

Poetry Series

# **H.L. Dowless**

## **- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2016

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## H.L. Dowless()

# A Vision Of Future's Glory

On a sofa of leather in the mentor's lounge I now sit,  
pondering futures' test,  
painting a portrait of my forward bequest  
unto those majestic ancient warrior gods, whom shall allow it.

A stroll along a splendid tropical beach,  
nine divine grass skirted native princes servants,  
an agua de loca of slivered ice in the hands  
of each, whilst I take my shaded ease in in the sand  
to marvel as my illustrious estate expands.

My Spanish colonial mansion looming so proudly upon yon hill  
facing the pride of King Poseidon and the glory of the rolling sea.  
The palm shrouded surrounding gardens surly open their arms at will  
unto those of whom I will embrace dearest unto me.

Our holiday feasts are among the very best in the province!  
Our social atmosphere is treasured dearest by the locals,  
for our activities rank certainly among the most adventurous;  
behold, the prize in our estate contests reign supreme among the natives'  
yearning token.

My real-estate holdings are truly vast,  
for there is great pride in my unrestrained ability to expand,  
'tis underneath true freedoms flag, my enterprising net shall thus be cast.  
The glory in my name reigns supreme throughout the entire land!

My dear native angel sitteth in honor by my side,  
basking in the glory of that superlative banner  
whilst she shares in the fruits of true freedoms' pride!  
In the name of my fearless forefathers we both stand  
in Bellamy salute to our endeavors.  
Hail to the glory of the timeless banner of good Saint Andrew's cross!  
May pride in her name reign for ever and ever!

H.L. Dowless

# A Wassailin' We Shall Go

Lets go a wassailin',  
a wassailin',  
a wassailin'.  
Lets go a wassailin'  
in olde Lumber town,  
olde Lumber town,  
ye olde Lumber town,  
for to see the crocks rumble  
and savor some fleshly delights!  
Lets go a wassailin' tonight!

Into Lumber Town we doth go,  
to Lumber Town we all will go.  
To Lumber Town we go  
to see the sights all around.  
We all shall go a wassailin' in olde Lumber Town,  
to see the sights all around  
and hear the pleasant sounds.

We shall sing of sanctity and praises  
of the good King and crown,  
oh and that good Queen ever so renowned.  
We shall sing cheerful songs of praises and sanctity  
to the good Queen and majesty  
in ye olde Lumber Town tonight!

We shall all stroll about filled  
with frothy cheer,  
brimming with thy foaming beer!  
Our fire flowers thundering blissful knells  
whilst we all ring those most jubilant of bells,  
marching forward in tune as we sing!  
As we forward march we all shall sing  
ye piddle diddly,  
sing cheerful songs of piddle diddly  
as we all march forward into the halls

of thy lofty sovereign committee;  
dancing gracefully in ye elaborate waltz  
in merry tune with thy joyful trumpet;  
moving gracefully in talented whirls,  
making those revealing dresses raise in colorful  
candy swirls  
of ye flaming Dacian strumpets!

We shall all make good company  
outside of ye purloining laws,  
ye skillful purloining laws,  
ye scornful purloining laws.  
We all shall make good company  
living contented outside of ye purloining laws  
in olde Lumber Town tonight.

Our gathering abode shall all be in the genie's den,  
singing in absence of remorse  
in any sort of reprobate or sin;  
the genie's den when we shall all sing  
songs of our lively adventures with the honored Puck King  
and his thirty merry men,  
whom all so merrily dwell in  
ye Olde Lumber Town tonight!

H.L. Dowless

# Dance Of The Black Cats

I saw her languishing there in the courtyard among the flowers,  
sitting 'neath the old pear tree,  
holding a bouquet of chrysanthemum for hours,  
appearing as though her dark secret was to forebear all  
chastity.

I had heard that her secluded practice was Stygian magic,  
I heard if from a spectrum bride to be,  
so I sneaked down the street around the corner ecstatically  
and this is what happened to me.

I hid so completely there in the hedge,  
there was no way that she or anyone else could see  
that I was there peeking to give my mind an edge,  
silently hoping that she would in ecstatic joy, indeed  
embrace me.

My heart raced with anticipation  
as she lifted her face to meet mine,  
anxious for the trill of the moment in elation,  
for my twain her longing passion did pine.

An unseen pull did find it's way,  
forcing me along in it's tainted line,  
like a pursuing panther did I creep toward her stay.  
Without speaking a single word she arose in time  
with my approach on that enrapturing day.

