



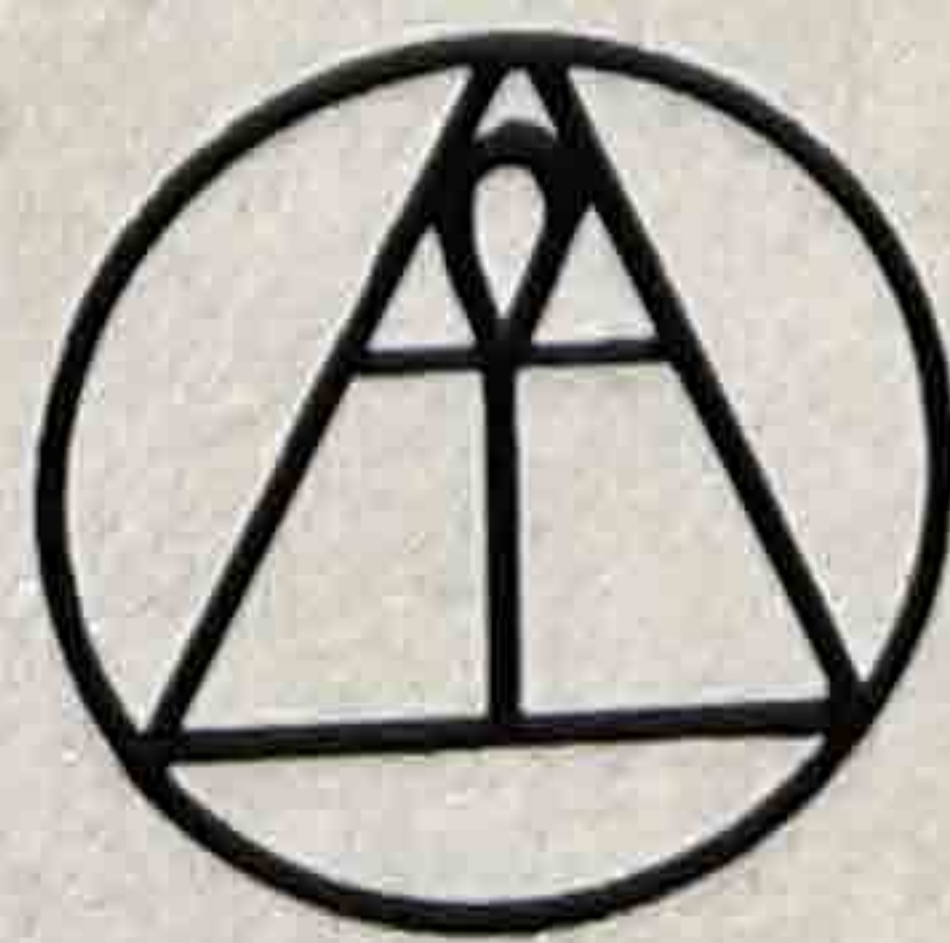
LAND'S End

Jack Lynwood Judson,

LAND's End

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LAND's End

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To the coming AGE.

GENESIS

Within a surging sea of
Endless MIND
The SOURCE of
All that was to be
Transformed
The Marches to Infinity.

Before Its Consciousness in TIME
The SOURCE turned towards
Its Majesty and Power,
And there,
Within Its Self and Will
It sought the Nature of
Its Being.

There was no other thought,
It was
An existential self intent
Upon the Force of
What It was,
And what It was to be.

Then
From Its sleep in Consciousness
It stirred.
It was a solitary self fulfilled,
Yet unfulfilled within
The Joy of Its Self and Will.

It was a universe alone,
And within the depths of
Its endless MIND
Its hunger was for other minds,
To create spirit in
The image of
Its Self and Will.

There would be
A universe within
The Universe It was, and
It would be
The shadow of Infinity.

In a shower of cosmic light
The SOURCE sent forth
Its thoughts,
And there
Within Its SELF
Each thought took form.

In timelessness
All consciousness was born,
And just beyond that place
Where Eternity begins
Darts of cosmic light gave
Birth to the particles of
Unconscious time.

In MIND
All things had now become,
From MIND
All things would be sustained
And consciousness remain
Enthroned within
The SOURCE of self and will.

It was
The LAW of MIND and ONE,
And with each thought
Each mind began to build
Its self and will,
To touch the flow of MIND
Within the force of mind within.

MIND at last would be fulfilled,
Each mind to be a force
To compliment and change,
To order and control
The force from which it came.

To be would always be
To BE,
But many minds were wont to be
Within the form of
Other conscious
And unconscious things.

Within the wind
They might become,
Or numb with cold
To fall as snow
In
A Winter storm.

They were the birds,
And the animals
Both large and small,
They were the trees,
And the rain which fed
All things.

