

Galleon of Dreams



Poems of Fantasy & Wonder
by Lin Carter



Foreword



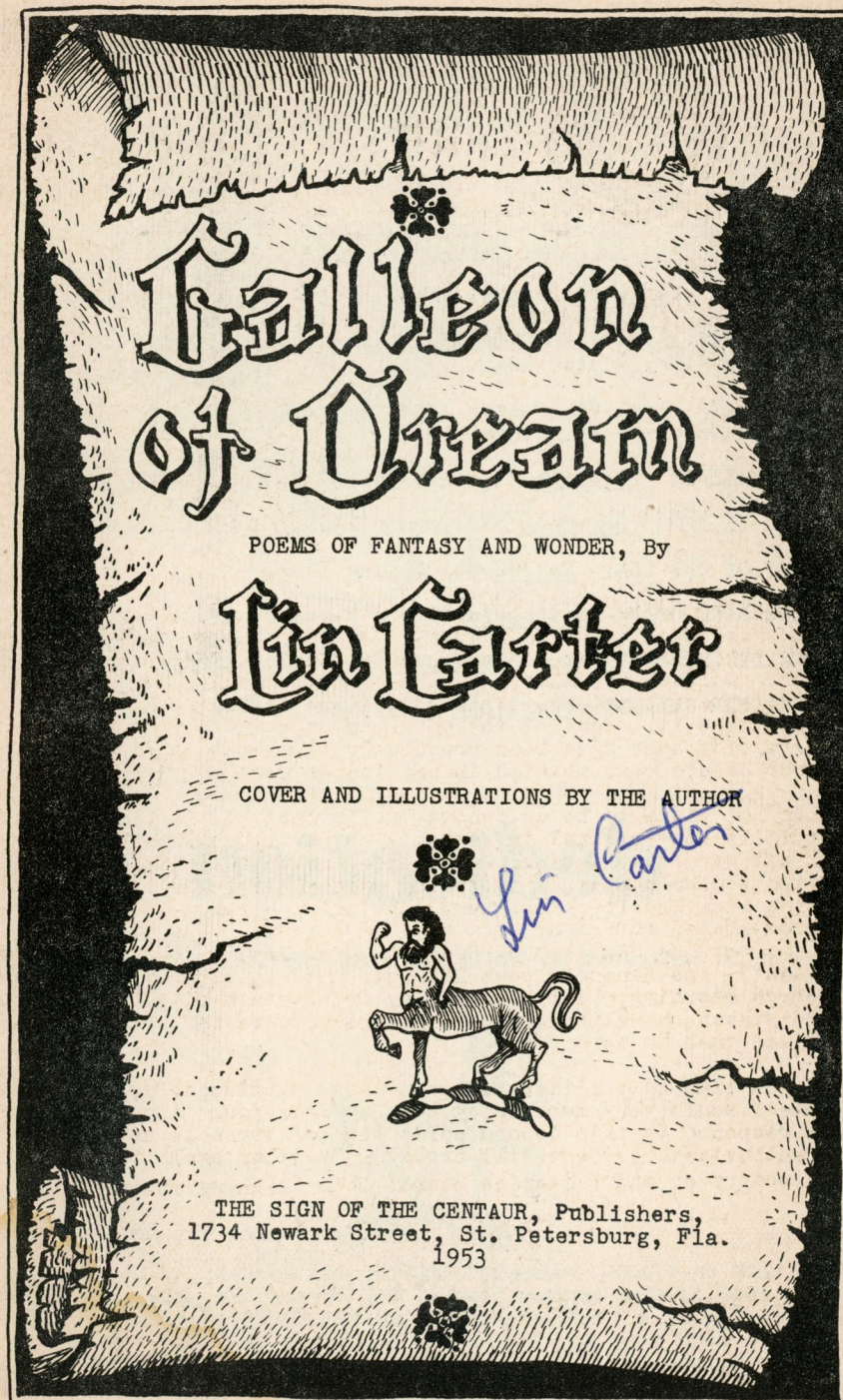
In 1951 I published a collection of imaginative verse under the title SANDALWOOD AND JADE which contained thirty fantasy poems. Now, two years later, this companion booklet is seeing publication. GALLEON OF DREAM, like it's predecessor, contains verse of a fantastic nature. This collection is as representative as I can make it. Some of the poems are new and some are several years old; some have been previously published, while some have never before been printed in any fan or professional magazine.

I do not claim to be an innovator. In fact, I fear my verse is stuffily conventional in form. I prefer lyrical poetry to any or all of the confusing, uneven and unreadable verse - forms in which modern poetry is torturing it's public. My idols are the poets like Shelley, Tennyson, Masfield, Byron, the unknown or unremembered author of the "Song of Solomon", the pseudonymical author of the "Kasidah of Hadji Abdu el Yezdi", Spenser ("Faery Queen"), the Sanscrit poet Bilhana, the contemporary lyric poet George Sterling, Lilith Lorraine, and certain bits from Kipling and Stevenson--although those gentlemen were far better as novelists than as versifiers.

If you like this little book--and most particularly, if you did not--I would very much enjoy hearing from you. And who knows--if response to this second collection of verse is not entirely unenthusiastic, there will probably be other small collections of poetry or short-stories bearing the "Sign of The Centaur"...

St. Petersburg, Fla.
10 March 1953

Lin Carter



credits

SHADOW-SONG: The Time Machine #1, 1948; Kotan #1, Sept. 1948.

NOCTURNE: Loki #2, Summer 1948.

IF I WERE KING OF KOORIBAAL: Palmetto & Pine Literary Supplement #2, Winter 1948.

FUTILITY: Loki #2, Summer 1948; Palmetto and Pine Literary Supplement #2, Winter 1948.

CHANGELING: Poemzine #1, November 1948.

DARK ELIXER: Sky Hook #7, Summer 1949.

CITY OF THE SEA: Mezrab #4, Spring 1951.

STORYBOOK SEAS: Cataclysm V2 #3, November 1952.

BESIDE THE SHALIMAR: Starlanes #9, Spring 1953.

