

DYLAN BYRNE'S POETRY
OF BIG LOVE

SPRING BLESSING

What humble blessing may I bestow?
 Upon your fancy's arbor,
Passion child of your sweet labor.
 When you shed ruby tears,
And red satin each step appears
 —As you pass by—
 Comets stream on up ahead,
A white swan on a burning bed
 Bursts above the scene
 —of your new beginning—
“As accomplished fingers begin to play,”
The warm wind whispers in each guest's ear
 Exactly that which it needs to hear.
An old monk smiles and opens the way
 —into your garden treasure—
Where a sacred stream meanders through,
 To a timber teahouse from Xanadu.
Here Kubla Khan could finally rest,
 Posting his sentries all around,
 To keep out hungry ghosts and hounds,
Then lays his head upon your blossom breasts.
Your blessings—Spring—from those you bless.

GOLDEN RABBIT

Auspicious is the day!
With all the stars aligning -
You-to-year-and-birth-to-day -
To radiance alighting,
On fur of golden dawn,
Skipping lightly across the lawn,
Into your sleeping meadow,
And just then, before you're gone,
I catch you by the foot,
And sing you my lame song:
*'Forged in golden metal
And cooled in Alpine wood'*
But now I must let you go,
To follow you silently down,
Your rabbit hole that echoes
In - your sight, your scent, your sound.

THE GIFT

If god so Wills, turn on your heart and hear
Of small miracles, Yin and Yang achieve,
That egos will die before the believe-
In this lamp of love that dispels all fear.
As you read my lips, they will drink your tears
Until tongues' eclipse and their union weaves –
The East to West – the sun rapt moon conceives
Our birth in light, untarnished through the years.

Enlightened innocence witnesses this:
God's abundance to give that never ends—
These moments of small miraculous bliss—
And wills for time and space to make amends—
Renouncing all distance between true friends—
Sharing in the speed of light, one slow kiss.

THE ALLEY-WAY WITH POETRY

We set out from Shanghai
A little bit late -
To the gardens of somewhere
To meet our fate -

The earth was illuminated
Set in rosy hue -
Green clarity and stone stillness
Lit out from you -

Just as dusk was coming-on
Our minds conformed -
You'd warned me by twilight
You were transformed -

We flew into an alley-way
A tunnel of sand -
Channeling sublime poetry
To your song we ran -

Into a courtyard at corridors end
Where silence reigned -
In a silo rising funnel of stone
The last light hanged -

And there sat an ancient man
And chick or two -
To witness the love that spot of light
Brought into view -

One world or another
Ours to choose -
Material or spiritual
Girl or muse -
Would the spell be broken
If I kissed you?

The alley-way with poetry,
Is still heaven to me.