

Hallows Eve

"Looking Glass"

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I left my home far behind, waved good-bye to my
routine
One dusky hour's drive north
I rode in man's machine
Someplace in north's wood
I felt that I would find
"There lies your reputation
and an honest measure of your worth"
This I have sought in quest
since my long gone birth
Battling with my beasties
has brought me to a truth
The sweeter the tongue,
The sharper the tooth

I stepped forth on the Mother
In my search for light
Forgotten church to my left,
The mansion to my right
Light showed through the windows
Of the house that I have known
So I had made this my guest,
The scars of dusk had blown
There's a man who carries his dreams
In a bag slung over his shoulder
No word could you understand,
His bundle is as life's boulders
So he bags his regrets
Into a bundle of sorrow
And carries them in hope,
The hope of tomorrow

I left my bag out of sight
And sat by candle-light
Then I saw an apparition,
Much to my own fright

I saw a compound
Of all that is unclean
Abnormal, detestable,
The worst that I have seen

The ghoulish shade of decay,
Putrid and antique
Unwholesome revelation,
All that is bleak
A travesty of human shape
Upon bones of mold
Clothing disintegrating,
The stench of the old

I know what I am,
I am what I am

I stared into the glassy orbs
Which stared back at me
Then I had found my peace,
I had found the key
I reached to touch the carrion
And it reached from the mass
To reveal to my fingers
Cold polished glass!
We tipped our hats
Good-Eve to the other
Picked up our bags,
Waved good-bye to our brother
We'll find the speck
Of truth in each riddle
And a looking-glass
Stuck in the middle

Wise one is master of the mind,
Fool will be it's slave
Me, I'm in the middle,
Only a mirror, only a riddle
Imagine the dark obscure poet
Gliding through his night
Pausing to stare in from the out.
He would enter, but outside he is lord
Imagine the pure beyond holy and evil,
Watching, trying every extreme
With the calm knowledge
That he is colour and dance and saying,
"There is no Renaissance,
Only the ancients creating different lights"

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