Her veiling toga fell from her shoulders  
as she arose to greet my embracing approach.  
My enchanted heart raced making me bolder,  
upon her nude form I did encroach.

I could not resist as her haunting spell enchanted,  
for my very soul her spirit did desire use,  
my mortal mind and body her panting  
fascination did seduce.

She forced me to engage in frivolity

in which I had no choice to stay.

She compelled me to speak tainted words to deify  
her embrace,  
which I now so bitterly recall to my own astonished dismay.

When the time for repression has passed,  
knew then I that she was no mere mortal,  
for her net upon my poor soul had now been cast,  
just as the spirit compelling the dance of the black cats had  
foretold.

Just as the hazy blood moon in the midnight sky  
compelled the face on the pumpkin to speak it's prophesy of doom,

in absence of any intellectual composure explaining why;  
still the whining dance of the black cats shall always foretell one's  
gloom,  
in-spite of all imposing conjecture, its prophesy does never lie.

She whisked me away to eternally merge with the light  
of the mid-night moon,  
for all infinity my penalty is to dance in the graveyard for the  
demons of the night,  
until the time of the Elysium garden's bloom.

H.L. Dowless



# Follow The Flaming Cross

The moon is a looming quarter  
as all of Glendale sit on their back porches,  
gazing across the valley border.  
Singing hails to god Camulus, keeping vigilant order  
for the endless lines of haunting torches.

Yea through the heavy gloom of darkness,  
that precious divine light shall bequest  
our mortal rage in restraining harness,  
our cold calculating energy to invest.

Our enemy hath violated our cherished oaths,  
innocent blood hath his edge thus spilled,  
they hath violated our virgin hosts and now they dare to boast,  
reveling in the retelling of how they forced their debauched ways with such  
cunning skill!  
They courted our good faith  
and our confidence in their positive intentions,  
only to steal our fortunes with their insolent waste,  
even daring to hold our dear children for their heartless ransom.

Here we sit and sing of our celestial redemption  
and the day that we shall make even on our great loss,  
for within the murky darkness we shall heed our call to rally without exemption,  
for ever born to follow the glorious flaming cross!

We were born to follow the flaming cross  
of Camulus my dear children,  
pausing only for us to rally our mighty army and exhaust  
enemy forces and buildings.  
Follow the flaming cross,  
for in it's brilliant passing we shall find our honors' redemption.  
We gather round in great number to toss  
unto Camulus alms and to mention  
aloud those most depraved of enemy deeds,

then move to mercilessly redeem our honor and mortal loss.  
Moving only to satisfy our lusting heart's raging need  
for vindicating retribution at all enemy cost.

So follow the flaming cross  
my dear children,  
o'er river, through woods and rolling dale,  
show thy enemy great loss  
in the vile blood of their kindred, so that their tears may never quell.  
Follow the flaming cross  
until it pauses upright in radiation so divinely  
upon their tainted turf for our mighty armies purpose;  
in silence we gather by the thousands to advance forward  
in organized assembly!

By the crack of dawn their blood shall flow  
like raging rivers,  
and by their horror they all shall come to know  
of the sudden terror that we shall mercilessly deliver.  
Upon our honed edge they all shall endlessly fall  
and so man, woman and child shall thence defer,  
bowing in humility and terror to gratify our sacred call!  
The blood of their men shall flow wide and deep,  
the soil of the earth shall secure their male child's potential  
for a future rage to reap.  
Their women and girl children shall submit unto our intrepid credential  
or suffer dearly as their protecting men all sleep.  
In this action alone our redemption shall thus be fulfilled  
and our once shattered honor now made complete.  
Onward my dear children, for the glory of Camulus' compelling will!  
Forward in the name of honor and illustrious victory,  
our rightful fortune and eternal reigning majesty we all invest to seek!

H.L. Dowless

# Life On A New Age Homestead

The barrel is on the porch a purging fat possum.  
The flower is in a five gallon bucket nearly forgotten.  
The apples are in the root cellar to keep 'em from going rotten.  
The farmer is out in the fields just a plottin'.  
We are a heading down in the woods this Sunday morning.  
The old moll is still a rocking on the front porch  
just a scorning!

Coffee is in the pot a steepin',  
soon to be poured.  
Hell  
'round here I'll just tell you we 'uns never get bored,  
whether home in the fields,  
in woods or in bed;  
but such is life in a clapboard shack  
on a new age homestead!

