

EARTH, WATER, MYSTERY

By Adrian Rogers

AVE GENEROSA

Lady, so heart strong
blue is your veil
and sapphire
the crystalline shimmer of a robe
enveloping eternity
spreading your glories
among lilies whitely
unfailingly purer
than snow unmarked mornings,
desire of nations
your eyes aglimmer
with alchemical gold,
black/white the patterns
beneath dancing feet
beyond enslavement
unto time's defeat
for earth, air,
fire and water,
humanity's share...

Give then no quarter
to those who sell
truth, in the markets of power.

SHARP WINTER DAWN

Onto a wind dropped stillness
dawn light casts
a star pierced purity
into a whitening ice dazzling
thin frosted brilliance,
a seasonal obituary
after lead clouded days
propitiating the sun's
cyclic intimations of lost memory

and stones recording history
time-stretching to distances
backlit
by the day's chilled fire.

Through frosted branches desire
is an iron hard road spear straight
piercing the bones
of a leaf-stripped forest
blazing, yet blacked
by the sun's white-cold ferocity.

FIRST DAWN

Dawn, a first time unveiling
runaway light flaring sky
seawards
'let there be light' creation day
making ocean's surface

a dazzling, glitter-sparking
undulating white gold floor
lit up...

white-wing patterning
circling, wheeling gulls
fly sunwards
their sacred geometry a lay
of morning's interface
with earth, water, air
and fire
marking conflagrating
'signs of the times'
dancing celebrations
to the zenith
tide carved on shorelines
being and becoming
their slowdown slanting
glissando into evening.

ELEMENTAL EVOCATIONS—EARTH

Red roses blooming
into stillness light pulsing
rhapsodise earth messages
evoking songs of summer
her shapers seldom seen
crafting elementally
their chiming, rhyming,
thymes scented spells diffusing
through dancing hours

cast earth offerings
to remembered ones
imagined as garden gnomes
yet animate, and more
in passing predictably
like rays of light
before the gates
of Capricorn or Cancer
onwards to Lammas harvesting.

'Catch a falling star'
call out, and watch red
green, blue, white
light born splendours
dew caught, silvered,
in the star's wake trailing interplay
on rising levels of reality.

Bio

Adrian Cedric Rogers; he 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.