These souls,
These minds of self intent
Soon came to know
The substance of
All finite things.

In materiality they chose to be,
And in an image of
Their self and will
They created forms and worlds
Beyond the LAW.

In substance
These minds rejoiced
Until they came to be
A consciousness contained
Within a world of finite things.

No longer could they leave
The things they had created.
They had renounced the SOURCE
To embrace
The icons of
A self and will.

The journey into self
Within the SELF of SOURCE would
Become the LAW, and
Alpha and Omega would stalk
Each soul as
It struggled and travailed
In its time as flesh and bone.

Here was born
The sacred ground of battle,
Here the enemy could be found arrayed
In robes of flame and fire,
Its mind a boiling sea,
Its heart an incandescent glow.

In Time
Each soul would be besieged
By pain,
By fear and doubt,
By the torment of
A secret self,
But the SOURCE would not abandon
Those who had defied the LAW.

A sense of SOURCE would live
Within each self,
And those who were within
The LIGHT would come
To those who had become
The travelers within
The Consciousness of TIME.



The Palisades

Countless eons ago my journey began,
When,
Like a giant Arctic bear
Emerging from an icy sea
To shake
His coat in frigid air,
The SOURCE shook free the sparks of
All who were to be.

My journey there was then secure
In LIGHT and awesome sight of
All that was within
The mesh of SELF and MIND.

With joy in will my will took wing,
Until, at last,
Within itself it found the tools
To build
The Palisades of Time.

My journey since has been with doubt,
With fear of those from ages passed
Who come to tell me of my needs,
Who speak to me of long dead deeds.

Who are these shadows from within,
Who are these faces filled with grief
Who come with silent steadfast steps
To guide me through each pounding reef?

They are my friends who stand with me.
They are the ME of years gone by
When first within my self
I came to be
The Palisades of Time.

The TIME Machine

Upon a point in TIME
He stood,
His vision chained,
His mind turned towards
The strife of what
The life to come would bring.

He could not escape
What he had done,
The cause and effect
He had become of
All those things he had
Through TIME inscribed
Upon the BOOK and MIND.

He thought himself a man
Since a man he was to be,
But it was not an easy thing to do,
Since he had not been a man
In several arcs of Time.

He stood
Between two states of being,
This time before his birth
To be a time of hope
And self renewing, but
Within the substance of
What he thought was true,
There waged a war of Force
With sense and knowing.

Before him in endless light,
The photons of the past obeyed
And pulsed to
What the past had been.

Within those dancing darts of
Flaring line and form,
The past would never cease to be,
BUT,
There he would not see himself
Until the war which waged
Within was won.

He was resolved that
He would rule here.
A city besieged,
He would no longer be.
In the life to come
He would be Master of his soul.

With his mind ablaze
He brought his will to bear, and
He sought to see the patterns of
His joy and pain.

In the LAW he would abide,
And as he suppressed
The torment of the past,
The past came forth
To stand with him,
To tell him what the past
To come should be.

Within himself,
Before his eyes,
He saw himself as he had been,
And as he passed into the TRUTH,
He saw himself within the souls of
Those whom he had touched.

TIME he was, and
TIME he would forever be.
It was the LAW, and
Suddenly, he knew.
TIME was the consciousness
That dwelled within.
TIME was mind, and
Will, and force of being.

QUEVADO

It was just at dusk
When he came and said,
“Its time to seek The Treasure.”

We were of one blood then,
He and I.
I, the father, he the son.
I, the seed, and he
The spring of immortality.

“Come, father! Come!
Your arrows will wait.”
He took my hand.
He was my guide,
And together from the mesa
We walked towards the Edge of Time.

The way was hard.
The rocks were sharp,
And I was not as he,
Nor could I ever hope to be.

“Hurry, father! HURRY!”
He pulled his hand away from mine,
And like the winds of early Spring
Sped towards the Land of Ancient Light.

“QUEVADO! QUEVADO!
WAIT FOR ME!”

But,
My aging voice he did not hear.
He was a seeker now,
A seer
Who sought to know
The ONE who
Lived within The Holy Spear.

My body was old,
My soul scarred from the
Battles of surviving.
I could run no more,
I must stop and rest,
OR, I would never see
The Treasure.

“Hurry, father! HURRY!”
His words were faint
But fierce with hope, and
Like the dancing heat of a Summer day,
They singed the wind
And sent me on my way.

I tried to run, but
I could not breathe.
I had no air,
And in despair, I cursed
My aging flesh and bones.

“Here, father! HURRY!”
Gasping with pain I raised my head,
But strife and sweat
Had burned my eyes
And blurred my sight.

“Here, father! HERE!”
Where was he?
Where had he gone?
Where was this only son of mine?

