

Poetry Series

Alan Strand
- poems -

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Alan Strand(February 18,1953)

Alan is a both a lover and a fighter. He has traveled widely, loved deeply, and experienced enough for several lifetimes. The penning of poetry is often a cathartic exercise, one which gives him great joy and comfort, be they long or short, when love is done (for now) .

A Dangerous But Very Short Liaison

A small kiss,
And yet I reminisce
About Love done,
And dream wildly about
What may have just begun.

(Penned at 0330 hours,2003/11/16, after our first date)

Alan Strand

A Little Love

Just a little love
Is all I need
To get me through
Another day and night
Of missing you.

Just a knowing glance
A passionate smile
Your warm embrace
The touch of your face
On mine.

Just a run on the trail
Then stroke my hair gently
How about a hug,
All sweaty and hot
Is that asking a lot?

Just a squeeze from your hand
So I feel you are there
With me and for me
Then set me free
To savor our love.

Just a few kind words
Is all that I ask
To get me through
Another night and day
Of missing you.

(For Carla, 1988/11/11.)

Alan Strand

A Walk At Dusk

Big brown leaf
Fallen on a stone
No where to hide
I feel all alone.

Where is your mother?
Why must you die?
No heart to weep
No eyes to cry.

Fat black dog
Pulling on a chain
The master's in tow
Let's play a game.

Calm placid bay
Rocks on the shore
My hand's in yours
Can I ask for more?

Noisy geese honking
Fleeing from the dark
Winter is a coming
Freezing up the park.

Small dog barking
Gulls are on the ground
The air's so still
But so filled with sound.

Slow train chugging
Disturbing the dusk
The smell of leaves burning-
It is nature's musk.

(With Christiane at Shoreline Park, 1720 hours, 2005/10/23.)

Alan Strand

Afraid Of Love

I am afraid of Love
For when she stares me in the eye
I freeze, I fight to breathe
As I drown in a sea of uncertainties.
I dread the loss
Of what could be.

I am afraid of Love
Reduced to an emotional puppet
The links between motive and action
Seem so tenuous
As I labour on wobbly legs
Under the sheer weight
Of unworthiness.

I am afraid of Love
That never lasts,
I gasp at the pain passed
Before you came around
And found me
Or did I find you
To renew my monogamous vow
Now, until it ends.

I am afraid to Love
I am OK with the sharing
And caring, the giving and living
As we race into the future
One heartbeat at a time,
It rips me up,
Will you be mine?

I am afraid of Love
Let's be the best we can be
Is it destiny or should I be free
No, I've been down that path before
That exciting trail
Where ultimately avails- loneliness.
Ah, to wish for that special kiss!

I am afraid of Love
But even though she stalks me
In the dead of night
And lingers in dreamy sleep
Like your perfume on my pillow,
I clutch it close
And breathe in a deep sigh
For I am alive and I know
That Love will find me.

(For Christiane, 2002/10/21,0055 hours, at Rocky Point Pier.)

Alan Strand

Alone Again

From the moment we split
The chill of a cold Norse wind
Set upon the back of my neck
Hinting of summer's all too quick passing.
It is Fall.

And sure enough the paleness began
Drabbing the bay's shoreline
And leaving me feeling once again
That I was reeling into that empty abyss,
Called loneliness.

It pierces my heart and tears at my gut
Feeling the way an unfettered disease does
In a helpless and hopeless body.
Already mine is yearning and hungering,
For love.

I sense the disquieting stillness
That always precedes the storm,
And it makes me feel uneasy
Living in what I call
A void.

But I must breathe in courage
From the freshness of the strong Nordic winds
And rip down these trails
Chasing with determination
What ends up being,
My shadow.□

(00/08/29) □

Alan Strand

As Close As A Kiss

Where are you my Love?
I think of you often
Like when I am off
Far, far from home,
Or when the need
For sharing something special
Wells up deep inside
My otherwise vacant heart.

I feel your residual warmth
Licking my toughened skin
In the dying sun's amber glow.
I close my eyes,
I weaken,
And begin to sweat.

I see your kind and sweet
Faceless image
Transposed onto
Every glorious sunset.
Tears refract rainbows
That spill through my empty fingers.

I hear your whisperings.
Is it my name you call
As you playfully puff
In almost silent breaths,
Laughing at the
Bristling autumn leaves
As they fall dead and stiffly
All around
My lonely island of feet?

I sense your presence
In the immensity above
So I tell the rising mute moon
To shout out my love for you
And hope that her billions of celestial children
Will twinkle just a bit of stardust

Into the dark void
Where sweet dreams don't dare to go.

I savor slowly
The smell of the softness
In the nape of your neck,
Your exotica perfumes
The gentle ocean breeze
Making me believe
That you are
As close
As a kiss away.□

(Looking for you,2002/08/08)

Alan Strand

Bye For Now

Bye for now my love
I must think of you
As not driving away
But venturing forth
To where we will meet again

The tears that we both shed
Under pale moon light
Wash our souls clean
So that we may begin anew
Somewhere down the line

For destiny cannot ignore
Our love for each other.

(2008/06/27, 0245 hours, after saying good bye to Christiane.)

