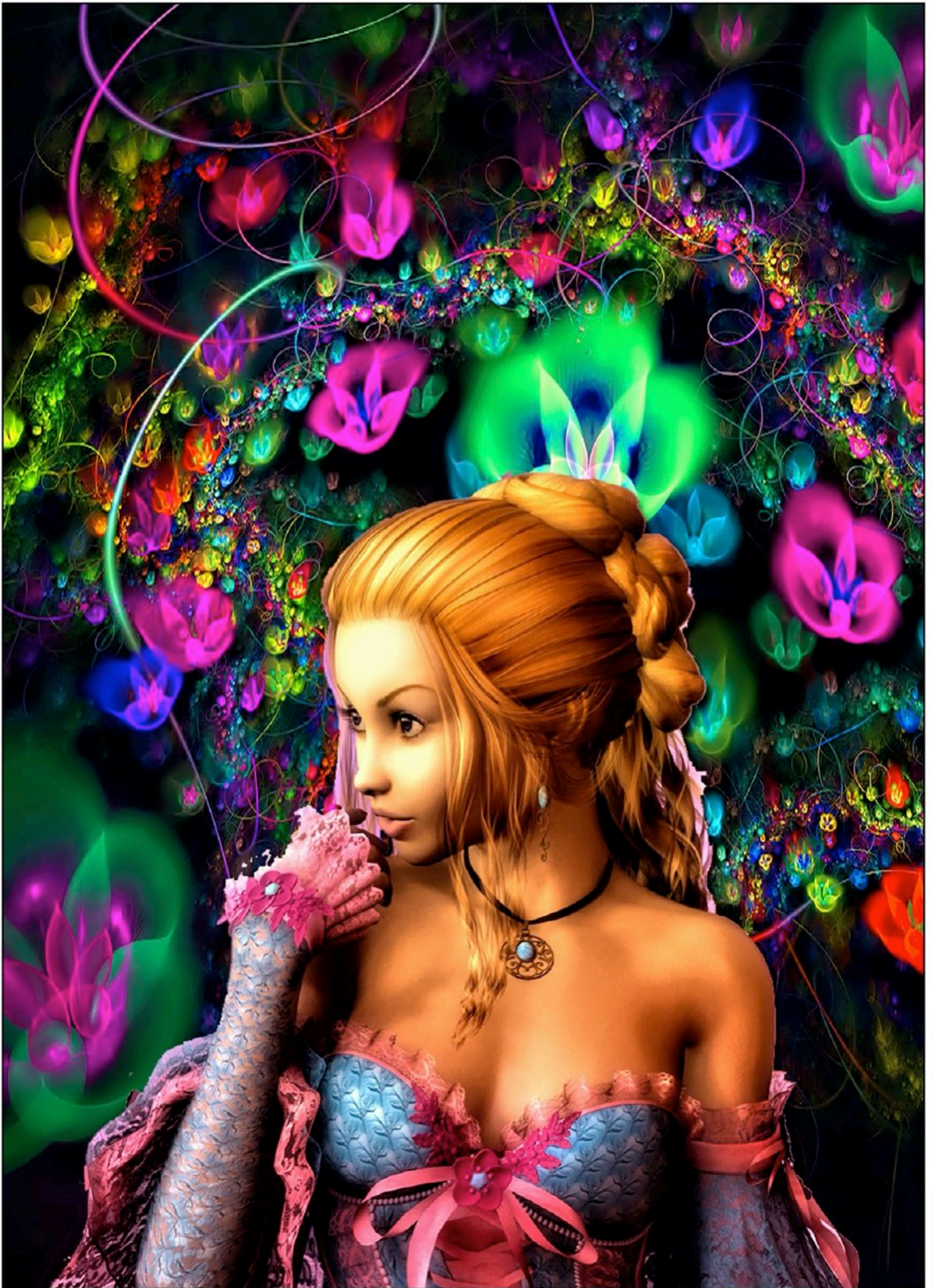


Unicorns and chimeras wandered by,  
With nixies, gremlins, and centaur men;  
Faeries danced, caught by a believing glance,  
As dreamy visions held us sleepy-eyed.



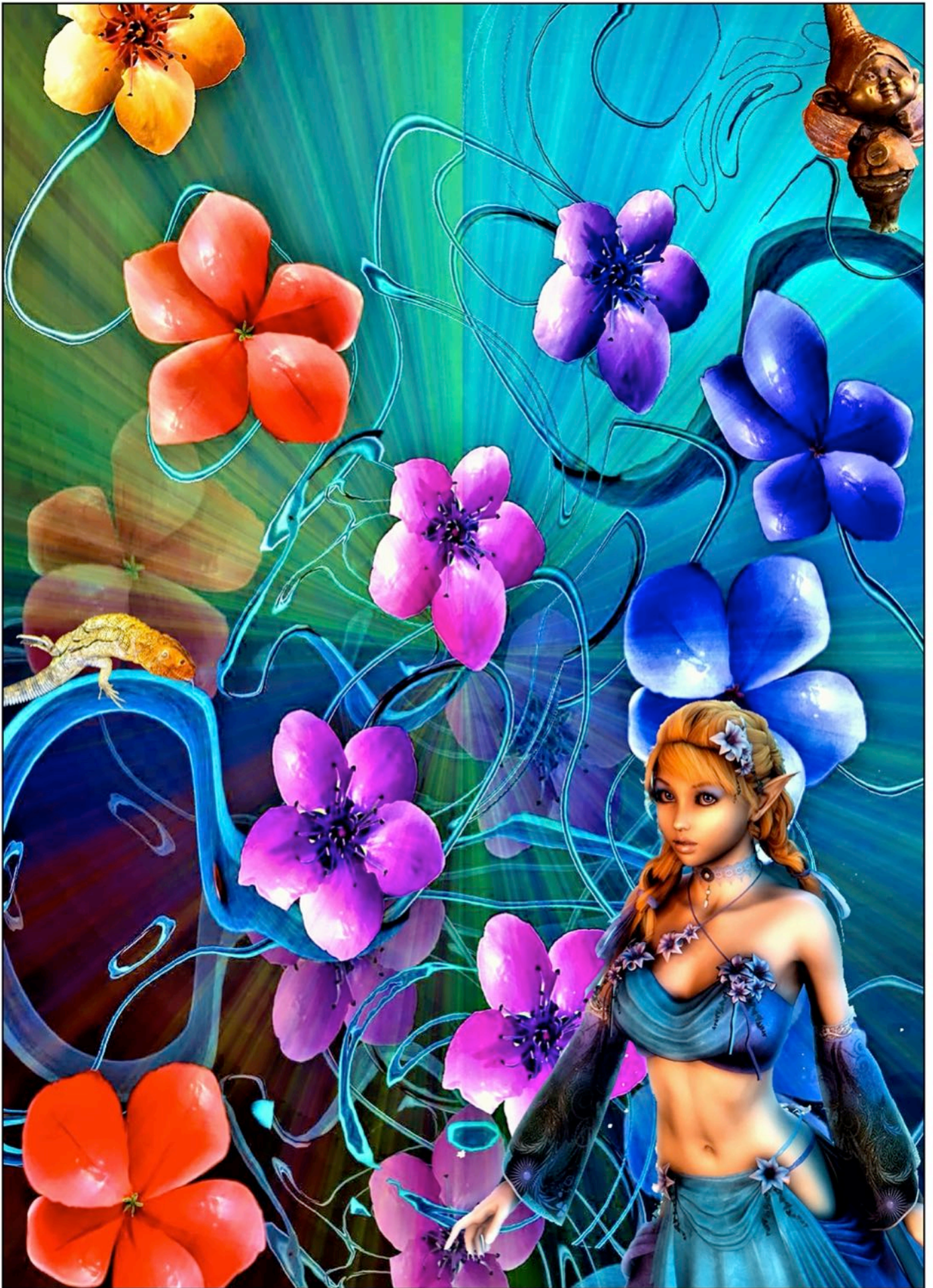
We pursued the shadows of forms that live  
In dreams—perfected ideals that here outlive  
All the minutes and hours that time devours.  
We found what hope created, what wishes give.







We lived and played with the loving Earth,  
Sensing its charms, treasures, joys, and mirth,  
Taking only what was needed to survive,  
Giving back more than received in worth.



For lunch we savored salad made from  
Thyme, Mallow, Bibleleaf, and Sugarplum—  
All edible and flavorful flowers—  
Mixed with Catnip, Lovage, and Sunflower.



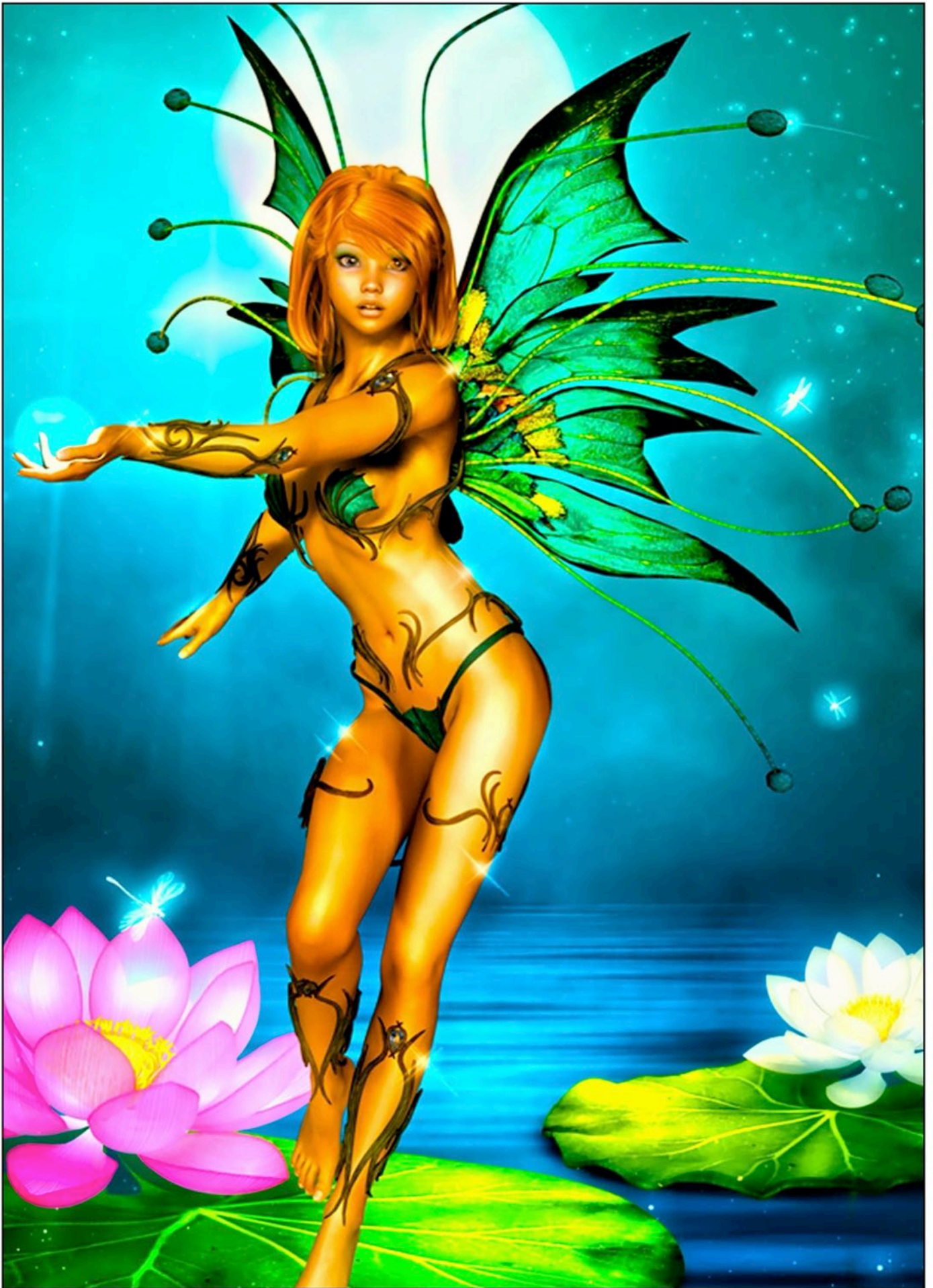
Our blood ran warm with the sun's heat at noon.  
Our spirits were swept by the swelling moon.  
Air surrounded us; the ocean flowed through us.  
Earth's rhythm was always playing our tune.



Memory's ideas recall the last heard tone,  
Sensation savors what is presently known,  
Imagination anticipates coming sounds—  
The Delight is such that none could produce alone.



I saw a subtle, interlinked complexity of  
Life, the relation that unites the world in love:  
The earth is our mother, sustaining from below;  
The sky is our father, nourishing from above.



I asked of Life: "How does one find love?"  
Life said, "Be still! Don't look far or above;  
Stop—let love's butterfly alight on you,  
for that's the touch that romance is made of."



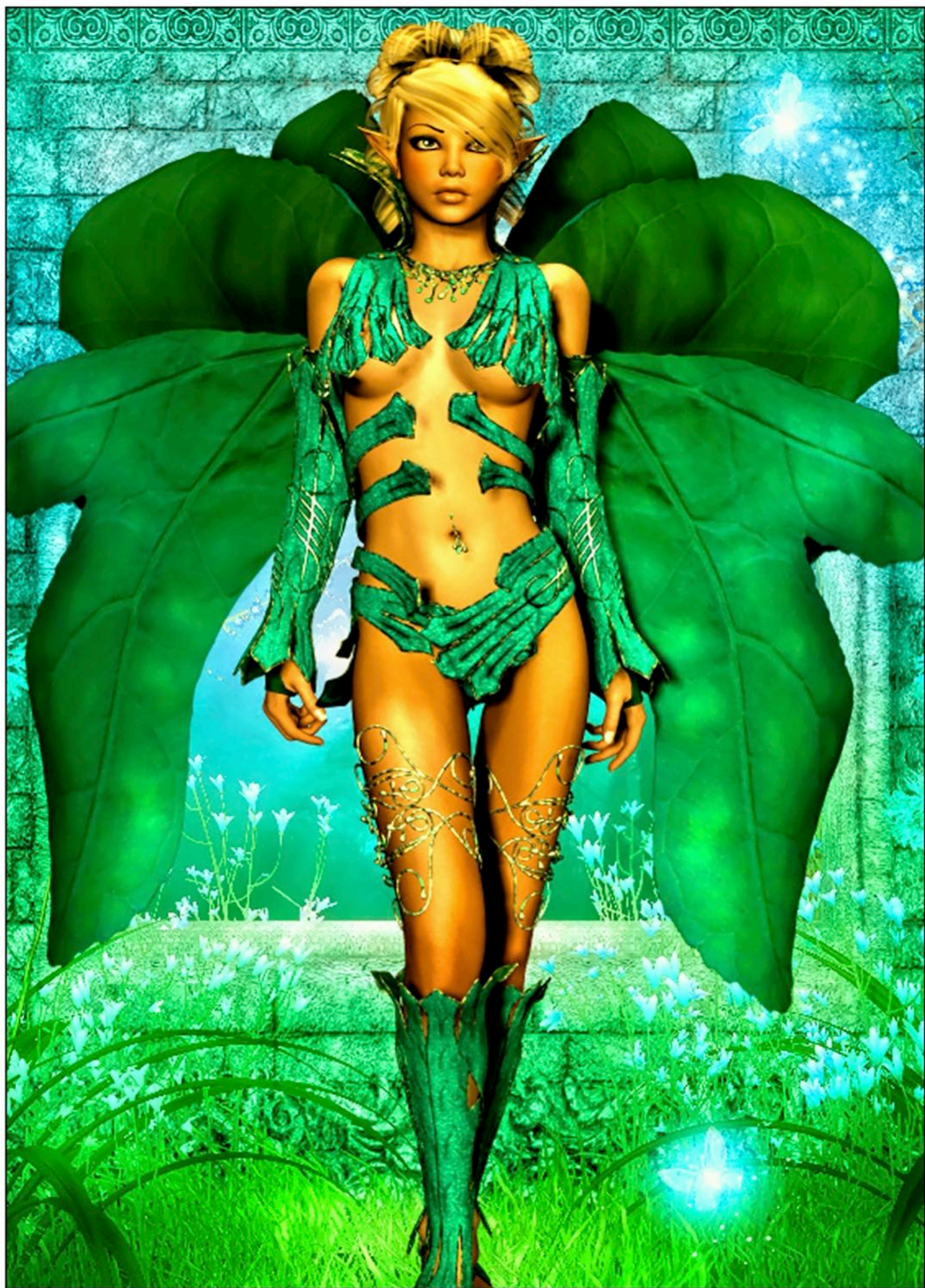
Love's spirit wove the Soul's warp, weft, and wave,  
And created the eternal, perfect braid,  
Wound of strands of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty;  
Differing forms, but from the same ALL made.







She wore a chaplet of sweetening buds  
That burst in bloom when fed by air and mud,  
And a garland of sprouts to strew about,  
With a rosary of shoots to put out.



Here, silken saucers for hollyhock tea,  
In which a child could capture the wild bee  
To hear the aggravated buzz in play,  
And, unstung, free the bee to fly away.





There, sweet spikes of aromatic Lavender,  
And ready potpourri from Heaven's splendor,  
As all around were the flora symbolica  
That drowse mortal spirits into slumber.



Blooms had eternal life in Heaven's glade,  
An ethereal floral wonderland  
Of everlasting recollections—  
Oh, but that mortal life would never fade!