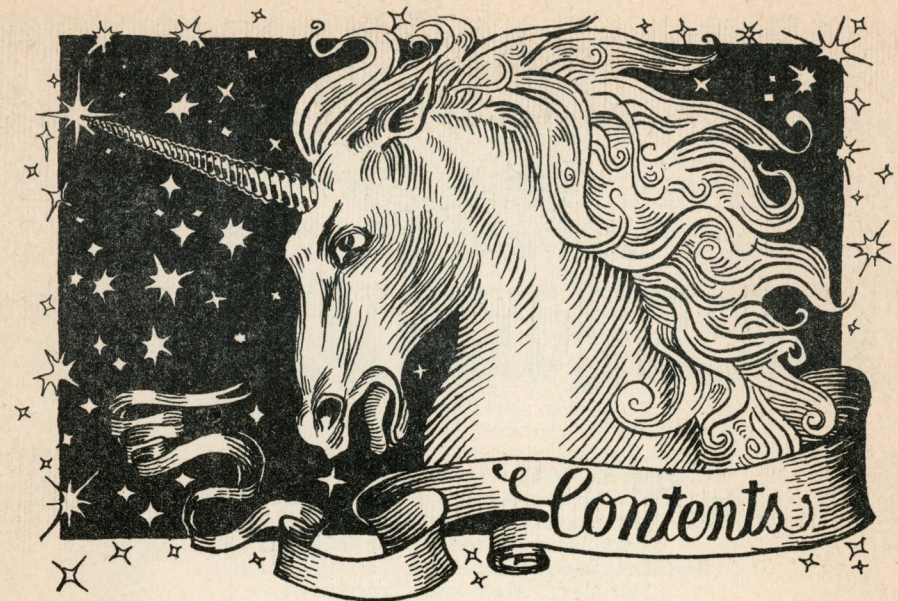
TREASURE ISLAND: Starlanes #10, Summer 1953.

dedication

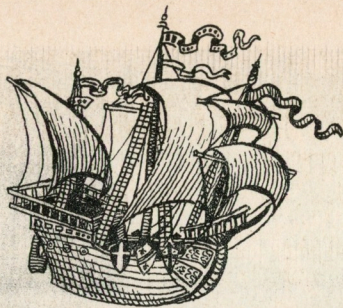
This book is dedicated to DORIS MARGARET DERRICK, friend and teacher.



GALLEON OF DREAM, Poems of Fantasy and Wonder, by Lin Carter
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GALLEON of DREAM

I sail my Galleon of Dream
To shores where golden cities gleam,
To Samarkand and Zanzibar
Where sandalwood and rubies are,
And fabled realms that lie beyond
Like Turkistan and Trebizond.

Across the wine-dark seas I quest
Past palmy Isles where Gryphons nest,
And coral shores where mermaids play
'Neath orchid skies, to bright Cathay
Where blooms the lotus-lillies pale
And sings the sacred Nightingale.

I voyage then to Araby,
Where the sunset meets the sea.
There I meet a caravan
Bearing silk from Kurdistan,
Casks of wine and bowls of jade,
And teakwood chests in Persia made.

* * *

But when morning gilds the sky
I moor my Galleon on high
And forsake the briny deep
And the golden realms of sleep:
I must wake to face the day,
With only dreams of my Cathay.

