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ONE TIMELESS DAY: Landscapes of a Soul

by Jeri Castronova

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ONE
TIMELESS
DAY:

*Landscapes
of a Soul*

JERI CASTRONOVA

One Timeless Day

Landscapes of a Soul

J E R I C A S T R O N O V A

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One Timeless Day

Landscapes of a Soul



JERI CASTRONOVA

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This is truly mileage poetry,
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It is a mélange of topics that reveal the pleasure,
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of one poetic mind and heart.

This collection may not be for everyone,
but you may find lines of poetry,
words of love,
articles that tell of sacred truth,
and gifts of the goddess
to which you can relate.

May you enjoy what touches your heart
and leave the rest.
It is the truth of who I am . . . no degrees,
no credentials, no titles,
Well, maybe one:

The Poet

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Prologue

I traveled to the farthest reaches of the tunnels of my mind and opened wide the treasure chest that lay hidden in the depths. There I found the yellowed pages of a lifetime's words willing me to bring them into the light of the sun.

I obeyed the words and brought them up and began to read. They told me of the past in this life and in others that I had forgotten. They said, "Behold your visions and your dreams that now awaken you to who you are. You truly are a being of many facets, as a precious gem who comes out of the hard earth into the light by your own toil. You have honored us by your steady mining over years of keeping us alive as you live your life and making us a part of it."

I answered, "Your words honor me, as the Muse of the Goddess honored me so many times in her heart to mine."

Now the Muse is back—Mother Mary, Isis, Venus, Magdalena, Beatrice, Sappho, the starry sky that holds me in her embrace and inspires the divine words that reach into my heart and speak their truth.

Enter now, beloved reader, into the timeless song of the sweet beings that are words. They allowed me to use them in expressing all the joys, miseries, pain, and finally karmic victory of a life like any other life that honors precious Gaia.

The Poetry State

Call me dead

My words are written in the tombs long buried by the past. Symbols of beauty and wisdom, they remain on the chiseled walls unread by any human eye. Unacknowledged by a single being. For I am one of the nameless artists of the pharaoh. A willing voice to his rule over a land of abundance.

I learned my craft early, one of the chosen who were nurtured to achieve their highest passion and talent. A force were we in our gang, proud in our roles, free in our expression to seek ultimate creativity. Our work, unseen except by priests and pharaoh, remains our tribute to immortality.

I sing to you, poet of the future, whose eyes, if chosen, fall on these words. Know this: if you call forth what is within you, then you will bring forth life. We speak across time and space. We reach out our hands to grasp the words we each still seek that bind together the gift of ages.

To you, my future Self who reads these words:

Behold Your Magnificence

What Is Poetry?

Poetry is the capture of a mood, a thought, an idea, a feeling, as the camera catches precious moments.

Poetry comes from the space between desire and fulfillment.

Poetry is simply a matter of finding similarities.

Poetry is the result of finding the sacred space within and coming back to tell about it.

Poetry is the authentic voice of the Spirit.

Poetry lies in the vastness of the unknown. It is found by the faith of the child, explored by the willingness of the imagination, guided by the joyfulness of the Spirit, and returned to somewhere in the Poet's heart.

Being present in a room-full of art by Van Gogh, Monet, and Rubens, brings tears to my eyes, for I feel the painting first, then see, and sense what the artist felt at the expression of creativity, as some lines of poetry bring tears to my eyes when I hear them first, then write them.

If I could exist each day, all day, in the "the poetry state," that exalted place that fills my soul and lifts my heart, I'd be in another dimension. The world is too easily forgotten, and my cat needs to be fed.

In the cosmic reservoir lies all the poetry ever written and to be written. Going there is easy. Trusting the guide to lead me to the right spot, which bait to use, and when to lower my line, is trickier. For me, not for them. Once I realize the bait is

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faith, I'm rewarded with a big fat one. Once hooked, it's usually easily landed, if I remember to keep steady and feel the fish, not getting overly excited, scared of losing it, or even blasé. And as with fish, the original luster is somehow lost by the time I get back to shore. But the final taste, the final reading, is greatly satisfying.

In poetry lies the true power of descriptive phrases. How one's body feels on reading poetry is the true judge of good poetry.

How shall I say it? Whether the blessing comes at the beginning of a sacred act, or at the end, is determined by the focus of intent and if the intent stayed on track.

Poetry is the closest thing to union in the spirit world.

Poetry is the expression of the different levels of passion. In the middle of a dark forest, poetry is the light one feels in the heart that dispels the fear and propels the feet onward.

Destiny's Desire

Poetry itself draws me back
As you, my inspiration pulls me from
 The darkest grasp
When though for sorrow's pity
 I return into a pit of past
Familiar feelings yet undone
And begin again to lose myself
 In dire thoughts
 Or manic seizures
 Or obsessive overrides,
The thought returns and you are in my sight
And lure me back until my fingertips
 Know neither end nor start
 In touching yours.

You, Beloved, return my kisses
 With a passion deep
And purple light descends from somewhere
In the mingling of our breath's desire
To meld the moment's song of
History's separate fantasies
 Into destiny's plan
To meet once more in
 Sacred time.

