

POEMS TO READ. . . ON A DARK STORMY NIGHT

EXCERPT

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THINGS THAT GO BUMP ... IN THE NIGHT

For centuries, perhaps eons of time
the story is told with relish and rhyme
of fiendish blood-sucking *Vampyre* types
and hellish devil hordes with pointy horns
...conceived by the world so long ago
as a form of disquiet to the world at large,
of an authority beyond our five senses
darkly entrenched in myths and legends
...and of pacts given and promises broken
which unmercifully tease the fragile mind
and leave fear and dread...as a token.

Hoary night sounds are to warn the unwary
...for in evil...there is a strange code of misery
seldom broken by those so scary...and so,
when you close your eyes in sleep this night
you'll see these enormous fierce glowing eyes
seeming to come from the pits of hell
...of restless souls with teeth so sharp...and
witches and gremlins and snakes slithering
taking great pleasure in striking and biting.

There are scary secrets and mysteries frightening,
of ferocious wolves and unmerciful howling...
and great hairy beasts ever raging and roaring
...fearful mind invasions and slobbering shades
and many other things going bump in the night.
Sleep well, my dears and please, please...I beg
...don't let the swelling panic...and appalling terror
and the frightful dread...and the terrible horror
....ah well, you *do* get the picture...
....so...sleep tight.



WITCHES & WARLOCKS & DRUID'S KNELL

Shadows awaken me in my dream
...right is yon moon's cloud shaded light.
Rich is the darkness Witch and Warlock seem
to follow the gloom and doom in eerie delight
as they travel in the old ways of Witches Night.

Does no good to avoid the twain
nor beg their mercy in righteous bane
though honest souls wait beyond their reach
for dawn and dusk must go each...and mark well
...before power wanes and homeward they dwell.

The harvest moon is there to teach
...glowing in evening lantern's light each,
long before Ghosts and Warlocks take to flight
wreaking their havoc as an ensorcelled plan
...in midnight's knell of shame...so banned.

Along came a Druid with magic fine.
Said he, "*Caution, for it will be some time,
a' fore I can snuff the witches' ritual trine
But a' fear not ,they will bother you no more, I find.*"
...all said in Druid rhyme.

Old words these were from Druid Magic
freeing all doubt from those gathered near.
He dismissed the Witches as oh so trivial,
their souls so riddled...corrupt and disgraced
...for they'd danced with devil's first embrace.

He played a song upon his ensorcelled harp
...swayed and chanted from morn 'til dark
changing forever the glowing Devil's Moon
and in the end...and not too soon...
Witches and Warlocks were finally doomed.

The old Witching hour was gone, dismissed
and Ghouls and Ghosts were evenly dis'd
from every erudite pulpit in the land...and
when pure lightening cleansed the sky at dawn
...it burned bright evil magic...high and anon.

It's said Truth reigned without grief once more
though the sound of mischief still rent air afar
and a shriek and moan still summons there
...and yet...its vapor convokes not despair
for the earth is bright with concern and care.

Druid's Magic vanquished the Witches all
and morn brought the breaking dawn to enthrall,
with sun rising full and glorious to horizons fell,
gleaming bold and gold and tattered not, nor stealth
while earth embraced a fitting...health and wealth.

Shadows of Mischief

Creatures of Shadows swirl in dank mist.
Creatures of Night loom and gloom...each
sending in dream-spells of dire mischief
meant to give fright under full moon's light.

Witches and Warlocks gather in secret...and
bond willingly with Goblins and Vampires of the night.
Crescendos of screeching and howling commences
...none meant to inspire...rather requires offenses

Graveyards and Skeletons draw the profane
...Wardens of Terror issue fire and brimstone
and line up their creepy doleful Henchmen
...to drive everyone insane in the interim

Misty currents of Doom linger evermore;
terror and tomfoolery awaits behind each door.
To save yourself, keep a light on in the window
'til dawn of morning clears cobwebs of cheekiness
...and Hallows Eve is once more...o'er.



Companion of Darkness

He reached his lair...hidden in the hills
with only fragments of time to spare...
before the sun climbed above the horizon beyond,
signaling destruction for his kind if he tarried there.
Behind him...he bolted the heavy rusted door
and felt his skin tingle and burn painfully o'er
from the promise of the sun's beginning warmth.

