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Mere Shadowlands

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MERE SHADOWLANDS

(IN MEMORY OF C. S. LEWIS)

FOR THE ROMANTIC
THRU AND THRU,
WHO LEARNS TO ROLL
WITH THE PUNCHES,
WHO WALKS INTO
THE ANCIENT TWILIGHT
THRU VERMILION SUN
AND CERULEAN SKY —

FOR THE ROMANTIC
FROM SOUL TO SPIRIT,
WHO LEARNS TO RUN
INEBRIATED WITH LIFE,
WHO DRINKS THE WINE
OF CHRIST'S SACRIFICE
TO BECOME SOBER
ENOUGH FOR HIS TEARS —

FOR THE ROMANTIC
FROM FLESH TO BONE,
WHO LIVES TO DIE
IN THE VEINS OF DESIRE.
WHO SWIMS AGAINST THE TIDE
OF WHAT IS NOW SURGING,
TOWARD THAT DISTANT CHOIR
OF WHAT OUGHT TO BE —

WHERE DO THEY FIND SPIRITUAL REST —
A SIMPLE, DIRECT PASSIONATE QUEST
WHERE THE AESTHETE IS NOT SLAIN BY TRUTH,
WHERE AUTUMN'S FARFLUNG CEMETERIES
SUBMERGED BENEATH WET CHAMELEON LEAVES
MOCK THE SURE BEAT OF RELIGIOUS CANT —
WHERE ECHOING ANGLICAN BELLS CHANT
A SMOKY WAGNERIAN PURGE
OVER THE KILN'S HALLOWEEN DIRGE?

TO WHERE DO THESE
PALE SHADOWLANDS LEAD?
FOR WHOM DO THESE
MORTALS SILENTLY PLEAD?

— DANIEL R. MILLER