

Nothing is Serious.
Everything is Sacred.

Anthony Golden

The song shall not remain unsung.
In each listless heart, which hums in rest,
I hear the faint melody guiding them
Through strange, reoccurring dreams.
 Each eye, lidded in sleep,
 Blinks in time with the beat.
The lyrics, thus far, have escaped me.
 But I know, each day, I hear them
Being whispered in the wind through the trees,
 Rocks beneath echoing punctuation.
 If I had ears to hear,
 I would hear. I would listen.
 I would remember.
 And I would sing.

Part 1

One thousand minutes ago,
I fell asleep and woke to wait.

One thousand minutes ago,
Asleep fell for Hope
And Hope fell for Asleep.

When she did not show
A sign of showing,
One thousand minutes ago,
I woke to Hope and, exhausted,
I fell away from sleep.

Now I see that I did not see
Much more than memories.
Now I see
That I saw nothing
More than fantasy.

Only a fool would wait
For gold to fall
From feignbows in the sky.

I cannot wait.

For what I wait
Is one thousand minutes ago.

I fell asleep
Not aware of the stare
Of the worm upon me.

I could not wake to take
A breath or chance.
If I dared,
No single tongued swear
Nor sincere utterance
Could be calm me.

I wept and woke the neighbors.
My eyes still held captive
Dreamt betrayal.

She woke and saw
My eyes searching her face.

I don't know where she went
Nor why she spoke what she did.

I'd have told her my heart,
She kept my tongue held tight.

She took and hid my eyes
So not to see
The truth she'd hidden.

"I'd never known you,
Nor did I try."

She has seen the dream.

She starts
Crying.
She took her voice
And hid it there
Between my eyes and tongue.

They are content.
I can scarcely breathe.

She laughs. She smiles.
Her eyes brighten, twinkle.
Her voice tenderly speaks,
"Do you recall our lust encounter?"

She knows not who I am.
I seem to know her face.
I could be mistaken,
I have been before.

"I don't believe we've never met."

The wind will fill the void where she.
The sun will kindly blot her face.
The stars shine bright without her smile.

There, the sun,
Watchful Hyperion observes.

Dazed smiles and merry dancing.
Twirling legs and flailing arms.

Wonders Hyperion,
"To which star
Does this little one fly?"

By my grief
These green groves grew.

I left this green walk
Long behind.

The time has come
For my return.

So return I shall
To flourishing meadows
Where I shall roam
And romp the days away.

Where grief is but another season,
Not restraint of my dancing.

My soul shall grow
And live and be
More than has ever been.

All I know is what I do not know.
Let me fall:

Buried beneath my crimson lies-
Whitewashed like these rising tides-
Scarred by their relentless cries.

Oh, what have I become?

For God,
My hands, my feet, my tongue!

There is a moment of all
Becoming a moment
When air itself is still.

I cannot help
To stand here willing
Though I wish to wait for you.

One heart breaking speaks so softly,
Listening to the cracking limbs,
"Oh shame, I am still the same!
I see my image in him!"

My eyes reflect an image of you.

Tell me dear of my phallacy.
I was told you never loved.
Tell me I was wrong
That you love me nonetheless.

I'd have shackled my tongue,
The one that sung your praise,
Had I thought it would summon your caress.

"She does not care.
You're not on her mind.
She does not care
To find a reason to see you.
She does not care
Is the cause of your distress."

"No! Tell me
Where have you gone my love?"

Her silence, at best, answers.

I pick up my things,
Shake dust from my sandals
And walk away.

The stillness of the world around me
Stifles my thoughts of self-pity.

The stillness of the world around me
Is louder than the cries I confess.

Still, I cannot help but remember the times we shared.
I think of when she sat beside me and forced my hand.
My hand, which I now hold, withered, to my side.

Where she has gone, I cannot know.
Nor shall I try.

Should I try, I fear I'd find a corpse
Of one killed by a senseless thought.
A thought not known to be deadly,
A thought known better to wield

Ah, me...

It is my fault
I feared not consequence
I acted in haste.