THEN,
At last I saw him
With arms across his child’s chest
He stood upon the black basalt
As if he too were of the stuff
That made the wall
A thing of awe.

“Quevado, what is it?
What have you found?”
“It’s here, father. I know it,
I just know it.”
“But we’ve been here before.”
“Not here, father.
Not here on the other side.”

With headband askew,
And feather awry,
He quickly jumped to the other side.

“Quevado! Come back!”
My voice was hoarse,
I was afraid.
He knew the Law,
He should not be beyond the wall.

“It’s here, father! HURRY!”
I rubbed my eyes and shook my head.
I would never break the Law,
I would never climb across that wall.

“There, father! The secret’s there!
See the stone of quartz!
See how it gathers fading light
And keeps it like a morning bright.
See how it forms a halo white
To touch the ground and
Guide us to The Treasure site.”

With heavy heart
I slowly climbed up on the wall.
The light was there as he had said,
And with his knife I saw him dig
As if his life were there,
Beneath that dry unyielding rock and sand.

“It’s here, father! It’s here!”
With shouts of joy and delight
He held aloft The Treasure
From the Land of Ancient Light.

The Treasure was ours.
The Victory was ours,
And our place, in our land would
Be, forever,
One of honor and esteem.

“Here, father! LOOK!
Isn’t it beautiful?”
I took it in my hands,
And slowly cleaned away the sand
Until at last I saw
What he had found.

"Its nothing, Quevado.

NOTHING at all!"

I could see myself within the mirror,
And the frame of iron was nothing more
Than rusting rays of
What was meant to be the sun.

"Quevado, my son, tomorrow

We will look again.

The Treasure's here I know, within

This land of Wall and Light."

"Father,

The Treasure's here before your eyes.

You hold it firmly in your grasp.

It is The LAW you see.

It is The Way of Wall and Light,

And ALL that we should ever be

Is there within Its Might."

The Lord of Grayford Hall

I stood alone
At the time of my beginning
As I sought to see
What the end might be of
The journey which lay before me.

I was myself as
I thought myself to be,
But I was adrift
In a boiling sea of
Timeless pain and suffering,
My mind besieged
By thoughts and deeds which came
From those who had,
In TIME, been part of me.

I was alone within
The timelessness of self and will,
A consciousness at war
Within the silent shadows of
The past.

I was an angry empty thing,
And with a curse
I fought for passage through
That spectered force
Which crowded in upon me.

I would be free of them,
And me,
And of the sickness
Which festered deep within
The darkness of my soul.

With a burst of will
I cast my enemies aside
Until I was at last
Within reality,
As I knew reality to be.

Once more I was secure
Within this world of mine.
These were the things I knew,
Even though I did not know
What place this was,
Or how I came to be here.

I was alone,
My mind before
An endless grove of
Crooked little trees.
Grotesque they were, and
In their twists and turns
Each tree was like
A claw
Groping up into
The sky.

There was no life upon the land.
I did not know
What I should do.
Soon darkness would prevail,
And within this frigid Winter's night

I would be lost,
A wanderer
Before the gates of TIME.

I shivered as
I pulled my cloak about me,
And turning from the wind
I walked slowly down a narrow road
Until before me I could see
A place where life
And MAN would surely be.

The bitterness of the cold
And night lay like death
Upon the land, and in terror
I began to run towards
That house of thatch and stone.

My breath was labored and filled
With pain as I came to stand
Before an ancient door of iron and oak.
Here there was life,
Here there was food and shelter
From the cold, and
Upon the door I knocked until
My hand could knock no more.

Surely,
There was someone home, and as
I reached to try the door
It opened slowly
From before my hand.

“WHO be ye?
Ye have no business here!”

The door began to quickly close,
But with my boot
I blocked the door, and
In the face of this fearful man
I could see
The horror and hardship of his years.

“Please, SIR!”
I said,
“I have money to pay for
What I need.”

Slowly the man gave way,
And as I walked into the room
I could see a change take place
Within his wrinkled, angry face.

“OH, SUR,
It’s a sorry man I am,
I did not see thee in the dark.
Please sit there
Before the fire!”

The room was small and sparsely set.
There were two beds against the wall,
And just beyond the open fire
A table with a single bench.
There was little else to see
Except a few crude pots and pans,
And a poor plain thing
Who would not turn
From her work before the hearth.

Slowly,
I sat down upon the bench,
And the man,
A gnarled little soul
With stumbling gait, was quick
To bring me what they had.

“There ye be, SUR!”
With a smile
He deeply bowed,
And before me sat
A piece of bread stiffly
Floating in a barley soup.

“It’s not much, Sur,
But it’s the best
Me and my Annie got.”

