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# ODE

It was a silent, sorrowful convoy  
of shapeless, drab, grim shades;  
a bizarre, weird motley crew, who  
kept me tied to painful yesterdays,  
following me around relentlessly  
like my own shadow, everywhere I went,  
calling me, invitingly, into their nothingness:  
I, devoid of purpose; they, burdened with intent.  
And so, I roamed this bleakest sphere  
almost sightless; all was blurred and hazy,  
caught in a sunless, gloomy nightmare  
worth of the darkest dreams of Piranesi;  
but then, so gracefully, she came to find me  
and all was transfigured, into that garden  
where we walked hand in hand in ecstasy,  
enthralled, in wonder, and enchanted.  
It was Spring: Nature decreed life  
and our world turned sunny and clear;  
those spectres, with all their woes,  
then just had to disappear;  
for she took me somewhere else  
and those phantasms surely did know it:  
it was the blooming month of May,  
and she crowned me poet.

My simple words upon the page  
up to that point, at best  
had been unfocused visions  
holding vague promises of success;  
but mostly, through those lonely times,  
in confusion, at their worst,  
they seemed mad ramblings from an author  
half-man and half-ghost.  
It was with poppies and roses  
that spoke of passion, all in red,  
and perfumed laurel that she made  
the crown she put on my weary head,  
Suddenly, I was infused with Spirit  
that coming forth from her sweet breath  
magically turned into a crown  
what once might have been a funereal wreath.  
And now, as we live in the domain of Love,  
through the wind, everywhere, Spirit shall blow it;  
it was the blooming month of May  
and she crowned me poet.