I leapt, and now I fall.
I fall far, and far I fall
Long after time stops caring.
My father warned me of these things...
I suppose I'm used to falling by now.

I have made a few friends.
They were drawn to my great speed,
My careless calm,
A trait I have found to be my own
Mine only.

Careless Icarus, my father called me
As I rushed headlong into moments
Not thinking of the possibilities for fear.

They were illuminated
As I perceived myself to be.

My figure could be seen from miles away,
Burning brighter and falling faster.

They were too fast, they told me,
To be caught.

I am just now beginning to see the ground below.

They bestowed upon me the title of their honorary Lord,
So much has their respect grown for me.

Ironic legacy.

I dared not mention why.

(When younger, I delighted in capturing them
Holding them in jars as a light for reading
Or to crush them beneath the soles of my feet
To see their life's glow slowly fade.)

Now, I have escaped from prison.
Now, I am burning in the sky.
Now, I shall be crushed into the earth.

Irony follows me.

I remember again our conversations.

She was a lover of the Sun.
I, of the night.

She was cursed by Hyperion to madness.
No one believed her words.

Only I believed.

She saw in me
Something I could not comprehend.

Now there is only speculation.

Her lover found me,
Having sought my destruction.

What a fool am I!

There is no more that can be done.

I will be defiant until the end!

I will maintain innocence!

I will confess of our love!
I will bear witness before the gods!

He will be forced to listen!
They shall hear of his injustice!

I will bear witness of all I have seen
And I will be heard!

I will bear witness until I can no longer breathe!
I will bear witness and all will hear!

(Oh, Cassandra!)

I spoke with Orpheus.
He instructed me in the art of wind.

The wind was our voice
We sent songs to each other.

He sent songs to his love,
I to mine.

We spoke from the meadows
And from the maze.

He told me of his Love.
He painted the stars into her image
And bade me gaze into her eyes.

She was beautiful.

I rejoiced for his joy.

Then his voice disappeared.
I have not heard him since.

I shall send one last song for Orpheus to hear.

I shall one last song for Cassandra in her madness.

I was close...
So close...

I was almost that
For which I strove.

I knew what it was,
That it was not me,
Everyone called me
By the name they called you,

I began blindly
Following dishonorable paths
Leading to nowhere.

Ashes to ashes.
Somewhere in between,
My heart beats your name,
The name I called you,
In tandem with my wings.

(Oh, my wings!)

They are fast falling
Telling me
Your hands will not calm me again.

(Oh, Cassandra!
Oh, my wings!)

How fast and far I fall!

Some conscious thing keeps my fire burning.

His curse against me.
Why are gods so cruel?

They laugh, supporting their sun, as I...
Oh, but what does such self-pity do for me?

It only adds weight to my burden.

Aye, I die.
I have always lived mortally,
Knowing my end,
And there is no convincing Fate otherwise.

So I, the careless Icarus shed further cares
As I plummet to my end.

What sort of man could ask
For any other end than
Full conscious acceptance
Of what lies ahead?

It is there.
It waits for me.

In an instant -
I pass beyond.

The world lies silent
A witness of the passing
Of Icarus, Lord of the Fireflies.

Part 2

I woke to a memory being played
Interrupted by a gasp of desperate breath.

I cannot grasp what I had heard or seen –
There was a field in which I walked and ate with my brothers.

They left me with a solemn warning,
Transformed into butterflies,
Flying into the sun.

I gaped at their wake
And the sun took offense,
Flaring brighter and hotter
As seconds burned away.

Then, one by one,
Each stalk of grain took flame
And burned to ash.

What a way to be reborn –
In fire –
In a bed of ash,
Consumed and spit out
By my inactions.

Each listless heart
Breaks a hard shell.

I remember a connection between happiness and home.

A child burnt and scarred,
With stains and tears
Will hobble past widows
Bearing wheat and grey cloth.

And I, an observer,
Helpless to move or feel.

I sit at this rock
And wait for moments to cease,
While widows wander,
Poor and innocently condemned.

Their hearts fail in the midst of their orphans.

Baskets fall and grey,
Carried by the wind,
Strikes against the sunset,
Raining judgment upon apathy.