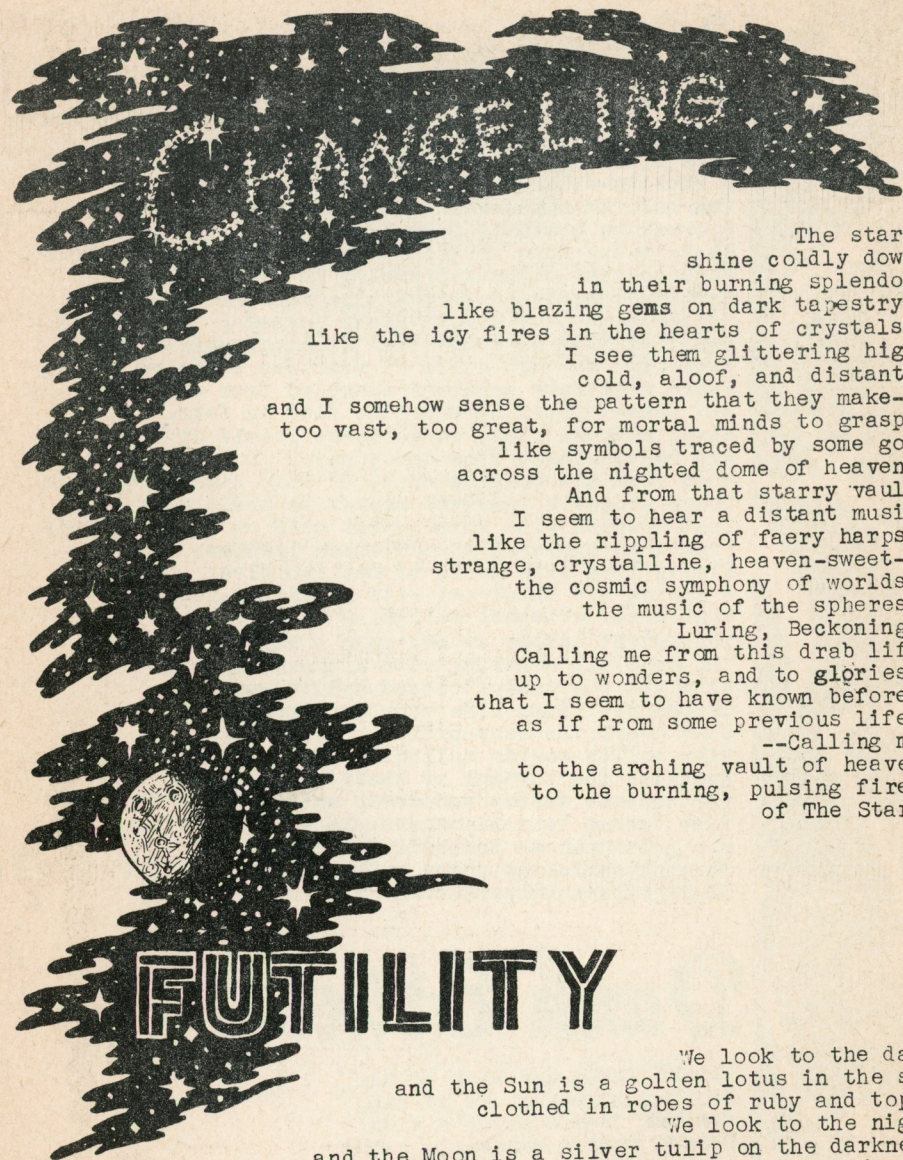


Nightmare

....Drunken with dreams
My soul went wandering through faery realms
That gleam beyond the Gates of Clay, but lo !
A thunder-winged Chimera from out
The hellish Chaos where Creation ends
A creature black as Satan's wing,
Whose vasty form stretched league-long, Titan-thewed,
So huge that planets trembled in his wake,
He seized me in his adamantine claws--
As strong as any armor Vulcan forged--
And flew with me above the dazzling suns.
Then high through gulfs of starless space we soared
Where nightmare monsters shambled from our path
And flame-winged Demogorgons fled in fear.
High, high we flew, where Space itself doth end
And heavy-winged Time dares never go.
Then from the boiling chaos of this nightmare realm
There winged a fearsome shape: a snaky neck
That dripped with slime, vast coil on writhing coil,
From this upreared a head whose lashless lids
Blazed like twin gulfs of hellish fire,
A gaping maw thick-set with javelined fangs
That oozed a lethal saliva; a maw
That might devour at one gulp a sun.
The head all crawling with a thousand coils
As might the snaky-tressed Medusa wear;
Tremendous wings like ebon continents
That dwarf the very pillars of the night.
Like hollow worlds colliding didst the two
And with the thunder of their battle shook
The sunless worlds and dead, extinguished stars
That throng this nightmare place. --The Chimera
His grip upon me loosed and thus I fell
Through shrieking chaos and a depthless night
Of sightless turbulence.

Dark Elixer

Lizard scale and wing of bat,
Gryphon claw and eye of cat,
Feather from a raven's wing,
Poison from a serpent's sting,
Living heart of unicorn
Hunted in the mists of morn,
Dragon blood and adder's fang,
Slaughtered where the witches sang,
Hemlock root and mandrake weed,
Powdered pearl and lotus seed:
Mix to the chanting of a rune,
Mix in the fullness of the Moon....



The stars
shine coldly down
in their burning splendor
like blazing gems on dark tapestry,
like the icy fires in the hearts of crystals.
I see them glittering high
cold, aloof, and distant,
and I somehow sense the pattern that they make--
too vast, too great, for mortal minds to grasp,
like symbols traced by some god
across the nighted dome of heaven.
And from that starry vault
I seem to hear a distant music
like the rippling of faery harps,
strange, crystalline, heaven-sweet--
the cosmic symphony of worlds,
the music of the spheres!
Luring, Beckoning!
Calling me from this drab life
up to wonders, and to glories,
that I seem to have known before,
as if from some previous life.
--Calling me
to the arching vault of heaven
to the burning, pulsing fires
of The Stars

We look to the dawn,
and the Sun is a golden lotus in the sky,
clothed in robes of ruby and topaz.
We look to the night,
and the Moon is a silver tulip on the darkness,
shining in robes of pearl and jasper.
Though we know a thousand dawns
though we travel the World from the Sun's palace of red bronze,
to the Moon's house of white marble in the West,
yet we shall never know the way of a Cloud on the breast of the sky,
the way of a Serpent on a mossy stone--
nor the end of all things.

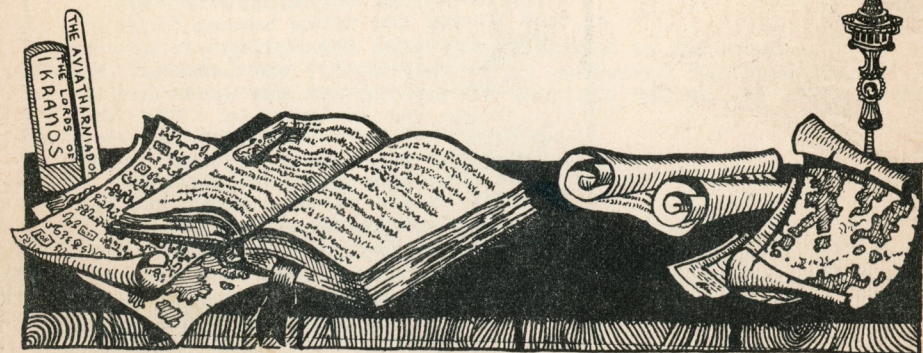
7 Were King of Kooribaal

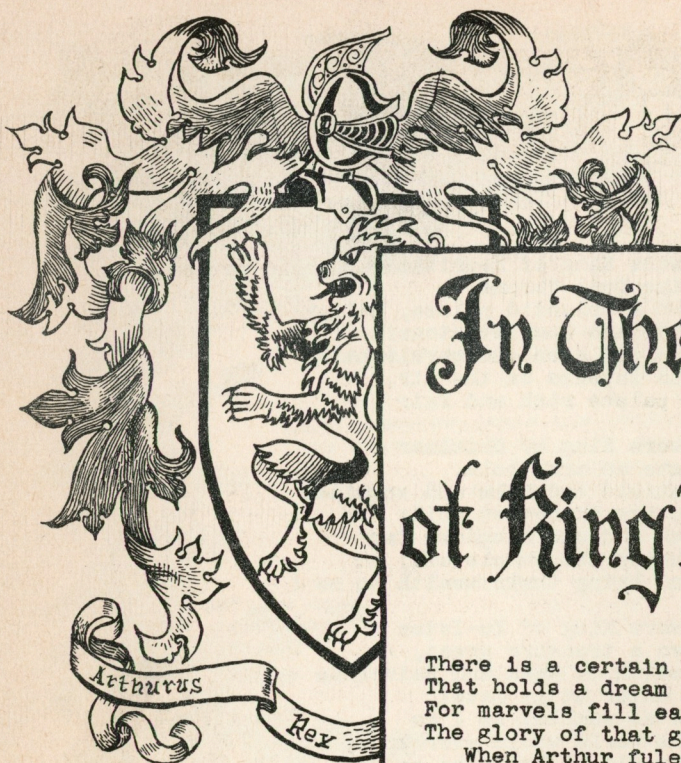
If I were King of Kooribaal
Upon the Opal Throne
I'd own a splendid palace, tall,
Of white and scarlet stone;
With golden dome and marble hall
And incense on the air,
A palace rich and fair!

