

The Sixth Oath to the Winds

Prose/Poetry & Epigrams

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Acknowledgments

Fred Reynolds was like a benevolent rain trickling across our picture windows; there for but a few stormy hours -- then gone. He was a true friend who will remain in memory (not unlike some favorite old umbrella), always found in your corner whenever needed.



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Overture

In one lifetime, we make many oaths. Some of these oaths are made to ourselves - but most of them are made to repair our injured dreams which were once set upon man's empty philosophies. Ergo, by the time of your sixth oath to the wind, hopefully, you'll find that such narratives were mostly one-sided conversations - if you haven't first dared to believe in yourself.

Bookishly Yours,
Rorry Nighthtrain East
Silver City, New Mexico

February 1, 2011



Books by Rorry Nighthtrain East

Passenger of Meandering Dreams
The Night is a Panther
In the Gliding Sudden
August Messenger

Eventide Crows
Two Ships Passing in the Desert
The Vacant City and Other Unusual Tales (Coming soon...)
Runaway, Like the Dying Moon (Coming soon...)



ONE

PETALS OF STONE

"That process by which you become a writer is a pretty lonely one. We don't have a group apprenticeship like a violinist might training for an orchestra."

- Ann Rice -



The Blue Skiff

everything's closing in
all is opening up;

I want to crawl
back into boyhood,
for just an hour

to drag that same blue skiff
off to a quiet pond,
then float away . . .
or, chase new lightning bugs
and dream of tall ships,
for just an hour.

I'll also want
to stem the tide
of so many misunderstandings

until now;
while floating away
in my old blue skiff

until the dichotomy
from boy to man,
no longer dithers.



Lukewarm Visit

Rockets demolish
this evening,

carts filled
with the lukewarm
poverty
of mediocre relatives
pretending at Love
pours onto a city curb
to leave.

only a heartbeat away
from another rough patch,
not far behind us;

I count
the notorious reasons
why we won't meet again
next year;

Thanksgiving shouldn't
be for fireworks.



This world is merely
for rent,
it's virtues
are borrowed
and each breath
is only for
the taking.



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