

***POEMS FROM THE MEDICINE WHEEL***

**By Adrian Rogers**

***THE WHEEL***

Good medicine  
for the heart's disclosure  
is an Emmaus road  
beyond peripheral separation  
where the centre holds  
for all and one  
prince and pauper  
a lifelong thread  
drawing one and all  
into the supremely knowing

beginning the Camino  
intuitively choosing  
a wheel spoke radiating  
evolving stability  
and change progressing  
past-future continuities  
in the darts of gnosis  
and a constellation's  
daisy-chain like unities  
confronting the dark  
to reach the light.

***EL GRECO REMEMBERS HIS DREAMING***

Light across stone deceives the eye  
paling or yellowing weathered grey  
creating enigmas  
of substance and shadow  
where a mind wanders  
cobble disturb tired feet  
and stinks from narrow lanes  
rise round me

Astigmatic vision  
alone sees One  
among the olive trees  
in night-long pain  
gazing transcendent  
with such unfettered love  
as turns the world of senses  
to futility  
disabling me thereafter  
from painting amid shadows.

The darkness is conscious  
my heart aflame  
and the night illumined  
by inner light.

***MARY MAGDALENE AND THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE***

The Wheel of Fortune did her no favours  
when she broke the alabaster jar  
releasing perfume overpowering  
for love...

extravagance, a sour note

the only comment

regarding treasure

brought so expensively

by caravan from India

across hard and dusty

bandit threatened miles

for what...

a wedding, burial, to sabotage

the customary?

Love, on the vine

unwithering could only

from such rootstock rise

to leaf, bud, flowering, fruiting,

intertwining

beyond autumnal fall

and winter desolation's

passing hours, days, months,

the business ledger

of uncounted years

outrunning time

on the road to eternity.

***THE ENIGMA—WHO AM I?***

I am the Fool  
with a dog at his heels  
a troubadour, a bard,  
a minstrel's song  
on the long and winding road  
to summer  
I am love cool  
then fire hot.

The wheels of time  
turn relentlessly  
and lore, hard  
on a stretching mind  
is long in reach  
a goad in all seasons  
and this, my alchemy's  
rhyming transformation  
holds the key  
opening a strong door.

I am 'The Nightingale and the Rose'  
the perennial philosophy  
love that glows  
like the stars  
stronger than gods  
and demons  
'the way of the heart'

A sacred way

spring for the knower  
in temple rites  
'the dayspring from on high'  
a promise...

who am I?

***ST. BERNARD'S SANCTUARY***

An alpine wind's sharp blade  
snow-breath cold  
on lips and tongue  
dispersing darkness  
whitens into light's piercing  
ransacking raid  
blazing outwards across  
retinas unshielded

illumination's brand  
a self-denying ordinance's  
unpolluted meditation,  
perception's rowelling spur  
inciting dreamers  
inwardly to grow  
in windward facing cells  
opening onto mystery.

Bells, pulse-waved echo  
over-rolling stone upthrust  
through rain, snow,  
wind bite, frost  
and summer heat

for way-bound pilgrims  
standing fast  
sheltered by austerity's  
annealing vision.

**Bio**

My name is Adrian Cedric Rogers; I was born in England, trained as a teacher in Ireland, teaching in that country, then in Scotland, The Shetland Islands, England, Australia, and Papua New Guinea, before retiring in 2005, thereafter devoting much of my time to writing. I have six fantasy novels in print, four published by Double Dragon in Canada, and two by Mountain Mist in Australia. I also have two novels issued (also by Double Dragon) as e-books. I have contributed poetry, articles, and short stories to numerous periodicals and anthologies. I also have three collections of poetry published by Ginninderra Press, Port Adelaide, Australia, the latest launched on 20<sup>th</sup> November.