If I were King of Shialmar
I'd have an army bold,
With shield and helm and scimitar
And spears of beaten gold;
To sack a dozen Kingdoms far
Across the purple sea,
And bring their wealth to me!

If I were King of Yu-Istam
I'd own a treasure great,
The wealth of Kash and Bairokham
Would enter at my gate;
No one as wealthy as I am
The world would ever know,
I would it could be so!

O, to be King of the Lands of Dream
Upon a throne of gold!
To be an Emperor supreme
And head an army bold!
To rule in realms fantastical,
Beyond the heaven's blue,
To be the King of Kooribaal:
I wish it would come true!





In The Days of King Arthur

There is a certain book I own
That holds a dream for me alone,
For marvels fill each printed page--
The glory of that golden age
When Arthur ruled in Camelot
And all the world was fair !

It carries me, or so it seems,
Upon the magic wings of dreams
Back to the days when Gareth met
His love, the gentle maid Lynette;
Of Galahad, of Merlin and
Of Tristram and Isolde !

The days of Gawain and Sir Kay,
The lovely witch, Morgan le Fey;
Of jousts the noble heroes fought,
When Percival the Gallant sought
The Holy Grail, and Lancelot
Loved Guinevere the Queen !

A book with Wonder on each page--
The story of that fabled age
When champions wore shining mail
And kings and heroes sought the Grail:
When Arthur ruled in Camelot,
And all the world was fair !

GOLDEN FLEECE



When Greece was young bold Jason turned the prow
Of legendary Argos towards the dawn
And with his comrades set upon a quest
To search the seas forever without rest
If only he could win the Golden Fleece.

With Hercules for shipmate long he braved
The myriad dangers of the unknown sea,
Until at last upon an island fair
Within the walls of Minos' garden, there
One Cretan dawn he found the Golden Fleece.

And each of us must sail the sea of years,
Guarding the fragile Argos of his life
Until one dawn he find his Golden Fleece
Whose name be Beauty, Wisdom, Love...or Peace.

Fiddler's Green



Across the stormy purple sea from Timbuktou we voyaged
And we landed in the evening when the stars could scarce be seen,
Yes we landed in the evening on the shores of Fiddler's Green:

Where all sea-rovers someday come,
All tired old sailors such as we,
Where there's ever a mug of good hot rum
And never a stormy sea.

Across the sunny Spanish Main from Trinidad we wandered
And our hearts were full of wonder as we moored our brigantine,
As we moored within the harbour of the isle called Fiddler's Green:

That can't be found on any chart
From the Golden Horn to the Carribee,
Where there's ever a song to warm the heart
And never a stormy sea.

Across the briny ocean-deep from Singapore we drifted
To that sunny tropic island where the breeze blows fresh and clean,
And we made our home forever at the Port o' Fiddler's Green:

Where there's ale and rum in every glass
And hearts are ever free,
Where there's many a merry dark-eyed lass
And never a stormy sea....

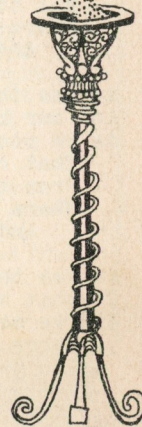
Hashish and Sandalwood

Ensorcelled in the spell of hashish-fumes
 Oft have I dared to cast aside the clay
 And soar exultant on the wings of dream
 To nightmare half-worlds where the Androsphinx
 Doth glut her lust in fury as she mates
 With brazen-breasted Hippogriffs, and strains
 Their adamantine bodies to her agate flanks;
 And I have viewed the pageantry of Kings
 That ruled a thousand years ago in realms
 We name Cathay. The scent of sandalwood
 Perfumed the evening breeze by lotus-pools
 In jasper courtyards where the Nightingale
 Sings with a voice to shame the lute, beneath
 An amethystine sky.

And I have watched
 As withered Mages in a nameless rite
 Of aeons-olden demoniac art
 Chanted a rune from fulvous scrolls and raised
 Headless Medusa from her sunken fane
 Back to the light of day. And I have flown
 Athwart the hurricane to reach the peaks
 Of ice-clad mountains that usurp the sky
 As to impale the leprous Moon, and there
 Before the Altars of Sathyrion
 I cast my living heart.

O Gods of Dream,
 But I have drunk of mandrake-wine and sailed
 My brass-prowed galleys on enchanted seas
 Beyond the Hills of Jade, and reached
 The far and fabled Isle of Dariabar
 Where nests the Phoenix on a bed of myrrh
 That Sindbad sought of old, and I have known
 The febrile opulence of palaces
 That Kublai Khan would envy, and the strange
 Exotic passions I have shared would dim
 A thousand nights with Salome.

And yet
 I somehow know the Wine of Life is more
 Intoxicating than my hashish-smoke:
 That life itself is stranger than a dream....



Magic Carpet

Like Prince Abdul in the legend
 I a Magic Carpet own
 Which transports me when I wish it
 To the Gates of Carcassone.