The deer in the woods are a getting' bigger.  
The catfish in the pond are just a pullin' the jigger!  
The traps are a catchin' the most game of all.  
Y'all,  
this morning' we caught a three hundred pound bear  
in our black oak dead-fall!  
Later this evening we'll stop by old man Jed Christie's grits mill.  
Then we'll walk on down Baker's creek where the branch cabbage grows  
to check on our liquor still.  
The drip keg thumps to the tune that it will;  
hell there's time for a sip cause  
now we got time to kill!

On in to town there is a fat lass whom I know well.  
She don't talk very much, so she'll never tell,  
but she's a pinin' fer a shinin' when I ring her bell;  
well boy do I have you a sad spell to tell tale,  
cause she's a always moonin' fer a spoonin',  
a yodelin' puddin' fer sale!

In church she's says that life is goin' swell,  
still a yellin' that she'll stay pure

till the day that she is wed;  
but so life goes out in a lean two shack,  
on a new age homestead!

14

H.L. Dowless

# Merry Misadventure

The islands are callin', I got that endearing feeling,  
the fish are biting and schooling, it's hurricane season.  
The bohemians are gathering to paint, ponder and glorify  
those hidden dimensions of life and the justifying reasons  
for us to sanctify them.

Even at the time of the yuletide, those fine dames are a pining  
for us swash-bucklers to give the them endearing company.  
Just off the coast a bit the surfacing whales are a whining,  
the dolphins are a leaping, merrily trumpeting  
as our jon boats ease along netting snapper and grouper.  
They all swim and leap along beside us in happy bequest  
for our scraps, small delicacies and tidbits for their supper.  
If any remains from our wanton feast, then we'll surely give them what is left

Aye- the glinting gold hiding deep in those limestone caves is a waiting,  
embracing our advance as we ease along for the taking.  
The limestone cliffs rise high for our long range spying,  
so the enclosed harbor conceals us from any threatening eyeing.  
The sea sloshes into the freshwater creek that winds ecstatically  
back into the depth of the limestone cliffs.  
The rise of the sea seals off the caves to emphatically  
close off our cave hideaway from any imposing skiffs.  
The retreat of the sea allowing our exit back along the beach  
for morning time trapped fish and fresh oyster delicacies.

Thus unto my fantasy I am forever sold,  
only to roam distances in search of wealth sitting inside  
huge wrought iron chest untold.  
In the meantime I shall take my pleasure from those thrills of indenture  
found in bold  
island adventure.

My eyes gaze into the horizon of the rolling sea,  
my embrace as my body doth forward move is toward Poseidon,

my soul glides forward beyond to embrace Ares.

In mortal life my body knows no pause, only a life of moving, sailing, gliding,  
searching for that special place of secular paradise that my contentment needs.

They all stand in astonishing wonder as I only pause in my move  
to where I can net the most return on my plunder.

I venture on in pursuit of the need to groove  
like a rolling stone during the time of monsoon rains, fire and thunder.

It is Poseidon, that magisterial spirit of the high seas  
who has contrived to possess my mortal soul,  
thus I am compelled to satisfy that need,  
the seed for thrilling adventure and chances taken that are so bold  
as to astound my descending generations for ages untold.

My desire is to experience those untouched island lands,  
populated by those who are motivated  
in the arts of deductive logic and reason. People who exist in untainted bands  
such as those of some yet undiscovered Thule, whose arts of deductive  
philosophy shall titillate  
even the toughest analytic gruel.

In my eyes I envision those grand monuments so majestic  
that they shall loom forward in glittering example of supreme creative best.  
The industry buzzing, but to the unmotivated may just appear hectic,  
though they all move forward with open hands out stretched in bequest  
for the ultimatum that they can offer out of imposing compelled generosity.

So thus I shall sail away on the wind and the tide,  
with the perpetual movement and rhythm my soul shall abide.

H.L. Dowless

# Phantom Of The Pantomime

Bless me now, thy apparition so divine...  
Sing sweetly unto me thy assurance, as ye breathe the exalted pantomime.  
Thy sweet breath holdeth more value than coins of lucid gold,  
for thy anointed presence beareth much more harvest than do doubloons untold.

By cozy hearth edge we spoke our earnest vows,  
the coals ghost wrought within us it's blessed endow.  
Both our eyes absorbed the sacred vision dancing within the oaken flame,  
for the robed phantom of the pantomime, we may never hold to blame.