He chuckled, and then
He slapped poor Annie
On the back,
But she did not flinch or speak,
And somehow I knew this was
The way things were
With her and him.

The man was a bully,
And a brute,
But Annie was surely
Something worse, and as I ate
I watched poor Annie at her work.

Her dress,
So patched and stained,

Hung limply on her slender frame,
And when she turned
To stir and pour
I tried to see her face above
The shawl clutched fiercely
Just beneath her chin.

“Ye are welcome here, Milord.
To travel further would
Be folly!”

Milord?
I was no lord,
Yet this weasel seemed
To know me.

“AYE, Milord,
Ye are welcome here.”

With a shake of his shaggy head
The man sat down upon the floor,
And I could see
He would forever hide
Within the fortress of
His poverty and pride.

“Thank you, Sir.”
I said,
“By the fire
I’ll gladly sleep,
And at the break of dawn,
I shall be quickly gone.”

“Nay, Sur, nay!
Old Annie’s bed is thine.

YE are the Lord,
And if ye wish
My Annie here will help
To keep ye warm."

The old man grinned as
I struggled to control
The anger choking up within me.
Annie was a nasty drab
And senseless thing,
And to bed with her would scar
The soul of the basest sort.

"Thank you, sir."
I said,
"The fire will more
Than serve my needs."

With a scream of rage
Poor Annie quickly turned upon me,
And from her face and head
She ripped away her shawl
And threw it to the earthen floor.

"LOOK at me,
Bastard of Grayford!"

She was a fearful sight to see,
Her head with scanty tufts of hair,
Her face so drawn and thin,
And from her chin
To where her ear had been
A scar which turned in
Upon her lip and lid.

“LOOK at me, Grayford!
These are thy leavings!”

Upon her face
The shadows played,
And the fire
With tongues of light lashed out
To cast an eerie glow
Behind her strangely sloping brow.

“LOOK at me, Grayford.”

I was stunned,
I could not speak or move.
Annie was a soul enthroned
Before the grave, and
Within that formless place
Where every soul seeks to hide
I knew she had been part of me
And mine.

“SPEAK Grayford!
Tell me of thy love!”

Before my eyes,
Within the consciousness of
What I had become,
I suddenly could see how
This tragedy had come to be.

Surely,
That could not be me.
I was not some drunken brute,
I was not some demon from
The fires of hell.

“YE are damned forever,
Grayford!”

Slowly I pushed away from
What remained of my meager fare,
And as I stood and stared
At this creature from the pit
I could see her in
The hope and splendor of her youth.

Her scar was gone,
Her hair was burnished bronze,
And upon her perfect face
I could see
The love which burned within her.

“I love thee, Charles, and
Our Lady has promised me a son,
A son to ride and hunt with thee,
A son to bring thee immortality.”

I loved her, and
The son who lived within her.
She was my life,
My other self and will.
I could bring no harm to her,
Or to the son
Who would one day hold
Within his hand
The Grayford Hart and Crown.

Enraged,
I shook my head.
This was not the me
I knew myself to be.

This was some stranger from the past,
Some ancient one
Who ruled here
In cruelty and fear.

“CHARLES,
Thy son is dead,
And Grayford Hall will never come
To know thy heir.”

The past was gone, and
In its place
Another past had come to show me
What my deeds had done.

“DEAD! CHARLES!
Do ye hear me?”

“Where is he, Annie?
Where does he lie?”

She laughed, and like a sword
Her hopelessness and pain pierced
The place wherein
The past of my being fed upon
The one I had become.

“Where is he, Annie?”

“In London Town, Milord.
In a plague pit near the Thames.”

I shuddered,
And my soul cried out
Within me.

OH LORD, I prayed,
Tell me that
I never could have been this man.

“Ye are a drunken beast,
Grayford,
And your spawn will rot forever
In that unholy, stinking, ground.”

“Annie,
I love thee!”

The agony of this knowing was more
Than I could bear.
I did not know the man I was,
I did not know where I belonged,
And I prayed to be delivered
To a place of peace and hope.

“Thy Grayford blood is dead!”

With hatred and contempt
She hissed,
And spat upon my dignity and pride,
But I was not the man I was,
I was the man I had become.

“I do love thee, Annie.”

Slowly,
I reached out to touch
That terrible scar,
To caress the beauty,
To feel the love
I once from her had known.

“TOUCH me not
Ye bastard scum!”

With a shriek of rage
This being from beyond the grave
Lunged
Towards me,
A knife within her hand, and
In Time
I came to know again
The pain of death
Within the force which surged
Within my mind and soul.

Then,
Suddenly,
As quickly as it came
My pain was gone,
My life again to come,
And before me,
As I plunged
Into the vortex of unforgiving Time
I could see my Annie
In the way
She had become.

