

Ode to the Crone

You are sour
like milk
left too long
on the table.
It was never
your choice
or doing
how hurricanes
battered
the walls
of your garden
until it caved in
on itself.

You are sunlight
held captive
in the abyss
of waiting.
A thirsting drunk
who overstayed
the vacuous heat
of a solitary desert.

Now the rain
descends
from heaven,
but your seed
too dry to sprout,
slowly decays
in its birth tomb.

There is no
turning back.
The mystery of time
a one-way moment

climbing mountain
up to the sky,
then down again
by the other side
into hollow ground,
a lair of ravenous tigers,
a den of thieves
hiding in ambush,
with stench, howls, shrieks
and coos of seduction,
tornados swirling
in the distance
threatening
to suck all innocent things
into the vortex
of chaos,
leaving shambles
profusely scattered
in a junkyard
of heavy dust
that covers
and shrouds
your escape,
like
a prisoner doomed
to indeterminate
confinement
where
critical eyes
peer
in judgment
from their dark robes.

Yet, there is
this place where
your soul breathes
and sings

in a forest
of healing
and honey bees.
Where rays of light
filter through the branches
with the orchestra
of insect bird tree frogs
to lift away the fog.
A wonderland
of eternal spring
that secretly lives
within your silence
composing songs
that play
original melodies
for lovers
who join each other
in the dance.

This place
invisible
cannot be
coaxed
from hiding
or exposed
by the multitude
of rambling thoughts
that crowd
its sweetness
with waves
of mindless
mundanities.

Only one real key
of hopes and dreams
opens this door
casting spells

for the living
with swords of fire
that pierce the layers
of delicate veils
and release them
to fly free
in the wind.

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