

## Paragon Of Beauty

# "Yonder Thy Primrose Path. My Shuddered Face"

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Every night I open my poetic window-book  
Retired upon subdued lime trees  
Pondering over me and you to fail again

Untimely sympathy for shallow layers  
It puzzles temptress, starry-eyed  
Will o' the wisp, exiled jester-daffodil

I am an elegiac herdsman lost  
within a woodpecker's stanza

Day by day I try to sow  
Nothingness calls my name  
Mankind - too blind

Yonder thy primrose path  
And my shuddered face yellows with age  
O Venus-train, goodbye

Wayward play of gradual shades  
Arclets fret over dogmas  
(I long for) lavender-rivers  
Clad in lavender blue

"Diversity is a motive wheel of life  
and knowledge doesn't forge ahead  
While you curse your private mistakes.  
Do you really want to die alone?"

Lullabies in scourging deserts  
searching for a windswept dawn  
Fettered hawks on barren fells  
There are no hiding places

An opaque tangle of unbearable echoes  
determines the soliloquies shining faintly  
through dim corridors

No one can tell what I have felt...  
What I will feel...where I might go...  
For life has touched my promise path.  
thy shuddered facelet

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