Sparks fly from my eyes
To warm the cold and old-hearted,
The poor and weak unwilling.

Their shame rages within their grief.
And I, an observer,
Helpless to move or fail.

I sit at this rock
And wait for moments to cease.

I remember a connection between happiness and home.
My last breath grows into an evergreen.

“And what of those who were happy?
What of those who were home?
Will they burn away too?”

That child of fire stared
With wick-longing eyes,
Eager to learn,
Hoping for the impossible.

How soon would he learn
The mechanics of modern times?
That the cries for blood
Of the downtrodden
Fuels the machine?

He waits for an answer.

I smile and half-heartedly pat his head.

He knows the meaning of these gestures,
And tears fill his eyes,
Nearly extinguishing his spirit.

To think this one,
Who would have taught me all I would need,
Would be broken by a mere touch.

All my being desires to save his world,
Just for him and such as he.
But my will is weak and cannot hold their own.

So, I stand and walk down the world,
Only to be stopped by his cry.

“Wait, where are you going?”

I raise my eyes to the sky and stare down the sun.

He knows the meaning of the gesture.

His spirit burns stronger.

Part 3

In this comfort filled land,
No one cares for an old man
Unable to care for himself.

“He should get a job!”
He would hear voices say.
“I know he’ll rob me
Once he gets the chance,
And steal my cash and identity
For alcohol and sex!”

They walk away without a second thought
As he eats food from the trash.

His breath smells like rot.

He stinks, not of booze,
But of every sort of germ and blight

Rats don’t seem to mind his presence
When he falls asleep hungry every night.

It seems that through abysmal cold
Comes his encouraging dreams
Of a life beyond hunger, of food
Of warmth, of love,
Of crowds eager to touch him,
Then from above comes a Loud Voice.

“Mankind, fall to your knees!
Behold my son, in whom I’m well pleased!
His is my body, broken and alone.
His is my blood, aged, chilled to the bone.
Yet he never lost his faith,
I never forgot his cries.
I brought him your food
To keep him alive.”

I passed by his bed made of dirty old bags.
I turned up my nose at his holey, greasy rags.
I knocked over his cup as I walked quickly by.

I felt my back watched by his dark, hungry eyes.
I saw his image in the reflection of the screen
As I withdrew my daily bread from the bank machine.

His eyes listless,
Less listless than homeless,
Take our masks,
Ripping off visages.

What's to become
Of his bad breath
After he consumes
His very last litre
Of sour grapes?

For his sake,
I would take his cup
And anoint his hair
The last homeless one.

People would point and stare
As if he was a phenomenon
Shimmering like mist in the morning.

He knew light better than
Breath left painted on air,
Guiding through something
More crimson than some
Less than aware.

And on the sun's canvas,
He said nothing.
Remembering
Ideas of colors.

His charred lips change to a chapped smile,
Over stains of ash on torn robes.

For foxes in stopped earth,
Lost for a while on a worn, weary road,
There is no comfort.

The tide waved over
My eyes in an ashen box.

I saw no reasoning
When I looked within.

I kept not hearing
The pulse of wave swept rocks.
I left my hope behind
When I left it all with him.

He was singing songs of days gone by,
His mouth was overcome with unknown tears.

He raised my hope like a handkerchief.

I lay prostrate at his feet.

I asked how he survived.
He told me, "Day by day."

I told him, "This I know."

He said, "But son, you don't.
Far less do you believe than you think,
Or else, you would.
Try.

Faith is first letting go,
And I see doubt, still, in your eye.

When you step from the sand
To the rocks, then you'll know.

Your feet will crave comfort, yes,
But there will be strength in your soul."

I said that I was thirsty.
He gave me his water.
"As are the lilies."

I said that I was hungry
"He gave me his bread.

“So too, the birds.”

I said I was old and tired.
He gave me his coat.
“Child, you are but dreaming.”

I said I would despair.
He said, “Words, words, words.”

Open your eyes, child.
Life does not end
With lost comforts
Or suffered nights.

We grow stronger
In each of these trials.