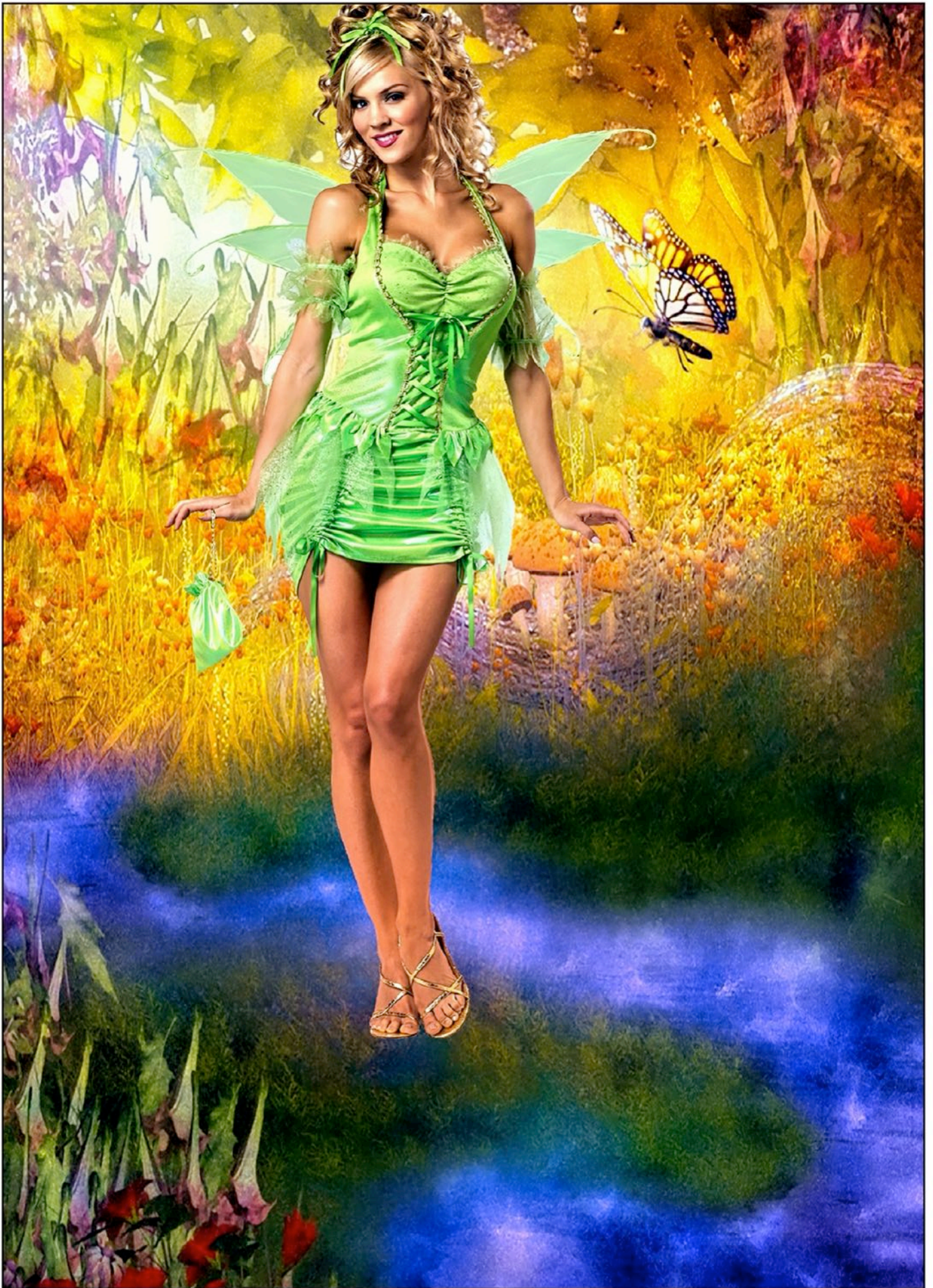


Pleasant smelling scents lifted her heart and mine.  
Essence of lotus, rose, amber, jasmine,  
Night-queen, myrtle, saffron, and sandalwood  
Stimulated our inner spirits sublime.

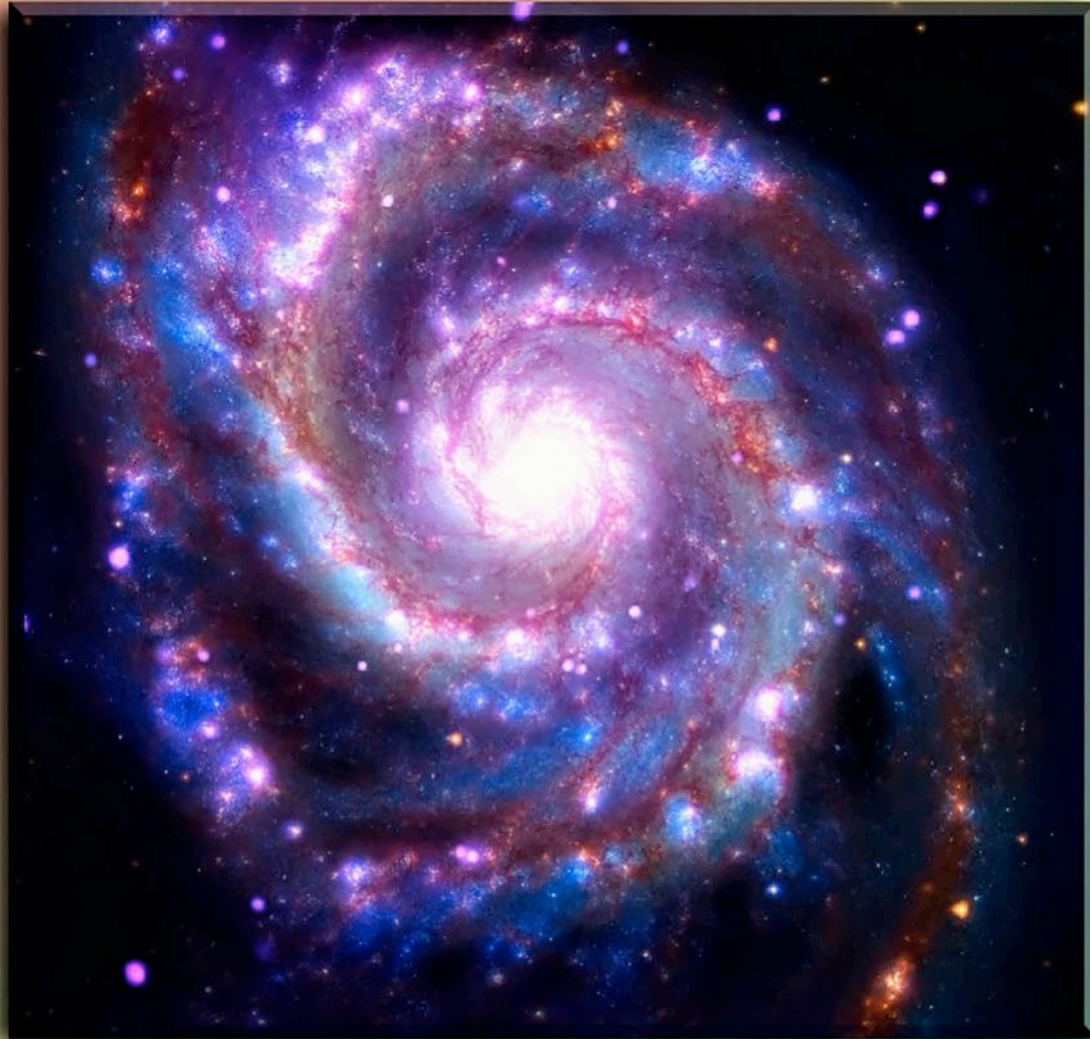


The Tulip lifted her blushing cheeks to me,  
As wandering winds caressed the Rose Tree.  
She wore a spring smile and poured dewy tea.  
Yes, I'll drink you long and deep into me.



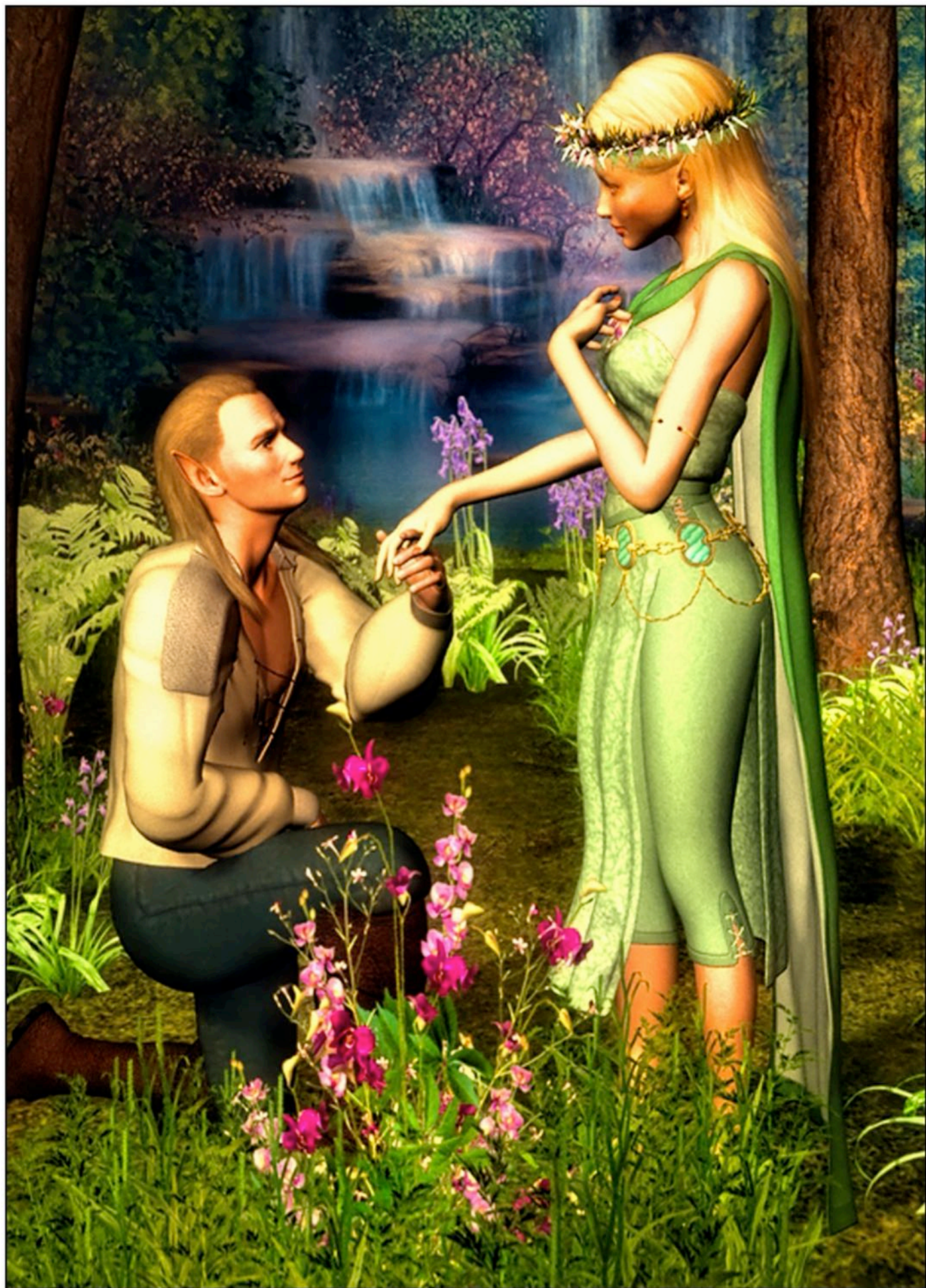


As I loved and was loved in completeness,  
The earthly world, with all of its foolishness,  
Work, hurry and scurry, pain and worry,  
Did fast fade away into nothingness.



I never knew that love could be like this,  
A wonderland of peace, joy, and bliss.  
I had never known of where I'd never been,  
That such a world could be found in a kiss.

Soul to soul, she said to me, "I'm the light,  
Thy spirit's sight, a beauty bold and bright,  
An inspiration come from darkest night—  
A newborn star aglow with insight."



Throughout the day, we sat beside a brook,  
Reading with life our new and wondrous book,  
Then slept with each other in a sweet nook—  
And this of her and me was all it took.



Cares floated out on the tide, and then some,  
As sun-sparkles glimmered, danced, and swum—  
Then alighted on my mind—to become  
Ideas about the loving night to come.

She was sweet, soft, and inconsummably wild  
As she lay beside me like a sleeping child.  
Our quiet breathing stirred not the elfin scene  
As we rested silently on the forest green.

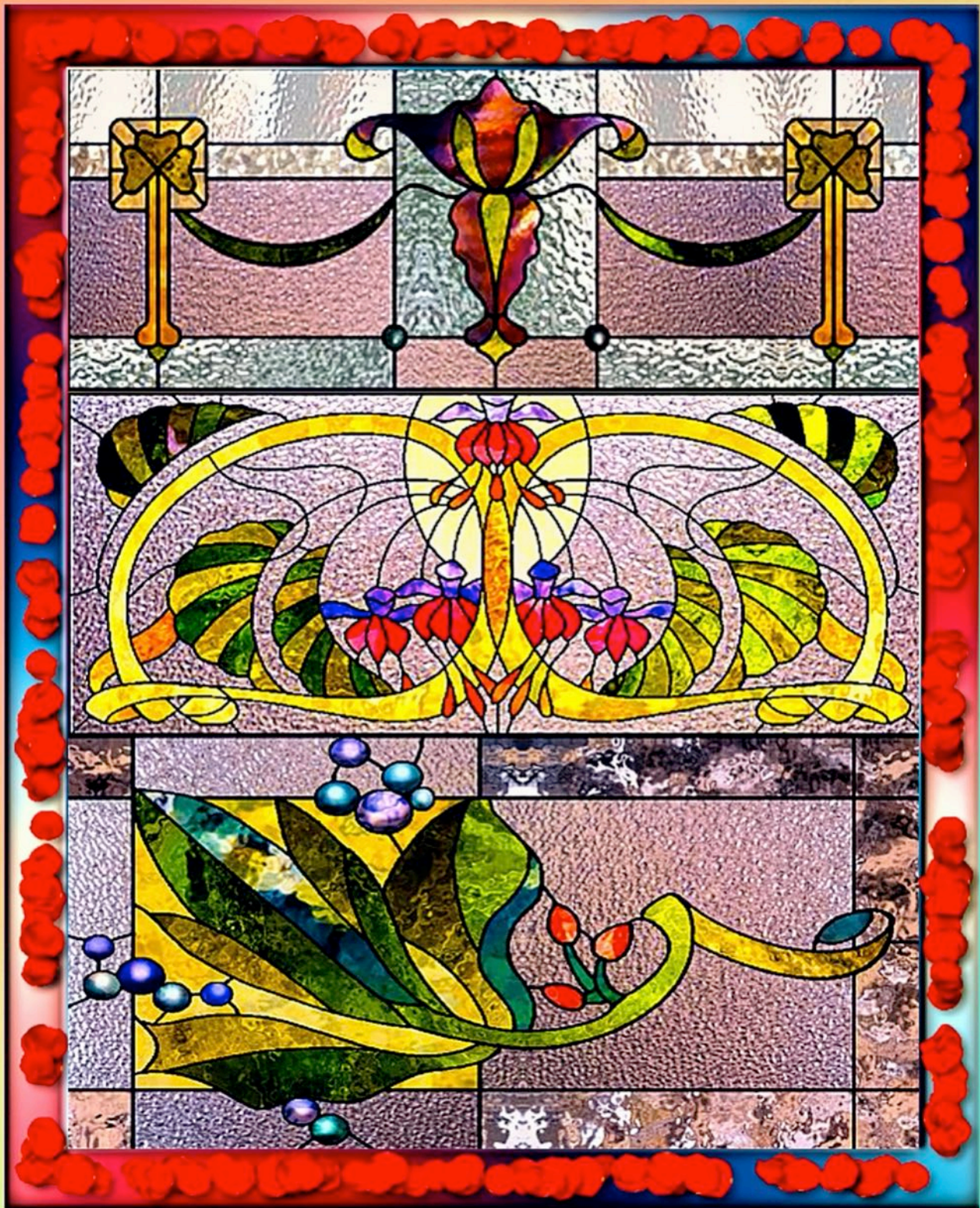


I caressed her tresses in romantic rhythm  
To the contented sighs she sent toward heaven.  
She slumbered where the grass fledged the stream,  
Half-awake or asleep in love's peaceful dream.



Above us, the branches slowly swayed and fanned  
Away the little creatures that tried to land.  
The trickling waters played tinkling lullabies,  
As flocks of returning fays flew the skies.





Our shadows kept touching, in the same shade,  
Embodied, now in third dimension made—  
Kissing, drifting, crossing into each other's roles,  
As spirits and rainbows melded our souls.

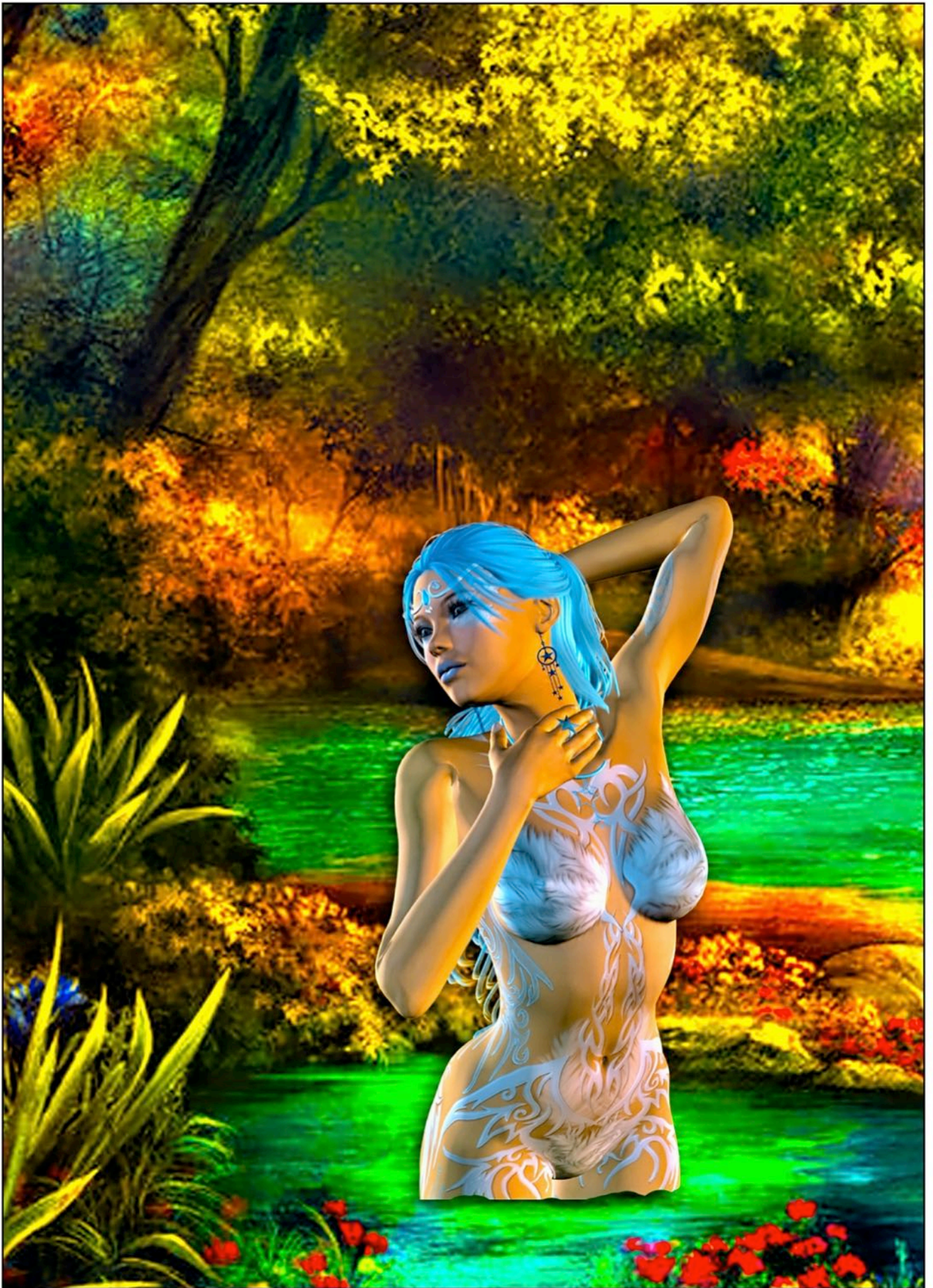




Just one drop of her tears had washed away  
The darkest sorrows of my yesterdays,  
As we mingled in half-light dawn and dusk,  
For, she was the night and I was the day.



