

***FOUR POEMS FROM 'A WAY LESS TRAVELLED'***

**By Adrian Rogers**

***WHEN THE FLOOD CAME—AS IN A DREAM***

Sodden leaved autumn, root slippery  
half strips branches rain seeping,  
no misted magically veiling  
mellow fruitfulness  
only a thinly winding path down-sloped,  
levelling, breaking into a clearing  
as water rising  
laps over fear's primal rashness  
devoid of rational lightening,  
dreaming a path's aloneness  
neither hearth nor home remembered

until disquiet is dismembered by hope,  
the ground rising  
skies cleared, rending  
lead-like weighted clouds slung low  
yellow sun-shafted,  
defining the alchemy of confidence  
rectifying the mind's scope  
as lead to gold, mastering  
unexpectedness  
yet in reality present tensed,  
dry grounded as trees draw back,

a higher clearing...

***OVERGROWN TRACK***

An overgrown track through minds awake  
commands not  
a spread-running growth of creepers  
green/brown wet clinging  
moss coating on rough barked trunks,  
millennium lengths of dead leaf littering  
the undergrowth  
and overgrowth  
of lichens drooping, grey/ghostly appearing  
through half veiled cloud trails  
falling to treetop level.

A way lightens and darkens through shake  
and watery rot  
of underfoot deadness, but sleepers  
commune with changes ringing  
as the shaken one dunks  
with wetness those glittering  
eyes-wide memories, the sloth  
of neither and both.

Hearts welcoming pain without fearing  
grasp at the rigging of love's gilded sails,  
sun and moon mesh to bevel  
the gears of conscience,  
light glitters on trees  
and in the lees  
at the bottom of a barrel.

***ON HIGHER GROUND***

A sun smitten green lengthened ridge  
gashing the skyline  
white-yellows, light-mellows slopes  
ripped open by grey weathered  
brokenly tooth-like rocks  
above dark forest waves falling back  
like breakers unable to breach the high tops

as the wind sings over a bridge  
onto dreaming, a fine line  
crossed when a silent wolf lopes  
from the wood, and un-tethered  
sheep, panicked by terrorizing shocks  
see the hireling flee,  
and a rack outstretched comes apart,  
fear stops the flowering of hope  
that knowledge might be,  
and courage find its reward...

until stolen and unloosed  
from cleft-scored rocks  
is, unknown yet alone the real.

***THE NIGHT TRAIN TO NOWHERE***

Iron on iron hypnotizes  
sleepers on the night train to nowhere  
sleeping minds synthesizes  
serpentine, long in scope everywhere

beyond hope messaging all comers  
from the outermost edges of winters  
and summers, layered universes,  
mind driving wedges between sleeping  
and waking, consciences shaking  
like windblown sedges and garden hedges

iron rails emerging  
through darkness surging  
echoing post-modern mechanizing  
for digitizing dreamers showering confetti  
poets devising opera libretti,  
weddings, births, deaths,  
famous last words, last breaths,  
scheming imaginers texting, fingering  
for financial advantages lingering  
hypochondriacs fearing infection  
spirits perhaps seeing  
the Bridge to Resurrection,  
all drop their cover  
or sleep 'til the earth turns over...

**Bio**

**Adrian Cedric Rogers** 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. He has six fantasy novels in print, four published by Double Dragon in Canada, and two by Mountain Mist in Australia. he also have two novels issued (also by Double Dragon) as e-books. He had contributed poetry, articles, and short stories to numerous periodicals and anthologies. He also has three collections of poetry published by

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EPISTEME