Thy eerie mid-night song, I can scantily remember...,  
but the time of our betrothal was in the late December.  
The cathedral hall was decked with chrysanthemum, ibis pompom in flower,  
hailing the finest of dry blush wine  
to grace the sacred twelfth knelling hour,  
as we both embrace the enrapturing feeling of the haunting pantomime.

Thy bronze chalice filled with blood brandy burgundy,  
the matrimonial chamber endowed with heavenly lace and silken majesty;  
all hindsight now relegated to the haze of a remote misty pine  
as I long, ever more ceaselessly,  
for the enrapturing pleasure of the midnight pantomime.

The complete absorption of thy divine embrace,  
the merger of our mortal souls, none can ne'er replace.  
We inhale the heavy mist as we breath loves passionate haze,  
those spirits of the fleeting moments, our heaving moves doth exhilarate;  
that immaculate combination hath wrought within, it's delightful spell so divine,  
as the unseen spectrum sings the lullaby of the blessed pantomime.

H.L. Dowless

# That Beautiful Place That We All Know

To Salem we go,  
that beautiful place that we all know,  
to fill our coffers with doe,  
onward to Salem we all shall go.  
That dark feline knoweth the way  
to lead us toward that blessed bay;  
onward to Salem without want,  
for the town council shall surely feel the rapture  
in our blessed taunt.

Onward to Salem shall we go!  
Our sacred herbs the townsfolk are all a buyin',  
so tonight we ride our broomsticks a flyin'.  
Our spells they are all a pinein'  
'cause their villains are all connivin',  
so lets go to Salem town tonight!

The gold shall be in flowing,  
cause our saints are all knowing,  
when we set up camp tonight.  
The demons will be a stirring for flight  
as our power starts to growing  
in old Salem town tonight.

The stew pot is a gurglin'  
as we three stand a round  
with our tainted brew a stirrin';  
then shall our potions hold their greatest might  
as all things get really hot there in old Salem town  
tonight!

Aye, their lovers have all strayed  
as their men elope with the poor maids,  
hence our labors worth in our potions' betide  
as the good townsfolk flock into our camp-site  
in old Salem town tonight.

Their children's wicked wight  
still fills them all with sickness and fright,



so thus shall our wise saints endeavor  
to give those bad boys another flavor  
in our camp-side on this hallows eve's invite.

The merry dwarfs will be there a dancing  
as the ponies are in round circle walking, prancing  
in our campsite by the stream fork's hilly right.  
The bohemian gals will be a viewing crystal ball  
as the clowns juggle with all their might,  
whilst those laughing giants make jolly stroll  
through our camp tonight.

Tonight all evil shall be made into good  
just as all the townsfolk know that it should,  
in our campsite by the stream fork tonight.  
So everyone come and merry make,  
bring your maiden daughters, hurry and don't hesitate,  
all of the fun is in our camp invite;  
First fork by the hillside on the creek  
in old Salem town tonight!

H.L. Dowless

# The Electric Bulb Or Candle Light

Doth the light hanging above my table shine  
to illuminate without the flicker of fire bright,  
the wasting wax only diddles to a dripping pantomime.  
But the supreme test tonight  
shall be an honest comparison between the steady illumination  
of an electric bulb and the delightful dance of a candle lit sight.

Though the illumination be steady  
all 'tis not to any divine likeness,  
for the spirits flee forward from heady  
brightness of day,  
in favor of the dancing candle serenade.

When I am in need of the futures enumeration,  
I can never appeal to the steady shine  
of an electrical illumination.  
Doth I then make my invest of the candles might  
in absence of any daunting hesitation.  
My inheritance shall then be the blessed performance in advance  
of our mortal place  
or any looming horrible circumstance  
to prevent our secular waste.

Thus shall it so be that the conclusion is final,  
that the dance of candlelight holds supreme  
to the electric bulb, for in that there exists no denial,  
from the power of the candle the bulb canst never redeem  
the mortal's desire for celestial power.

H.L. Dowless

# The Imp And The Fairy Princess

The Imp And The Fairy Princess

by H.L. Dowless

There once was an imp whose appearance was vain,  
his behavior was foolish, even his speech and imposing  
mannerisms were maimed!  
From those eastern cannibalistic lands afar he and his kind  
had once been blessed,  
indentured to serve the superlative bloods' best.

His mortal salvation was his own indenture,  
for in his own lands very few of his age did survive  
the daily adventure,  
let alone thrive  
as a simple butler employed in basic mealtime bequest,  
being allowed his nourishment from among the tables'  
finest!