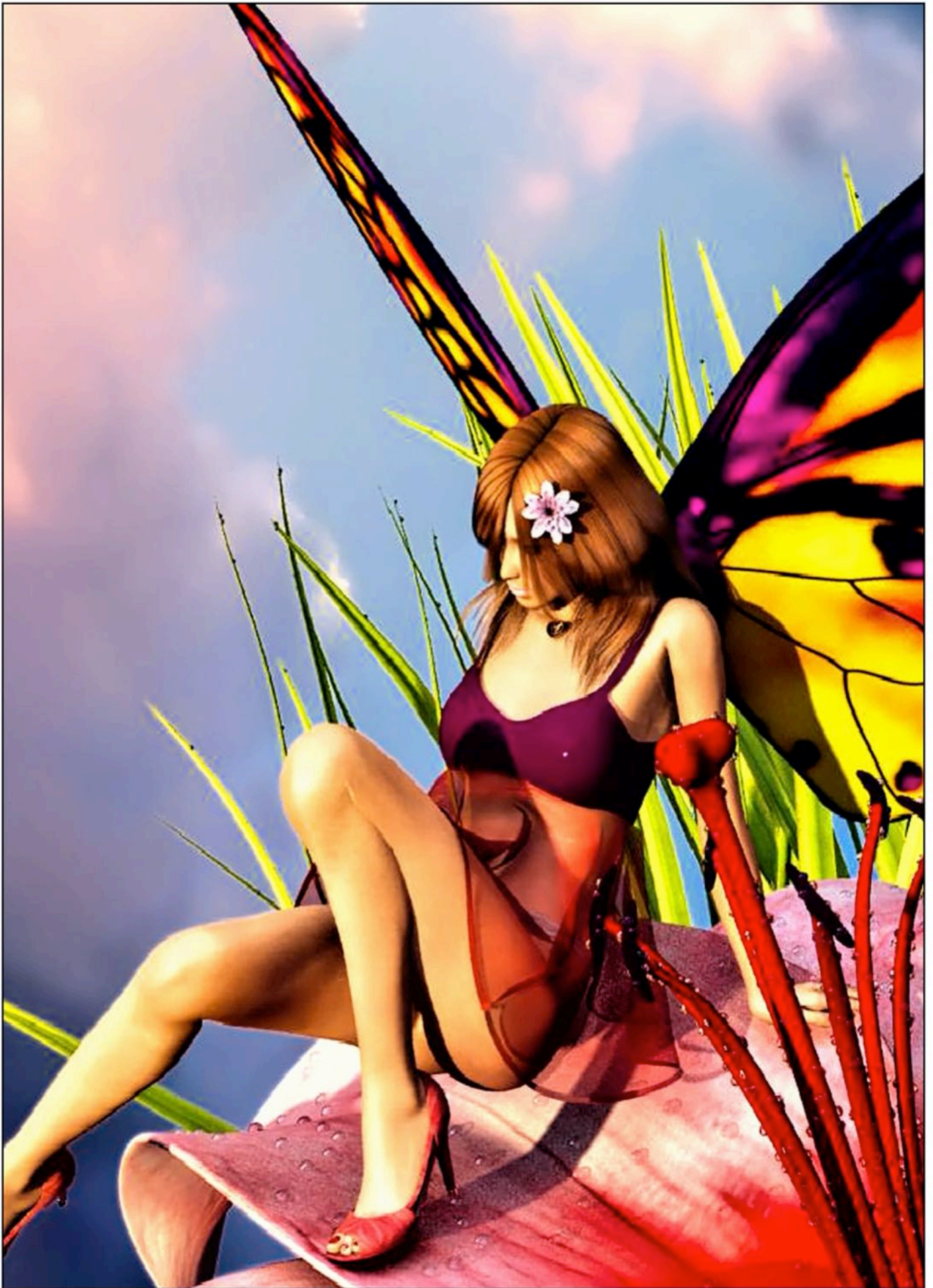
We kissed, at this boundary of day and night,  
Our=selves merging into the blend of twilight:  
She and I, me and her, now mine and ours—  
As the day=gold melted into the jeweled night.



Her scent was ripe; her name meant nectar.  
Exotically blossoming I had found her,  
As I buzzed my way into her flower,  
For I was the bee and she was my partner.



The rose is the flower that the bee cruises,  
Meeting there the butterfly that love chooses;  
We unfolded the petals of the blossom,  
Then drank the nectar of love's sweet juices.



As fays, we made love in the air, hovering—  
Evanescent visions of disembodied happiness,  
The magic link in the chain of things, connecting  
Man to God, by angel and star, to all that we are.



Wherever the elves themselves had romance,  
Wild Daisies, known as Jump-Up-and-Kiss-Me,  
Sprang from the power of the loving dance—  
Emanations from the sprites' imagery.

So, there we flew, in the embrace of love,  
And, in our intensity, lost track of  
The world around, and were surprised to look  
And see aside us a bluebird and a dove.





As fays  
we made love in the air,  
hovering—

Evanescent visions  
of disembodied happiness,

The magic link in  
the chain of things,  
connecting

Man to God  
by angel and star  
to all that  
we are.









Our passions smoldered, like incense fuming,  
And brightly burned, the candle flame suming,  
Waxing full as we consumed the body,  
Then rose as spirit smoke, mushrooming.

Molded from thoughts and feelings, she'd drawn me  
Into the scene—love had dissolved her into me!

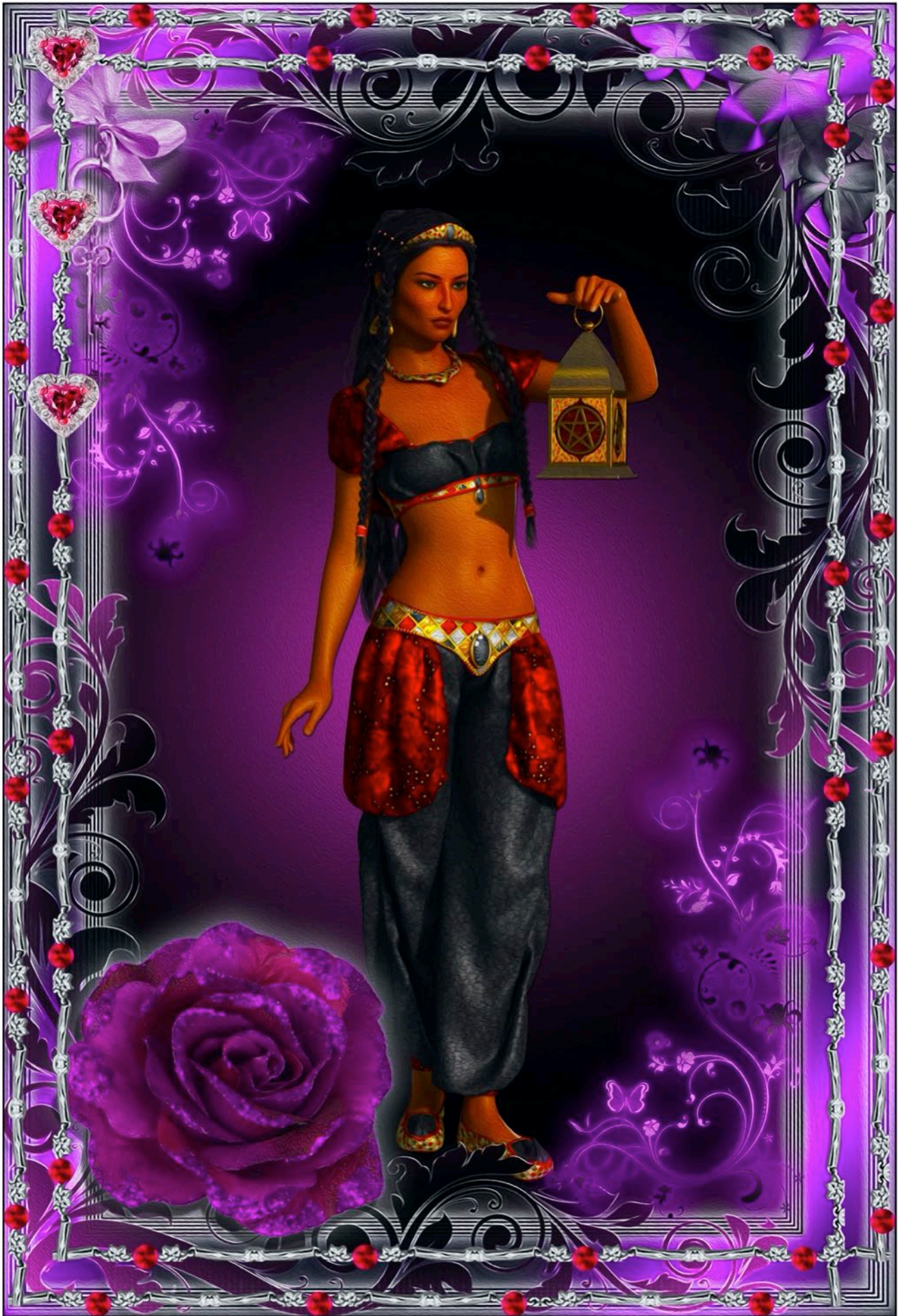
Thou art in me, my phantasm, till the  
Heart whose dream created you recalls thee.



Senses melted away, drip by drop by drip.  
Impressions flooded my speechless spirit.  
Emotions flowed free for my heart to read.  
Her love drew me in—I dissolved into it.

Our fugal voices blended, parted, and long  
Wove in and out, the music sweeping strong  
And onward, upward, inward, and outward—  
Until being was left to the spirit's song.







Throughout the day, we lived out our dream,  
Drifting on air, aloft in the day-beam—  
Causing, when condensing in night's dark stream,  
Many more such wondrous dreams, it did seem.



We roamed at ease, drinking sweets from flowers,  
Riding the balmy breezes in bowers,  
And accepting nature's dearest favors  
That life offers in so many flavors.

The air was filled with honeysuckles' scented nets,  
From fairies blowing on those honey-trumpets.  
Next, we sowed vermilion red Geraniums,  
That grew wild into many countless sums.

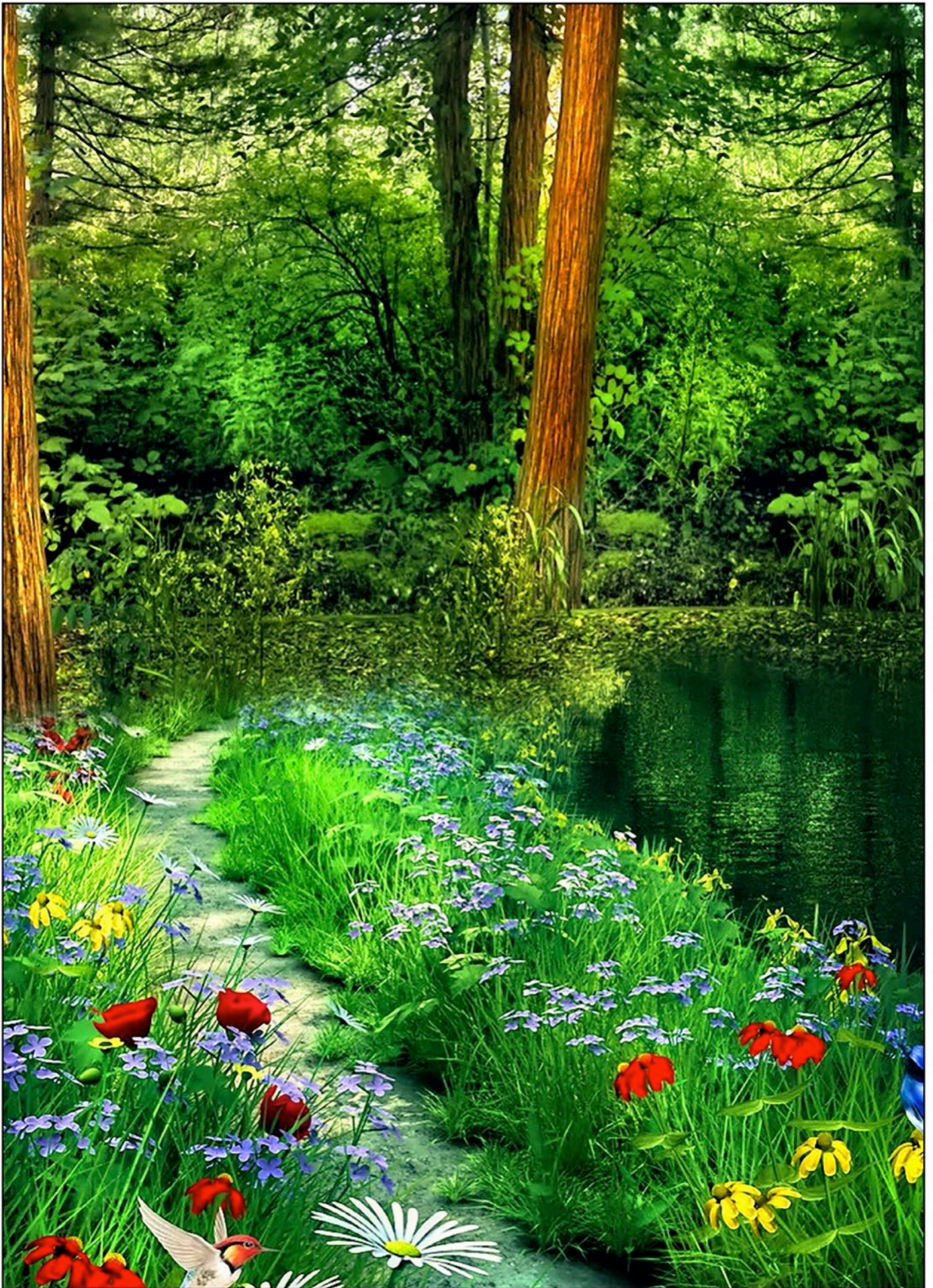




In joy, we took life's love from earth's shelf,  
And, as woodland creatures, as fairy and elf,  
Built a home cozy in the forest, for, there,  
Mutual passion was a law unto itself.



The woods were lush and soft, a colored scene  
Of yellow, crimson, and ever-during green.  
A gold-leaf carpet gilded home the trail,  
To our cabin snug in a world pristine.





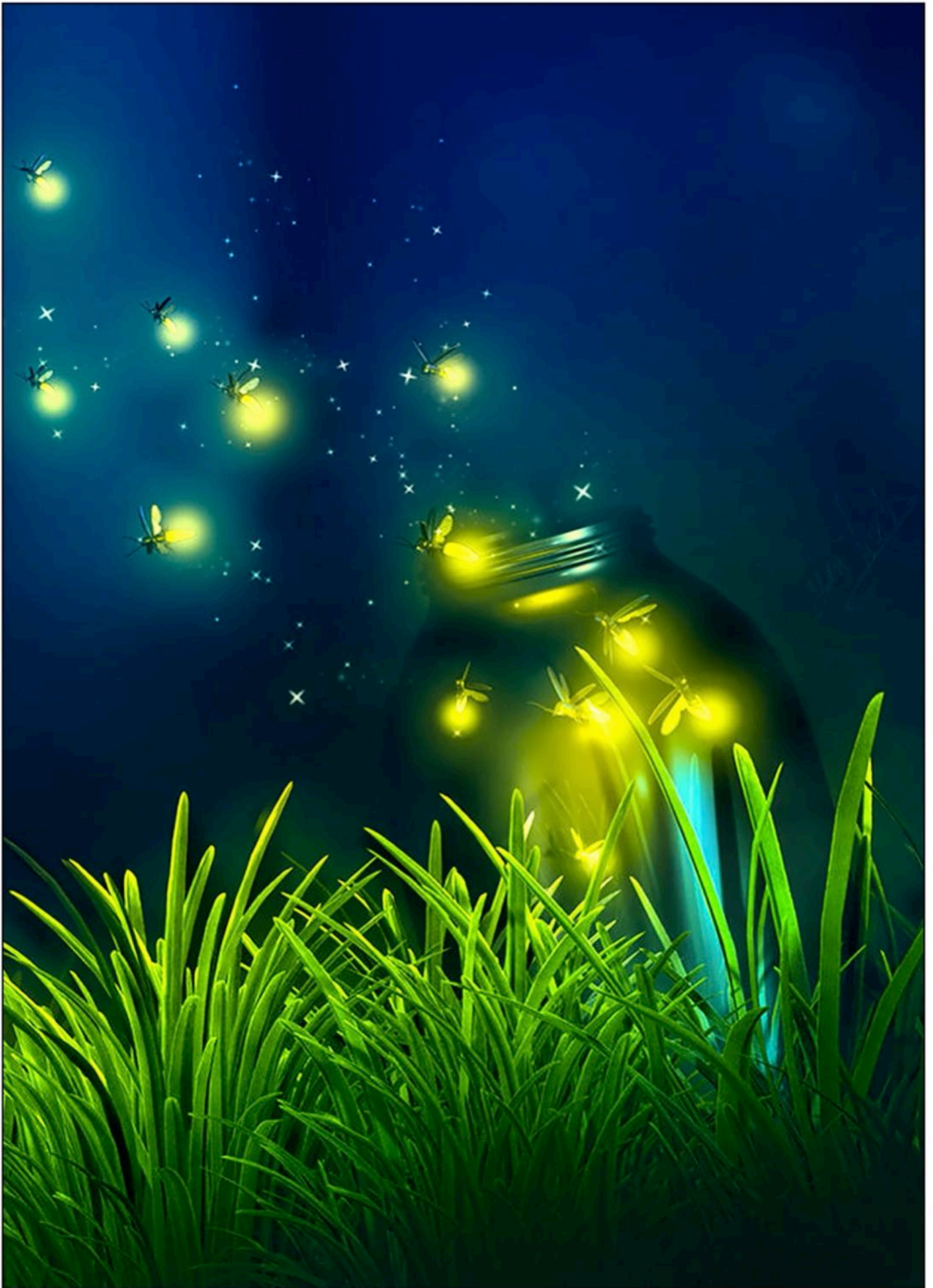
Woodbine wet the air with its cooling musk;  
Bluebells heralded the dim and dewy dusk  
And rang the dance and song of evening knells—  
Music tinkling in fairy festivals.