Alan Strand

Come Back My Love

Come back my Love
For cloudy skies grey
And bright leaves fall
When I reach into the night
And your gentle hand
Is not there

Come back my Love
For the lonely loon
Wails your primordial name
As I tread a dark trail
Without your arm
To share

Come back my Love
For Heaven's tears
That dance and splash
On my uplifted face
Reminds me of
Your teasing kiss

Come back my Love
For the cold wind bites
And ruffles my hair
I reminisce your fingers
Stroking me into
Night's sweet abyss

Come back my Love
For the Autumn moon
Clears the highest snow-capped peaks
And looks everywhere for you
As I longingly do
In soft twilight

Come back my Love
For the inky darkness
Is too black and deep
To allow an unbroken sleep

As I silently drift
Through the dead of night

Come back my Love
For the rising sun
Treats me to pink pastels
And bathes me with
A warm embrace
Like you used to

Come back my Love
For Mother Earth
Explodes to Spring's awakenings
But pales to the true Love
That I am destined
To show you

(For Carla, 1998/10/26)

Alan Strand

Daddy Do

What's a Dad to do
When he has a girl like you
Tugging on his pants
And heart at the same time
With a wondrous little
Pointer finger fixed on a toy?
Buy it of course, you're my joy!

What's a Dad to do
When he sees you racing through
Life so quickly?
Bubbas and boys, diapers and dresses,
I wash away in your life's wake.
What happened to my little girl?
Grown up so fast, my head's in a whirl.

What's a Dad to do
When he feels just like an old shoe
And can't keep up to your torrid pace
All frantic and flustered
With hormones gone crazy?
Can't we just sit and talk a while
Before you race off with a smile?

What's a Dad to do
When he realizes that you
Grew up to be a wonderful young lady
And some young man will come by
And sweep you away
To the rest of your years,

Will you leave your dear old Dad in tears?
What's a Dad to do
When he hears of your new
Ambition in life?
A police woman, a nurse,
A great stop sign maker.
What will you become?
Anything you dream- just ask your Mom.

What's a Dad to do
When he has a girl like you
Gentle and thoughtful,
Creative and loving,
Smart and real funny?
Let her go find her true passion
I know you'll succeed, and in good fashion!

(For my loving little princess, Shimona, 1998/11/14)

Alan Strand

Diamonds In This Guy

I need only to gaze at stars
To find your sure love
In the clear immensity above.
They're diamonds in my eyes.

When we're far apart
Your essence is soothing,
Caressingly, it makes me lose
The loneliness that night brings.

□

Surely there is a Divine Plan
One leading love-sick souls,
Hand in hand.

Will Destiny extend into Eternity?

(For Carla, on a night ferry on Lake Atitlan, Guatemala, 1998/03/12.)

Alan Strand

Dream Girl

Ah, here you are
My sweet love,
Come sit with me
Here by the sea-
It's been a while.
How have you been
And what's new with you
Besides your birthday?
Let's chat about
The life we are swimming in,
Please rest a while with me-
Bathe in the glorious
Mid-summer's day sun,
My dream quest has just begun.

I think I sometimes see you
During the quiet twilight hours
When dreams do their weaving
And seed their way
Into the awareness
Of my early morning sleep.

I am disappointed though
Because it's way too fuzzy
To recall much at all
As I slowly awaken,
But I sense soft flashes
And feelings of you,
What are they? Don't go!
I want to chase these
Mental remnants
Before they subtly drift away,
But all are destroyed
By the reality
Of my dream-defying consciousness.

Like a lazy morning mist
On shapeless shoreline rocks
In a sultry sea breeze-

They just slip away
In silky silence.

Now and then
When I do get to hold you,
Ever so briefly,
My heart drinks in
The love we do share-
Waves of warmth
Wash over me,
I feel lonely and helpless
As only a man adrift
In a sea of past love can be,
So I press my lips
Tightly to your skin
Revealing only the slightest hint
Of silent desperation.

Wait, the love is still there.
I can feel it, Hell,
I can almost smell it
In the softness of your neck.
But alas, our life paths are
No longer strongly entwined
So we must be content to stare
At each other's lonely souls
As voyeuristic lovers,
Simultaneously rejoicing
The myriad of fond memories
While lamenting the longings
Of love long lost.

Some of the aching
Gives way
With the knowledge
That we will always
Have the kindred spirit-
A kind of eternal love
Watching over us,
As we stumble along the
One dream-trodden path
That we do share.

Reluctantly we release
Our firm but gentle grips
While lips try to linger
As I try to remember
The real feel of you.

Wistfully I watch
My soul mate saunter away.

I'll see her another day,
And we'll meet again
In that ethereal world
Where together
We can eagerly weave
Sweet dreams
Like these
Into a seeming reality.

For Carla, with Love on her 36th birthday,(2003/07/25.)

Alan Strand

Drifting Sands

A million, billion little grains
All washed up on the beach,
Endless waves swish and swirl
The sands within their reach.

A myriad of bare footprints
All transient and fresh,
Lead nowhere in particular
Mere impressions of the flesh.

The sun is gently hanging
On sunset's golden flow,
Sea birds softly glide above
With moon and stars in tow.

The palms droop down to listen
To a couple's quiet kiss,
Whisperings of sweet nothings
They're lost in Love's abyss.

The ocean's breath doth whisper
The lover's immortal sighs,
Darkness drapes the barren beach
Young hands touch tender thighs.

A cool wind whips the sand about
And perhaps a heavy rain,
Will erase all trace of man afoot
And of lust's romantic game.

(2000/01/22, Varadero, Cuba)

Alan Strand

Frozen Butterflies

Watery cocoons
Save themselves from fleeting deaths...
Floating down to die

Die a quiet death
A billion times over now...
Gentle icy gems

Black icy skies shed
Those pesky little snow pests...
Blanketing the earth

Mother Earth wears her coat
Of freshly fallen powder...
Snow angels will come

Feathery snow flakes
Flit and float, spiraling down...
Silent winter night

Soft and silent stars
Falling from high in the sky...
Frozen butterflies

Water cocoons splash
As frozen air warms again...
Metamorphosis!

