

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 20th November.