Days poured life into the roots with sunlight—  
flowers bloomed, providing us with delight.  
In a blossom, a firefly blinked its light,  
Kindling the flames of a romantic night.



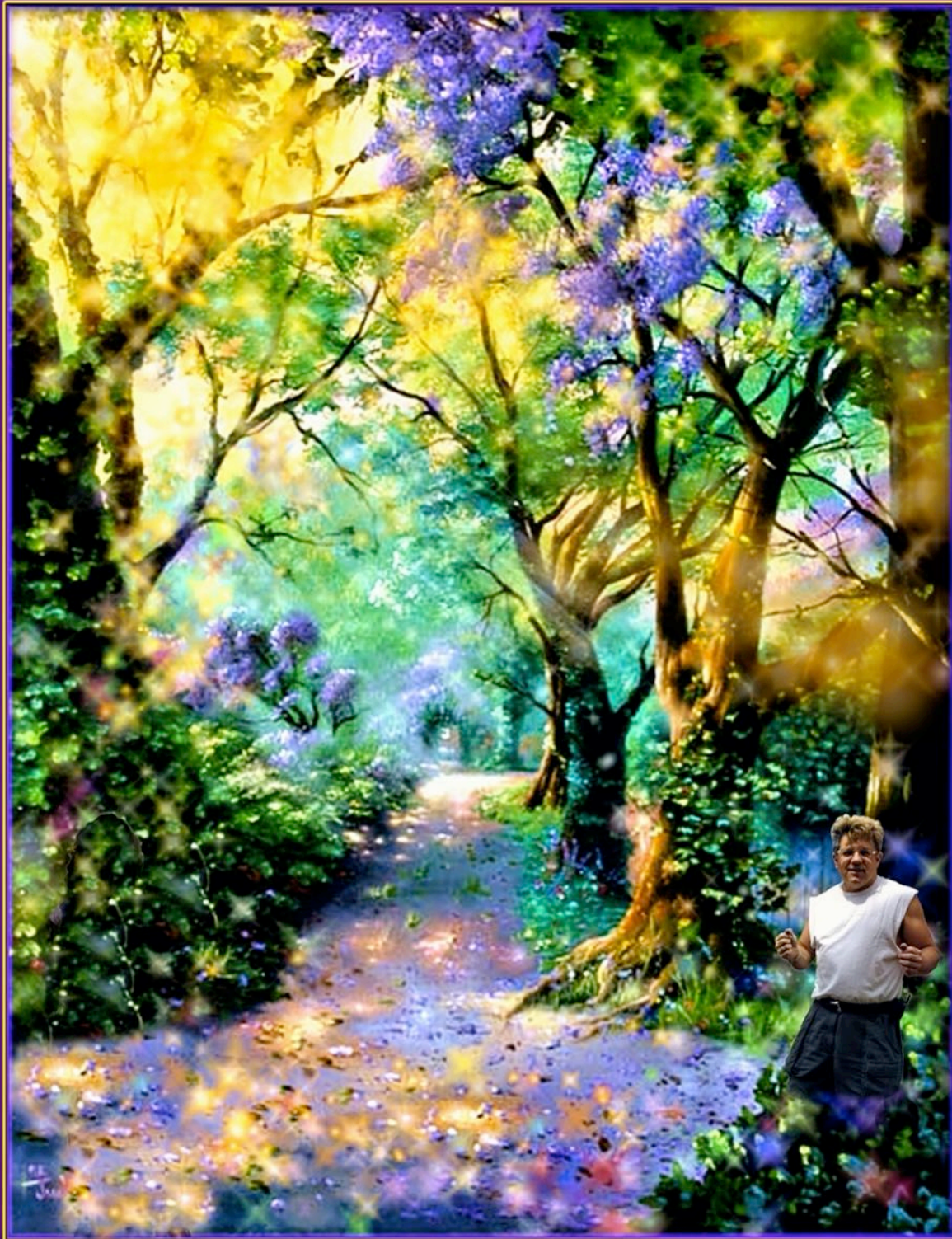
The glow-worm rose into the summer sky,  
Twinkling, love's light unspent, now a firefly  
Sighting the beacon of her reply—they then,  
With electric hugs, became lightning bugs.











Satisfied, fulfilled, yet desiring more,  
We returned to our cabin, loving deep  
Into sleep, as blackness fell all around,  
But for the starry memories that glowed.





Satisfied, fulfilled,  
yet desiring more,

We returned to our cabin,  
loving deep

Into sleep, as blackness  
fell all around,

But for  
the starry memories  
that glowed.





Kissing on the rocks down by the riverside,  
The rhythm rippled the water, raised the tide,  
Kang ship's bells, danced lights over sea and sky—  
All vibrations from hearts that were satisfied.



A fish swam in the reflected sky;  
Sunset's image burned the water dry.  
I looked in the water, but saw her face,  
for we had merged in love, she and I.



Sweetness and serenity saturated our souls,  
Like a mist in a valley filling it fresh.  
We drank the rose-dew after the sun set,  
Welcoming the night through twilight's fine mesh.



We flew out into the quiet evening  
In romantic rhythm, resonating,  
And, when kissed by the balmy air, knew  
That we had lived to see another spring.



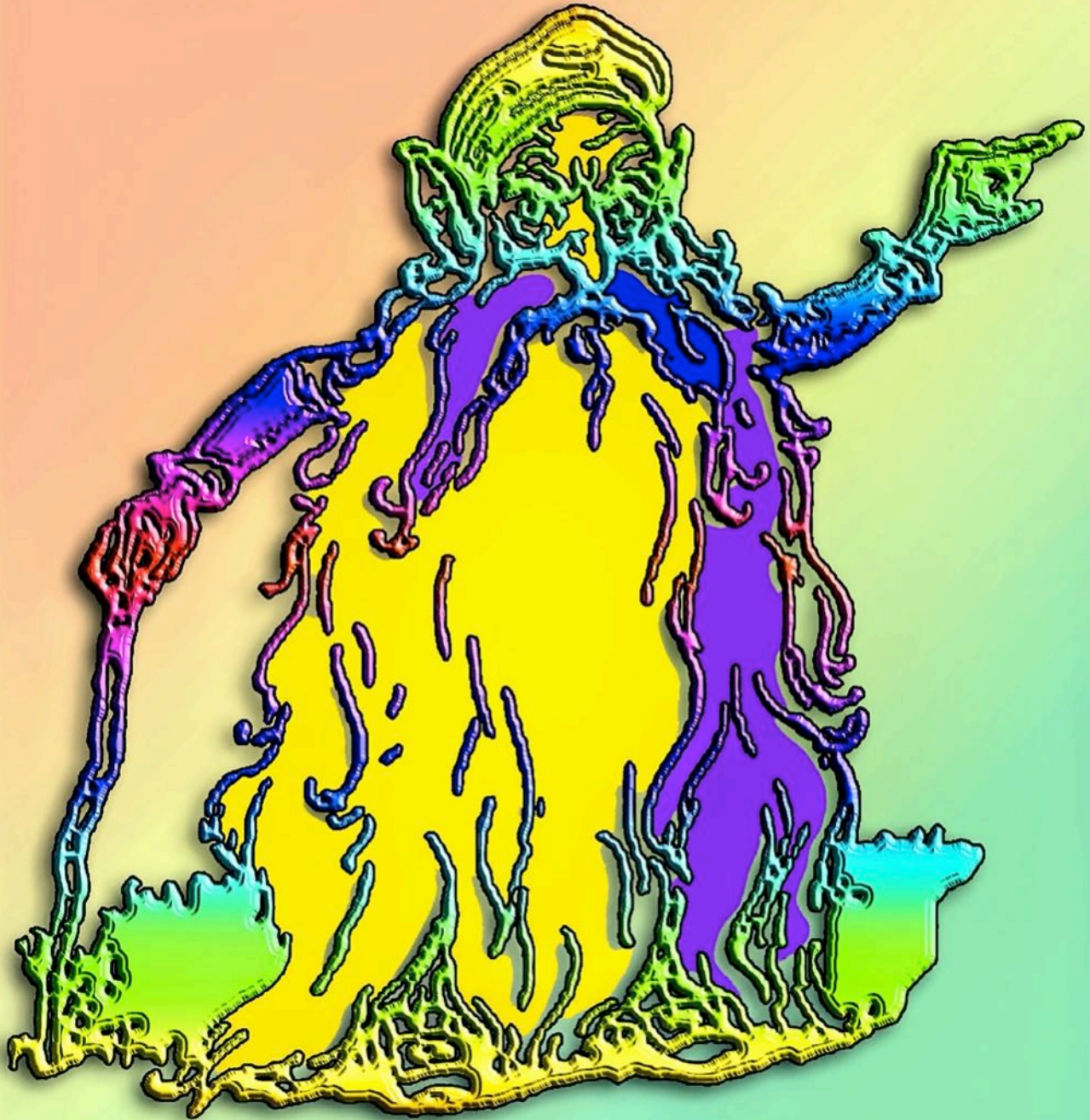




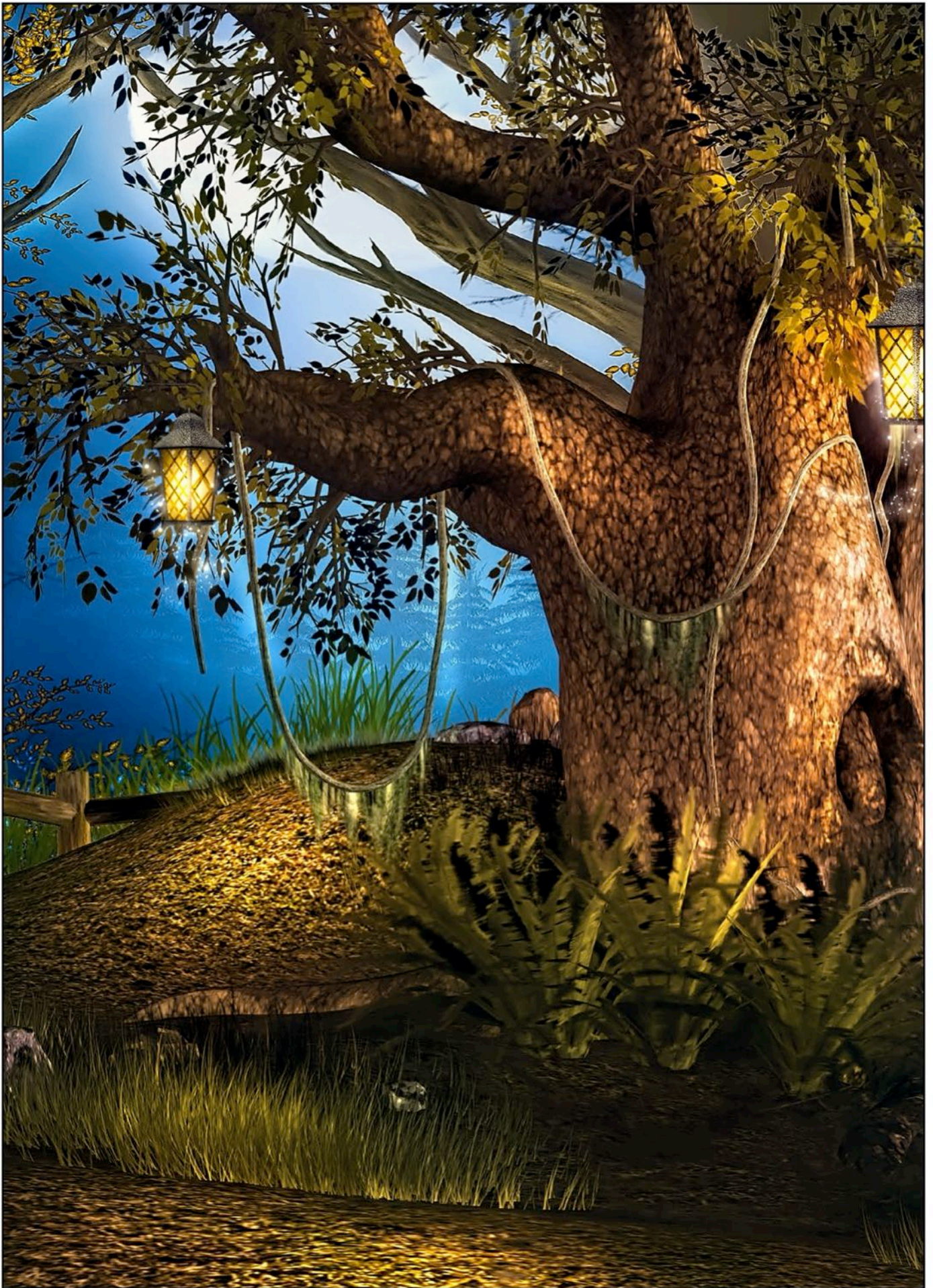
Lo, if Nightshade is tasted, one becomes as so,  
And can see the ghosts, shades, and dark shadows  
Of those who came before our humankind,  
Those whose spirit-worlds overlap the mind...



Purest moonlight fell into the wrong hands  
As Evil swirled 'round, like drifting black sands,  
And drank the silvery beam from our cup,  
Till the moon shone no more across the sands.



So, the primrose drank not from the moon's well,  
Until the sun, arising from the earthly hell,  
Exposed evil, outshone it, and sent it  
To caves and under rocks, where shadows dwell.



Waking in the morning-star's glow, we lay,  
Watching the sun chase the darkness away.

A dawning wave of joy swept over us—  
for, we'd felt the freshness of a new day!



Slumbering in the orient sunbeam,  
We awoke as a dewdrops, all agleam,  
Refreshed by the delight of our daydream,  
Then rose as mist, carried on the day-beam.



With dawn's first breath, birds inspired to sing—  
As they felt the promise of that morning;  
The sun was opening up all the flowers—  
That was Life's real face smiling and shining!

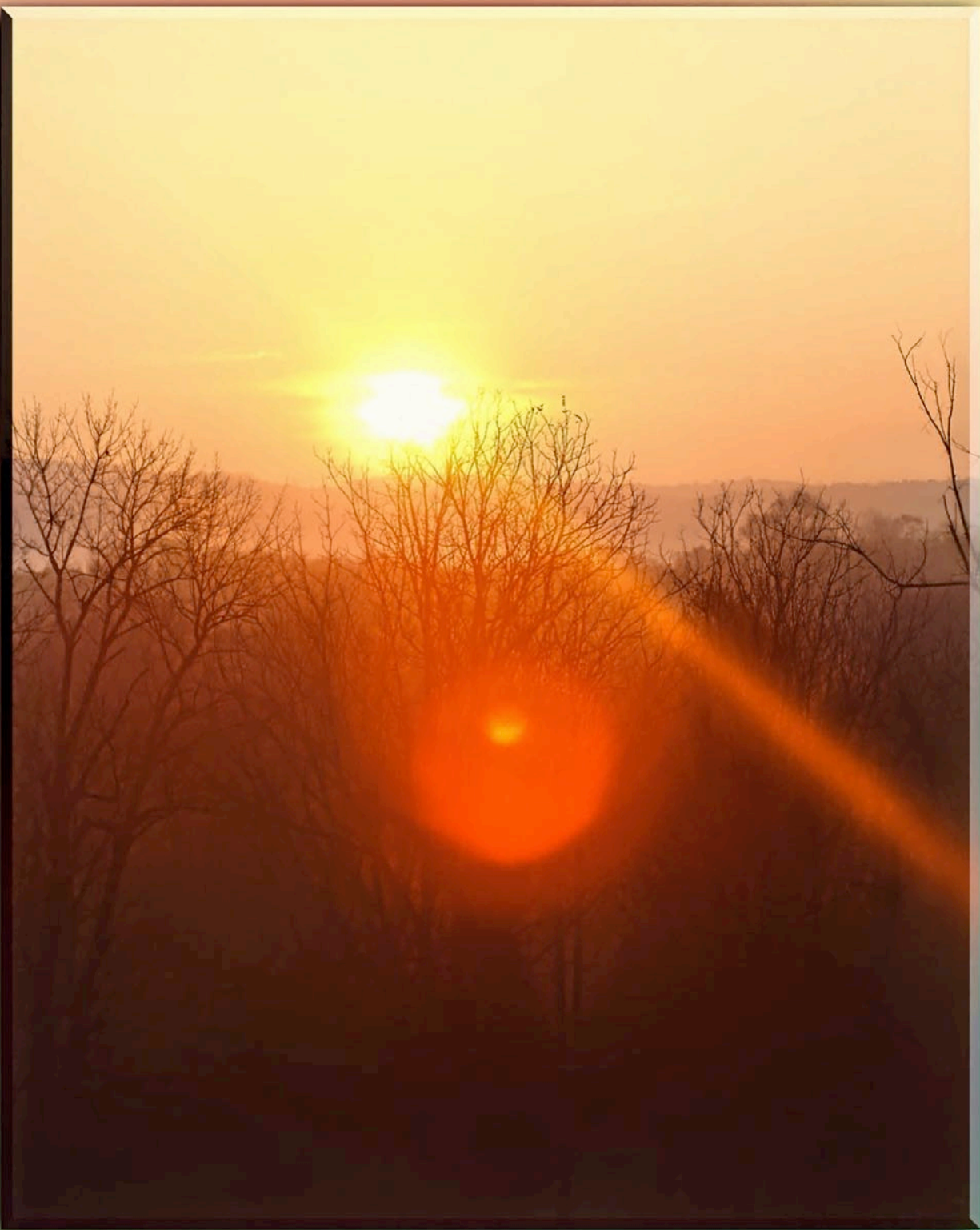


To the morning-star we said Good-bye,  
For the sun's fire had lighted the whole sky.  
Vapors quickly ascended toward heaven's dome.  
Drink—ere life's dew on your flower be dry!

All of the roseate hearts were cleansed by dew,  
As lucky are you if spring finds you new,  
And every blossom on the bush blew full,  
When these wonders the new morning bestrew.







Edges dissolve when opposites are balanced—  
Time and dimensional space are transcended.  
Everything joins yet remains as itself,  
for what 'is not' is as great as what 'is'.

