Erinn's Child

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ERINN'S CHILD

Dancing on a strand
of moonlit beach
my laughter was as pure
as the squeaky sand
i was hoping the moment would
crystallize...
i would die happy.

*

And in the drenching grasses,
stately tall by the river,
a lazy day of meditation spent--
wondering in awe
of the life in the earth,
it passed my mind to wonder where
you were,
but as a fragment of a song was
remembered--
and who introduced you to a
more worldly frame of mind,
i wondered no more.
You were gone and the memory only
breathed softly...
everywhere.

*

The dance steps faltered in midway--
poised on the wings of a darkened stage--
i found it was I performing only
for me.

Was this satisfaction?
All those child heros and dreams
a faint twinging of conscience alone?
No less than human,
i proceeded to entertain
anyway.

*

sprinning,
a dervish glory,
until the room blurs and my eyes close
in little comfort found.
Bright moonlight glows only brighter
off your skin.
so raw and tender when no one else...
There was an earlier time
when shudder and strain
came with the slightest suggestion...
Now its sadly an embarrassed situation,
full of contrition for you,
fear of wrong for me.
Why must legends die?

*

Laughing eyes
first dispelled me from the crowd.
The black druid dances,
unexcited
to a tempo merely imitated, merely learned...
no light of higher grace shines
from timeless eyes.
Your shifting becomes
ragged shuffling and dusty temptations,
which shift before your limited scope.
In a sudden transfer,
a light--but aren't they deeper--encounter,
and you're turning again,
smiling at inner visions,
sighing at nights remembered,
mornings, afternoons, fears of satisfaction--
did it matter now that you had
the controlling
circles?

* 

The hidden glade
she could have no children, she feared
responsibility and pain.
she could have no lovers, the binding
only forced her to face
self-denial
and compromise.
I waited one moment too long to free her.
The easy summer,
the easy dance of sexuality often performed,
becomes internal pressure,
external resentment.
The mirror caught me,
transfixed me beside you,
anonymously fixing your hair,
And I was stricken to think:
must I, too, perish in your worldly
ways,
And was God only a poor man's hope?

* 

The starry ice
was a mirror,
frozen circles of breath as I
tried to
imagine a dormant world beneath
my warm feet.
Fast becoming a toy
for token submission to a subculture
which fascinated you--
Why do I allow this to continue?  
And straining again  
to touch your every inch,  
satisfied on the brink  
of stark insanity,  
my spirit strikes wildly at the searing  
flames that torment me alone and cold;  
could this be love?  

*  

Colored and clear stones  
smooth, cutting, so shining  
(your eyes)  
once held fascinated a sand-castle queen.  
Then came periods of loss  
and I quickly stepped by,  
not remembering  
their special value and intrinsic worth.  
No more,  
created on a wave,  
a sea-bird carved its way through  
the evening sky  
And the darkening shadows on the stones  
captured my breath  
tore open my feelings,  
the ecstatic murmuring of  
continual waves  
reached crescendo as  
I bent, how paganistically  
rudimental of me to  
worship your beauty  
in the scent of a salt-water rose.  

*  

It's spring mourning time,  
it's poet-blind time  
and time to break the crest of wave,
scream nonsense and shout
at distant strangers.
Where has it taken me,
but only in a maze of confusion?
who am I to condemn the hang-man?
His death will soon enough come--
reconstruction is so hard.

*  

Talking boxes,
remember the first time taking
the step to call
and it was an old man,
a stranger with a tobacco-spittled voice
and so grizzly, who was gruff
and unfriendly.

I had no friends on the phone.
In desperation, my maturation comes--
I can't turn back to winter and
awe,
and cannot throw stones on the beach
or watch rainbows,
the mystery is far removed.

*  

Rediscovery for these timeless things,
entered one winter night as I lay anxiously
in your warmth--
and in the afternoon,
the tenderest implosion--
(NOW) I didn't like to dwell on
the present until
now.  the moment of fear;
the time of realization:
no more than a game on one hand,
but how I fiercely drove myself into a
small heart,
so that i could hope for a place in time.

/Charla Johnson/