Within her arms
She held a new born son,
And the child,
With hair as black as night,
Lay still within the light of
Her love and blessed sight.

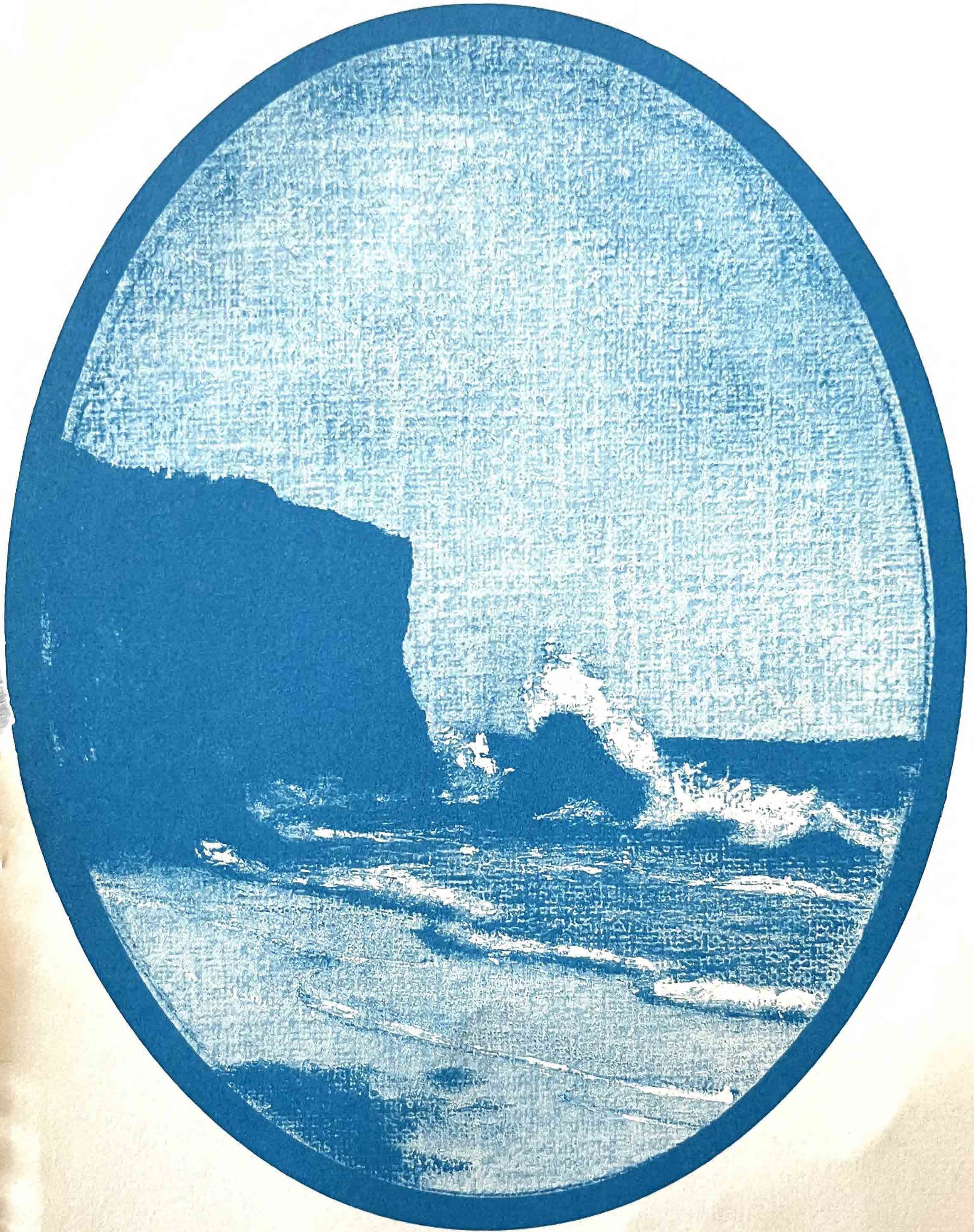
She was more beautiful than
She ever was before,

But I could see
Her life to be would be
A struggle with this child,
This only son,
Who was to be forever
Deaf and mute.

This was, I knew,
The journey which lay before me.
The child would be
The me of all the me's
I had come to be since first
I came to stand before the gage of Time.

I bowed my head,
And with a prayer
I moved slowly towards
The life which lay before me.

I could accept this fate,
I was beyond the soul of he
Who once had ruled at Grayford Hall,
I had in TIME become a soul
In search of TRUTH and GRACE.



OMEGA

Hail to thee
O' enemy of my soul!
Hail to thee
O' demon who has mocked me,
Who has sought to torment me
Even in my days of triumph.