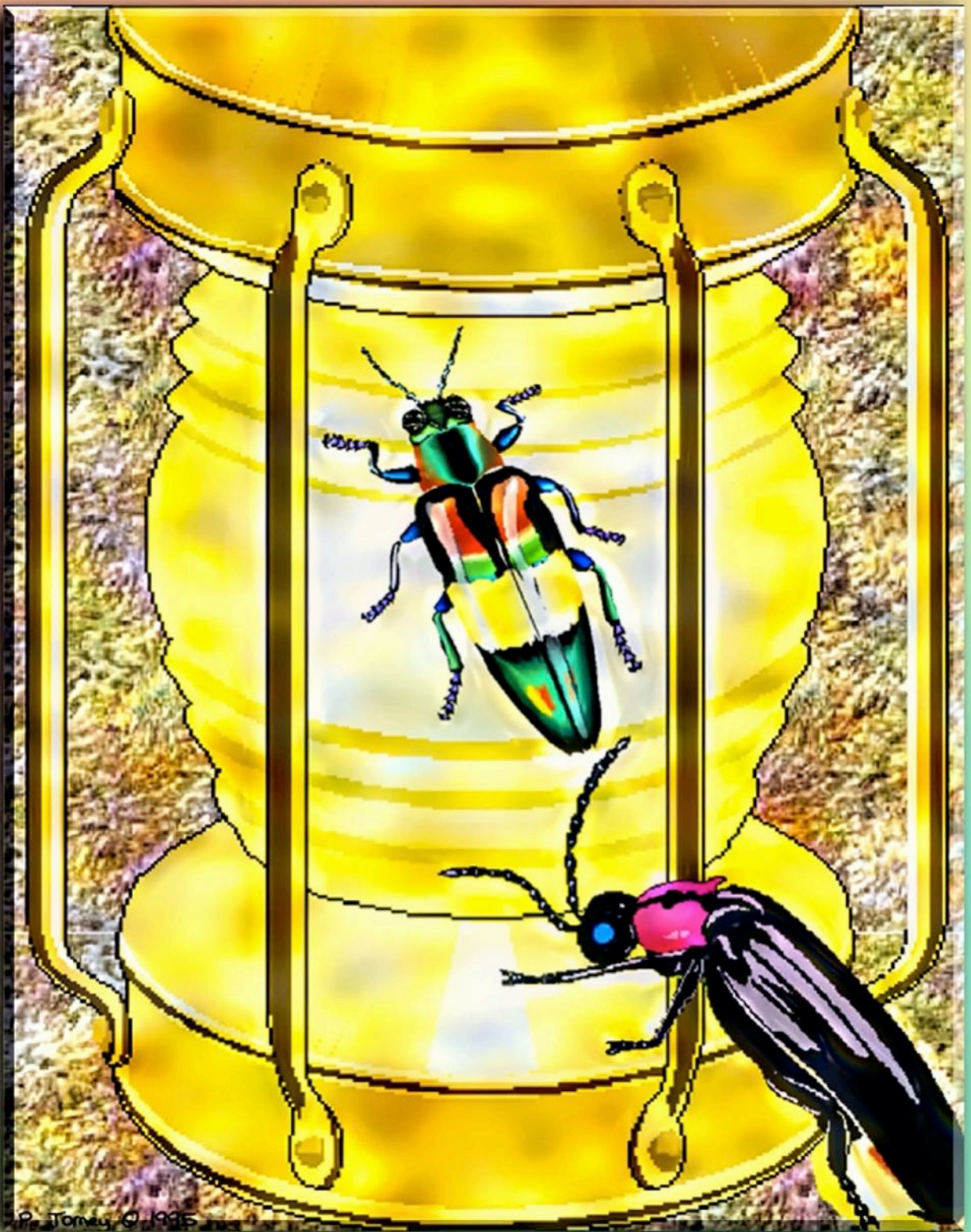


*How wondrous this! How mysterious that!  
There's nowhere else to look for life's impact—  
One must experience the wonder and  
Mystery of life in every single act.*



*Breathe in all that's good, breathe out all that's bad;  
Peace flows into you—it's warm, wet, and glad.  
Feel it spread throughout your body, then say,  
"This is the best life that I've ever had!"*





Come, light your lantern and mine with good cheer;  
We're magic lamps—our spirits dance in there.  
Our beginning and end are of nowhere,  
So—radiate—since—for now—we are here!



Oft, I drink in the pleasures of creation,  
For, what else could be the point of cognition,  
If not to absorb all that comes streaming in?  
Life's sensation is the main attraction.



Nature enters along paths sensory,  
As it seeps into rationality,  
And saturates the being with delight—  
The greatest taste is of reality.







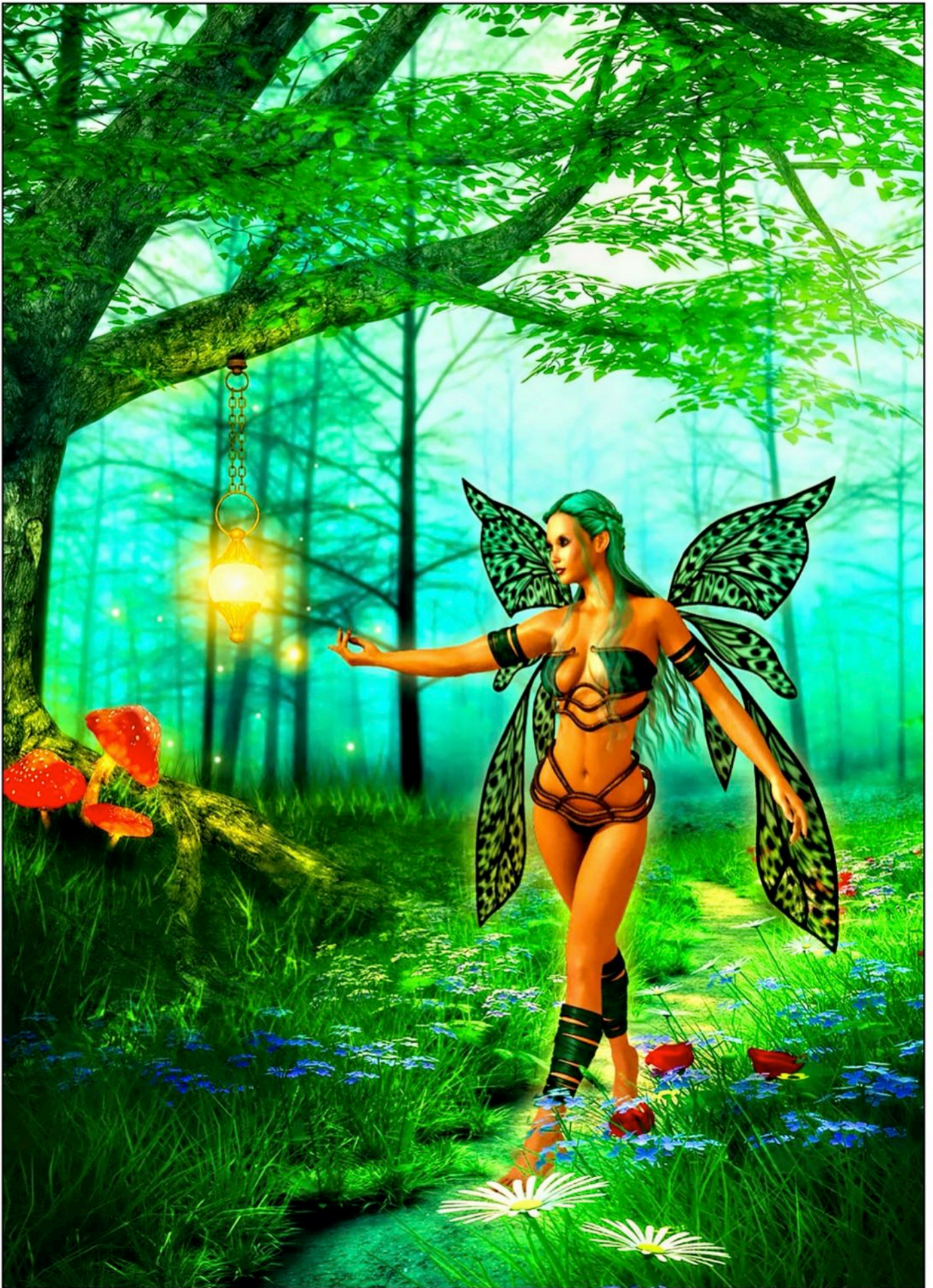
Oh thee, of thine, whence came this life of mine?  
I wish to thank thee for this living wine.  
Oh, Nature, Father Time, Guiding Star—  
Thanks for throwing me this earthly lifeline.



Daydreams pierce the noise of consciousness  
To reveal that which is best for us—yes—  
Mere aspiration halves realization;  
What we have now was once a dream, no less.



Dreams become imagination's command;  
The impossible we now understand.  
Knowing that dreams can come true makes them so;  
A real fantasy land is being planned.





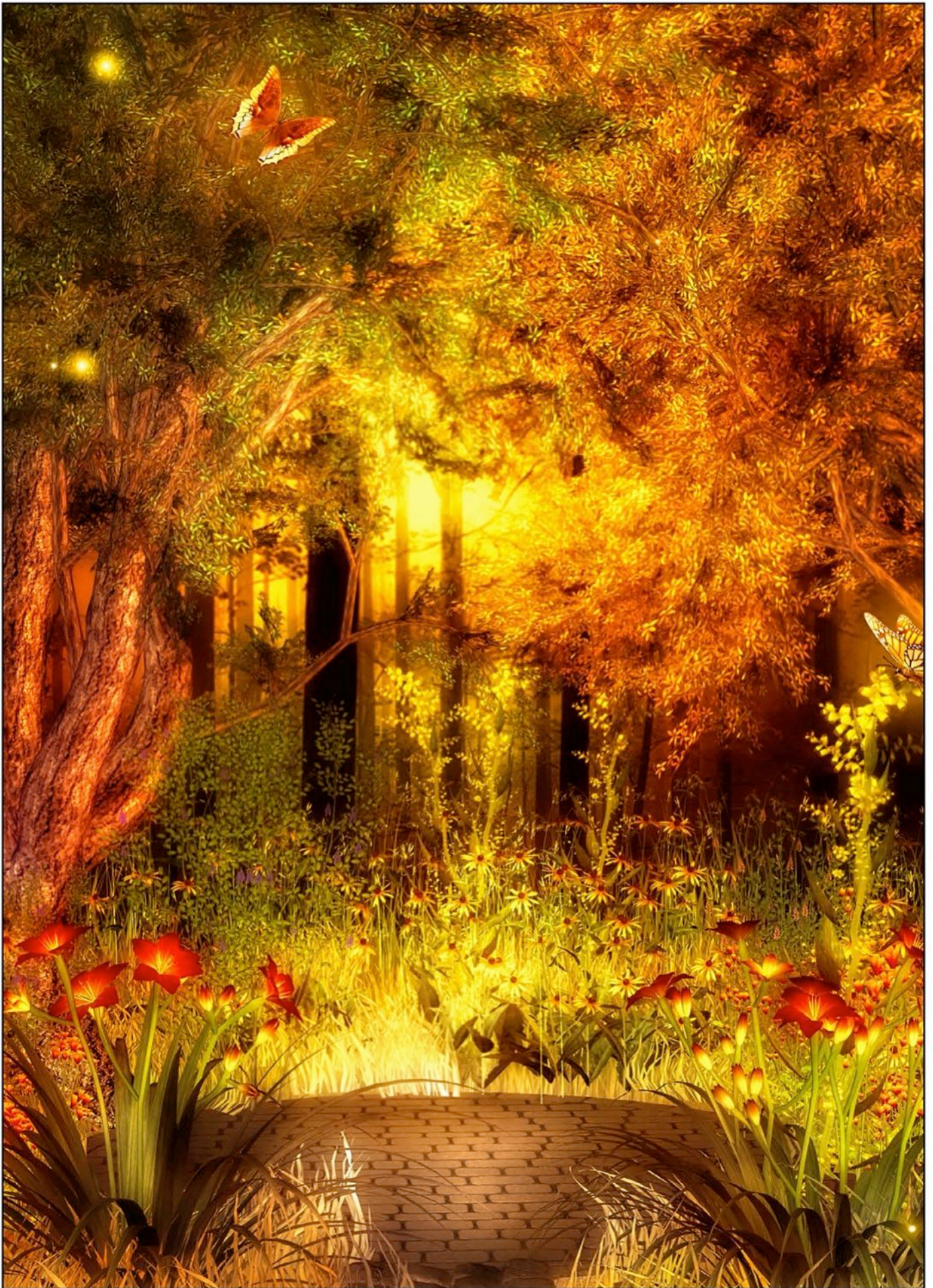
She—forever young—turned toward the glow  
Of the fair light that from the sun did show,  
And basked in its golden beams, spreading  
Her radiance to everything that's so.





Although I can stay no more than a year away  
Or lose mortal form, this place will be my home,  
So, here I'll return, the seasons going round,  
Where I'll continue to expand this poem.







Although I can stay  
no more  
than a year away

Or lose mortal form,  
this place will  
be my home,

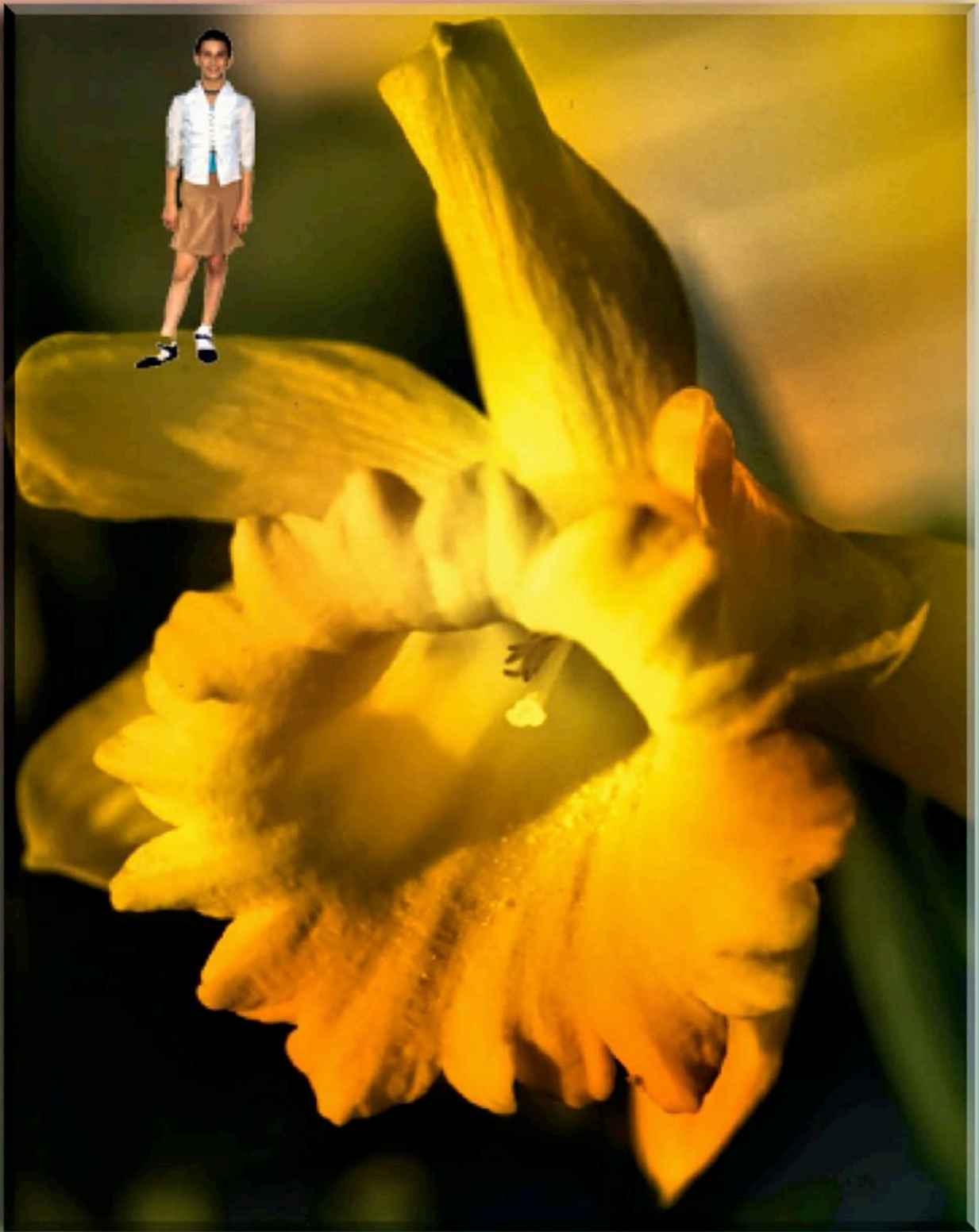
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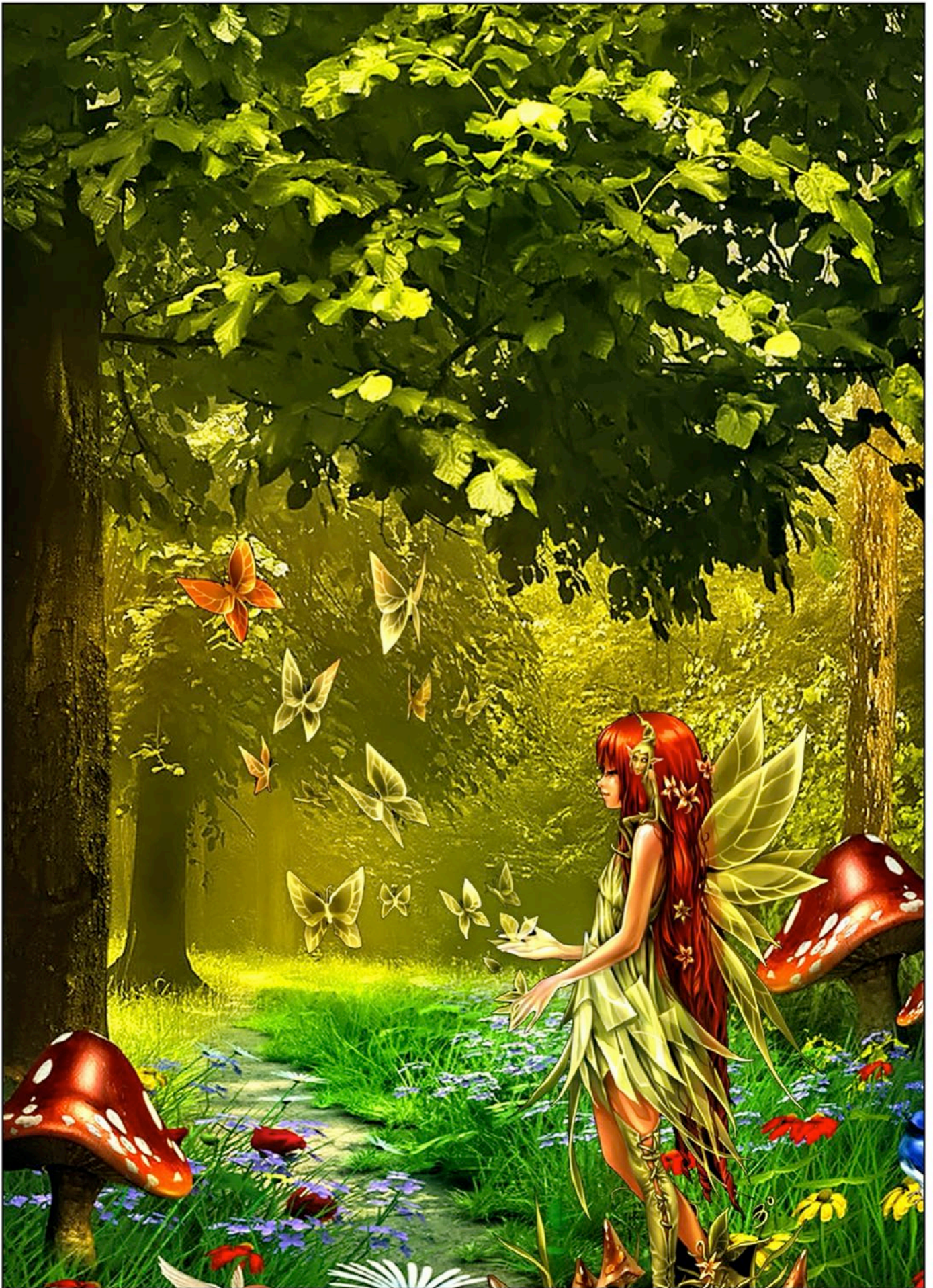








Daffodils, arranged in their elfin way,  
Wore their yellow skirts, like fairies' Dresses,  
And brightened, through the spirit light of morn,  
Into the fuller radiance of day.





