

## POETRY

### Seven Journeys    **Liona Boyd**

Come...  
Come with me  
Come with me on a journey  
On a journey through time  
Come with me on a journey that has no end  
A journey guided only by love

From distant mystic mountaintops  
Down twisting pathways, step by step  
Past half forgotten memories  
And half forgotten lives  
Past precipice and waterfall  
Below the sacred rocks  
We'll find the fertile valleys  
Where the pearly rivers flow

We'll lie in meadows damp with dew  
Feel golden sun and saffron light  
Till we remember long ago  
So long, so very long ago...  
Monastic stones and misty moors  
Those muffled drums and marching feet  
Those echoes only time can hear  
Beyond the fading hills

Come dance with me in three four time  
Unlock the ballroom door  
Where velvet shoes and silken skirts  
Once swept across the floor  
Now rain falls on these marbled halls  
Their statues dispossessed  
Where only thunder claps alone  
And lonely eagles nest

Let's steer through floating markets  
In a creaky wooden boat  
Hear morning chants and temple bells  
Beyond the jasmine fields  
We'll navigate these serpent shores  
Pass through the tangled vines  
Then rest our oars to dry beneath  
The dark blood orange sun

A cold north wind, a warm lake breeze  
A sunburst cloud, a sudden shower  
A loon that calls across the lake  
A sigh of joy, a search for love  
A rainbow in the night  
A million steps, a million miles  
A voice that sings, a heart that breaks  
A story told, a secret shared  
Our journey has no end~

March, 2009

#### **OH GUITAR!**

Oh guitar!  
female form that seized my senses  
silver strings that claim my soul,  
sing to the night of a thousand moons  
and hold for ransom the gypsies muse.

bathed in the perfumes of Granada,  
brushed by the desert's dusty kiss,  
with music whispered to the wind  
seduce the new world's virgin heart.

so like a lover take these hands  
held hostage to the end of time,  
pay homage to the poet's words  
"La vida es sueño, pero sueños  
sueños son."

#### **¡OH GUITARRA!**

forma femenina que cautivó mis sentidos  
cuerdas de plata que dominan mi alma  
cántale a la noche de las mil lunas  
y guarda como rehén a la musa gitana.

bañada en los perfumes de Granada,  
acariciada por el beso polvoriento del desierto,  
con música susurrada al viento  
seduce el corazón virginal del Nuevo Mundo.

y como un amante toma estas manos  
raptadas hasta el fin de los tiempos,  
y rinde homenaje a las palabras del poeta  
"La vida es sueño, y los sueños sueños son."

*Liona Boyd*

*Liona Boyd*

May, 2001

### **Death on a Morning Walk**

He was still breathing when I found him  
in the middle of the road  
cars swerved around me  
two Mexican gardeners laughed  
I gathered him into my mail-order straw hat  
his small velvet body plump and pliable  
his soft auburn tail flecked with amber  
he was still warm when I ran through our garden  
to set the hat on a concrete step  
my teardrop made a dark stain  
on his perfect little paw  
I almost believed he was only dazed  
any moment he would start with fright  
and scamper down our ivy embankment  
away from the road of cruel tires and careless drivers  
but from his mouth seeped a thin line of blood  
a berry red stain on pale straw  
and suddenly his body felt cold  
his pupils glazed like the scratched glass eyes  
of my stuffed bears  
I dug a hole and buried him  
In the soft earth beneath our bottle brush tree.

*Liona Boyd*

Oct 12, 1998

### **Along The Highway**

I see them by the roadside  
as I travel along the highway  
and I watch the cars whizz by  
not looking nor even caring  
about the wild creatures lying dead  
at the edge of the road  
the rabbit sprawled on the soft, hot tar  
his fur drying clotted with blood  
and the blue-jay his wings broken  
his soft blue plumage stirring  
as the trucks roar past  
the butterflies smashed on hard car windows  
and hurled broken and crumpled  
into the ditch full of broken beer bottles  
paper-cups and cigarette stumps  
the highway so cruel  
to the things of the forests  
the small furry creatures  
who live in the meadows  
the wild things that don't know the purpose or reason  
for the highways and cars  
that kill then forget them

*Liona Boyd*

Aug 2, 1966

1975 BC/Yukon Tour LB. 2011

Sixty below, December in Whitehorse  
My nose froze shut, my chest complained  
Blinding blizzards, black ice, sleet  
Howling winds, days dark by five  
Ploughs and fir trees, piles of snow

Mountain roads, the drive from Dawson  
Static electricity on hotel rugs  
Sparks on my hair, sparks on the sheets  
My gown freshly ironed on the double bed  
A cup of tea in my plug in pot  
A hot bowl of soup, a luxurious bath  
Oranges and chocolates, a gift from the manager

My Ramirez guitar in the back of the car  
The case wrapped up in a borrowed blanket  
A long thin crack in its rosewood back  
Scotch taped together hoping it holds

Four school shows, young people's smiles  
Teachers, questions, wide eyed kids  
Evening concert, no empty seats  
Music joining us together  
Albeniz, Tarrega,, Bach and Boyd  
Applause, autographs, fond goodbyes

The warmest welcome, the coldest place  
"You will come back?"..." Say you'll come back"  
30 years flew passed, but I never did.  
Sixty below, December in Whitehorse.