O' specter
I salute thee in this
My time of aging flesh and bone.
I welcome thee,
For I know that thou hast come
From the ego of my soul.

In that time so far away,
When I knew that
I would never die,
I denied thee in
All my thoughts and deeds.

In that time of pride,
And endless self
I knew thee only in
The eyes of those
Who came to stand before thee.

I did not know thee then,
I was not a finite thing.
I would always be
As young, and strong as
I saw myself to be.
I would not fall prey to
What I knew I would become.

Now,
My turn has come to stand before thee,
But I have not the strength
To speak to thee,
I have not the wisdom
To accept thee as
The child of my immortality.

Thou art my daughter, and my son.
Thou art the fulfillment of
My self and will
In all that I have thought,
And all that I have done.

O' force of darkness
I can no longer wait for thee.
I have not the power of
A life turned towards
The TRUTH and LIGHT.
Destroy my pain, and
The decay of time which weighs
In upon my soul.

O' dark lord!
Have mercy upon me, or
My death will be
A thing of misery and shame.

It will become a curse for
Those who live its torment
With me, and
Their anger and contempt will hold
Me from the grave.

Take me now
Unholy one!
Take me now, I beg of thee,
And together,
We shall be one blood
For all eternity.

The POPE

Within the Consciousness of TIME,
Woven into the searing fire and heat of
The inferno from which it came
I saw myself as
I once had been.

Above all men
I had been raised.
Yet,
In the narrow street of
A dark and grimly evil place
I stood naked and alone,
Torn from the joy of being
Who I thought I had become.

How came I to be
In such a state?
I was the Pope,
I had been told by those
Who came to kiss my ring,
And bow before my throne.

Yet here I stood,
My soul sick with fear,
My body blue with pain
As I crouched
Before
The wrath of
A Winter's storm.

Darkness lay upon
That crooked, cobbled street with
Its rising shadows of wood and stone
Where dead souls huddled and
Cursed each other and the cold.

Terrified,
I stared into the night, and
It was then I knew that
I would die.
I had no place to go,
I had no place to hide,
I had been denied at every door,
I had been reviled by those
Who once had come
In awe and praise to see
The heir to St. Peter's Throne.

Now I was to be no more,
Here,
Would be my journey's end,
Here ravaged by the hopelessness
Within my soul
I would meet
The destiny of flesh and bone.

I tried to shout
Into that wind,
But I could not breathe,
My breath a frozen thing
Within the freezing Winter air.

In despair
I turned up
A steeply winding hill,

And with a curse I clung
To those sloping shadows of
Wood and stone.

I knew this place,
This crooked place which
Sustained the night,
And hid me
In its darkest thoughts.

This was where I was to be,
And painfully,
With frozen hands
I climbed upwards towards
The top of
That ancient wind swept hill.

Soon
There would be refuge
From the cold,
Soon
There would be refuge
From this self in Time.

My pain and fear began to ebb,
To flow into another will.
My mind was free,
A sea within
A sea of MIND and SOUL.

Suddenly before me in
The darkness stood
A church,
A mighty citadel of stone
With cross of gold untouched
By wind or cold.

This was the victory I sought,
And with a shout
I ran towards
That veil of sacred stone.

The door was there,
The knob and key before my hand.
I was, at last,
Where GRACE began.
What I once had thought,
What I once had been,
I set aside
To become a child
At my own beginning.

The DOOR

“Tell me, old man,
Tell me of thy ways, and
How thou came to be.”

The old man did not speak, and
His eyes of grey were bright
With the force which surged
Within the Source of
His immortal soul.

“Please, old man,
I have great need to know.”

Beyond the young man
So fearful and pale,
The old man could see
The moon above the rock where
He had found
The whirlpools of power.

He was old, and
His ways were old, but
His ways were the ways of TIME,
And TIME was old, and
He smiled at
Such a simple thought.

“Please, old man!”

The old man sighed, and
From his perch upon the stump
He held out his hands,
And touched the soul
Who sought to know, but
Who would never come
To know what he was told.

“Seek thyself
Within thyself.
Divide the shadows which stand
Before thee at thy sealed door.
Trust in what thou art to be,
And venture hence into
That land where thou hast been.”

“Thou art an earth bound soul
Tied to finite things.
Thy way is timidity and fear,
BUT I say to thee
Go not thus, but
In the joy that soon
Thou wilt see thee as thou art.”

“GO that thou may
Go beyond those things which
Imprison thee, and hold thee
In bondage to thyself.”

“In thyself thou art ONE,
BUT
Thou wilt not find thyself
Without a will to war,
Without a will to cast aside
The icons of thy earthly ways,
And return to thee as
Thou once were.”