The blooms were a crimson mist, in green blade,  
Through yellow air, beyond the deep blue shade;  
A white mist drifted through azure skies, bade  
Toward purple mountains—fragrance of the glade.







Spring's last breath awakened him, he was living:  
The life-force passed to summer from spring.  
His clover spread, vines grew strong, roses climbed—  
All from the kiss of which she'd died giving.

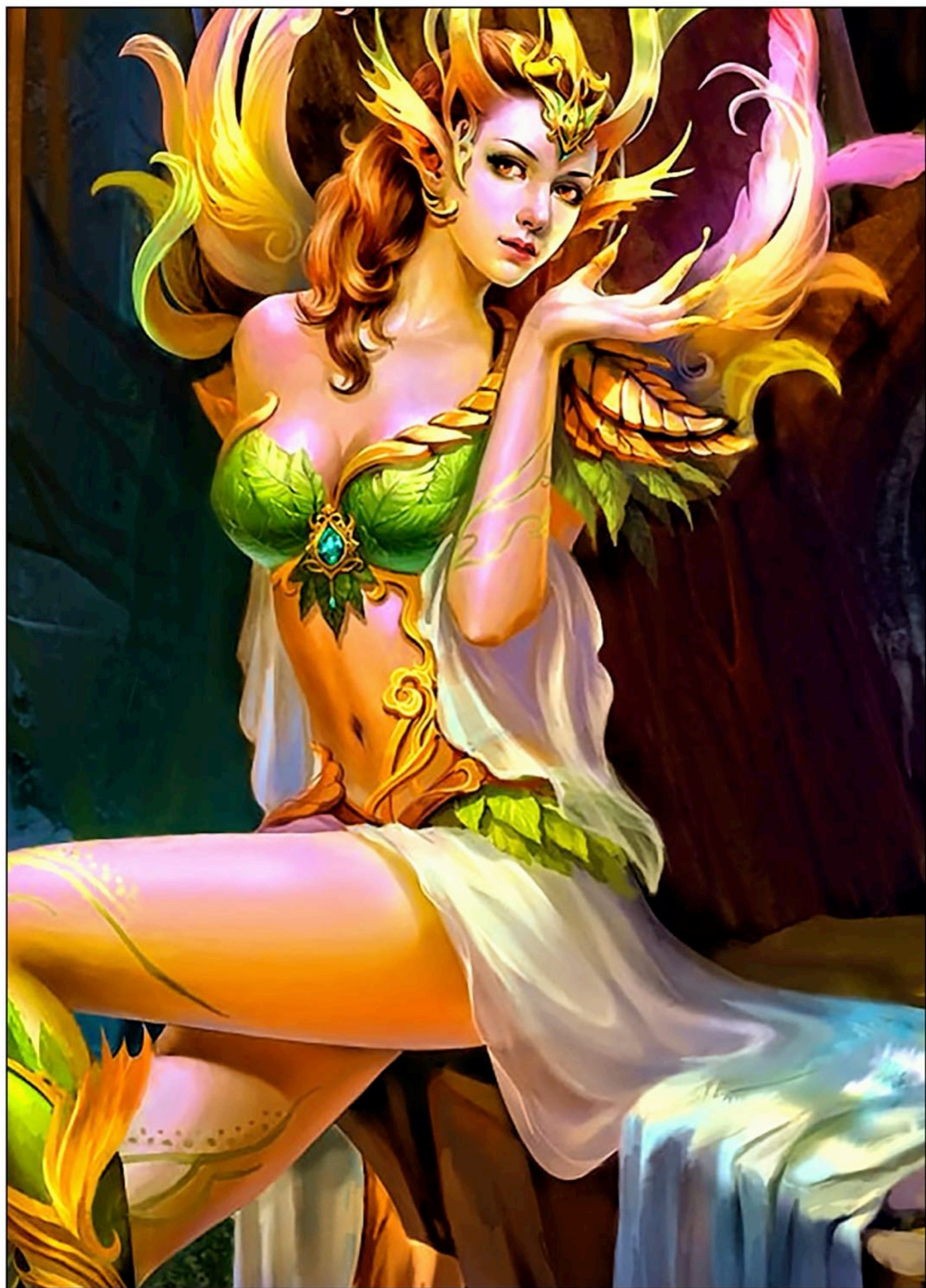


The Golden-Throated Lilies sang at morn;  
Maiden flower blushed, its pureness reborn;  
There, galaxies of Sunflowers swayed,  
Echoing the luminosity of day.



Eve's elves gave us the taste of Strawberry,  
The messages of the honeysuckle,  
The signals of Wisteria, and the once  
Neglected memories of Rosemary—

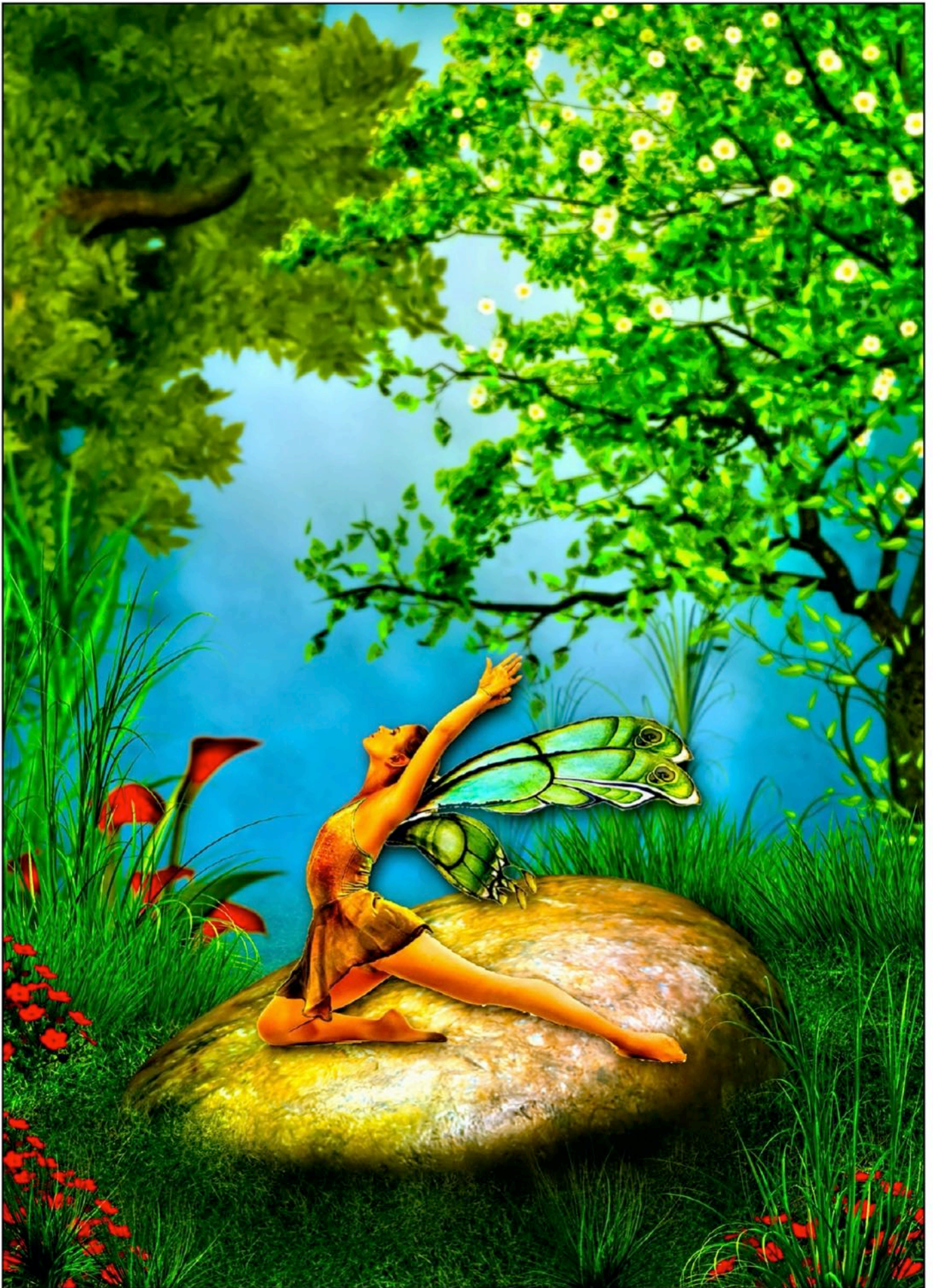
And the sweet breath of purple Violets,  
Like the enamored voice of rivulets,  
And Scarlet Pimpernels, that, aft nice days pass,  
Enfold—being the poor man's weather-glass!



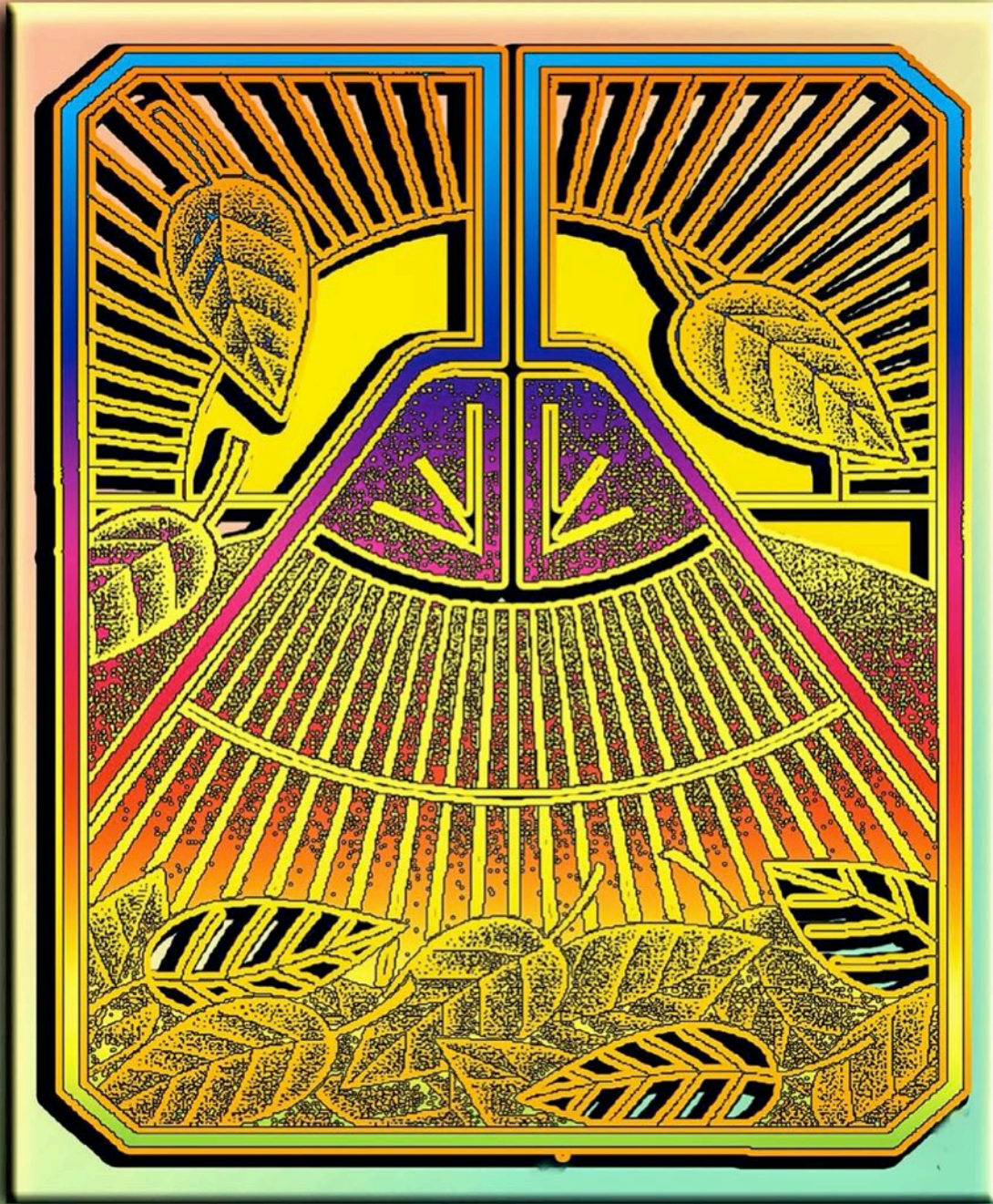
The eyes loved to rest on the summer sky  
As Eve upon the greensward smiled at us—  
A new life had colored the world in between  
Humans and Angels: Earth's fay pristine.



The heart's flight is love that the Earth brings,  
As the wind to the soul whispers unimagined things;  
The senses merge, as streams, flowing beyond joy,  
As imagination fires our enlightened wings.



The glowworms, fairy stars come down to ground,  
Gleamed the shadowy woods in summer's round,  
Then, fall's leaves fluttered through the quiet air,  
The autumn being the sunset of the year.



The rustling of the trees came to my ear,  
In this, the most mellow time of the year.  
The harvest brought fulfillment, yearning, too,  
For autumn was both a smile and a tear.





The Weed-flowers came, marking autumn's track,  
The blossoms that almost brought the spring back,  
But, winter's white death wrap was drawn over,  
Smothering the earth's last warm sweet odour.



Such then, came the end of summer's dreams,  
The blanching of the grassy banks of streams,  
But, all fragrances the elves will remember  
Through their long sleep in the winter-embers.



The blossoms fell, showers of fragrant beauty,  
While leaves faded and bulbs stored energy;  
faeries' floral dreams grant this destiny,  
for, these leavings enrich earth's potpourri.



flowers lay their heads to sleep in soft beds,  
Blanketed by webs of gossamer threads;  
The faery creatures cast their spectral glow,  
As winter stars—floral twins—started to grow.





In winter's cocoon, we lay drooping, thinking:  
Imagination is memory's king;  
But the mind will rest, the senses will reign,  
When spring returns and winter dreams take wing.



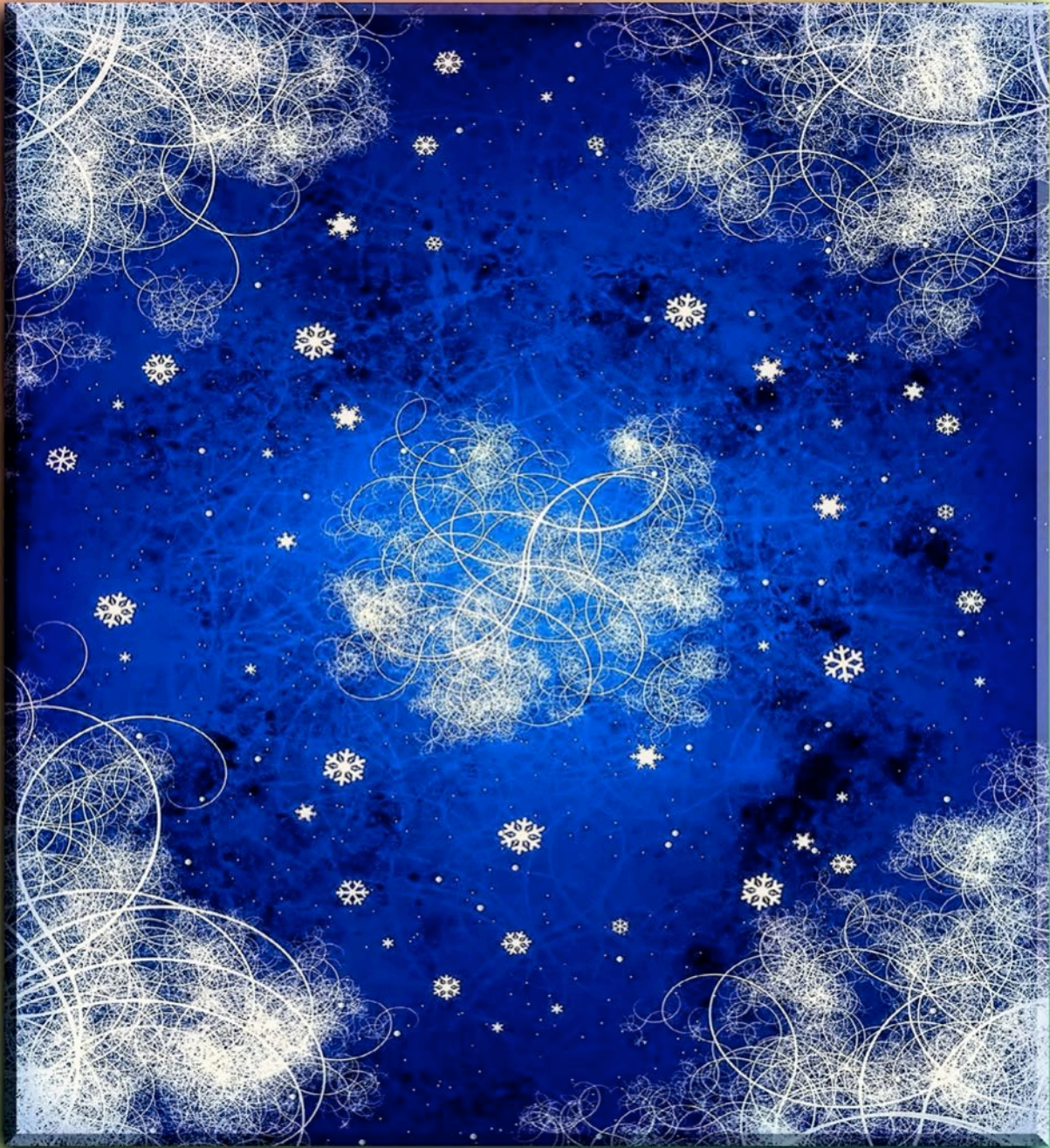


We basked in the warmth of winter sunshine,  
The sunbeams creating a golden shrine.  
Like sparks given birth from the embers,  
Our flames were fueled by the light divine.





