

Anne Savage

Edge of Wishes

O take me to the water's edge,
Where I can dream of you,
While light and love cascade,
Through waters green and blue.
O take me to the water's edge,
Where I can dream of you.

O take me to your wishes' edge,
Where I can hope for you,
As softest grass caress,
The sandy river bank anew,
O take me to your wishes' edge,
Where I can hope for you.

O take me to the heaven's edge,
Where I can pray for you,
We can dance in azure bliss,
To angels' music true,
O take me to the heaven's edge,
Where I can pray for you.

A Conversation With The Moon

And so I will tell you, Moon,
These things and thoughts,
That swirl around,
That have no home,
That have no sound.

*And I will listen dear,
Have no fear,
Year on year,
I'm always here.
I have watched your cheers,
And seen your tears,
I have heard the sadness
For your peers.*

Thank you, Moon.
Shine upon
The bitter
Dark ones
Whose shadows
Weave and waiver,
Waiting on the slightest quiver
Of resolve,
To pounce and
Pick a hundred cuts,
From sharpened blades
To waiting spades,
Ready to dance upon our
Graves.

*I know the secrets of the tides,
And men that hide,
I only comfort
Sailors who weep,
Befriend minstrels
That seek,
Bring company
To the meek.*

*I am always alone,
But will bring you home,
If you choose to see
The magic within my
Mystery.*

Non Decessus

I wonder often
Why my parents stayed.
What force or fear,
Creed, or love,
Centred them
Here
In this
Blitzed and
Cursed
Past,
Where even
Music
Died on
A warm
Summer night,
In a
Hell of
Bullets
(Joy and
Goodness
Taken in
Envy)
Leaving
Behind a
Griefland:
Whereafter
Only
The very
Blessed,
And the very
Brave,
Deigned to
Sing of love.
Yet
Hopes
Dashed on a
Lonely road,
Like the

Mud-soaked
Platform boot,
(Remnant of
A normality
Forever lost)
Returned
Slowly
Like a
Lone
Daisy,
And perhaps
My parents
Knew
That
One day
The music
Would come again
And dancing
Would be done,
Again,
Though nothing
Would
Or could
Resolve
The pain,
For those left
Behind
And those
Beloveds
Of the martyrs
Killed in vain.

Paper Airplanerie

This morning they are everywhere!
Lying in corners at the bottom
Of flight-breakers
(Those annoying restrictions
Like walls and banisters),
Having been crassly interrupted
In their dream trajectories of
The flight of flights;
Attempting to scale
The height of heights
And failing
Falling
Crashing
In disappointment.
Crumpled noses, battered wings
Some huddled together
Some stranded alone
On a high ledge or wedged between wardrobe doors
Creating much mirth and wonder.
(Like dreams).
But their engineering pilots
Refuse
To accept defeat and gravity!
Some would say reality!
And my heart soars with envy and pride
At their optimism and idealism
As they build more and better
Winged-paper creations
In their wild attempts to achieve their goals!
Their rainy-day, full-moon laughter bounces off the walls
Like the planes themselves
And nothing else exists for them
Save the awe and joy of the aero-dynamics
In each doomed flight.
It seems wrong to tidy up their dreams
Each plane imbued with hope and loving
Expectation.
So I leave them
Where they lay.
Wanting to remember always
These poignant paper airplane days.

Mother of The Roses

When I sing,
I will sing for you,
As the light breeze,
Bids fond homage
To the petals upon your face,
For we have known together,
The thorns of cruelest love,
While tempests battled fragile blooms,
Buds of possibility
Were gone too soon,
In hasty retreat
From inclement ravages
Of demonic savages,
Remain frozen in
Leafy cocoons
Of other days.
Awake! Awake!
Blossom now
Sweet Rose
of Venus and
Diana!
For all those
Who have bloomed before,
Summer has come again,
My child,
Dark winter is no more.

Death of the Burry Man

Balaclava-clad,
The Burry man,
Drifts from
Town to town.

I'll dance you to the bluebells.

Carrying troubles,
Not his own,
Tiresome aches,
Relieving groans.

I'll dance you to the bluebells.

It is all he knows,
Now, in this time,
And others love
His jaunty rhymes.

I'll dance you to the bluebells.

Tired of whiskey
Through a straw,
One night
He tears and claws
The burrs and mask,
Desperate to see
What remains
Beneath;
Before
He took their
Costume,
Their burrs,
Their flowers
And their luck
With him.

I'll dance you to the bluebells.

Long fingernails,
Tear skin
To feel,
Pain that is his own;
Burrs and troubles
Lie dying
On the floor
And he sees
A face, his own
For the first
Time in years.
Smiling at
Naked, pained
Eyes,
Burry man
Laughs.
Bluebells
No more.