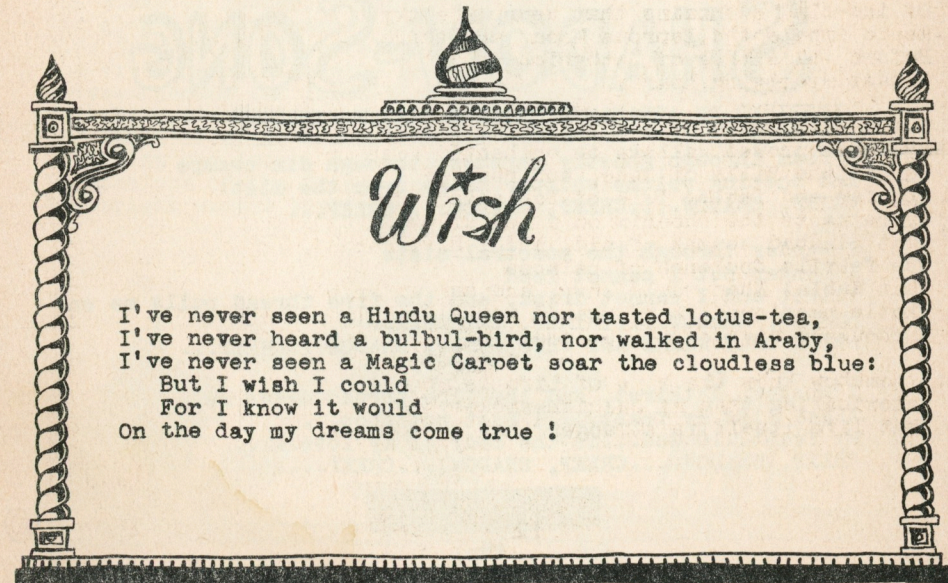
Or it carries me by magic
 To the markets of Bombay
 Or, if I should but command it,
 To the mountains of Cathay.

I am flown in but a twinkling
 Over sea or desert sand
 To the galleon of Sinbad
 Or the hills of Wonderland.

For you see, my Magic Carpet
 Is some book of old romance,
 Tales of Merlin or Aladdin
 Or the Lily Maid of France.

And the Djinn, Imagination,
 Will transport me when I look
 Deep within the golden pages
 Of some strange and wondrous book.

So if you, my friend and reader,
 Would a Magic Carpet find,
 Do but use Imagination:
 'Tis the magic of the mind !



I've never seen a Hindu Queen nor tasted lotus-tea,
 I've never heard a bulbul-bird, nor walked in Araby,
 I've never seen a Magic Carpet soar the cloudless blue:
 But I wish I could
 For I know it would
 On the day my dreams come true !

Beside the Shalimar



Dreaming, where the lotus grows
In her amethystine pools
Bordered by the yellow rose,
In the moonglow bright as jewels:
Once beneath the Evening Star
I met my Beloved there,
Sweet as sandalwood and fair
There beside the Shalimar.

Silken moonlight lit the stream
With a pearly silver glow
As we walked within our dream
In the gardens long ago:
All the gold of Zanzibar
Would not tempt nor purchase me,
Could I walk once more with Thee,
There beside the Shalimar.



SHADOW-SONG

INSPIRED BY ABRAHAM MERRITT'S "CREEP, SHADOW"

I roam through ghostly marshes, through dim swamps
And mocking voices whisper to me from the mist:
CREEP, SHADOW....CREEP, SHADOW....CREEP...

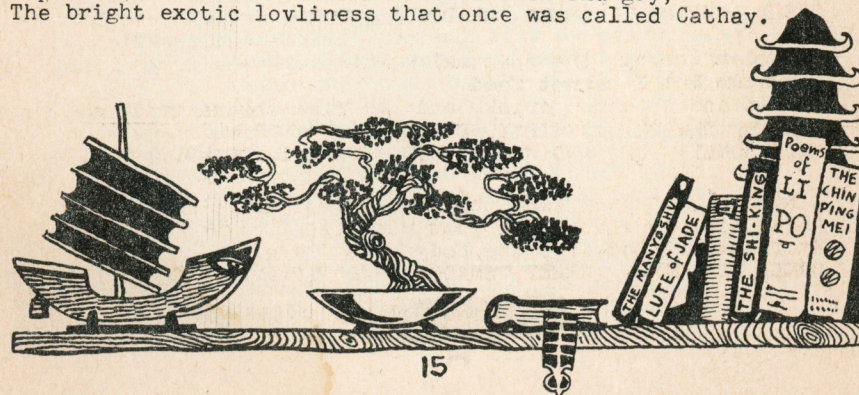
I wander through the spectral mists
I hunger but I cannot feed
Thirst and I cannot drink, and the fire thread pulls me on:
HUNGER, SHADOW....THIRST, SHADOW....
DRINK ONLY WHERE AND WHEN I BID, SHADOW...CREEP...

I hunger, I thirst, and the fire thread draws me...
Ahead lies my feast....I must not stop...
My feast...O God...is the body of my love....
CREEP, SHADOW....CREEP, SHADOW....CREEP....



Impressions of The Orient

The moonlight on the lotus-pools, a purple night of stars,
A nightingale's ecstatic song from cage of gilded bars,
The fragrance of a jar of myrrh, a burning stick of punk,
A string of paper-lanterns blazing on a floating junk,
The solumn CHONG! of temple-bells beside a lapis sea,
The pungent scent of cinnabar, of spikenard and tea,
Rich brocade embroidered gowns in reds and yellow-greens,
Bales of silk and casks of wine and ivory figurines,
The song of tiny copper bells entwined in a Geisha's hair,
Frankincense and sandalwood upon the evening air,
A red-jade bowl, a lacquer cup, a vase of painted glass,
And teakwood stands and ebony, a camel's bell of brass,
The scents of jasmine, azalea, the ylang-ylang and the rose,
A willow bending to the breeze down where the Yangtze flows,
The sleek caress of perfumed silk, an idol's jewelled eye,
Marco Polo, Kublai Khan, Li Po and Po Chu-i,
The sheen of jasper, porphyry and garnets, hot and bold,
The glow of agate, amber and rubies set in gold,
Blue devil-dogs of porcelain, with eyes of lacquer-red,
The vivid green of bamboo groves, a harlot's perfumed bed,
Chrysanthemums and lotus-blooms, a Buddha's tranquil smile,
Malachite and filigree, mosaics made of tile,
The glint of opal, tourmaline and turquoise, lapis, beryl,
Carnelian and ivory, and topaz, onyx, pearl...
Impressions of the Orient in colors rich and gay,
The bright exotic loveliness that once was called Cathay.