The old man reached out
Once more, and he closed
The eyes of the soul
Who sought to know what
He truly did not want to know.

“OUT of
The hatred and fear which holds
The darkness there before
Thy eyes hast come the shadows
Which stand before thy door.”

The young man trembled
Beneath his touch, but
The old man knew
It was fear of him
That made him so.

“The darkness is thine,
The shadows are thee,
And within that desolation
Of murk and tears
The specters lurk and
Feed upon the pain which
Thou hast made.”

“Before thee lies the TRUTH.
Beyond the shadows and
The door, seek thyself as
Thou once were, and
In that place of TIME
Thou wilt see thyself, and come
To know the ways of will of
Which thou art,
And were,
And evermore shall be.”

The old man closed his eyes, and
The young man knew
He would say no more.
PERHAPS,
Tomorrow he would speak again,
And then he would tell him
What he had a need to know.

**In Memory of
Private Henry Olsen,
American Expeditionary Force,
1918.**

The WASTEland

He sat,
His back against the earthen wall,
His legs stretched out before him.
He sat without his boots,
His eyes turned towards the night,
His mind turned towards
The Time which came to stand
Before him.

This was not his Time or place, and
He seemed somehow to know that
SOON,
He was to march with those
Who came each night to tell him of
Their deeds, and of
The deeds they might have known.

One by one,
He spoke to them until
His eyes were filled with tears,
And they, in weariness, returned
To their rightful place
Beyond the pall of Ahriman and MAN.

He knew them all,
These specters from the grave.
Together,
They had fought the Hun,

Together,
They had, as one, endured
The waste and hopelessness of war.

Then,
He quickly scrambled
To his feet.
Beyond the trench's wall, and just
Above its tangled wire
His sergeant stood.

He was a sergeant still,
A soldier through and through,
And he smiled as
He heard his Sergeant sing,
"_____ and we won't be back,
We'll be buried over there."

His Sergeant grinned and slowly turned
To make his way into that land
Where only pain and death had been.
Beyond the wire,
Before the line
The Hun had drawn,
He could hear his Sergeant scream,
"Keep your head down, Hank!"

His Sergeant was
A soldier through and through,
And as he stared into the night
He could see him as
He made his rounds to gather up
The dead who had refused to die.

From that barren, cratered ground,
From that moon lit land of

Lifeless stumps and
Endless strands of wire,
The dead came forth
To follow him into that realm
Where the Heroes of each AGE await.

It was a strange and fearful sight.
The land, a monochrome of gray,
His Sergeant with his hand upraised,
And the silent, shifting shadows
Who were now the Honored Dead.

“Keep your head down, HANK!”

His Sergeant and the dead were gone,
And he trembled as
That Holy Ground of Battle seemed
To groan
Beneath his feet.

He could not move, his mind was numb,
His soul besieged by
The consciousness of pain
Which lived within the earth.

He shook his head and
Rubbed his eyes.
He could not see,
His tears had blurred his sight,
But he did not need to see,
To see that the grave would
Soon be his.

Each night he came to talk
To those whom he had known.

Each night he came,
In fear, that
They would tell him
What he knew
But did not want to know.

They were his friends,
His destiny they knew,
But they would not tell him
If his dream was true.

Each night,
In shadowed shades of gray,
He saw himself as
He proudly led
The Legions of The Hallowed Dead.

Across the scar of no man's land
They crouched and ran, until
He was alone,
His head within his hands.

He closed his eyes, and
With a prayer he tried
To touch his wife and son,
But he could not go beyond the wall.
Beyond the wall
He would fall prey to
The BEAST who cursed
The WAY of GRACE and GLORY.

Then,
Suddenly the TRUTH was his.
He was without the self he knew,
He was a different sort of being.
He had become with them,
One of the Honored Dead.



Miss Beverly's Pavilion

He was not sure why he was there,
This squarish man with grizzled hair.

His anger could be plainly seen.
He had no time for things like this.
His hours were fraught with planned events,
His days a schedule too intense.

“Here we are, Sir. This is the place!”
His guide swung wide a wooden gate,
And the squarish man with grizzled hair
Was suddenly glad that he was there.

“This is where I leave you, Sir.
Miss Beverly lives here in this
Little world of in between, and
She alone can help you now.”

With a nod and a smile
His guide was gone.
It was so sudden, so quickly done,
That the squarish man with grizzled hair
Was sure that he was never there.

With a sigh he turned to look around,
But the world that was,
Was beyond the gate.

There was no other world it seemed,
And with a feeling of eagerness
He could not relate,
He walked briskly through the open gate.

The world he found was a world within,
A sudden, splendid, world
With towering trees, and
Sculptured shrubs,
With grass a mat of darkest green,
And flowers in a spectral sea
Of color, stark and slashing.