For many years with his situation he was quite contented  
until he commenced to keep company with envious out-landers,  
who told him tales of wealth reserved from his labor and invented  
more tales of fabulous riches in his own land that his presence pandered  
had forced his loss, callously forgetting his past perilous situation  
and the weight that he once bore in carrying his daily cross.

So he cried unto the fairy princess bequeathing his complete liberty;  
though at first she denied him his requested delivery,  
she promised him that she would grant him his freedom for  
all infinity....

So he continued on in his daily chores inside that lavish  
mansion home,  
existing in luxury of living and never alone,  
as the weeks went by, transforming into creeping months in his atone.

As the days passed and so did the weeks,  
he was approached by the out-lander, Rahab, who  
pretended to offer wisdom  
unto those in need who seek.

Her true desire was to hex with Chaos and destruction,  
by causing her targeted victim to become malcontent  
in his present position, desiring the decadence of his past homeland  
o'er the place where in luxury he did presently stand.

&quot; Just observe thyself in that peon's place where ye now stand,  
ye a wanton servant in another on' 's mansion estate, when thee once  
possessed

thy own so grand. Dost thou truly believe that thy owner can afford to allow  
thee liberty? My best suggestion then,  
is to put her words to the test,  
now wouldst thou not agree? &quot;

&quot;Oh then, lets do see, &quot; replied the imp,  
&quot;the thought of a lying tongue had never crossed me....

But I will take your suggestion and you'll never regret  
the day that you offered me your very best  
In words and honorable advice.&quot;

&quot;Thou art very attentive to true wisdom's slice,  
and thy gain in doing so shall indeed be very nice.

So approach the dear princess come first glow tomorrow morn,  
and behold the manner in which her waning inattentiveness  
shall allow thy new revelations to be born, &quot;  
replied Rahab.

Thus on the first light of next morn,  
the imp did make his approaching move;  
his chance taken did cause the princess scorn,  
her sound derision putting him on the groove.

Her reply being &quot;next light or maybe the next blushing sun rise,  
or might be the light following, if the good feeling should  
strike;

but on whose advice do you make your inquiry, unto one of my adoration  
or my despise?

One of thy disdain or one of honest invite?

Doth he stand firm among those floundering fools or tall among the wise?  
For do behold, thy success shall rest on the shoulders of my personal likes  
of both you an' the very moment,  
and please do remember that it is unto me no obligation  
anywhere that I should bear binding ties! &quot;

On the twelfth striking in the shadow of the full moon  
didst Rahab approach to offer him confidence in success,  
granting him courage to persevere through on the test.  
Before she melted from his secular presence,  
she demanded of him another advising spoon,  
wishing him her very best....

&quot;Fall upon thy knees facing the cold damp earth below,  
offering prayers unto thy lording King, Apolyon, for him to  
bestow  
upon thee his fetid blessing, delivering up his sacred  
prince,  
the lord of Chaos, Antagonism and Suspense. This dark saint, thence,  
shall then march forward unto the fairy princess,  
causing her to feel the forces of dread and woe,  
until she allows thy people and thou the liberty to go.&quot;

So then the imp heeds her dark words of twisted knowledge,  
horribly mistaking them for gifted wisdom.  
Thus...out in hinter most wilderness dark corner, keeling in  
homage  
to the Lord Of Dark lies and deceit, pleading unto him in  
his enthroned kingdom  
to intercede in his own behalf.  
Thus didst Apolyon's disdainful figure appear from the thin air,  
demanding that he forbear his request until the light of day hath passed.

&quot;Was it not thee who sought out my relaxing presence?  
How wouldst thee dare disturb my rest,

beseeking me loudly in my very residence!  
Even demanding from me my very best! &quot;

The trembling imp...now one so terrified,  
glanced with wide paled eyes from side to horrifying side,  
knowing not what to say or even how to reply....  
He could only attempt to gaze forth into a face so  
repulsive,  
then only hanging his face toward the ground, trying not to sound explosive.

&quot;Yes the guilty one was I,  
though I am not a saint..., sir I can never tell a lie;  
my intention was never to disturb you,  
but to beseech only in earnest request...with a last gasping  
sigh,  
just to see what it was that thee would then do.&quot;

Apollyon laughed in a voice that thundered on the raging wind,  
then the darkening skies cleared as the streaking lightening went.  
The malicious genie then paused with both muscle bound arms crossed,  
gazing down upon the poor imp o'er whom he knew himself to be boss.

