

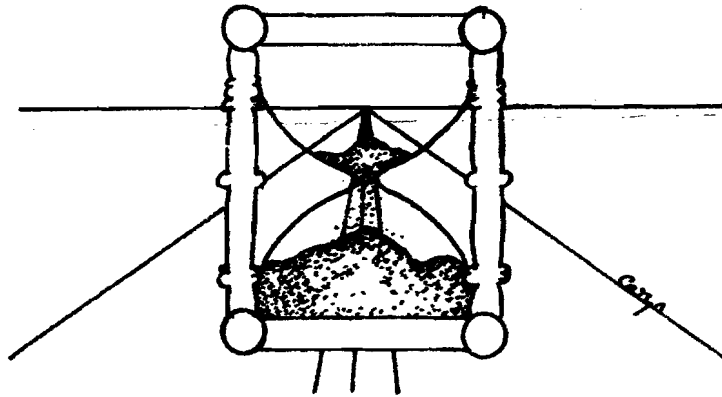
Sonnets To The Silent

Winged fancy in wild, naive flight passes through clouds
With self-deceived aim toward the glow of every star
Where actions merge over high ideas breaking in shrouds
Between distant lights as history smiles from afar.

In the kingdom, rules are confused with necessity
Mixed with ambitions in hour glasses of life
Moving toward a heroic dream of liberty
Along the streets where desires bloom and grow ripe.

Yet with eons of foundation the castle is built
Up for protection from chaotic surges;
Constructed from words and numbers spilt
Upon pages covered with dreams and urges.

So Virgil leads onward to great Olympus
Through Divine Comedies of human impulse.



Knowledge is an ocean without end, waves of dreams marking the sand
Where life begins as an odyssey across a sea of joys and sorrows.
There is room beyond the borders of star light, beyond fatherlands
Where soggy virtues are split as apples by enlightened arrows.

Que sais-je? Have you the key to the highway?
The passage through which one begins life's pursuit,
With enthusiasm mocked by a price tag on the day;
By what call to life will you reap its fruit?

Persuasive colors would have you overrun
To buy, sell and cajole you to ride the unicorn
With variables of conviction plugged into an electric sun
A colored glass vacuum leaving you blind and forlorn.

The kingdom begins as your own domain where you choose gods
And climb up your own divine ladders and lightning rods.

1979

Kings and Queens

by Mark Biskeborn



Through the translucent luster of wine may Proteus appear
 With his obscure forms and colors for every and each.
 The poets drink to him with the jester who clogs gears
 In the universal run of things that the king may preach.

Life comes and goes, so drink the red luster.
 The roses are ripe in age-old fashion.
 Leave the subtle secrets to the mockings of the jester
 As comfort is a lie in the face of nature's passion.

Only rocks remain to face eternal forces of the sea.
 All the hard-won possessions will not change this law
 For it's better once to have lived than eternal stones be.

Freedom asks you in your destined realm:
 Be not deceived by all the mingling clouds;
 Know your ground well to stand a chosen helm.