(Seven sequential Haiku for you,1999/02/08)

Alan Strand

I Can Feel It

Remember when life
Was so simple
As lying naked
On a sun-baked beach?

Love is hot!

When we first met
We forced ourselves
Not to make love
Until the naughty moon rose up.

A galaxy erupts!

We laughed a lot
And had a great time
Bandyng and verbally jousting
Until we spooned ourselves asleep.

Celestial dreams!

We lived and loved dearly
My sweet funny friend
Twenty years and counting
Love is still with us.

I can feel it!

(For Barb,2001/09/14.)

Alan Strand

Jewel Moon

The gibbous moon shines on me
Upstaging stars above,
My feelings flow out into space
Searching for my love.

I stand in awestruck beauty
In the presence of a queen,
Your brilliance pales to what I feel
That which, cannot be seen.

Don this silver crescent
On this cold clear autumn night,
Wear it on your warm soft flesh
This necklace of delight.

Has the cosmos sprinkled star dust
Into precious twinkling eyes,
The ones that gently touch me now
Deep, deep down inside?

The rings of Saturn aren't worthy
To decorate your hand,
The northern lights that flash and dance
For you, they seem so bland.

I'm thankful to have met you
In my time of need,
When nighttime was just darkness
I needed to be freed.

To me you are a shooting star
A jewel of the heart,
And so I make a wish on you
Good friendship for a start.

I count out loud my blessings now
I am a lucky man,
To have found such a kindred soul
On this star-swept land.

I have no concerns about us
You put me well at ease,
I laugh about the day we met
Seduction was the tease.

I cannot help in feeling
That you've bewitched my mind,
I cannot say where this will go
Sands sift through hands of Time.

Why we met I do not know
But I do know you're a reason,
April is a lovely month
I yearn for fresh flower season.

The quarter moons grow to half
Eventually it's full,
Let it shine on us sweet friend
I think you're wonderful.

And so I must leave you now
To gaze up in the night,
Smile for me though moon is gone
You know I'm there all right.

Perhaps we'll both reflect our thoughts
Off that distant ball,
Regardless of the shape it takes
You know I'll hear your call.

(On the Victoria Ferry to see April,2000/10/13.)

Alan Strand

Just Like This

If I could be just like this
I'd be O.K.
No sadness at night time
No darkness in the day.

I could go for a walk
And breathe in fall's fresh air,
I could view myself clearly
I would never have despair.

I'd go see all my friends
And work out a real lot,
I'd be all so happy
Even though I'm not.

I'd make my life fresh
It's a cleaned up slate,
I'd try many new things
I'd go out on a date.

I'd sit on my sun deck
And take in the rain,
It's a beautiful day
Do you think I'm insane?

I'd do all this stuff
To live in such bliss,
I'd like to get over you-
Just like this.

(undated and timeless)

Alan Strand

Knowing You

I know that I'll know you
When we first do meet
I'll feel so excited
When my heart skips a beat.

I'll long to hold you
Just for a short while
To feel your warmth on my skin
To see your beaming smile.

I'll have to show you
When our eyes do meet
That my heart is open
Inside there's no deceit.

I will have to kiss you
Our tongues will then entwine
We'll make some raw sweet love
A love that is divine.

I want to praise you
You are the best
You'll need to love me
Life is the test.

I'll have to leave you
And when that has been said
It's only because
That I'm almost dead.

(02/08/08)

Alan Strand

Like Love

Love is like a new word learned
For it pops up everywhere
While I stroll alone

Love is like a mystery sought
I look for meaning
Far, far from home

Love is like a precious gift
For once it is lost
It is dearly missed

Love is like a dream come true
Awakening from sleep
Into eternal bliss

Love is like a master game
Give all you have
More comes your way

Love is like you Babe
I sense your beauty
In the day's failing rays

Love is a cornerstone
Giving life meaning
To all that I do

Love is our treasure
We both hold the key
To begin anew.

(For Christiane, 2008/07/18, 2130 hours, at Old Orchard Park)

Alan Strand

Love Is Coming

The water in the placid bay
Is but a black mirror
Reflecting a miscellany
Of Christmas and street lights
From the opposite shoreline
With only slight ripples
To distort
The inverted luminations.

I breathe in
The cold crisp air
And I taste
The sweetness in it,
For I feel
That Love is coming my way
For she draws out
A dormant dimension
Of being in me
That is almost palpable.

I truly hope now
That I can accept her
With open arms
And with an unshielded heart
For I have stood alone and naked
On these same dark shores
While I was healing
For far too long.

I remember the times
When this darkness
Consumed me
Trapping my pain
In a hopeful but forlorn shell
But now I can see
And feel the beauty
That the black waters hold
Because I know
That Love is coming

And she is lighting up my heart
And firing up my body.

I patiently await for her
To come for me.

(For Christiane, while sitting in my car at Rocky Point, 2003/12/18 0050 hours.)

Alan Strand

Love's Breath

We are honoured to be
in your circle of friends,
To witness your promise
to share Love's dividends.
We know that your love
is as deep as the sea,
Full of hope, respect,
peace and tranquillity.
Your soft-spoken vows
of love and devotion,
Will be eternally whispered
on the breath of the ocean.
Individuals grow
and couples change more,
We applaud your marriage-
two soul mates soar.
So nothing can dampen
your spirits, Jeff and Heather,
Today is your day-
give a toast to the weather!

(With love from Al and Carla,1999/08/15)

Alan Strand

Love's Lament

Our ships lie here in anchor
We have a certain quest,
Love is our precious cargo
We'll put it to the test.

I know that we must climb aboard
And steer into the gale,
I am so in love with you
But still our ships must sail.