&quot;Very well, &quot; he did thunder, &quot;if thou be brave enough to  
endure the loss.,  
indeed I am most certain that thee hath once pondered and waved all of the  
cost?  
The one whom advised thee to approach and brave the tempest roll,  
casually neglected to inform thee...that my price extracted  
shall be thy blundering soul.&quot;

&quot;Oh please, there, Mr. Genie, &quot; begged the poor imp.  
&quot;I am begging of you just one more attempt  
to sway the fairy princess, both very chaste and wise,  
to let me and my people go, if you could so advise? &quot;

&quot;Very well then, &quot; replied the genie, &quot;do as thee feel so led,  
but I shall now inform thee that thy forlorn effort is dead;

for the princess' heart is as solid as granite stone,  
her concern is preserved for her own extravagant wealth...  
and let lavish living be her only song.  
Thou art only born to exist as her sweat drenched laboring  
mule....  
Thy miserable life in her fields shall surly be thy only  
incessant rule."

With the peach rise of the morning sun,  
the imp did make his way toward the gardens and the  
vineyard run,  
approaching the delicate fairy princess with the question  
hot on his mind,  
the answer looming ever still that he was hoping to find.  
In great reverence the imp didst dare to approach,  
dropping down upon a single knee in earnest beseech,  
placing both hands together in humble pining bow,  
dearly requesting that the princess honor his earnest  
avow.

"Please my dearest Mrs. Xantho,  
of my gasping plea thee does surly know  
that I only desire my freedom of will.  
If it is that I should only freely come and go,  
but of thee thou wilt possess my devoted loyalty still,  
I in gracious earnest desire to impart so."

The fairy princess laughed deeply from within,  
her face then streaked with a thin waxing grin.  
Her beholding the imp...donned in perfect dress and tie,  
she could only shake her head in wonder as to why.

"Where as thy lavish provider hath now been me,  
thy only indenture is unto thee, when it is that thou art free.  
When ye precious suit and tie...ye must surly forbear,  
what then may ye endeavor to wear..., rag cloth, possum  
skin or hare?  
When thy food is caviar, rice and tender river cane shoots,

when ye are then forced to forbear, what then may be thy nourishment...,  
carrion, rat flesh and tuckahaw roots?

What manner of employment shall sustain thee,  
when thy only labor hath been in support of this elegant mansion house  
and it's affluent company? &quot;

&quot;None-the-less Mrs. Xantho, please allow my wishes to be,  
my dear heart desires it's passion of will,  
for my poor soul yearns only to be free....

Does not the robins desire to cross o'er on high still,  
when the fall arrives and the far south is best to be?  
Does not the graceful stag choose to roam woods and open fields,  
so that only he may profit from their bounteous yields?  
Well in likewise fashion, so do I  
desire to go by my own design.  
By my own ingenuity any resulting possible wealth  
shall be my soul pine.  
If all else should fail, Mrs. Xantho,  
then by the rights of my own labor, I shall do just fine.&quot;

The fairy princess did take a deep sigh,  
only to shake her golden head in wonder as to why...  
When one lives so well and enjoys life in the shade  
that he would choose to abandon all of it for poverty on  
any given day.

&quot;Well..., so it is that we shall simply just wait and see.  
On occasion it takes time for the mind to conceive  
the folly that it has come to believe,  
when all appears so much better, indeed...,  
from where it is that he stands making his foolish reprieve.&quot;

Late that night the wicked genie did reappear,  
his haunting spectrum, ever so near.  
The imp now came to dread his daunting approach,  
for he knew well that into his breast the evil hand desired  
to encroach.



"Very well then ye foolish imp,  
allow thy bumble wishes now to initiate.

For presently unto me thee hath made thy request,  
if ye should ever turn and run, I shall lay thee and all of  
thine to waste.

Now there is no turning back.  
Thy request was the gift of thy infinite liberty and without  
haste...,  
and soon the price shall come due unto me of thy most  
treasured best.  
Had ye chosen to remain, then ye might have been  
allowed  
the granting of another deep silent, most secret debauched  
wish....,  
that being the sight of unadorned pastel flesh;  
but since ye have thrown it all away on whimsical thoughts,  
now there is no turning back to obtain thy corrupting wants.  
Now have a bit more patience and heed these dire warnings,  
for soon there shall come a mighty storming  
upon the grand estate of the fairy princess...until the  
moment is right,  
then she shall allow ye and all of ye impish kind  
to flee away into the bleak stormy night."