The squarish man with grizzled hair
Knew that he had once been there,
In Time before the time that was,
But he could not remember when
It was,
But it was,
That much he knew.

At last before him loomed
A pavilion painted white.
With roof of slate,
And benches striped,
It was a place of charm and grace,
And the squarish man with grizzled hair
Was pleased to see a smile there.

“You’re here at last.
Please! Come in.”

She was a woman small and trim,
With auburn hair cut short and shagged.
Her voice was soft,
Her manner kind,
And the squarish man with grizzled hair
Was extremely glad that he was there.

“Please sit down!
You’ve come such a long, long way.”
That was true he thought.
He had come a long, long way,
But why he had he was not sure.
He had no business here,
In a place so strange,
And so obscure.

From a table large and round,
Miss Beverly took a tray
With cookies, tea, and frosted cakes,
And with a flare of
Modest pride she offered them to
Her weary guest.

“The tea is sun tea, freshly brewed,
And the cookies and cakes
Are quite fresh too!”
Miss Beverly smiled with delight
As the squarish man with grizzled hair
Helped himself to what was there.

“This is truly a treat
Fit for a king.”
“Thank you, Sir. You’re very kind.”
Miss Beverly returned the tray
To the place where it had been,

And, then, with steps
Both quick and light,
She walked to a rocker
Painted white.

She loved this rocker
Old and worn.
She loved its high abiding,
Boston back,
And as she sat with
Sprightly grace
There could be no doubt
This was her favorite place.

"Its good to see you again."
"Thank you, Miss Beverly."
It seemed only natural for him
To call her by her name.
Somehow he knew that they were
Friends, and that she would
Help him in every way she could.

"Would you care for something else?"
"No, Miss Beverly. This is quite enough."
The squarish man with grizzled hair
Had no idea why he was there,
Nor where it was he was to go,
But he knew that he would come again
In Time,
From Time,
To her
To be restored.

Suddenly,
The squarish man with grizzled hair
Turned to stare into
The garden's shifting shadowed lair.
He could hear from far away
The sound of laughter,
Almost everywhere.

"Miss Beverly,
There's no one there."
"There are others here, but
They are not as you are here.
They have been returned,
And are about to go their way,
And when you are there
As they are there,
Then you, too, will be
Guided swiftly on your way."

"But where, Miss Beverly?"
Where is there exactly?"
With a tilt of here auburn head,
Miss Beverly laughed
Very softly as she said,
"You have passed this way before
You know, and we have talked as
We are talking now."

That was true he thought,
But he did not know
Why he thought it was,
Only _____ that it was.

“You have not seen yourself
In all the ways you truly are,
But here you will remember you,
And how you made you what you are.”

The squarish man with grizzled hair
Was extremely sad that he was there.
He was very tired and quite confused.
He needed time to rest, and time
To think about
WHAT
Miss Beverly had said.

“Beyond this lovely world of mine,
Beyond this little world of in between,
Lies the TRUTH
Which came before all things,
The TRUTH
Which came before Alpha and Omega of
All you think,
And all you think you are,
And there, in that Everlasting Land,
You will learn the
Why of you and ALL that IS.”

The squarish man with grizzled hair
Was strangely pleased that he was there.
This was the way it had always been.
This Timeless place.
That Timeless place beyond
Were the matrix within of ALL that WAS,
And he a part of ALL that IS,
Or, would forever BE.

The EAGLE'S Ring

Upon a rock strewn crag
He stood alone, and stared
Into the fjord which would,
At dawn, lead him into
The open sea.

He was a young man
Weary of life upon the land,
And eager to measure
Himself against the sea,
And the Stewardship of MAN.

With a smile
He looked down at
The silver ring upon his hand.
In a single night
He had been transformed, and
Now he would, for all his days,
Wear the symbol of his vows.

It was good to be
The man he was, and
The man he knew he would become.
He was a Viking, and
A Viking's home would always be
The sea, and
The sacred ground of battle.

Slowly,
He turned the ring into the sun,
And his joy was the joy of
The seeker who stands before
A true beginning.

In awe and wonder
He touched the ring, and
He could see that
TIME had come to greet him,
To release him from
The fastness which had been
The MASTER of his soul.

With a surge of
Exultation
He removed the ring, and
Held it upwards with
The imprimatur of the EAGLE
Turned towards the fortress of
The sky.

“ODIN!”,
He cried.
“I am the EAGLE, and
The EAGLE I shall be
When I greet thee
In thy place within
The splendor of Valhalla’s walls.”

NOW,
He would dare!
NOW,
He would dare to be, and
Within the tumult of his soul
He could hear the EAGLE scream