You really need to find yourself
The part that's kin to night,
Hold the lantern to it
And let it see daylight.

For I can't pull it out of you
Do you know it's there?
The stuff that wells up deep inside
It has to be laid bare.

I cry at night when I'm alone
I think of what could be
Our life, our love and all that goes
With having a family.

My child wounds took time to heal
And so it goes with yours,
I sense that we are all done now
I drift t'wards unknown shores.

My sails do puff up now and then
Pushing me along
I turn my face into the sun
I try to remain strong.

But my heart is badly broken
It's really no one's fault,
I did not have the sacred key
To your secret vault.

Where only you could enter
And share yourself with me,
To know you on this level
Is what I truly need.

Sure life is full of troubles
Like unseen coral reefs,
The ones that rip our ships apart
And fills our hearts with grief.

But I want to be there with you
To help you steer your ship,
Through deep uncharted waters
To catch you when you slip.

For I know we are soul mates
Shipmates of the heart,
We could take turns as skippers
And pilot with Fate's charts.

But I must know you inside out
Please trust me with your soul,
And sound your depths internally
Rejection takes its' toll.

Perhaps our trusty astrolabes
That guide us in the night,
Are just lined up on diff'rent stars
Maybe we'll be all right.

I feel right now it's futile
I've loved and lost the game,
My maps to love are burning
I bow my head in shame.

I fear my ship may run aground
And break up at the seams,
Like love and life with my sweet girl
There sinks my golden dreams.

Unless you share the key you have

The one that's to your heart,
Help me take the lock off it
Or forever shall we part.

I've got things to work on too
Will I hear your call?
I have to learn to listen for
Your heart beat in a squall.

I feel I am a failure
On this romantic sail,
I hope that you find success-
Drown Siren's lonely wail!

And so I must cast off now
I wish you all the best,
Introspect deep inside
Your buried treasure chest.

Like a river always flows
Surely to the sea,
I will always love you hon'
And lament what cannot be.

(For Carla,2000/09/21.)

Alan Strand

Love's Pond

At times like this when I feel all alone
Like a petal drifting over a deep dark pond
I wonder if Nature's blooms have ever known
That life-giving water can be beyond
Its flowery reach.

How can the friendly sun, so bright and so pure
Turn harshly on this delicate array,
Making it shrivel up and endure
A slow death and decay.
What can this teach?

Does the budding plant start beckoning
For a warm summer's rain?
Or do you think that it awaits a rude reckoning
Of a swift decline, devoid of pain
And all feeling?

Does the plant struggle to rise up tall
In a world it cannot understand?
It cannot see that it is so small
Compared to the vastness of the land.
Is there a chance for healing?

What do wilting leaves feel
When they droop in intense heat?
A sense of dying, a lack of zeal
Or even a hint of defeat
That the wetness did not come?

How can frail petals fall
So soon from their kin
Broken bits of softness all
Hopelessly drifting in the wind,
Scattered and numb.

Landing on the pond's perfect face
A gentle wave ring ensues
Harkening a tiny fall from grace,

A bloom angel imbues
The water with silent guilt.

Where was I when I you needed me the most?
Just a dropp or two to give you hope.
Is it too late, am I a romantic ghost?
I want to be your water lily, drink you up, elope
And live life to the hilt!

For Life is but a fleeting passage I see
No time for consuming anger about what has past.
It's all water under a bridge with me
Only my love for you is what will last.
I am a petal set free-
On Love's pond!

(For Carla,1998/11/06.)

Alan Strand

Love's Sweet Pinings

The pacific ocean slows to show its glassy face
Reflecting lazy sunbeams and manes of wispy clouds.
A sliver of crescent moon rises
Like a cosmic smile from a cold deep space.
Can the man up there see my hopeful eyes
And tell me why I love you so deeply?

Who can say why the earth is here?
With all the plants, fish and roaming life
Scratching out a timeless existence,
All so diverse, precious and very dear.
There's so many uncertainties but one thing is clear
I love you with all my heart.

Who can speak for the salmon about spawning and dying?
They are led to their birthplace by an unknown force.
Do they know what lies in wait up their stream?
You have to admire them for their hardships in trying
To do all they can, I know there's no denying
That I feel the love force in my heart.

What is our purpose and why are we here?
Are we destined to roam the planet's vastness
Without true love and commitment?
Or is Nature the one calling us to hear
The soft pine tree whispers in our ears-
Love's sweet melodies.

(undated)

Alan Strand

My Close Friend

Walk with me a while my friend
I need your company,
Although I've gone many miles alone
Please share your hand with me.

Let's talk about the weather
Or where you're headed to,
In life and love and happiness
And what you dream to do.

I have a lot I want to say,
You make me feel so great,
I want to do the things I've planned
Though my soul's without a mate.

My heart is still real hurting
It's been all ripped apart,
My life plods on despite the wound
I long for a fresh start.

Maybe now's too early
To hit the trail with me,
I can hike and reach the peak
To see what I can see.

But regardless of where I may go
Or how my life will end,
You'll always be close to me
You'll always be my friend.

(With Love for April...Your friend forever,2002/03/17)

Alan Strand

Night Bike Ride

Tropic screen doors open
From my jungle bungalow
Flowers in the evening breeze
Fragrancing the flow.

Rhythmic cheerful chirpings
Some night-crawlers in the park,
A distant yappy guard dog
Challenging the dark.

I sense gentle swayings
Of coconut palm fronds
Rustling out their ancient tunes,
Whispering their songs.

Aromatic ocean,
I bike into that sea
Cutting pools of sleepless air-
A cool cacophony.