"Oh dear Genie, " sighed the imp, "if only I could now retreat,  
  
my poor eyes could tingle then with enraptured glee,  
for there is no other pleasure that it's good feeling may  
beat  
that that of my poor eyes beholding chaste pastel flesh...  
so clean.  
So pleasant is the sight to behold, that I shall rhyme song  
and sing;  
for it's joy unto my eyes is far greater than that ever  
wrought by the precious sound  
of sweet freedom's ring! "

So on the ninth night from the genie's last visit  
the figure of Chaos did move upon the earth bound estate  
to insist  
that the hardened heart of the fairy princess reconsider to  
make reprieve,  
allowing the imp and his kind to have their unchaperoned  
leave.  
Not only that if she still should answer no,  
then the dark curse of Chaos would come to fill every estate  
in the entire land with woe.

Thus he  
being the second out-lander to move with envy  
for the fairy princess stable wealth  
in Rahab's wake.

In the witching moon of the twelfth striking  
did Chaos ascend upon the princess gracious estate,  
destroying all the lush gardens and the mansion, as it may,  
laying all of the lavish fields and stores to waste.  
When the imp did again make his approach toward her,  
once more her sharp reply was "no"; and without haste.

So again did Chaos move, but this time, to fill the entire land.  
Laying destruction upon every beast and the labored works of man.  
Now there existed no restraints upon the imp and those brutes of his own kind.  
They were at long last free to do according to the whims of their own mind.  
But before they all were to have their first dash toward their heart's desire,  
there was one more visitor who would appear unto them all,  
bearing a brilliant sword of perfect bronze, flaming with dancing mid-night fire.  
This visitor was a singing cherub from the supreme one..., so mighty and  
divine,  
who bore a punitive warning with all of them in mind.

"Yes..., do go and roam the earth in search of all that thee and thy vain  
kind  
may chance to find,  
but in thy desultory quest for luxury and liberty,  
just remember that ye neglected me for  
making thy first inquiry.

For all of eternity ye shall thus be reminded of my words.  
Do go on and take thy secular pleasures of purloined  
wealth  
and wasted corrupting pastel flesh;  
but for the sin of making thy appeal to Satan in bequest,  
one day thee and thy kind shall be bound in numbers  
greater than ever before heard,  
their shackles loudly snapping before thee can even pause  
to ponder or guess.

#### BEHOLD

The entire land shall then be infinitely liberated from thy  
noxious girth....  
Beware the first lure, which shall be thy profit in absence of  
any transfer in work.  
When the second lure shall be a dismantling absence of  
corporate regulation,  
the golden twin towers shall soon fall in great conflagration.  
When the restraints upon the subtle King's authority shall then see their  
removal,  
his absolute reign shall find it's superior mortal approval.  
Thus I tell ye, that thee and thy kind should tremble with  
trepidation and fear,  
for then ye complete damning subjugation looms near.&quot;

After the announcement of these words.., the imp did move on.  
The pleasures of the moment consumed his heart, soul, flesh and bone.  
His sons and daughters accept not tomorrows fate,  
for their gluttonous debauched desires can no longer wait.  
But so true to the angel's warning reprimand,  
the flaming towers have already collapsed into the sand.  
The king in command now bears no restraint,  
that precious doctrine of liberty he will soon move to  
taint....  
Then all of the imps shall exist as his own mortal bane,  
his sons and daughters forced once again to live in chains;  
their impish minds will never comprehend even their own pain,  
living only to gratify an elitist insatiable gain.

The good fairy princess...,  
though she wept in her bitter reprieve,  
her sons and daughters forced to forgo all excess,  
countless numbers choosing to leave.

In the passage of time she once again rose to her feet,  
though not yet nearly as strong, appearing somewhat  
weak....

She...despising the debauchery in the world around her,  
schemes to ascend into authority, hoping to remove the poisonous cancer.

In her heart she knows that one day her glorious reign shall somehow come....

She feels the celestial promise upon her face every morn  
with rise of the peach sun.

H.L. Dowless

# The Lady In The Sky

The wind is singing sweetly,  
can't you taste the blood wine?  
The gentle ladies are sighing deeply  
as the dulcimer plays that haunting pantomime.

I embrace the jaunting spectrum  
of that angelic maid who was so fine,  
as she endeavors to approach me from that distant hilltop castellum,  
seeking to bless me in her yearning embrace so divine.