Child, do not forget,
This world is not Life. Life lies within.” He said
With a twinkle in his eye,

“From the instant we draw breath
Until they day we die.

Don’t be discouraged
Or think there’s no reason to live.

We live to love
That’s the reason to live.

We have to keep trying day by day
To love others as they are.

Me, I’ve tried to live “normally”
I’ve had a house, a job, a car,
But it never worked out.

Now, I am content
For there’s something to rely on
That I’ve been promised when I am weak
To help me grow strong.

Whenever this dream of this world will pass,
I will be treated as first
Because now, I am last."

People walked by
Either pity or disdain
Showing plainly on their face.

And as I gazed into his eyes
He smiled and said,
"There by the grace of God, go I."

Part 4

A new chapter begins
As winds scrawl pages
Across plains of time.

All sorts of words are seen
Being scattered then lost
To eye searing storms.

The whiplash effect
Streamlined through
The empty parking lot...

There was none to see it,
There was none to feel it,

But there was one who heard it.

Comprehension is no longer
Necessary for believing.
Say it is and it will be.

This is the music.
Listen to it.

The song was heard there.
It knew it was.

It thought all was well
In this black siren night.

Yet it, even it knew
Safety lay in ambush for the singer.

The singer of dawn
Crossed arms on chest
And kept singing.

The satyr lights
Crossed blue and
Unrepentant red beams
And kept flashing.

Closer and closer,

The song rose to heaven,
Gently caressing night's sky
And cradling the crescent moon.
Closer and closer,
The lights came to
End all that was still
In the ceramic darkness.

Climactic and chaotic
All that was song
Increased and became
As nothing heard before
On this mortal coil.

Crossing of melody upon melody,
Lifting surrounding ears
Unconnected to carven monsters.

Phone lines unable to bind the music
Tore apart and thrashed wildly
Sparks danced against a starry blue.

Then red stepped in,
Demanding changed partners,
Stealing blue from stars,
Which, in turn, returned
To their respective purgatories.

The singer was stolen -
Thrown into a den of thieves.

The song wondered
Who would pick it up.

Time in a teakettle
Whistles and waits
For the song to start
And run bounding away
In giant leaps
With every moment spent
On some ravished stream
Presented to the uncouth mass,
Unconscious to all others,

Bent towards preservation of image.

Aquatic fowl breathe salted air
And fly over clouds of blue
As dreams rise from the eyes
Of young and lovely children.
The tears that tinge their breath
Cannot foresee such holy timidity.

A sudden blast would surely
Scurry dreams away
And no mind would ever know.

All minds are a part of one.
Single pieces of a larger whole
And there is nothing,
Save nothing,
That could save anything from itself.

Colors and sounds all blend
With everything into one
Majestic composition.

All is one.

It is Beauty.

Without any sense of time,
Without any need for money,
Anything could happen.

No man's love can be bought,
Only freely given.

Hearts can soar into spheres
And swiftly undertake all goals.

The hungry can only be fed,
The sick can only be healed,
By the hearts of the caring.

Then all the fed and healthy
Will dance merrily

Beneath starlit skies
Drenched with rain,
Sipping nectar from
Golden-boughed trees
Bent low to give of their fruit.

The only thing lacking is Self.
The only thing needed is Love.

Happiness, pure and whole,
Will reign in the hearts
And minds of masses,
And no one will care.

Clocks will pretend no more.
Their visages will be torn asunder
To show cruelty underneath.

Crowds laugh and point
And perform all sorts of mockery.

“The emperor has fallen!
The empire is in disarray!”

The peasants dance
Hand in hand
In the streets
Laughing joyfully.

Vanity of electric lights
Flutters overhead and speaks
To hide sights and sounds
Profound, yet unseen,
Which even dreamers can't
Begin to dream.

A falsity quite similar to
Choosing wicks before flames.

But even seers cannot see
The dimly lit tongue flickering
When morning creeps across windowsills.

"It's highway robbery!"
A candle cries against
The threat of system
With calamity and rebellion.

"One hundred times
One hundred times ago,
I was sufficient!
And now, the lights!
All, everywhere, the lights!"