Treasure Island

If treasure maps and hidden gold,
And galleons and pirates bold
Attract your fancy, hear!
I know a book that you would love,
A book that tells the story of
A famous buccaneer!

Of cutlasses and gold doubloons,
Of desert islands and typhoons,
And many a gallant deed!
Of battles on the Spanish Main,
Of rum and blood and hurricane,
A book that you must read!

Of Cap'n Flint's lost treasure-chest,
Of Long John Silver and the rest,
A fearless pirate band!
So get the book and read it, friend,
And many happy hours you'll spend,
Lost in Treasure Island!

Story-book Seas

At night in my bed as asleep I am lying
I voyage in dreams on the sea far away.
I quest the Carribbean, sail with Ulysses,
Or carry a cargo of spice to Cathay.

I sail in my dreams on the Argo with Jason,
We go where we will and we follow the breeze;
Or off on a voyage with fabulous Sindbad,
In search of adventure on Orient seas.

The Hispaniola I sailed with John Silver
To far Treasure Island where sea meets the sky;
And off to the Isle of the wee Liliputians
We voyaged together, Gulliver and I.

Yet I know that someday I'll make my last voyage,
When I've found every treasure and every port seen.
I'll pull up my anchor and drift through the twilight,
And make my last landing...on Fiddler's Green!



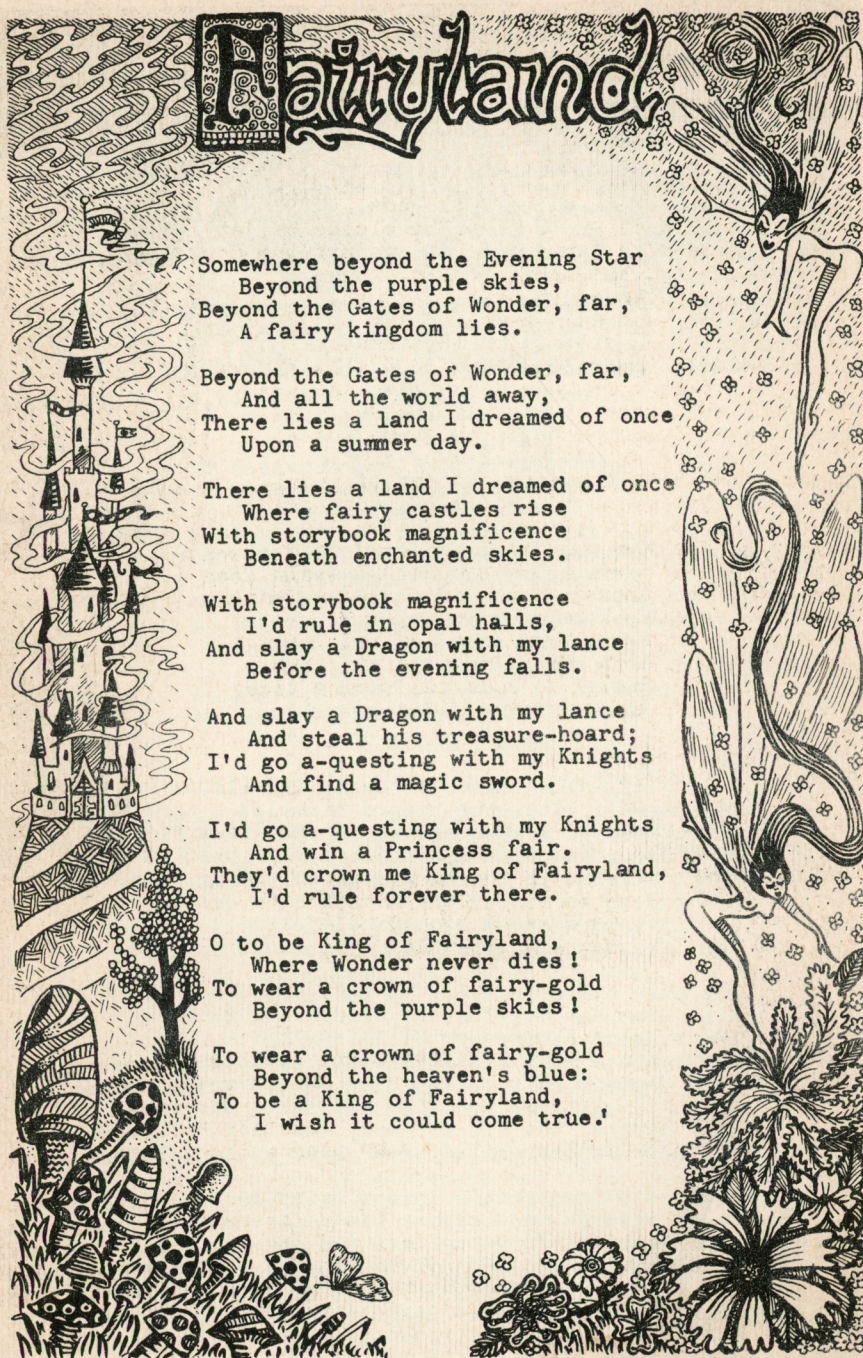
THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD to

One day I read a Book that showed
How to find The Yellow-Brick Road
That led one over hill and stream
To famous fairy-lands of dream.
Beyond the pages of the Book
This magic Road to Oz I took,
And at it's end I found a land
That only children understand:

A land of enchantment, of Genie and Elf,
The Emerald City, the Wizard himself;
Of Witches so wicked and Lions that talk,
Of Dragons and Giants and Scarecrows that walk.
Where Knights in bright armour go riding in quest
Of maidens to rescue and monsters to best;
A fairyland Kingdom of magical folk
Who like nothing more than a rollicking joke!