Threshold

Another night has come
and my soul cries out
in the silent wave of sorrow
that comes upon the wind
and is carried through the darkness
to the empty valley of tomorrow.

What is this trace upon the wind
as elusive and as restless
as the tips of white upon the ocean from afar —
never quiet nor quite the same
but at night under moon and star
you know they're there
stirred by shifting winds of time
and the motion never ceases but remains and increases
belying all the turmoil raging wildly underneath.

The times when I sought the feeling of belonging:
to a nation where I could be a patriot
and stand with those who know the constitution
and how it rhymes with freedom;
to a city whose people never take
their civic pride for granted;
to a group so filled with purpose as to be myself
were somehow superficial (or was it really I?)
and they're past but the part that remains
has deepened and ingrained itself, a start.
At last.

What is that which fills my heart with yearning
to something I have never known, never seen, never
sought?
A burning so intense I weep

Jeri Castronova

for that unblown thought not yet upon the wind
for it is as a child unborn
a promise still within the fold of heaven
like a wild wave within the deep who must by fate
find its way on its own,
like a sheep its home, to the safety of the shore
and it rides or it sleeps and carries on its tides
all the souls of those who weep,
who never found their home before.

The specter of the future haunts
my mind with blinding wants —
without a clue or a map to find the way to logic
and its partner, sense,
from common into uncommon
mingles with the rhyme
of quickened time producing in intent
vexations of a vague discontent.

The soul of the poet seeks wings
to the realms of hallowed fancy and mystic shores
to find the sacred pearls strung through endless years
by countless tears of joy and sorrow
shed by lovers separated by the fates
unbound until tomorrow.
Dare I loosen your shackles to the Earth
to allow you to fly
to the realm of the poet
To taste that finer air outside the Earth
where only you can breathe and then give breath
to children that I never had?

The soul of the lover
always seeks to find its beloved
as the sunlight strains
to reach the floor of the forest

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between the branches of the trees
and the carpet of leaves,
as the petals of a rose
reach out in thirst for the first
dew of the morning to touch it
creating with that touch
a scent of such ethereal blend
as future mirrors past.
Are you the petals, oh my soul,
awaiting the first drops of dew from the dawn?
(I am as prophecy had time never begun).

Do you await your breath, your fragrance?
If so, I leave you on the vine
and do not clip you
from the stem
to place you in a vase
to grace the top of the piano
(a single bud which, in time,
if brought inside and not allowed fresh air will wither)
so you may seek that promise
that will bring your fragrance to the world.

You hunger as a babe in pain who never gets enough
or as a chick whose mouth is always open
for a morsel
from its parent
that unknown source—
a god —
who always bestows its blessings.

That part which lies so far away that we can't see,
but which sees us and knows all our moves
and all our wrong moves
and judges not
stills not my heart,

which beats so fast
no longer inside my body but somewhere struggling,
where lies the visions of the masters
and I am left as one who needs her master's voice
to tell her how to fill that empty space.

My master's voice said: "You are your master's voice
and you are your own master."

How dare the world expect the few
To rescue it and smooth its
Warped indentations and
Palsied sores of centuries
With soothing karmic strokes?

I dare not stroke the world until
My coarsened hands are softened
And my prints are worn from use,
So as I stroke the world
No hint remains
That the fingerprint
Was mine.

Pre-Traumatic Stress Disorder

Poetry sneaks up on you.
It can hit you with an uppercut,
or it can come from behind and blindside you.
Either way, you seldom see it coming,
and you never think you'll fall for it again,
but you do.
You do.

And what's more, you love when it happens,
because it may be the only time you honestly *feel*,
and you're the only one that knows,
and you hope no one saw you flinch, or take it full on,
but *you* know,
You know,

and deep down, you love it when you know, because poetry is
honesty.

It comes from the deep well where we all drink,
where we all touch the same reflections, and know the same
ripples.

We recognize the depths of the poet's soul as our own,
and wonder at the meaning of it all,
and the light behind our eyes.

Jeri Castronova

Enter through your being
The sounds you've never heard
Sensuous as water
Pores the written word.

Haiku



Seek not the ending
'Til the radiant rainbow
Sings her song



Enter through the mirror
Where god awaits
Perfect harmony



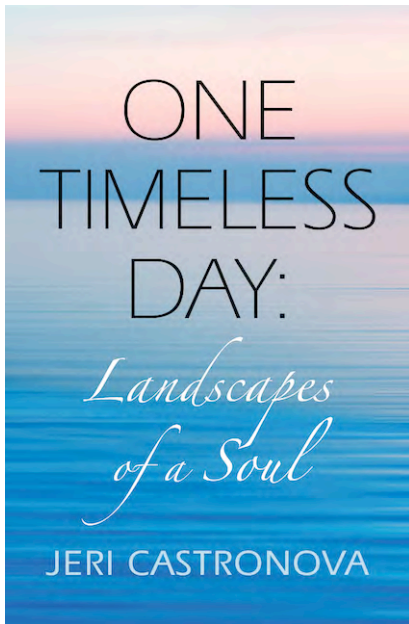
Attend the
tender senses
Of divinity's embrace



Choose wise the key
That opens every door
It waits for you



Your presence
Is a catalyst for a
Magical rebirth



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