(Koh Samui, Thailand, 2008/02/16, 2010 hours, upon returning from the gym on my scooter)

Alan Strand

On Destiny's Thread

Ten years ago and more
Our paths crossed on that thin thread of sea wall,
You riding, me running,
Both hearts pounding in unison.
Our eyes met, my heart skipped a beat,
Could it be You?

We smiled warmly at each other
Savoring the brief passage of this intense but fleeting look.
I've had dreams of this fortuitous encounter before!

Passing all too quickly and looking back
We caught each other's stolen backwards glances
As if to see if it was indeed Fate's fancy hand
That gently guided us along
To that exact time and place,
And to catch the hope and dream's
In each other's eyes-
Two soul mates collide!

I smiled with my whole body
And bore down with renewed energy
Welling up deep from within.
I am sure that we both sweated
With a super excited anticipation,
Feeling that perhaps Love has found us!

"I thought I'd never catch up to you! "
I said slowing to walk
With you and your bike in front of the bath house
On that golden afternoon.
What a budding beauty you were to behold
English Bay would never look the same-
It's just so plain!

I had to cast my eyes from yours
To these dancing waters
On a tongue of sand
Or a sea of tears would have flowed,

So deeply did I long for love and hurt.

The bay suddenly seem to calm
To a state of strange tranquility,
Its timeless eroding had ceased
In order to hush us together
So we could hear one another's breath
Over our small (but ever so longing) talk.;
Our fantastic union was being honored
By the silent display of eons worth of sands-
Primitive and primordial miniature jewels,
Laid out solely for our passing pleasure.
Even the trees drooped
As if to listen to our glorious banter
In the afternoon's balmy haze.
Oh, what a lucky day it was
In this most beautiful world!

We both glowed expectantly,
Bursting with the great fortune
Of yet a second chance meeting.
Little did we know that we were but two pawns
In some romantic God's twisted game-
Check mate.

We have lived and loved deeply,
Traveling to foreign places
Wishing we could give the world to each other
As a small token of our love,
But we both played a flawed and foolish game
Because we wrapped our past pains so closely
Around the depths of our hearts
Hoping that one day the eternal sun would just
Break through
And melt it all away.

We are only two imperfect lonely grains of sand
Lying in wait for life's tears
To slowly move us
In this vast universe
And polish us to star dust.

Life's trials!

There is no escaping
From the stark and inevitable reality
That festering pain and uncertainty
Only keeps two bright hearts
Cloistered in a lonely shadow of darkness.
We will all ultimately be consumed
With or without
The relishing of true love,
So we must dare the biggest chance!

I have failed you so far.
I ran like a coward,
Almost entirely away
From the one that I am destined to love the most.
I am here for you now and always will be!
I hope it's not too late.

My love, I must tell you
I am running now for the last time in my life,
Only this time it is towards you,
On a single strand
Over a scary abyss
With all the honesty and strength that I can muster
In order to surrender all of my love to you.
I am both frightened and consoled
By the prospect of your deepest love.
Eternity shall be my silent witness
Of my commitment to you.
Our combined Love will conquer all!
I realize only now after all these raw and stubborn years
That I have tortured our hearts with unfulfilled and selfish love.
It is too cruel and hollow for soul mates to bear.

I want you to know that you are the love of my life
And that I will never run from you again, only with you.

I want us to be together forever,
Whipping our demons as we go
But I need all your forgiveness and love you can give.
I too am scared!

But I will hold you in my strong arms
When you need me to
And I will nestle myself in the warmth and strength of yours.
These same arms will comfort and protect
The unborn child
Within ourselves.
Then we can deliver
Our into our loving and stable home
A baby!

Together we will forge
The greatest and enduring love there can be
Walking hand in hand towards Eternity
And discover what good or bad fortune lies waiting to test us
On Destiny's thread-
Our sea wall of life and love.

(For Carla,1998/10/23.)

Alan Strand

Perched On Beauty

I sit way up here
In my lofty perch
Along this jagged west coast
Under low, thick clouds
Watching the peaceful rollers
Come slowly onto shore,
Breaking rhythmically
And churning up the sandy beach
Where solid rock once stood.

Breaking, splashing, swirling,
The sounds of the cold salt water
Alive, mesmerizes me
As the backwash
Futilely tries to resist
The next gentle wave train-
A relentless oceanic action
That has washed
This kelp-strewn beach
Since the dawn of time.

The scene is dull but not lifeless
For the chirping of the birds and chipmunks
Sweetly pierce the crashing crescendo
Of the eternal onslaught of waves.

Trails of foam stream down the sand
Exposing pebbles, well-washed
And smoothly worn,
From their rightful place
On this deserted beach.

It's a timeless process
That's hard to fathom
From the mere mortal's perspective.

I ponder the interconnectedness
Of all things physical,
Unfolding as they should

Throughout the entire universe
In strict accordance to the laws of nature.

But what of the ways of the heart?

Is Fate so bound by duty
As to deliver us to our ultimate destination,
A second at a time,
Helplessly,
And apparently aimlessly
Like a small grain of sand,
A tiny piece of rock,
Rolling in the swirling surf
On an isolated strand of sand?

Sea stacks jut out brazenly
From wave- and wind-whipped prominences-
Silent stone sentinels
Which make harsh quarters
For the few hearty pines
That strive to grow upward,
Seemingly for the sole benefit
Of the vigilant eagles' need
To sit in quiet quarantine
Above it all,
Like I do now.

I try to peer past
The lazy, hazy horizon
And wonder when the winter storms
Will pound my roost
With angry abandon.