I'd stay there forever, if only I could,
With Ozma and Tik-Tok and Glinda the Good;
I'd ride on Kabumpo to Gilliken-land
And venture with Rinkitink, Sir Hokus and
Bold Captain Salt on the blue pirate sea,
And talk with the Red Jinn and sweet Dorothy,
With Scraps, the Tin Woodman, and fair Pollycome--
But then Mother called, and I had to come home.

Home to a land that's forgot fairy-lore.
Where Wizards and Dragons can't live anymore,
Where magic's forgotten and men have no dreams
But just think of Money and Business, it seems.
And I never could quite find that Road paved with gold,
Though I tried, but I guess I had gotten too old.
But I think I shall travel to Oz....O, someday,
When I have little children to show me the way!



Somewhere beyond the Evening Star
Beyond the purple skies,
Beyond the Gates of Wonder, far,
A fairy kingdom lies.

Beyond the Gates of Wonder, far,
And all the world away,
There lies a land I dreamed of once
Upon a summer day.

There lies a land I dreamed of once
Where fairy castles rise
With storybook magnificence
Beneath enchanted skies.

With storybook magnificence
I'd rule in opal halls,
And slay a Dragon with my lance
Before the evening falls.

And slay a Dragon with my lance
And steal his treasure-hoard;
I'd go a-questing with my Knights
And find a magic sword.

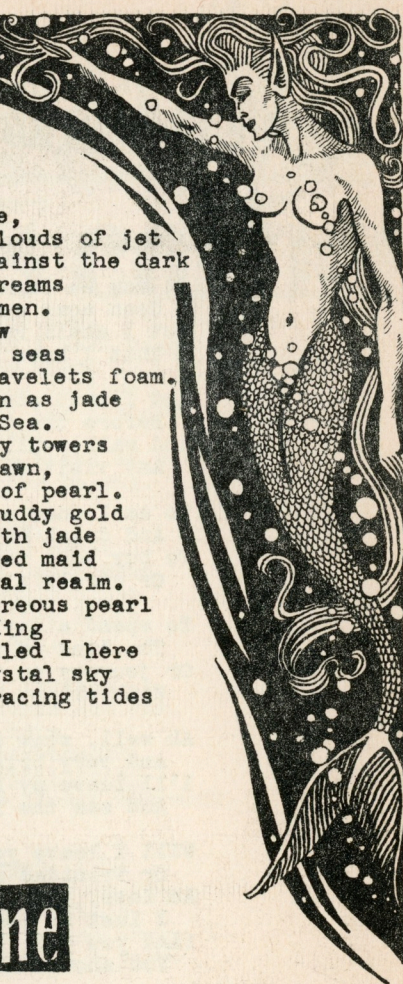
I'd go a-questing with my Knights
And win a Princess fair.
They'd crown me King of Fairyland,
I'd rule forever there.

O to be King of Fairyland,
Where Wonder never dies!
To wear a crown of fairy-gold
Beyond the purple skies!

To wear a crown of fairy-gold
Beyond the heaven's blue:
To be a King of Fairyland,
I wish it could come true!

City in The Sea

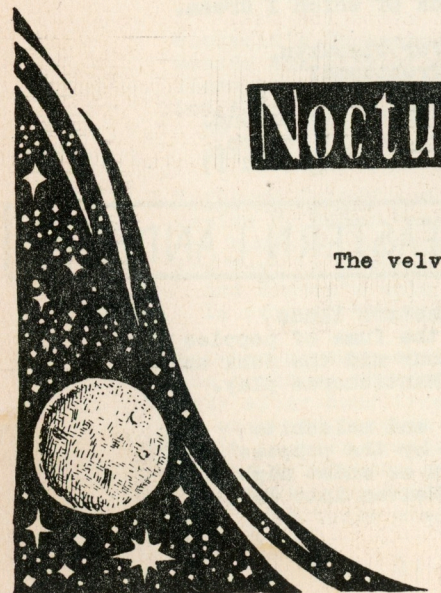
I have flown
Through mists of darkling sable hue,
Down through a storm of churning clouds of jet
Till, limned with lambent light against the dark
I spied a city, bright as poet's dreams
That ever lighten weary hearts of men.
To it I flew, and as I neared I saw
That it was buried deep in emerald seas
That o'er its towers in scudding wavelets foam.
I drifted down through waters green as jade
To reach this ghostly City in the Sea.
It was a wondrous sight, with faery towers
Of coral, pink as misty skies of dawn,
And crowned with opalescent domes of pearl.
Through walls of coral, gates of ruddy gold
I passed into a courtyard tiled with jade
And there I met a slender green eyed maid
Who bade me welcome to this spectral realm.
She guided me through halls of nacreous pearl
To where a bearded Triton sat as King
Upon a red-gold throne. Long dwelled I here
And wooed the Mermaids neath a crystal sky
And horsed on dolphins, rode the racing tides
To caverns where Leviathan abides
In sunless shade.




Nocturne

The velvet night clothes the naked stars
and thru the somber vault
rides the Moon
casting her crystal rays
to pierce the pathless shade.

I have no spur
to prod the coming day
but only wish
for velvet night
to stay.





VAGABOND'S SONG

It may be far to Zanzibar
Upon some sunny Afric shore,
But I shall reach that palmy beach
That I have roamed in dreams before.

And I must stand in Samarkand
Before the Tomb of Tamerlane,
And walk awhile beside the Nile
And visit Cleopatra's fane.

To sail once more to Singapore,
And drink blue wine in the bazaar,
To buy some tea in Araby
Or stroll along The Shalimar.

To spend a day in old Cathay
The land of silk and sandalwood,
Or journey on to Babylon,
With all my heart I wish I could.

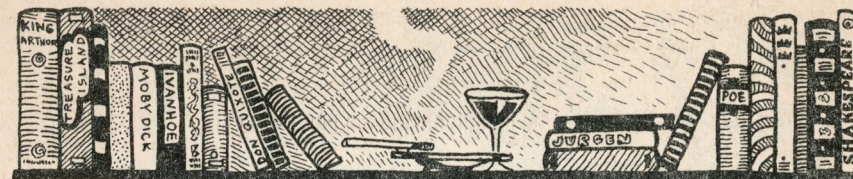
Ah well, some day I'll sail away,
And very bright that day will seem,
I'll leave my home the world to roam
And see the lands of which I dream.