The system turned its head
And snuffed out the past.

This is not what I remembered.
What I remembered fades fast.

What I remember is what I remember.
But what I remember is nothing like
These lights or chemical conversations
Without including soft, tender glances
At one another's hearts and seeing
Something there, hidden in shadows,
Making mental notes to ask of the future.

Had I a moment to think
And clear a muddled mind,
I would have come across
Such a note and brought
Questions and concerns
To the light.

Dark shadows hide
Hidden holes in walls
We don't know exist.

I vowed at time's expense
To pay careful and close attention
To our own quite quiet ineptitudes,
Scarcely revealed at once.

(For, if you will recall,
Our births were wagered

On lasting perdition,
And how soon we would fail,
Wagered and sealed
With a holy kiss.)

Infants starving for something unknown
Captive earth, water, air
To taste everything and eat nothing.

To eat is to become.
A swallow, a drink,
And you are.

Every time you eat this bread,
Every time you drink this cup,
Remember.

The sacrifice of
A negotiated bad habit,
Long since forgotten,
Returned to beg mercy
Pleading for condolences or
Charity or sighed concern.

Yet, this winter night,
Stars will shine.

No matter what,
The song will sing.

No matter for whom,
It will be sung.

No matter why,
Hearts will long
To convey wistful indulgence.

The world is an oyster
With a world contained
Within the steamed shell
Broken to feed eager nobles.

Without whisper of any ideals.
Without contentment.
Without joy.
Without satisfaction.

And sitting as an entrée before the table,
A beggar.

He wished to smell steam rising from the kitchen.

He stretched his neck to catch a scent
And was choked
By the savage dogs
Poverty and Starvation.

Licking blood from teeth,
They returned
With bagged silver coins
From the beggar's withered fingers.

They lay the spoils in the lap of their master
To prepare another table
In the presence of his victims.

Silver, which once I held,
Slipped into a lithe and homely tear.
I've graded everyone in passing
Consumer retribution can't pretend.

"Spare a dime? Brother, let it go!"

"I've burned it deep within already.
Just here, where last I was kissed,
Where it now is more than needed.

Now, I wave my hand!
Now, the world falls in behind me!
Now, I am ten times the greatest!
Now, the world falls in behind me!"

"Now, you furrow your brow, dear brother?"

"La, la, la, la, la dee dah!"

(I was told to save my ice
I kept it hidden within my heart
I've always been an obedient boy)
Now, piss off!"

Birds break through shadows,
Rain laughter across the moon,
And promise never to return.

Only one child wonders why.

He asks each person passing.
They shake their heads and call him a child.

He tugs on their sleeves to be pushed aside.

He nearly gives up, but then he finds
A street singer, playing blind.

He asks his desperate question.

"When will the birds return again?
When will the birds come home?"

"When time smiles a blessing
Upon fertile earth's face.

When Man returns
To his fragile fate.
Then will the birds come home."

"And when will Man return to his fate
If the birds depend on him so?"

"When the moon grows old
From sorrowful deeds
Of ageless crimes
Performed in his sight.

When Man repents of
The sea of shed blood
And the sun weeps tears
To wash away blight

Then will Man return.”

“And when will the sun
Shed cleansing tears?
When will the moon grow old?”

“When the Earth extends
The aged hand
And wipes the youth
Of the moon away.

When the sun speaks prayers
For victims of hate
And light returns
To lifeless frames.”

“When will the sun
Pray such prayers
And light returns to these?”

“When the seas of blood
Are broken by tide.
When life is no longer
Lived just to die.

When Man gains sight
Of a truly lived life.
Only then will the sun pray.”

“Is there then no hope?”

“There is always hope.
Tell the world to feed the hungry,
Then there will be hope.

Tell the world of loving one another,
And if Man repents,
There will be hope.”

The child grows in age
And learns to read the faces
Of those who pushed him aside.

He remembers the blind Singer
Who told him of hope
And seeks to tell him
What he saw.

He finds the Singer,
But he was dying
Of Love and Peace.

