

SELECTED POETRY from

DARKLY

THE PIPER-KING & HIS SONG – *C. R. Trute, 2010*

At dawn of Time, before the day –
When twilight in all places reign'd,
In muck and blood – a corpse – He lay
Outside a keep, there cast, and pain'd...

...His body broke', his garments stain'd,
And yet! a light behind his eyes...
...What song is this that bids Him rise?

For in his fingers, caked with clay,
Comes forth a flute of slender wood.
Once to his lips, begins to play –
A note so sweet, no mortal could

Have made it, nor, in His state, stood...
...Yet up He gets, among the flies.
What song is this that bids Him rise?

His tune transcends the sombre grey
Of stone and wood and dulled flesh;
It pierces all – both sad and gay.
Dank air and thoughts, made newly fresh...

...Weak souls are bold; hard hearts – all nesh.
The ag'd, maids, sots – look to the skies:
“What song is this that bids us rise?”

Tho' many try to make them stay
The hearers of the song take flight.
By every means they steal away
To join the Piper in the light –

(Tho' some are even forced to fight
Up to the climbing sun, with cries:)
“What song is this that bids us rise?”

Beyond Death's keep, He leads the way
Through wilderness of dusty doom.
From briars, Piper, there, one day,
Gives to a child a lonesome bloom.

And to the rest: shade, water, whom –
Tho' spent, continue to His hies;
“What song is His that bids us rise?”

Whilst down their heads and cares they lay
He 'mong the stars and shadows stands

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Alert, defending others' prey,
In rogue and terror-ridden lands.

All night His flute stays in His hands.
How little do they realize –
What song this is that bids them rise.

At length to greener countries they
Come, following behind their Man,
Where – in their hearts – they wish to stay.
But Piper says, "Press on, my clan!
Upwards! Onwards! Beyond this span..."

"What else is there for which He vies?
What song is this that bids us rise?"

A full moon thence, by highland bay
Lined all with trees of beauteous fruit,
The comp'ny slows upon their way
And run into the lake's foul brute;

By Piper's hand – the beast's made mute.
"What Man is this, in Piper's guise?
What song is His that bids us rise?"

More moons and suns are on display
As Piper's band climbs higher still –
O'er mountainscapes of awe and wae,
Till rocky crag descends to hill,

Then to a vale, mist-lade' and still.
"As marsh and murk," they say, "baptise,
What song is this that bids us rise?"

On leads the Piper, 'spite dismay –
Past sinkhole, snare, and deepest den
Of rankest rot and dank decay.
When fog lets not them see o'er fen,

The Piper's sweet hymn wakes, from ken,
The slumb'ring stars of vaulted skies.
They say: "What song ... doth bid us rise?"

Then Ancient bogies – born to slay –
Envious of the Piper's song,
Carve out a flute on which to play,
So to mislead the hero's throng.

Yet Piper plays a tune as strong,
A song which always bids them: "Rise!"

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Out of the vale, at last, they gae
As far as runs the pass of stone.
Behind them, hear the bogies bay,
And rail upon their flute of bone.

Then Piper says: "Go on alone.
Speak to the wall of rock, my air.
Go by the road the rock will bear."

The folk obeyed, 'yond rock found dales
Of treasures vast ...saw not their Heir,
Whose song is love that never fails.

Princess, if you would take a care
To know the fate of Piper fair,
And what he met by fiendish hails,
While His dear clan escaped the snare,
My belov'd child, do not despair:
My song is love that never fails.

CORNELIA'S SONG – *C. R. Trute, 2004*

...Shall I tell you how it goes?
One measures, one cuts, and one sews.
Each of us balances on/by a hair,
Whether or not we choose to care...
...There is no coming or no leaving
That does not figure in the weaving.
There is no surer path you tread
Then the one that ends with the snip
Of a thread...

STELLA COOMB – *C. R. Trute, 2004*

Lay down your nodding crowns upon your knees
And let your hidden eyes be opened wide,
Your secret ears, to hear the whisp'ring trees
Tell of the hallow'd vale where faeries bide.
'Tis when the golden face has slipp'd behind
Its mask of dusky blue and deepest black,
This Shangri-La, of but the sweetest kind
Lays forth between the fire and sky, a track.
Follow it until you come unto the hall
That bears you through the dark unto a glade.
Where'pon the faeries sweetly sound a call
To come, sit yourself where the feast is laid.
Think not then of returning to your beds,
For you are dreamers, eating faerie bread.