Her spirit now doth completely envelope my form,  
her breath she breathes so sweetly as she layeth by my longing side.  
Her mid-night presence somehow hath become my norm,  
by me forever she shall now abide.

I feel her presence beneath my heaving bosom,  
her breath, her response, her pining sigh;  
her unadorned translucent figure appearing so eternally wholesome,  
like the surge of the oceans tide.

She doth so lavishly embrace me,  
the lover's most cherished skills she passionately invests,  
with no others ever seeking to divest thee  
of her presence nor her best.

When her greeting is all done  
and my loyalty hath completed her test,  
her spectrum figure gradually now fading only with the rising sun.  
Still I feel her presence beside me when I face the hazy west....  
Now the misty hilltop Burgus once again looms before me,  
of it's ancient presence my wretched soul can never digress.

H.L. Dowless

# The Truth About It

No more leeches, no more pain,  
no more reasons to explain.  
The way it all was, is the way that it shall stand to exist,  
no more reasons to resist.

The pain is too much, the loss too great,  
no more justification to debate.  
The time has come, since the hurt is still here,  
this bloody torture will never disappear.

They told me don't, but I just can't deny  
that the pain still hurts until I cry.  
I tried their false purloining cures, I took their poisoned pills,  
but they could never cure my wretched ills.

My fingers can't bend, my legs can't walk,  
but this hell that I am living is nobody's fault.  
My feet were born crippled, but my situation was their disciple.  
The conquest that was so near, was so inviting.

I went to their false schools, I sang their lying songs,  
but I never did find my place to belong.  
The day has come, this deed weighs heavily upon me that I must do,  
so don't anyone dare walk around feeling so blue.

This time for all draws ever so near,  
but I can tell ye people, that there is no reason to fear.  
Some say you will, some say you won't,  
but I say that their own looming future shall be their eternal taunt.

H.L. Dowless

# The Weight Of The Years

The Weight Of Years

Time knoweth not any strangers.

Unto those who lie and think that he has forgotten,  
their bodies and minds may continue on in silent danger,  
until the very best he has been allotted.

Thus do ye feel the dryness in thine eyes?

This feeling should accompany the one in thy hair.

Do ye feel the morning stiffness in thy thighs?

These feeling are all a part of the timeless game, so please don't despair.

All of these feeling shall intensify with every coming sunrise.

Does thy mind dwell on those past times divine,  
when all of life's experiences were adventurous and good?

Do ye consistently find thyself always for those days a pining,  
longing for those glory days lost where ye and all others understood  
that life was meant to be lived for the thrills and glory of simply being alive,  
savoring the very best of times that dear sunlight would afford?

If so then get on immediate alert,  
for thy weighted defeat shall soon be thy only reward.

Very soon the burden of the years  
shall crumple the body and weaken the limbs,  
installing those imposing assumptions and unverified fears.

Then the mind shall choose to dwell in a more pleasant time when  
that period of great misunderstanding nears.

So young one, count thy merry blessings as ye pass life though,  
live life to the fullest, without jeopardizing the pleasantries of thy future.

Thrive in ye victories and thrills all anew,  
for the weight of the years certainly has ye in it's indenture.

The weight of time will finally upon ye  
descend,

forever removing thy presence from all surrounding, without mend;  
so live life with fresh eagerness anew! .

H.L. Dowless

# To The Face Upon Yon Wall

To the face upon yon wall;  
did ye once grace some enchanted place,  
or did ye once guard some forgotten revered hall?  
Is thine image of some Inca King set in his ways?  
Was thy face once one of those great emissaries or one of the small?  
We can only imagine that thy face of porcelain was once one of a gifted  
merchant,  
standing forever as a shrine unto his days.  
Or is thy face that of the princess' secret lover, who endeavored to enchant  
her with his skillful graces?  
Maybe this image of thine is one among the laboring nameless who chanced  
to change some dark misfortune that came by royalties stay;  
Indeed where has it been written so that future time may have it's say?

Maybe thy face is of those divine,  
whose image was sought amid the rising midday incense smoke,  
when thy high priest designed  
to rip open the chest of some unfortunate bloke,  
holding his still bleating heart high  
toward the radiant one who could thus invoke  
those endearing feelings of the haunting pantomime.

Whom ever thy image is intended to conjure,  
whether it be one to invite an innermost light and intense passion,  
or one to inspire feelings of dread and woe,  
by thy image alone we all shall never know;  
still thy face of porcelain only possesses the same,  
for the lack of recorded knowledge is to blame.

H.L. Dowless