Will I leave you for Timbaktu,
Or Trinidad or Trebizond?
Ah love, you know that I must go,
I lust to learn what lies beyond.
(And you will learn, ere I return,
You should not love a Vagabond!)

OFT·HAVE·I·VISIONED·EASTERN·LANDS.....

Oft have I visioned Eastern lands
While drunken with the fume of poppies lay
And glimpsed a splendour mid the Gobi sands
Where Basilisk and Mantichoras play.

Temples of onyx, jade and malachite
They rose before me by the poppies' spell
And fell to dust again as ended night
And I awoke: from Heaven into Hell.



collector's corner

Between my easy-chair and bed
The bookcase stands, and I have read
Hour after hour into the night
Those books of wonder and delight.
There you'll find travel and history,
Books of fact and fantasy;
There books of legend, books of song,
Books of tales and myths belong.

Jurgin is there by Salome,
And books by Benchley and Benet
Stand side by side with Ogden Nash,
Whose humor naturally would clash
If he were next to Walter Scott,
To Dante or The Rubaiyat.

King Arthur stands with Ivanhoe
And Milton walks with Keats and Poe.
The Odyssey of Homer, here
Beside the Bible and Shakespeare,
And here my battered Robin Hood
Still tells the tales of old Sherwood.

Boccaccio's Decameron
Beside the Song of Solomon,
There on my shelf right next to Burns.
And here a book of Jules Verne's
By Lost Horizon stands. And there
Shelley and Coleridge make a pair.

Treasure Island and Dunsany
Beside H. Rider Haggard's She,
And books by Burroughs, Dumas and Wells
Are next to several of Branch Cabell's;
And Bronte's epic Wuthering Heights
Is next to the Arabian Nights.

Between my easy-chair and bed
The bookcase stands, and I have read
Hour after hour from some great book
So warm and cozy in my nook.
While thunder crashed and wind would blow
I read my Dickens and Defoe.
Know you, my friend, of better ways
To pass these windy winter days?



Ivanhoe

Among the works of old Romance
That fill my bookshelves crowded row,
Tales of Roland the Knight of France
And books by Dumas and Defoe
There stands one work that you may know:
The deathless tale of Ivanhoe!

A treasured tale of olden days,
Of moated castles by the wood,
Of battles, sieges and forays,
Of Norman Knights and Robin Hood
And Saxon swords against the foe:
The epic book of Ivanhoe!

Richard the Lion Heart, Prince John,
Cedric the Saxon, Torquilstone—
Those golden names live on and on
But there is yet one better known,
That fabled name that thrills me so:
The famous work of Ivanhoe!

So if, some windy winter night,
You seek a book to help you spend,
Some splendid story to delight
Your heart and mind, I recommend
That mighty tale of long ago:
The great romance of Ivanhoe!

Song of the Crusades

We ride against the Saracen, with sword and spear and shield;
We ride against the Saracen--and we shall never yield!
We ride against the Infidel, we thunder to the fray;
We ride against the Infidel--until the Judgement Day!
We're riding to Jerusalem, and never shall we part
Till we have won the Tomb of Christ--beside the Lion-Heart!



THE WIND IN THE RIGGING

I love the cry of white gulls in the morning,
The whisper of waves is like music to me.
I love the song of the wind in the rigging,
The night-wind is singing its' song to the sea.

I love the creak and the boom of our canvas,
The sting of the salt when the spray is blown free.
I love the song of the wind in the rigging,
The night-wind is singing its' song to the sea.

I love the glow of a full Moon above us,
That silvers the breast of the dark Carribee.
I love the song of the wind in the rigging,
The night-wind is singing its' song to the sea.

I love the whisper of wind in the rigging,
No sound on earth is more lovely to me.
Hark! Can you hear? It's the wind in the rigging,
The night-wind is singing its' song to the sea.

The Horns of Elfland

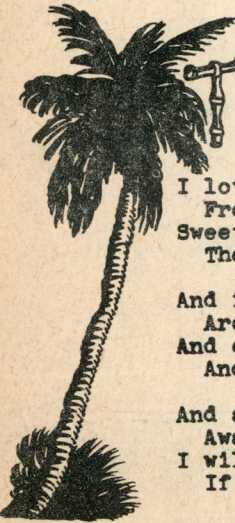
VARIATION UPON A THEME BY TENNYSON

The Horns of Elfland, hear them calling,
Where the yellow rose is growing.
Hark! I hear, as night is falling,
The Horns of Elfland, faintly blowing.

The Horns of Elfland, sweetly singing
From the hills with moonrise glowing,
Where the Nightingale is winging,
The Horns of Elfland, faintly blowing.

the star-storm

I broke the fetters of the clay, and, free,
Aloft I soared above the million suns
That jewel the ebon breast of Night, and there
I saw a Storm of Stars: like Gods at war
Mid incandescent chaos did they meet,
The battling galaxies and warring suns.
Where nebulae collide and dark stars drift
Veiled in the dust of shattered worlds, and lit
By the fading glare of dying suns, I saw
A dazzling rain of shattered stars that fell
Through shrieking chaos to that vast Abyss
The End of All, the Nadir of the Night,
Where Time who slew the Gods lies slain amid
The sky-tall piles of broken galaxies
And heaps and mounds of ruptured, smouldering suns.
But on I voyaged through the thunderous vault
Astride my steed grotesque.



TRADEWINDS



I love the Tradewinds as they blow
From Timbuktu or Borneo
Sweet with the scent of spices rare
They stole from some young Geisha's hair.

And in my mind I see them play
Around the Horn towards Mandalay
And on around the China Sea
And then across the world to me.

And although I may never roam
Away from family and home
I will not mind it any more
If Tradewinds still blow past my door.