

Santiago del Dardano Turann

THE NIGHT CREW

An unknown Night Crew works behind the dreams
Where life and death are each stitched into seams
Of spirit's everlasting dancing flow
Between the worlds above and those below.

The phosphorescent astral world curves on
Beneath the golden pillars of the dawn
Where pathways rise through black shapes in a forest
To places of rebirth, or pain, or rest.

It's while they're sleeping that they're on patrol
In shadow realms protecting wandering souls
From prowling demon creatures' hungry violence
That feed upon the ghosts' ethereal substance.

The Night Crew hunts the edges of the deep
Abyss of mist and stone, both sharp and steep,
That lay just on the outside of awareness
Continually with us just like consciousness.

SKY BRIDGES

A poetic vision seen during an acupuncture session, January 23, 2010

The curving sandstone bridges rise
Like light spring haze into the skies
To distant spirals lost deep in
The waves of blue beyond man's vision.

Art deco pylons stretch below,
All glossy smooth like water's flow
Down unmapped falls to touch a darkness
That feeds an ancient wilderness.

The bridges dwarf hard shattered cliffs,
Long broken by wind's wild riffs,
With symmetry of balanced tension
To heights undreamt of by the mountains.

Are they unfolding ropes and links
To other worlds kept by some sphinx
Who sits in meditation burning
In high ice caps of twilight gleaming?

A HYMN TO ARTEMIS

Far-shooting mistress of meadows and forests
You are the venerable lady of beasts;
Artemis, twin of all-seeing Apollo,
Huntress who wields the moon silvery bow.
Truly a goddess, your beauty's a marvel:
Luminous silver and liquid bright marble
Wrapped in a chiton of flowing white mist
Bearing a diamond snake wrapped round your wrist
From which your arrows fly out from your car
Drawn by four stags with the fury of centaurs.
White dogs with red ears all bounce round the archeress
Rushing before the sweet offspring of old Okeanos;
Forty-nine nymphs with the wings of young cranes
Follow the goddess with song as her train.

You are the grassy earth plows have not cut,
Forests whose trees are not felled for men's huts
Pure as a northern stream born from the thawing
Ice with the buds of the first days of Spring.
Gate of the East, you are there at each birth,
Gate of the West as the passage of death.
Culling protectoress playful and cruel
Bringing untamed things beneath your own rule
You are the Great and the Dread Key of Nature
For in your arrows lay primeval power:
Keres of sickness will flee from the bright
Flash of those arrows in which you delight
But if the shafts are unleashed in your wrath
Then they will bring on us sudden swift death.

Virgin aloof and indifferent to tie
Woven from feeling that's weak in your eyes
Hunting through Heaven or running through fields
With the uncanny blue torch that you wield
Guide those who love and respect woodland paths,
Keeping them from what provokes your dread wrath.

NIGHT WINDS

The night winds ramble over rooftops
With heavy paw prints on the tiles,
And leave their chilly trails with claws
That sink into the rooms below.

Deep howling shakes the windows through
Which passing glances eye all warmth
With hateful greed eliciting
A snarl that kicks against the air.

In funnels slashing at the moon
They scatter flakes of skin that settle
As icy tissue on the cars
That Dawn dissolves to fragile dew.

The exiled pack then leave their lonely
Sad notes to echo down the stucco
Pale canyon of the morning streets
As streetlights dim to hide themselves.