But for now
The deep, dark green seas
Are fairly placid.
Kelp beds readily roll
With each incoming crestless wave,
Riding the perpetual roller coaster of energy
Driven by the sun,
Although it is blanketed
By massive, sullen clouds

That refuses to allow the triumph
Of the remarkably sublime beauty of the bay
To shine through.

I close my eyes and think of you.
I hear your voice whispered
On the breath of the ocean.

(For April,2000/10/22, Brady's Beach, Bamfield.)

Alan Strand

Pillow Sense

I rest my weary head,
Drooping my tired eyes down
As I drift softly away
Into the silky darkness
Of that unfathomed nocturnal abyss
In which lies sleep's bliss.

I breathe in deeply
The fuzzy formlessness
Of fantasies
Fuelled by
Your sweet scent
On my pillow.

I pull it in tight
So that I might
Dream of you
Lying beside me.

And like an unsung lullaby
That only a quiet and loving heart can hear,
I resonate with your faint
But lasting allure.

(08/10/22, 0115 hours, after Laurence left my place for the first time.)

Alan Strand

Rain Drops

Rain drops die-
A passive pitter-pattering of death
On my dark windshield.

I have to go home alone
And face the emptiness
Of your shadowy memories
Which flit about my condo
At every turn
Like lost and lonely ghosts.

My cats greet me
For they long for love too
In the soft touch of a hand.

My loss is theirs too
So they nudge me to
Weep softly
In the dark.

(For my love Christiane, upon coming from Thailand to an empty
home,2008/06/06,0145 hours.)

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Alan Strand

Rising Moon

The heart is a strange thing really
For it is the seat of the soul,
That which makes us
Full of love, rich in emotion,
And so alive.
It pumps life into us
Yet it is capable of
Cloistering the seeds of hope
Against the rallying cries
From the rational brain-
And we agonize in paralytic pain.

For a romantic like myself,
The heart is a reservoir
Of pure passion.
My deepest feelings
Await a release
Of cathartic outpourings
To the special one
Whose heart beats
In eerie synchronicity,
Attracted to and attached by
An invisible bond,
Like the moon is to Mother Earth,
And surely as the tides ebb and wane
In sensitive and total respect,
My heart throbs with yours.

I eagerly await
The healing that is yet to come
For I am numb from my loss and great failing.
But the wailing and weeping
That arise like winter storms
Die quiet deaths.

The waters will once again
Calm and reflect
The brightness and sharpness
Of the exotic crescent moon,

And a billion pale but twinkling stars
Some of which are dead
Before they impinge
On the ocean's galactic mirror.

This manifest beauty
Draws my head up in awe
As I ponder the unfathomable
And I mull the mysteries of the universe
As I gaze deeply into, and even past
The beginning of time.

I feel my own heart beat
As you can yours.
Listen.
Do they beat as one,
Like twin stars
Dancing eternally
Somewhere in the vast blackness
Of the silent and mind boggling cosmos?

Do your eyes mirror
This playful and ever so hopeful
Deep space luminescence?

Will your sweet warm kiss
With exquisite lips
Seal my fate
And lead me into
The impassioned Netherworld
Tethered only by
The kindred spirit of our twinned hearts?

And what of the close embrace
That places our hearts
In such pulsating proximity?
Do they race to that unique place
In emotional pools
Where orgasmic rushes
And sex-fuelled skin flushes
Drown in an ocean of pleasure
Immeasurable treasures all

Wet with passionate excitement?

Will our finger's lightest touches
Be electric
And selectively
Turn on the primal love machine
That screams for release
From its dormancy?
And what of all the skins' delights

Of breasts and napes of neck
That nurture and nibble
Our sexual anima
And all the other pleasure parts
That yearn and crave attention?

Will we melt
As a quivering heap
Steeped in love's juices
And fall asleep deeply
Into that post-coital abyss,
Spooning and riding each other
On that magic carpet ride of love
Like inseparable love twins?

Will our spirits whirl
Into the deep dark cosmos
Just to watch the moon
Circle the blue planet
On which we sleep,
Two tiny specks of humanity,
Locked in solemn naked contentment?

My consciousness moves me
To seek you my love-
Who ever you are
And where ever you may be.
I put my trust once again
In Fate's fancy hand
As she expertly guides me
Through time and space
And millions of emotions

All which pass through me
Like cosmic dust.

My mind and heart
Are a dream catcher,
I filter the good and positive experiences in life
And cradle them in my heart
While banishing the evil
To the darkest recesses
Of the universe.

I am learning to embrace myself
To stave off the loneliness
That gnaws at my soul
And I long for the day
That we can unite
To view the golden sunset
As it warmly sinks
Into placid waters
That reflect
The indiscernible but unstoppable
Rising of the full moon.

(Written on the ferry to Victoria,2000/10/13.)

Alan Strand

Romance's Shadow

Get off my heart
Heavy stone of pain,
Let my spirit
Rise from the dead
And soar
Above this loneliness,
Let me glide
Towards a golden sunrise.

Where is Love?
My re-inflating heart is yearning
For the savage rush
Of lust
That precedes the falling.

I am here,
Hiding inside
Romance's shadow.