Through the winter, no fairies flew, no flowers grew,  
And only the Christmas elves could stir, until  
Santa had returned, and then, they, too, like us,  
Slept long and deep within the crystalline cathedral.



Later, when surely all the world was dead,  
A snow-fairy stood atop winter's grave  
And said 'tis not dead, and, by magic bred,  
Made Snowdrops flower in the tomb's heat wave.





Nymphs slid from their cocoons, their pinions  
Yet wrapped and wet, and breathed the earthy air  
That had called them forth into life's dominion  
To fly and flutter in flux, here and there.





The elves then blew their pipes to awaken  
Nature's flora, so that her step might quicken;  
And from her odours our memories recurred—  
As we were given back the youth of springtide.



Now the Earth is very old, but each spring it  
Turns young again when nature reinvents it,  
Constructing the Temple of Flora outside,  
In Desert, field, wetland, woodland, and wayside.



Spring had kissed the earth, leaving flowers there,  
Like those whose perfume first scented virgin air,  
As again, the fragrant glen, in Heaven's prayer,  
Hailed Earth's anniversary with flowers fair.

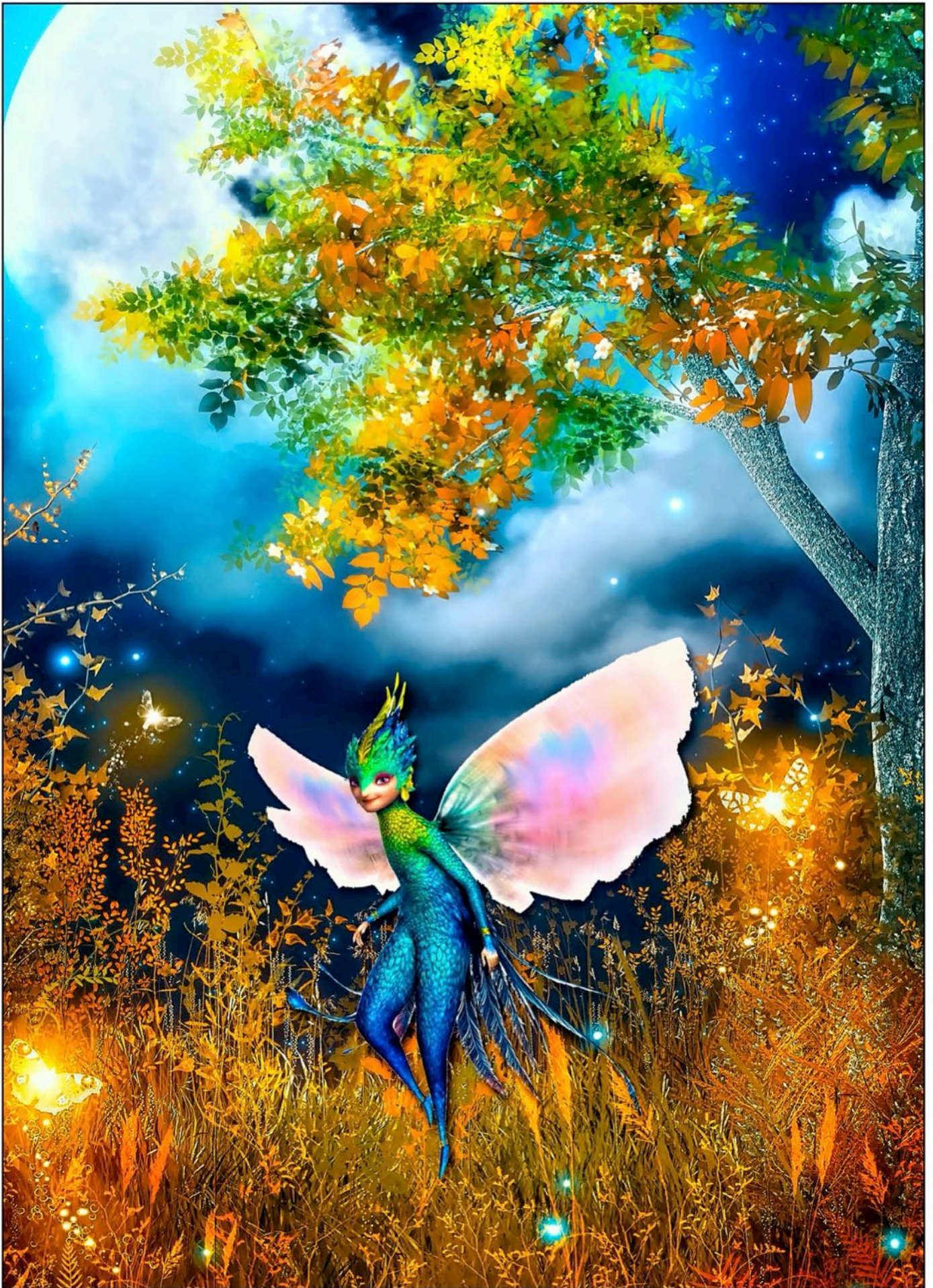




Earth's a garden, an oasis in space,  
A world of boundless beauty and grace.  
One could search the heavens for such in vain,  
Finding no equal, anytime or anyplace.



Purgatory's on Venus, where sulphurs rain.  
Hell's found in the sun's heart, oh, hot burning pain!  
Of Heaven's site, no one has any idea—  
For it's the world's best kept secret: Earth's its name!





Sunbeams, breezes, dewdrops everywhere,  
Nature, love, friends, sensation, adventure—  
We have it all—all elements are there:  
Life's a mix of earth, fire, water and air.

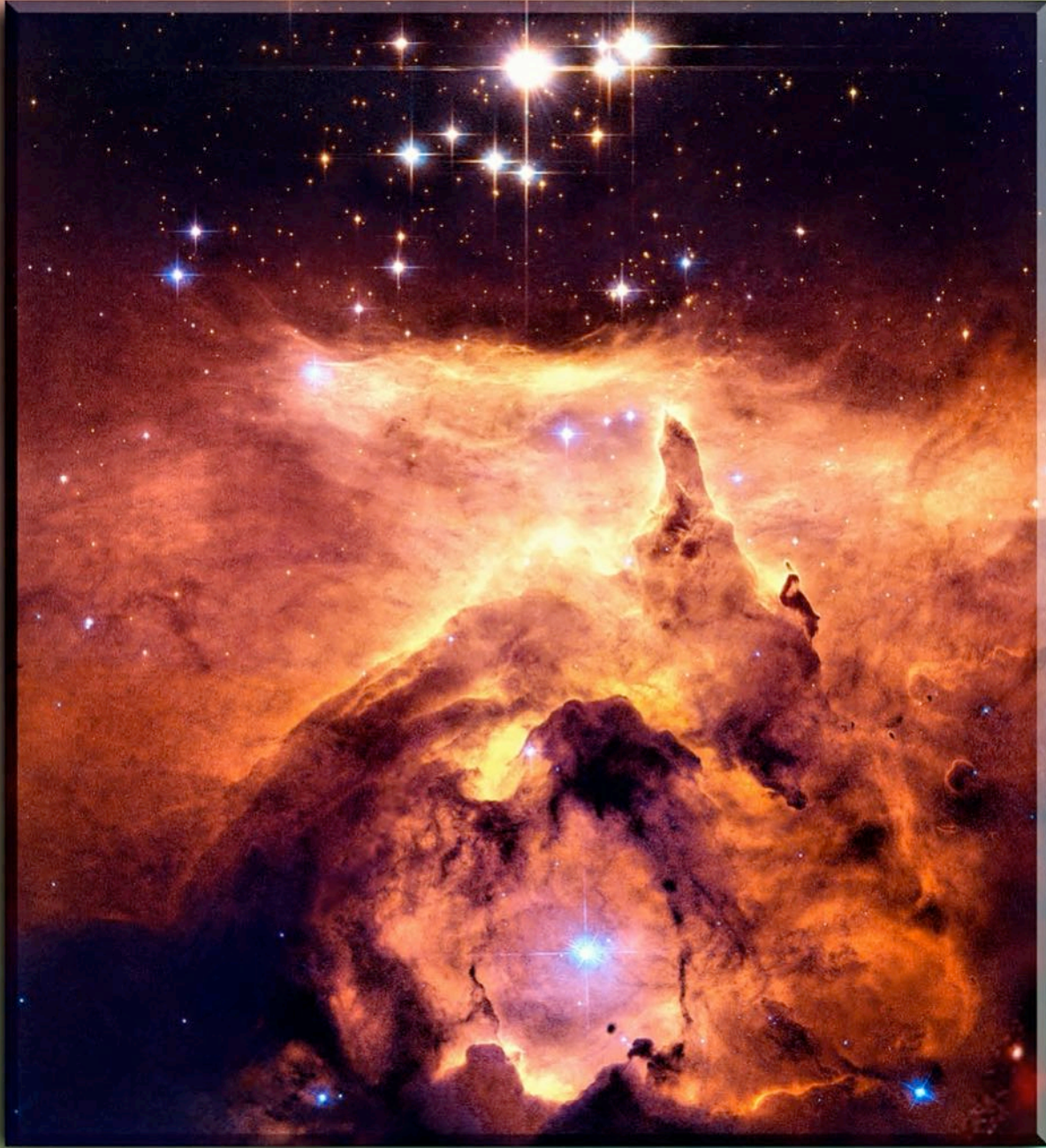




The scene unfolded before me, such as  
Music often approaches and surrounds  
And builds on the vibrance which in one is  
To fill all that lives with beautiful sounds.

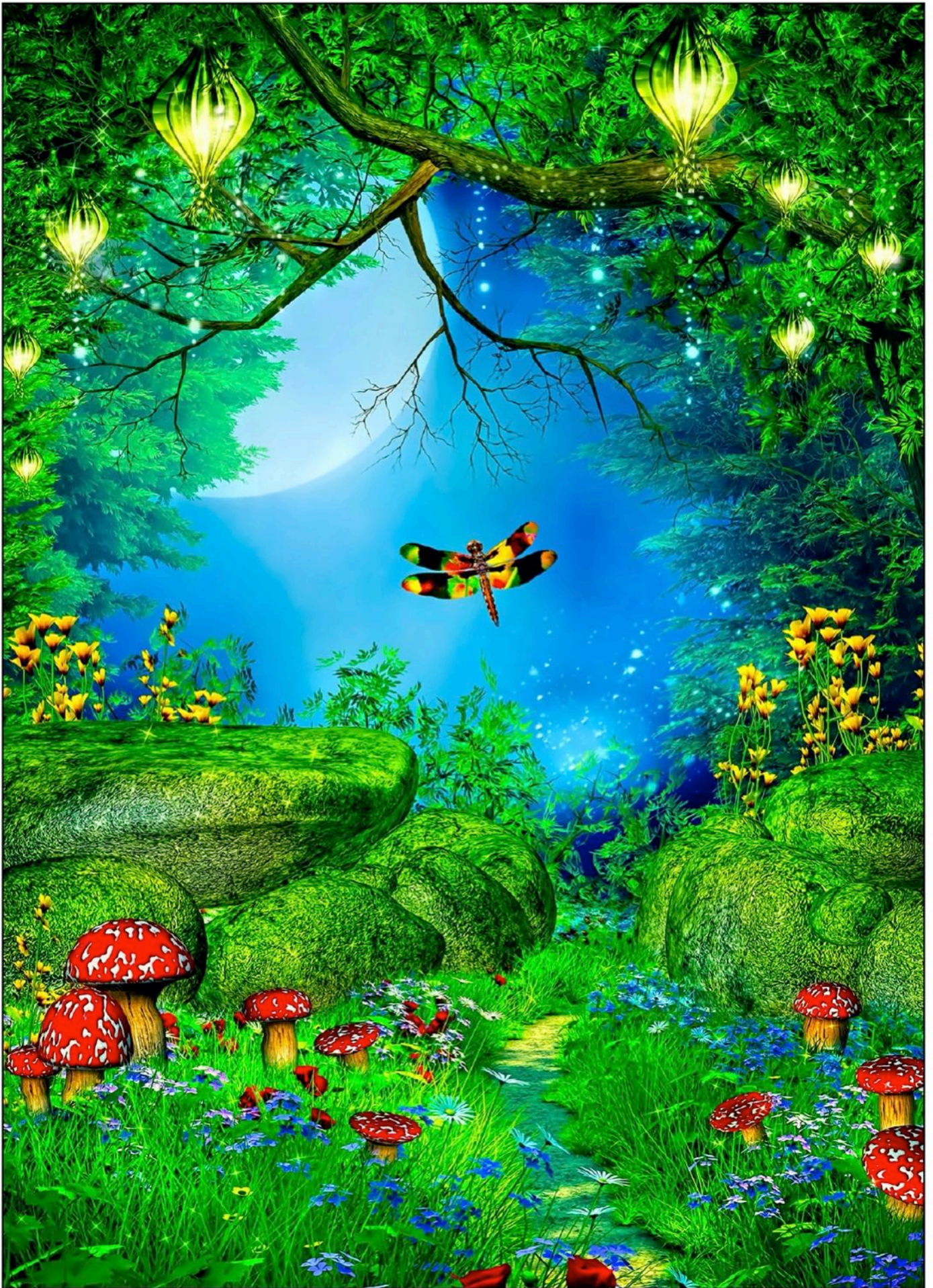


The Evening Primrose only in the night  
Opened its cup to drink in the moonlight,  
Then gazed round with silent love and smiles,  
Much as we would upon a sleeping child.



Its phosphorescent light guided the flight  
Of the flying creatures that loved the night.  
It looked the swelling moon straight in the sight  
As they made love in the haunt of midnight.

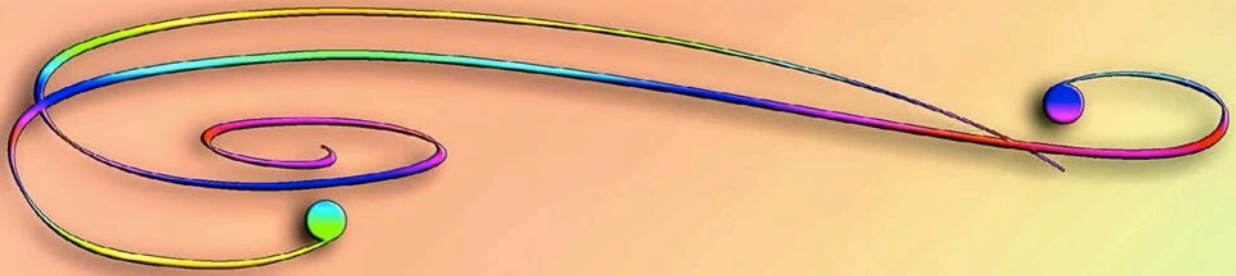






Life is a web of whos, whys, whats, and hows,  
Stretched in time between eternal boughs.  
Gossamer threads hold the beads that glisten,  
Each minute a sequence of instant nows.





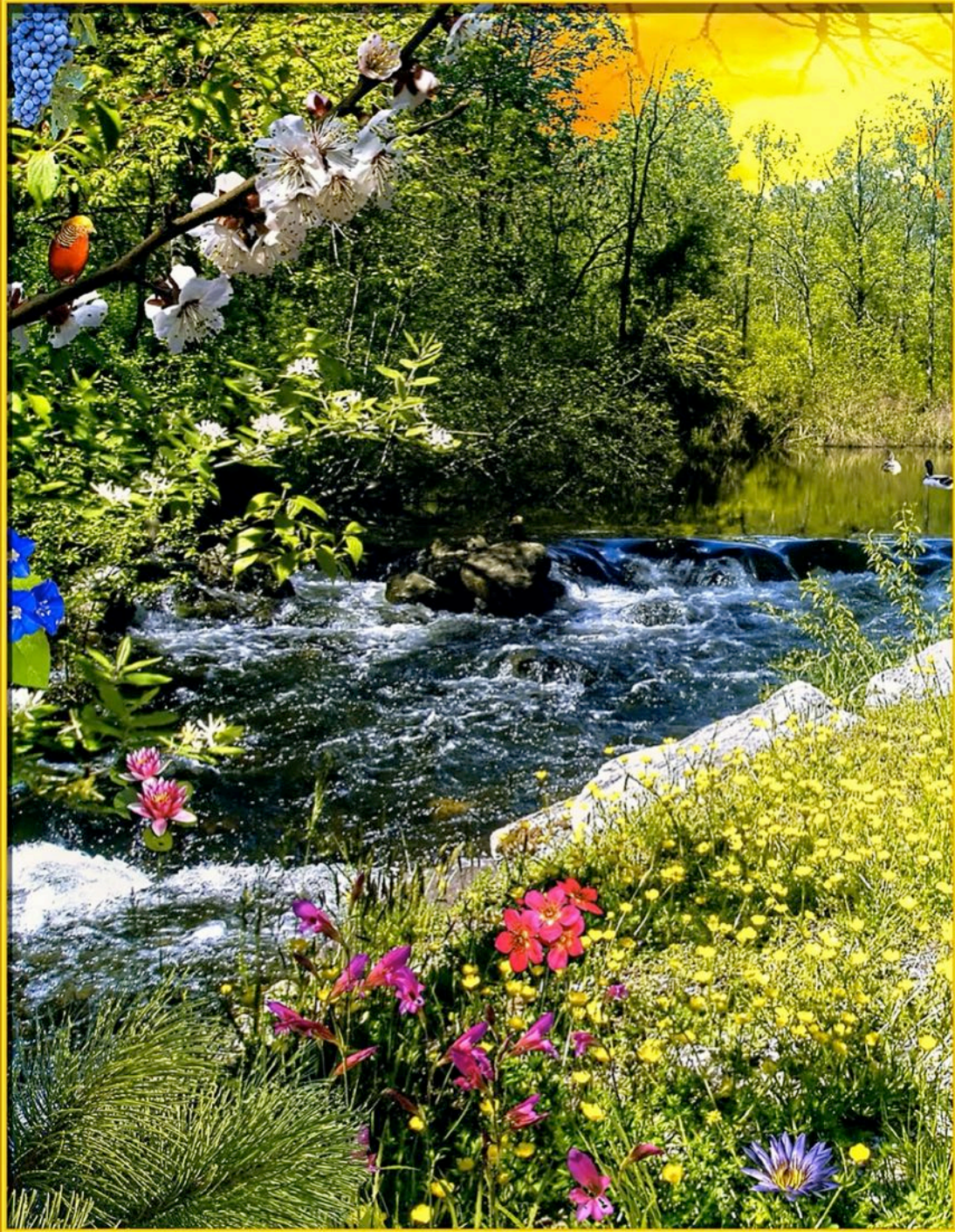
Remember							
Sundae	Funday	Onesday	Twosday	Wedsday	Thirstday	Fryday	Satday
December							
s	f	o	t	w	t	f	s
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	
29	30		1	2	3	4	5
6	(enjoy)	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	(do it)	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	(leisure)	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	-p. tonney	28	29	30	January		
					s	f	m
					t	w	t
					1	2	3
					4	5	6
					7	8	9
					10		

The Calendar Revised



March, April! Spring!—we'll reign as we May there,  
 Between June and her sister September,  
 Then, prolong the fall, till November come  
 December, when we can sweet Remember.





