



Love

Poems For The Romantic Heart

D.N. Sutton

Love

How Moving The Wonder...

"...This day's tide is yours
This life now, love imperishable
Thunders on the beach of your own time."

Love
Poems For The Romantic Heart
by D.N. Sutton

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For Paul and Valerie
whose unfailing love made this book happen.

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How Moving The Wonder

Love

We cannot be split one from another

We of the same self, the one being

How moving the wonder

Single coin that is us

Two separate faces, two sides unlike

All of a piece

All of one core

The same in differentness

Marvelous the crafting of love

Melting, minting, melding

In fashion so mysterious it defies all.

Love so calm, so quiet, so steely certain...

Too intense, too pure

Too permanent for understanding...

There is only knowing, love

Your beautiful face

And the one voice saying

Forever, now, now

Before now

Beyond now

Love.

Alchemy Unknown

It could have been another man
But it was you
Another woman could have lain beside you
In the envelope of your arms
But it was I.

What sweet fate
What alchemy unknown
Brought base metal
Into unpredicted beauty
Gold from the quite ordinary
Substance of our lives
Defying all known laws of chemistry.

Yet it was chemistry that made love viable
Bringing the glint of undeniable value
To our everyday coin.

There are mysteries profound

Eyes of Thirst

(Young Longing)

Desert, ever the desert
And the mirage...
Green oasis of love
Beyond touch, taste, beyond grasp
Love seen wildly through the eyes of thirst
Its many-colored geography a map uncharted
Beckoning
Margins of its rapture only dreamed
Its ardor all unknown.

Again and again
Shadows strike
Sands quicken, closing over
And there is nothing
Only long halls of desert
And the pain.

Meteors of emptiness crash down
Winds of self-pity moan
Stirring up futile bitter dusts
Punishing impatient heresies.

But the long day continues calmly
Its sunlit clock
Playing patterns unforeseen
Sands extend and shift
Horizons wander
Blur, then clear.

Desert, ever the desert!
Where, when if ever
The green oasis of love
And the cool of the garden?

Moon Troth

(Young Love)

You the moon's man
I the moon's nun
We walk the moonlit sands
Scarcely touching hands
Encircled by desire
Restrained by fear of fire.

Moon, slim crown
Forever set
In the firmament
Ephemeral yet
Permanent
Lies on the heart in unseen bands
We wear its amulet.

These same strands
That tame the wilderness of tides
This same moon
In us abides
Invisible chains
Disciplining light
Controlling the unruly impulse
Of our veins
Until it wanes
Until yet another night.

We walk the moonblest sands
Holding hands
You the moon's man
I the moon's nun
Moon troth begun.

*No One Shuts Out
The Moon, My Love*

Moon, the moon
No one shuts out the moon
My love
No one who loves resists its spell.

Slim crown of the darkened skies
Moonlight on all lovers lies
On their hearts and on their minds
Mystic encirclement entwines
Desire and restraint
Fire and complaint.

Moon, the moon
Casts its bedeviling light
Purifying passion
Beckoning delight.

Moon, the moon
Who can resist
Its potent pull
Compelling light?

Moon, the moon
No one shuts out the moon
My love
Not this night!

Great Bird

Let the great bird of love loft in your being
Alight in unknowing crevices of the spirit
Hidden places you do not sense are there
But fill to bursting when the tide is in.

Legendary bird of love
So seldom seen comes seeking you
Winging in like a white fall
Dispelling dark floods of loneliness
Releasing the shackled heart.

Love, fling open your warming arms
Retract wounding tongues
And in communion
Melt the icicles of doom!

Love, where else haven but in you?
Where else eyrie when the winds are wilding
Where else tryst
Ancient as the oceans
New as one wave breaking?

This day's tide is yours
This life now, love imperishable
Thunders on the beach of your own time.

No, do not turn away the fabled bird of love
Wheeling down winded reaches of the world
In quest of you
Swooping in with providential joy
On the fated landmark of your Self.

You, Love, are the stronghold
Bird true, myth real
Love, pulse of life undying
Immeasurable, impregnable
In God.

Small Bird

Small bird, I
Landing
On the windowsill
Of your heart.

You let me in
To stay
In that sweet shelter
In that warm place
Winterbound in love.

Then in spring
Gala flight
Impassioned wing
Into sultry summer night
Soul birds singing
In shimmering, shadowy light
Earth and all surround
Acquiver in delight.

Too soon, too soon
Coming of the cold
Too soon the frost
But love, oh love is never lost!

With You As Mooring

Beloved
You are my oak
In the strong timber of your arms
I gain strength
Find new dimension
In the sturdiness of your being
I live.