(Rocky Point beach, lying in the sun,2002/08/12.) □

Alan Strand

Six Up! The Beat Men

Six up! Here they come!
The black leather boots
Of the beat men,
Braving the weather
All day and all night
Walking the wretched streets,
Stench-filled lanes,
Darting into smoky bars
In seedy hotels
Where misery lives
In neon's pale shadows
And decency is at best-
An unexpected guest.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
Bold as can be
With eyes of an eagle
And talons to boot,
The blue tide slides
Ahead of the beat men,
For few really want
The status of a rat
There's skid road poison
To take care of that,
Don't cross the line
Mess with street justice
Just do your time
On these lean, mean streets.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
The boys in blue

Hide the drugs,
Knives, and boosted stuff too
For they are looking
To take you down
Don't try and run away
Unless you've wronged
Your fellow man,
Is there blood on your hands
And shame in your heart?
Then turn yourself in
And grab a new start.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator,
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
They're men on a mission
Slamming the damned,
Collaring the crooks,
Picking up the drunks,
As societies' babysitters.
Defending the weak
Protecting the poor,
Creating the peace
Making it safe
In this dope-fed place,
Watch tweakers dance
As crack pipes glow-
It's a Carnival show.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator,
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
With hands in their pockets
Flashin' a smile
Though death keeps knockin'
Off their drug-sick flock
While the devil morphs
They stop to talk

But not their eyes,
They pause on vomit-
And blood-stained walks
Under garish lights
That makes ghouls
Of the walking dead.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator,
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
Always in pairs,
Look, a man's in cuffs
Bleeding from the head
He's had far worse,
'Cause it's bloody pride
His badge of honour
Paraded past the gauntlet
Of the morbidly curious,
"Better him than me"
They say, as they swig
And dig and puff and
Stuff needles into flesh.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator,
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
The cocksure crew
Don't mess with them
The living conscience
Of crimes committed
Don't you remember?
Hell no, you won't go
Do time, not for those punks
In stark, dark, blue,
Those beat men
Sure you'll "Cap their ass"
"Mess them up real good"
Slap! Reality hits you hard.

Walking the beat
They are the predator's predator,
Giving you a grin or a steely look.

Six up! Here they come!
Looking to book ya
Yah, you've done no wrong
It's a 'bad rap' sure,
Heard it all before
Smashing 'em in the head
Just 'settling the score',
Try shouting and screaming
But don't be spitting
Your venom their way
Or they'll send you to jail-
For they are the beat men.

(My retirement poem, Vancouver's Skid Road,2003/04/26)

Alan Strand

Sleep's Fantasy

Let me gently hold you
As you fall deep asleep
Stroking you to Dreamland
So nightmares will not creep.

Dream about bright fairies
And castles in the sky
With white majestic horses
That kind that magically fly.

Go find yourself a fantasy
So pure in your sweet mind
Let it be most satisfying
From the contentment that you find.

Free yourself up to travel
Explore some wild strange places
Meet a myriad of festive people
All with familiar faces.

Slide slickly down a brilliant rainbow
Make wishes on a star
Jump high o'er the smiling moon
It's never really too far.

Be the fairy princess
Or battle the fiery dragon
Pick little Puppy up and down
Into his little red wagon.

Dream all the soothing dreams
Let your sleeping mind roam
Across huge galaxies and wide dimensions
Far far from this home.

And when you fall so lightly back
From your fanciful flight
I'll still spoon and hug you too
'Til the end of precious night.

Let me gently hold you
You went where and with whom?
What a fantastic adventure you had
Without ever leaving the room!

(With love for my daughter Shimona,1998/11/11)

Alan Strand

Slowly She Goes

She goes down so slowly
That magnificent golden little ball,
Slipping silently and reluctantly
Below the misty distant hills.
She burns a firey retreat,
And in the quickly cooling air
A touch of Fall lingers there
Like a memory
Reminding me of you,
In many ways so beautiful
But painful was our parting.

Only now am I starting
To really feel alive inside.

And though the setting sun
Slides past the hazy horizon
Thin veils of cloud
Sit wispily atop
Shrouded snowy peaks
That are still all aglow
As if to gaily celebrate
It's daily passing
With splashes of pretty pinks.

Along the waveless shore
Small sailboats bob
And patiently face the opening
Of the gently rippled bay
To await for the clamoring
Of salt-free hands
To get the motors going
And chug them out
Into less placid waters
Where steady ocean breezes
Can easily whip them into
A seemingly incessant
Onslaught of waves
Capable of drowning out

Excited laughter
That spills from the decks.

But what the heck
That will have to wait
For, like all great things,
The right time,
Not now when Nature's day
Bids us adieu
And takes away the ocean view
With a breezy lullaby
Of geese and ducks
Who tuck themselves
Into the darkening foliage
Along the increasingly shapeless shore,
For they too must sleep
And possibly dream
About the glorious beating
Of their outstretched wings
That will take them to
A safe feeding ground.

How I long for the sun
To shine once again
Into the loveless recesses of my heart
So that I can start
To feel fully here and now.
Somehow I know
That I will mend
And I hope the same
For you too my friend.
It's not an easy thing to do-
To let go the love I had for you.

I watch the pale purples and pinks
On the failing canvass of dark blues,
And all hues in between,
Fade to grays and finally to black
For dead is another day,
And that is O.K.
Because the warming sun
Will rise again

When the stars up above
Are replaced by a galaxy
Of jewel dew drops
That herald the new dawn.

My spirits will surely rise too
When I think of deeply meeting you
After she slowly goes away
Fading with each passing day.

(Sitting on a picnic table when it was nearly dark at Rocky Point,02/04/02.)

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Alan Strand

Splendor's Trail

I never noticed before that I missed□
So much of the boundless beauty
That was laid out at my feet
Like a royal tapestry
On my running trail.□

Oh sure I saw the splendor
Of nature's canvass□
And knew that I should
Stop, look, listen, and smell
Even breathe it all in,
But I was far too busy running.

Noonday's Autumn sun
Weak from an intense Summer's radiance
Is straining to warm
The forest depths
All shiny and wet
From Night's cold and damp blanket.

Where the sun's rays
Filtered through the greeny canopy
To make its' solar embrace
On this quiet and peaceful place,
An ethereal fog danced
As ghostly elf-wisps,
Silently teasing the unbroken solitude.