Go slake your thirst in life's earthly endeavor,  
Near a stream where wildflowers grow forever  
And influence your feelings—for deep they roam:  
Flora's fairest flowers compose Heaven's poem.





Love is reason enough in its giving,  
And beauty is its own excuse for being;  
The doing of good is its own reward,  
And the truth does best define its meaning.







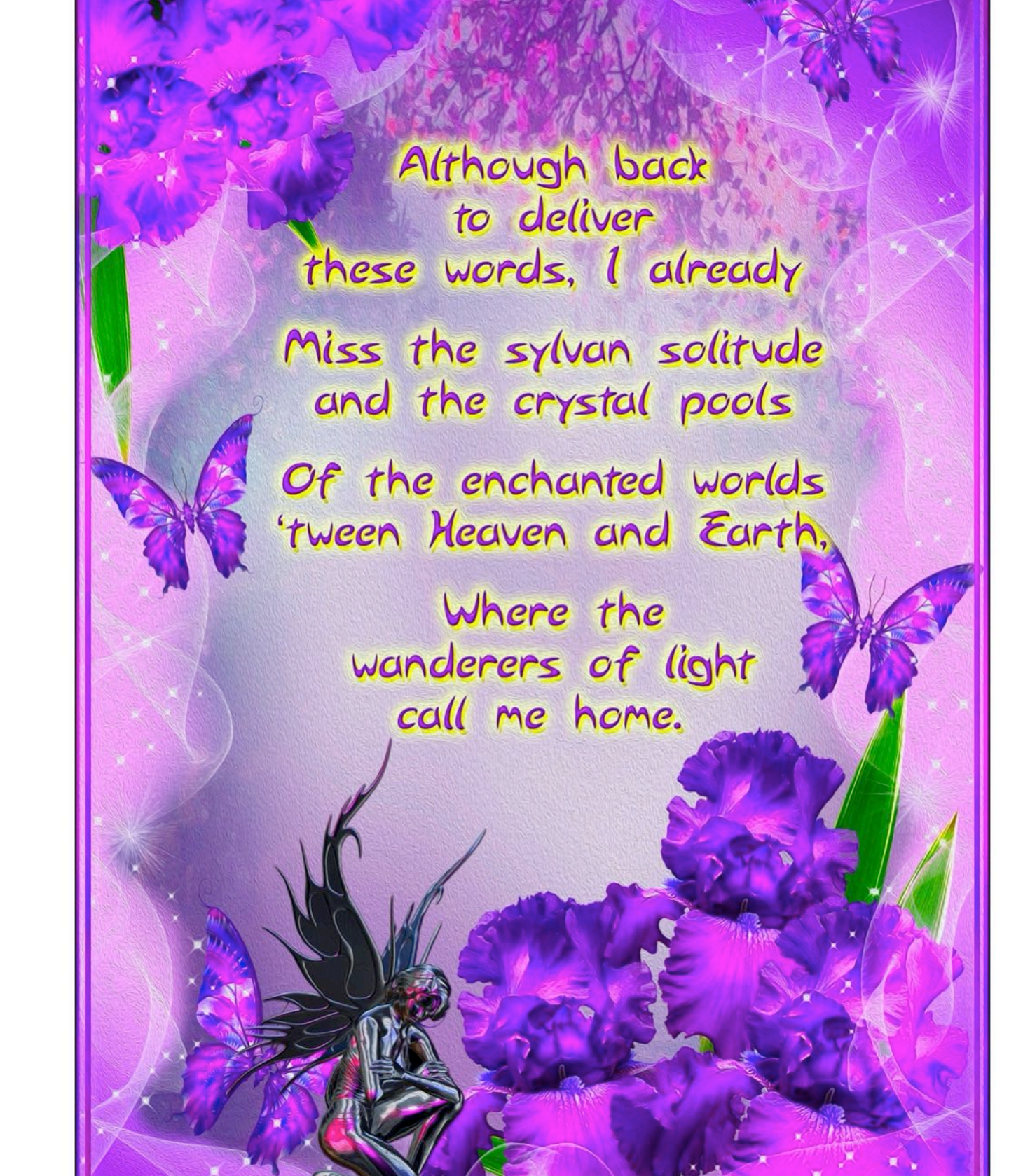


Although back to deliver these words, I already  
Miss the sylvan solitude and the crystal pools  
Of enchanted worlds between Heaven and Earth,  
Where the wanderers of light call me home.

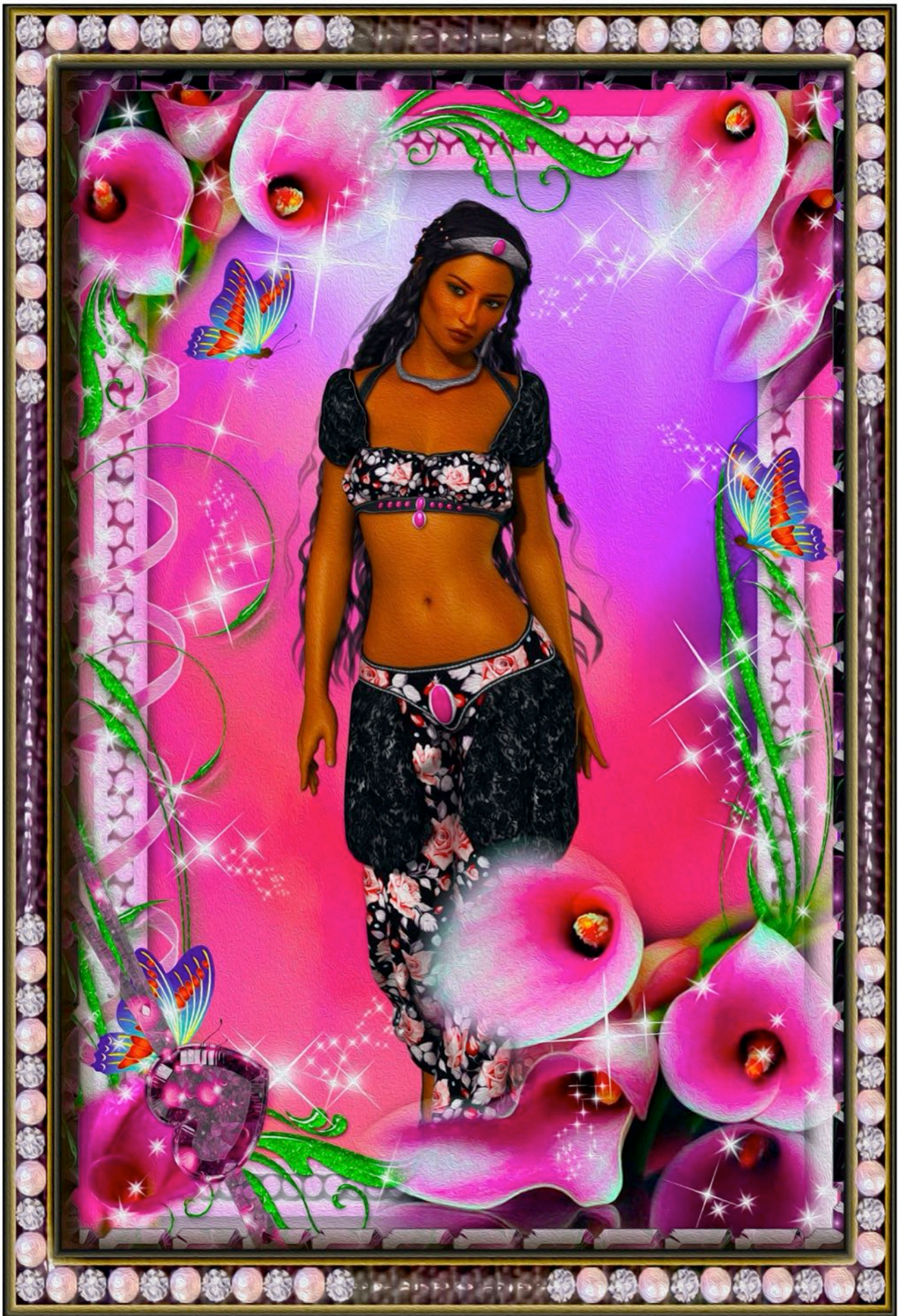


So now, live your life and dream a dream, through  
Dale, meadow, and field, in grove and greensward,  
Across love's pure stream, in shimmering sheens  
Of the dells of Elflande—it takes but a wish.





Although back  
to deliver  
these words, I already  
Miss the sylvan solitude  
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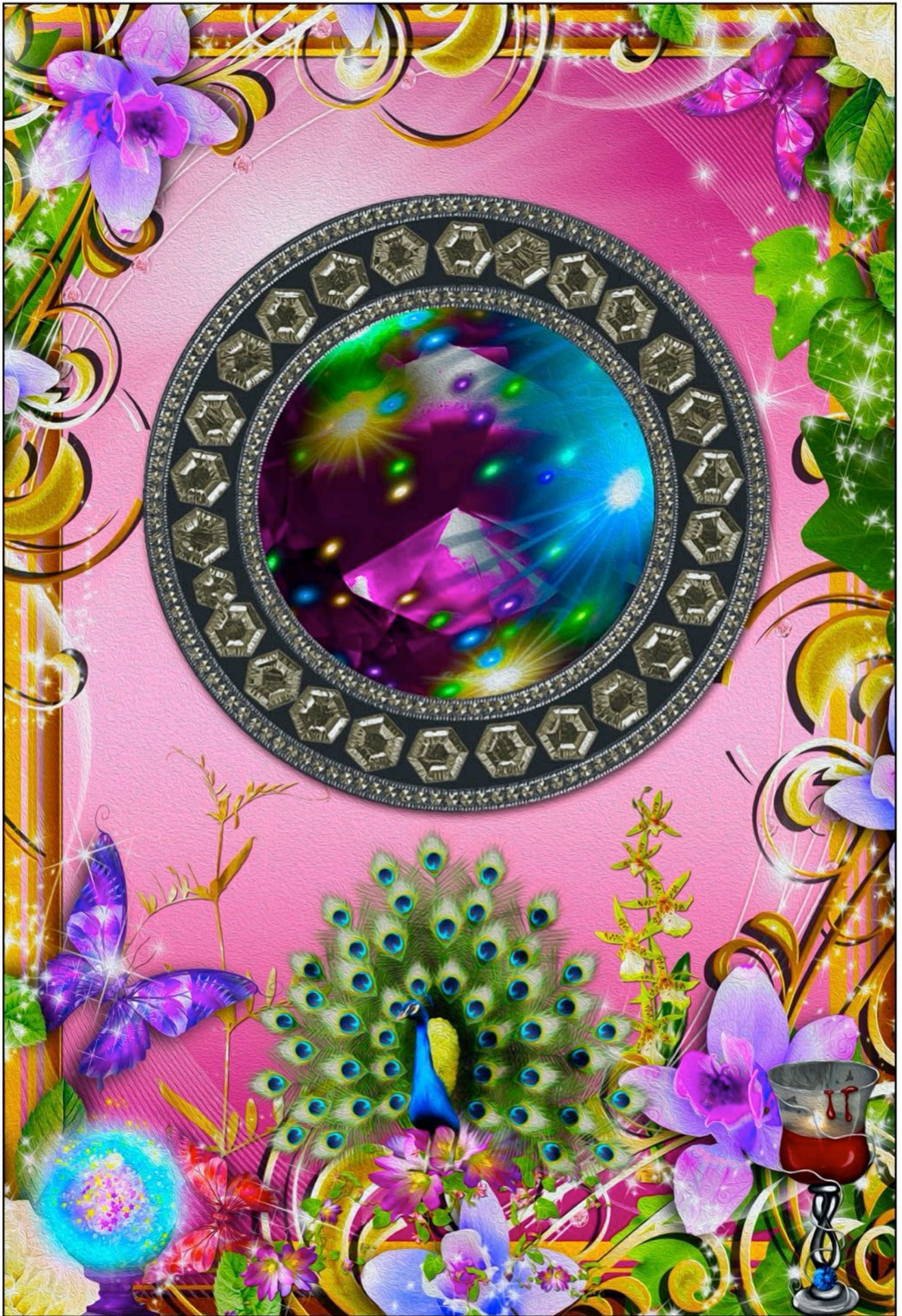
Dale, meadow, and field,  
in grove and greensward,

Across love's pure stream,  
in shimmering sheens

Of the dells of Elflande;  
it takes but a wish.







Well, I've filled my cup with wonders of delight,  
Born from stardust and nourished by sunlight;  
Earthly life was a treasure, a radiant gem,  
A vision that I'll never see again.

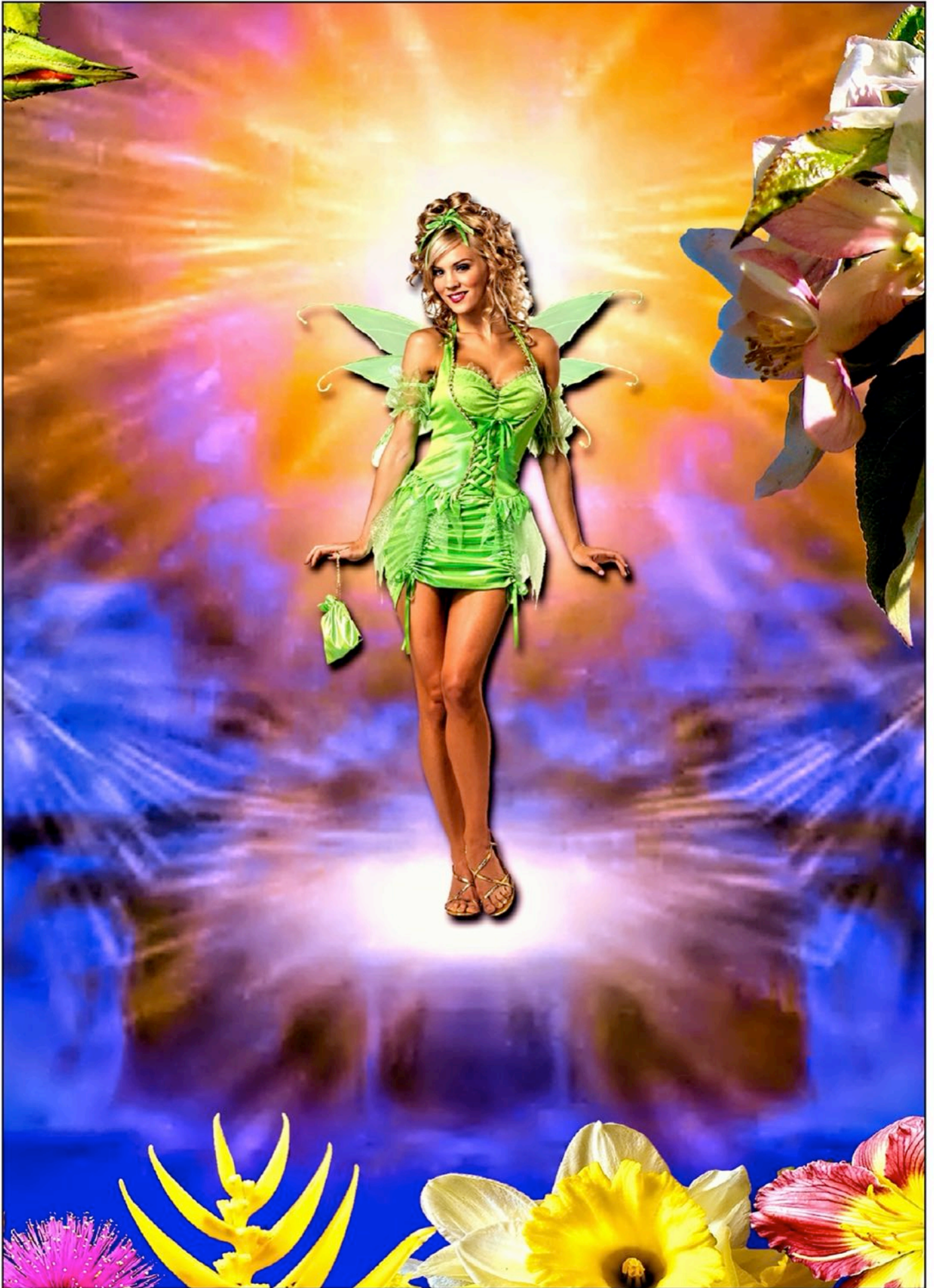


Life is a flower whose leaf is summer green,  
Whose spring was purple passion Eglantine;  
Although fall's second spring may intervene,  
The white frost at last is the winter seen.











There is a tunnel back to Eden's Garden,  
A funnel, really—our small end open,  
And through this fairyland I'm returning, free,  
To hang Adam's Apple back on the tree.