The growing dawn of the morning
brought overwhelming lethargy to his bones
draining him of his preternatural strength...
annihilation...if he didn't find darkness soon
in the earth damp waiting labyrinth below
before the earth allows the dawn to take her hold
and the sun stretches eagerly...giving life to the bold.

Without someone to share the darkness with,
how lonely the centuries were...yet fate was kind
for he'd found her waiting last evening so fine
...his woman...so beautiful...so divine.
He'd stood in the shadows watching her,
every movement a symphony sung by angels
...and when she smiled at him...he knew.

For the first time in centuries he regretted
what he was...for she represented
everything he'd lost...never to have again.
When the sun once again set...he opened his eyes;
with a smile on his face, he rose from his forced sleep
and melted into the mists and mysteries of darkness
...eager...until he could race to his beloved's side.

He held her gently as she slept in her innocence
...his fingertips drifting over her hair and skin,
tracing the sweetness of her mouth...her life.
He caressed the gentle curve of her cheek
and then...he bent low to her throat to drink deeply
and to make her his own...this very night.



Lady of the Night

Swirling mist...and deeper shadows
hid any sounds he made...whether far or wide
as he eagerly searched the countryside
for he was a stalking night predator
searching for tender innocent prey
as he moved with stealth across the night sky.
He hid the power of his *Vampyre* nature
which spoke and rumbled through his veins
...a ruthless, sinister monster he was...
helplessly trapped in a slumber...for all of day.

He could shape-shift so easily...
becoming part of the land...or the weather
...or the nighttime mists...the past...or future,
and he could run with his companion wolves
or soar on high like an eagle in flight
flying across the heavens in the pale moonlight.
On this night he was searching for a needed mate
for all eternity...to be a part of his fate.
And then...a thought without form or shape
grabbed at his jaded mind...as he lay-in-wait.

For an instant...he caught the scent of woman
...the one...who will couple with him
and live with him...at eternity's gate.
"Enchantment," he whispered,
as she turned to meet his hypnotic gaze for
his voice was a seductive rumble to her ear.
Torrents of passionate emotion overwhelmed him
and the sea pounded relentlessly at the cliffs
...keeping a thrumming, humming beating time
with his earnest preternatural heart.

Her comeliness was sinless...so exquisite
he wanted to dance forever with her
under the spell of the glowing moonlight.
He called to her...lavished his sensual attention
and drew her to the edge of the moors to seduce.
His body ached with the carnal wait...and
it was all he could do to tamp down his passion
so he didn't appear the drooling *Vampyre* fool.
He moved in closer...and closer still
and sniffed the perfumed air like a hound
...responding to her silky feminine heat.

He touched the warm skin of her cheek
and it brought blood tears in his need to mate.
Boundless passion raced through his loins
...heat...fire...a longing so intense,
a hunger so unforgiving and unquenchable
as to take one's breath away...if only
he could claim a breath of his own, that is.
She answered with a passion unlike any other
...and so...he would make her one with him
to live with him in the dark shadows of the cliffs.

His fangs lengthened and prickled a bit
...he savored the moment in his mind.
His mouth settled on hers for a lingering kiss
and sparks of desire leapt over his fine ancient skin
...while limbs and hearts entwined so fine.
It was a sizzling flame to nearly consume him
as she enfolded him...and willingly embraced
...as others of her kind would never dare.
The wind shrieked and moaned and rose in fits
as the ritual began to take on a life of its own...
and he began to bare her luscious body to his gaze.

Lightening arched and crackled in the wind
...the heavens darkened with preternatural shame
as the power fused them forever and ever...and
when he was done...he drank and drank his fill.
Gargoyles and serpents and winged creatures
and other lords and demons of the night
...took to the air in boundless leaps of pleasure
and raucous, unrestrained indulgence
...and each celebrated the rite of her change
...this gathering of a *Vampyre* mate.

His beloved then became part of his darkness
and he, the wandering Vampyre of the night
...was left to drift lonely no more.

When she awoke from her ritual stupor,
he showed her the gifts she had in store,
those of preternatural speed and incredible vision,
an ability to shape-shift...and uncanny hearing
...and she smiled and took them in all
She is now his to command...and treasure
...his *Lady of the Night*...forevermore.