He tells the former child
To come closer
And whispers in his ear:

“If you are to remember one thing,
Remember this one thing.
In every new day which rises,
There rises also the sun –
A sweet hope that is sung
In every bird’s song.

Every bird knows
That every painful starving night
Will be surpassed with joy.
Every joy will be surpassed
With everlasting day.

This has always been.
This will always be
Until the sun is no longer needed.

So heed this, child.
Pain is a seed
From which Joy shall rise.

Then, we will drink of moonbeams
And swim through the rain
And rise with the bird song
And hope through pain.”

His voice grows quiet.

His eyes, which were bright
When he sang, slowly close.

His hands, which held his flute
Weaken as the instrument falls.

He turns his face
Towards the swiftly fading sun
Going into the night.

Twilight beckons him onward.

The time in between,
When hope dwells, gives him songs
To ease the pangs of his lonely heart
Howling like a lost wolf.

The moon's last words
Concubine all sorts
Of innocent bystanders.

Black as night ravens
Undertake his every dream
Out from beneath
Wooden bed frames.

These crimes cannot persist
In the evergrown vineyards
Where resides the homeless one
Who no longer knows nor cares
How much his tears
Now taste like wine.

His tongue seems
To lip out now and then
Taking its own
Bittersweet time
To return.

A bird in a tree
Cradles the song to her breast.

He cracks open the shell
And eats it
Garnished with a profane meat.

Dust is chosen,
Lifted by the wind,
And spun to remind him
How to dance.

Birds sing tunes
To remind him
They are there
For more than feasting.

Colors fly throughout
Tainted skies
Swimming circles
Around castles.

Wind spun dust,
Mingling with tears,
Becomes the clouds.

The Boy
Having eaten the song
Becomes the Singer.

Twenty-one years ago,
This single soul
Inside a lifeless frame
Took its first breath
And became addicted.

Its only thought
Was to live,
In denial of words whispered
Below comprehension,
"All it's gonna do is die."

Now, twenty-one years later,
This soul, somewhat discerning,
Took a second glance at itself
And saw its lifeless frame
Trying to better the Infinite Movement.

Its only response was to dance.

The song chose the child,
And he grew to sing the song
Which consumes every being
From deep within.

If we are spiritual beings,
Then the song becomes
Spiritual Fire and Water
To burn and flood the soul.

Death is a sweet wine.

I drew a breath underwater,
Daring Death to show his Morbid face.

He drew his sickle and slew me.

It tickled.

I laughed
And rose above the waves.

I swallowed and became Love.

I laughed and became Joy.

I went walking with a Smile this evening -
My dear friend, whom I hadn't seen
Since Time had stolen him away.

He resembled a bit of a chuckle,
With a halo softening the edges.
He stole up behind me
And roared out a greeting.

His arms gripped me tightly,
And I grinned, returning the hold.

It was just as I remembered.

He had not aged a single day,
And his halo was the same as my youth.

I held him, looking him over,
Before clasping him to me again.

I asked how his time away had been.

“My dear friend,
That is a silly question
You chose to ask me.
Not a day has passed
Since I’ve last been with you.
Don’t you remember?”

He chuckled at my expression,
And I grinned again,
As there was nothing else to do.

Then, merely shrugging his shoulders,
A twinkle in his eyes,
He linked his heart with mine
And said, “Walk with me.”

“To the end of the earth.”
We walked, then danced.

The streetlights joined us in our frenzy,
Then finally blinked out with exhaustion
Into the dawn.

The stars danced with us,
Twinkling back and forth,
Keeping time as we proved ourselves
Not as vain as once believed.

I remembered nothing of anything,
For memories were far too mesmerized
By our antics to begin
Distracting my concentration
To the task at hand.

Arm in arm, heart in heart,
Hand in hand, we gathered forces
Against the siege of Morpheus

And called him out
For an honorable surrender.

Our ideas sprouted wings
And replaced the stars.

Every nocturnal creature
Came to watch us
In a daze.

Only one complex factor
Could have made the night
Perfect beyond reason.

I cannot blame her absence,
For if anything were to be perfect,
We would be as gods.

Yet, we are alive,
And it is beautiful.