With you as mooring
I am become a soul soaring
Skimming mountains I could not climb
Worshipping wild flowers I could not claim
The touch of your hand
Your lips
Sweet berries of love
Splashing color on the brown earth of our lives.

Beloved
In you
I am released
A high kite, winging free
Its invisible string
Anchored firmly in your heart.

There Have Been Loves Before Ours

There have been loves before ours
Loves that, like the sun
Emblazon the dark
Dark made bright
Cold made warm
Jungle tangle penetrable
Anguish bearable.

There have been loves before ours
Recent, medieval, ancient
Some, distant as the silver stars
Grown old but burning yet
Sweet sound in the soundless void.

There have been
Loves, lives, dreams
Brilliant, unique
But none stronger
None to last longer
Love, than ours.

Love controverts time
When the frail flesh perishes
Opening its cocoon
The waiting Universe
Embraces its own.

*I Am Come
Into The Morning*

Without you, love
I would have only known part
Not all
I would have missed much
The quiet woodlands of your being
Benediction of your calm
Without your presence
I would have been halved
Blurred, an echo.

If you had not come to claim me
I would have been bereft of self
Without partner
Without child
And the sweet song-birds of our lives
Would have been absent, silent
I would not have known where to shelter
And I would have wept.

But I have been blessed with my inheritance
I have been chosen your beloved
And you, I chose, as mine
We are met, mated, one
In the deepest recesses of all wisdom, God.

With you, love
I am come into the morning.

Not Since The Dawn Of Time

Not since the dawn of time
Has there been love
More than this...
Not since the constellations
Spilled out of the palm of God.

In me, now
That same pulse...
As when seas surged on the first shore
Leap of sea-foam
In my veins.

The warmth of your arms
Golden acreage of strength and sweetness
Sun, companion
And nights glittering fiercely
With the pure ice of diamonds
I am overcome
To have lain on the breast of the Universe.

I exult
I, who know permanence
I dare to breathe...
The distillation
Out of the eons
Is you.

Love Like This

Love
Breaks over the shore of our being
Like a great surf
Its power primordial.

What did we know of life
Until it swept over us
Its depths and mysteries
Wild kisses of the winds
Moments, becalmed
When spray stood still
Sun warmed?

In us
Elements conspired
Moon, sun, sand, sea
Converged
Tossing two laughing souls
On a holy beach.

Union, communion
Dreamed, undreamed...
Love like this
Captures the cosmos in its kiss.

*Were It Not For You,
My Love*

Were it not for you, my love
Not for you
I would have plummeted
Out of the sun-filled sky
Heart aflame
But spirit quenched
Cold stone
Falling broken and alone.

Were it not for you, my love
I would not now be flying...
Your embracing parachute
Its warming folds uplifting
Holding me
In gentle drifting.

Were it not for you, my love
I would have long ago been lost
In spiritual permafrost.

Were it not for you
Not for you...

Timeless Moments

How can one know
Who has not known
Great love
What great love is?
Great love outlasts
Transcends
Burns on in quiet incandescence.

How can one know
Who has never known
Timeless moments
Of the soul
Of God descending
Into the being
Mysterious pathways
To the core?

Some, most
Far too many
Have never known
Such bliss
For them, I wish more
Far more.

For me
I give thanks, profound
For this.

Some Must Find A Way

How in the leap
Over the canyons
Of the heart
Did we connect...
While others plunge
Into the crevasse
Of loneliness
Painful landings
On the edge of dream?

How in that wilderness
Did we converge on love
And love survives
Illuminating
The inner landscape
Of our lives?

Long standing celebrants
Of love
Are they so rare?
Some must care
Search for place
Soothing the
Jagged cut of need
In soft linings
Of themselves.

Some must find a way
To erase
The darkness of their day
Take flight
Into untrammelled
Impassioned night.

Some must deeply long
To transpose
Fleeting cadences of joy
Into undying song.

Others Have Come Before Us

Others have come before us
Who have loved...
Shadowy men and women
Out of whose loins
We built our bone.

Once they lived too
Felt the moon's touch
On the nape of the neck
Nostrils wakening
To the scent of Spring.

Fierce enjoiners of life...
Ancient packets of straw
Served as haylofts
For their flight
Into golden bursts of joy.

Some must have known
More than surge of the blood
Tasted of the rare honey
Of the beyond of love
From secret apiaries
Few had dreamed were there.

Others have come before us
Loved, lived, celebrating ecstasy
Knowing the knife of dark events
Can come down on the soul
Like a guillotine
Yet moments of great love
Burn on!

