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The Poet

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The Poet

Asalean Springfield

The atmosphere of active minds is a creative force,
Esoteric voices are heard in the waves of the Aegean, Thams,
and the westward flow.

From the depth below human thought they swirl, rushing
God to gleaming shores,
Teeming with bursting seeds for the seeking minds.
The tidal waves leave notes behind,
The loaded seashells have their store,
And grains of sand dying in the sun spark inspiration.

The horizon keeps moving into outer space,
As sight climbs to brightness beyond night,
Where angel sprites flash the face of watchful God.
There stands the poet, gatekeeper of human lore:
Within the store of self-made wombs, formative gleanings
awaken,
Scattered light particles of seething life stir from bottom to overflow,
The flashes and refractions show the commonality of all
from birth through life.
Poetry pushes through self bringing the soul to purist light,
Freedom gained engages the unknown without a struggle.

The child of innocence brings glory to the father, his destined brother,
Their paralleled years pass the baton from one to the other.
Counting life gifts from the beginning of time,

The griots, bards, and shapers traverse space with probing minds.

As apple pickers, pomegranates, and the peach and plum,

The fruits of split atoms, they gather diversity as one.

Yet preserved through quantum leaps that defy time,

Favors for all who harvest the earth and do no harm,

And thank the stars for sharing their life forms.

