

FOUR POEMS AFTER THE MUSIC OF MOZART

By Adrian Rogers

THE MAGIC FLUTE—PERSEPHONE

Spring's flashing run is more
than 'The Wearing O' the Green'
Persephone
shaking night's foundations
foot-touching earth's dew sheen
unrolling a rainbow floral carpet
in her wake, activating
earth, water, airy, fiery elementals
and the Magic Flute
dropping silver tipped white trails
snail-bright but swifter
singing blood through veins,
challenging dark event horizons
the abyssal edge
where gods, clear lighted visible
lead on the Mysteries,
penetrating the Green Man's
leaf shrouded gaze
unto the Sun unclouded, waiting,
his light blaze outer facing
the inner, unseen Sun.

Persephone
open the dawn-wide gate.

TRHE MAGIC FLUTE—PAMINA AND TAMINO

Serpent wrestler
on a darkened stage
Pamina's calling

seasonal floral dancing
stepping-stone crossing
the passing hours,
a jester in a rage of lures
chain-rattling
against the call to Raising,
a matrix challenging
balancing, blazing
seven fired powers
counterbalancing
The Queen of The Night's
dazzling coloratura's
falsely promiscuous displays

Pamina,
the Magic Flute replays
white spirit voices
summoning the Wrestler
leaving a following trail
from midnight to sunrise
opening the Temple's gates
to the Archangel of the Sun.

JUPITER IN SYMPNONIC MODE

Rhythms are dancers
tricksters, chancers,
teasers daring
whirlpool destructive storms
and a red spot's pulsing
growing anger shrinking
before the heavens
Rondo Alla Turca,
until a little leaven
leavens the orbiting mass
charging symphonically
into cosmic dancing
parodying rhythmic rites
when one man saw
Olympian Zeus
and did not die but laughed
penning a galactic finale
a scoped universal
uncustomary
unfashionable reversal,
a fugal peroration
bringing the cosmos
into one divinely circling
coda, Mozart eternally
at the top of his game.

REQUIEM

The street, a slow march echoer
is anonymity masked,
a commission even stranger
haunts a ranger of the soul
for peace, and the wounded heart
behind a mask
an overshadowing task,
an anomaly's

Requiem Aeternum

Dona eis Domine

by chanters chorusing
a solemnity of pallbearers
and dread, a heavy measure
darkening their slow foot tread.

Miserere nobis,

a dark night soul's descent
into illusion
before Jacob's Ladder
rising to the stars
in polar circumambulation
un-finishes his requiem...

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 being launched on 20th November.

EPISSTEME