In The Long Climb

In the long climb
You were the pinnacle
The peak
At the shrouded summit
Clouds too dense to see
You were there for me.

Alone
I would have gone on
Laughed, played
Worked, prayed
And mourned
In quiet corners of myself
For you
The absent heartbeat of my life.

If I had missed you
I would have grieved
Knowing
I was of love, bereaved.

But I am blessed
In the long climb
At the high crest
Clouds still too dense to see
You my soul, my mate
Are waiting there for me.

New Arenas

In the dawn days
You were the morning glory of my being
I sensed you
Knowing you would take form
Affirming dream.

In the noon you came
Person real
Goodness bedrock
Calm, the calm of mountains
So quiet you were not there
So strong you were ever present.

Now, sunsets crimson
The sweep of decades
Has beauty of its own
Beyond expectation.

Night descending
New arenas open
Laughing waters cool us
And the feel of your hand
So familiar
Leads on.

Marriage Memorable

And so in this church we took our vows
This place of loving souls, dedicated bricks
This hallowed space, built like any other
Of sand and mortar, wood and stone
But sanctified by inclusive spirit
Made beautiful and holy by its heart.

In this enfolding house of God, at its warming altar
Our troth was blessed, made everlasting
Enduring, real, unreal, solid, ethereal
Interplay of light and shadow, laughter and longing
Our imperfect match transmuted into icon, legend
Finding immortality in grief and joy
Marriage memorable.

By God, I love you yet, I love you yet
As we face the vast unknown without regret.

When The Time Comes...

When the time comes
That time inevitable
When souls take their destined journeys
To the stars
You will be with me.

Not the young ones
Whose slender tethers swinging free
Send them into orbits of their own
And not the ones who came before us
On whose life ladder we climbed
To proclaim ourselves.

No, when the time comes
Time indisputable
It will be you and I
The same magnet that drew us close
Same compass that led us on
Same power that held us then
Holds us now.

We will move into the vastness
The coolness, the darkness
Two children holding hands.

Museum Piece

She was born on an island in the Aegian Sea in ancient times. She had slender wrists and a long slender neck with hair piled up in an elaborate head-dress — mark of the high-born — as was the girdle round her waist. Her husband, her lover, was a beautiful man with a great shock of curly hair on a noble brow. He looked like a leader, a lion, but he was more—a wise man and a tender father. Their days were calm and comfortable; their nights burst like starfire with the intensity of their passion.

But the river of time, the inexorable river, flowed on. In the long golden years their vows took on new dimension and she longed to seal them with another baby. They laughed at this charming absurdity and lived until in time the waters, the sand, the pebbles, the silt turned them to stone.

This did not dismay her because she knew love was forever. For hundreds of years she continued to wait. She liked her present abode on the top floor of the museum. On occasional bright days in this northern city, the sunlight burst through the skylights reminding her of home. She particularly loved the moonlight with its incandescent splendor, recalling the nights of love and communion that had illuminated their lives.

She did not know where he was and it did not trouble her. It was enough that he was, that he is, that no given moment in time ever dies. Who knows, she reflected, he could even be on another floor in this museum. This amused her. No matter! In time it would all play out.

So more years passed. One night when there was a particular hush in the cool night air, when the moon cast exquisite silvery light on her marble figure, a young man came out of the shadows. He looked so much like him, she mused, but alive, young and vital! Her numb heart stirred. He climbed her pedestal and grasped her in his arms. Gently he cupped her face in his hands, breathed kisses on her ears and eyes. When his warm full lips pressed on hers, sensation came back slowly and she fell into ecstasy. His hand on her cold breast stirred once again that sleeping stream and the cup of herself once more overflowed. She knew now it had to be him and that overpowering knowledge brought them once again into being. It was beyond dream, beyond expectation, beyond earth.

The next morning, at the base of her statue, the guard found a live infant, pink and well, wrapped in a gold-threaded blanket, lying in a basket of mysterious, ancient reeds.



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by
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D.N. SUTTON has been writing poetry since age seven, published first at age eleven in the Miami Herald and in numerous newspapers and magazines since.

As her books of poetry attest, she is a person who believes in the romantic dream-- that all dreams can in some measure be fulfilled. On this theme, the course she created *Presentation of Self* taught in colleges and universities, has inspired her students to bring the beauty and joy they wish for into their lives.

Trained for the theater, she was a professional photographer's model, a poetry editor, active in radio publicity and public relations. She continues to write poems, plays and letters-to-the editor, which she considers a privilege Americans can enjoy.

To read a collection of D.N. Sutton's poetry on the web, visit the SoulSite: www.SoulSite.com.

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