The trees slowly but shamelessly
Bare themselves
Of their golden foliage,
Layers of lifeless leaves
Drape themselves gently
Over their children,
Or simply flutter down
As an organic carpet
Over bright verdant mosses
As a thin offering of shelter
And hope of life-giving decay.

Some leaves are drifting
Submerged in clear creeks
Doing fish-like dartings
And performing playful pirouettes,
Moving in ebbing solemnity
Towards the tranquility
Of the watery grave of all things-
The sea.

The ducks and gulls and crows
Proudly prance or just stand
Watchfully on single skinny legs
In the shallows of the creek mouth,
Squawking and singing and
Splashing like excited children,
Oblivious to the funeral train of leaves
Below them.

Others busy themselves
Moving to and fro, a crow
Alighting on a lofty perch
Chided them all, □
Especially those pesky daredevil pipers
Who flit about so close and carelessly
To the water's muddy edge.

As I stand on this wooden bridge
To nowhere in particular,
My train of thought is sweetly broken
By the amblings of
A good many dogs and kids,
Their parents in tow
Saying pleasant hellos
And drinking up the last warmth
Of this dying year.

Even the tall shore grass
Once vibrant and responsive
To even the smallest puffs of breeze
Knows that winter is coming fast
And lays down, grass at half mast,

In swishing swirls and unkempt curls
In passive protest.

Only now I hear
The tiny babbling of the brook
And I understand
The lonely heron's cries
Over the wind in my ears.
I sense my place on this earth

And feel a strange but peaceful contentment
Standing on this blessed firmament.
Where was I before?
Why did I hear without listening?
Why did I view without seeing? □
Why did I lack the sense□
Not to take in all this beauty
Into my yearning heart?
Was it because I knew that
Mother Nature would always be there
To nurture me with all of her splendor?
Or was I afraid that I was undeserving,
Not worthy enough to let myself confide
Through my broken child's eyes
And share this life force's healing?

Is this truly the awakening
That I have secretly longed for each Spring?
Only time will tell.
But now I have to move along, slowly,
And take in the death of what is passing
And really see the beauty of it all.

I feel like my heart is metamorphosing
Like a butterfly inside, and
As surely as the seasons do
I am changing too.
I have much running, anew
With lively spring in my steps,
Towards, not away from
A fresh and eternal Spring day
And all the love and hope

That it is sure to bring.

(Inspired by Shoreline Park, Port Moody, 98/11/07)

Alan Strand

Take My Hand

Take my hand and let me go
To the inner world
Where darkness and obscurity flow.

Take my hand and come with me
To distant lands
Where romance lives exotically.

Take my hand and hold on tight
To share my pain
When I am a little boy at night.

Take my hand and caress it so
To show your love
When you're all aglow.

Take my hand in a secure grip
To steady yourself
On your scary trip.

Take my hand but hold it lightly
To show we're equals
Not clutching, it's so unsightly.

Take my hand and feel my heart
To make me feel good
Never shall we part.

Take my hand and I'll listen to you
To share the thoughts
And feelings you need to.

Take my hand just before you peak
To let me know
It's my love you seek.

Take my hand and I'll let you go
To make your own choices
You need to know.

Take my hand and remember it's touch
To comfort you in darkness
I love you so much. □

(For Carla, 1998/11/07.)

Alan Strand

Tears For April

Tears for April
A child full of hope
Made some bad choices
All leading to dope

She got hooked on drugs
In the Downtown Eastside
Fighting a battle
Living the lie

Drugs took her down
A Skid Road of pain
Ran hard from her life
With nothing to gain

A needle is filled
The crack pipe's aglow
Lift her to Heaven,
Her son sobs below

Tears for April
She's Destiny's waif
She can't find her home
She's now somewhere safe

Refrain:
Tears for this girl
She lost her way in this world
Tears for this girl
Tears for April

(In memory of April Reoch for the documentary 'Tears for April',2007/07/02)

Alan Strand

The Steel Vampire

Death stalks the skid road walks:
Come see the lonely shadows shuffle,
Enslaved by the thorny prospect
Of powdered lies viewed in vacant eyes:
The silent cry of the steel vampire!

But why bleed dry these souls so sick
Who desperately rush from fix to fix
Which they dare share
With their new friends,
'Through a Blue Lens'.

(Written for Odd Squad, 1999/06/11.)

Alan Strand

Time Games

Dip down yet again
Bright and blazing sun
Like invariant clockwork
In paleness or pastels
And let the cool velvet night
Swallow me alive,
Whole, happy, and
Totally in awe
Of the timeless
Process of it all.

Wondrous moon
Your face too steadily sails
On your seasonal course
Eternally across a dark
And patterned sea
Of twinkling stars-
The eyes of Eternity,
Gloriously full
Or faltering
As a sliver of light,
This luminous offering
Ultimately fades
Into dawn's patient
And inevitable awakening.

And so, the endless cycle
Is constantly changeless
But it is those
Chamelion-like clouds
That dress up the cosmos
In a myriad of translucent
And often brilliantly
Evolving costumes
That makes each day and night
Unique, moody,
And somehow
Meaningful to my soul.

Time passes fleetingly
With each precious breath
And heartbeat we take.
We can no more
Live in the past
Or the future
Than we can grasp
A cottony summer cloud
By its tail,
Taste the sweetness
Of a golden sunset,
Nor can we anchor
A waning moon
Solely because we are
Looking longingly
Into the heavens,
For we are all
Helplessly adrift
In a river of
Energy and emotions
That must only flow
As far as we can go
And, naturally,
No further.
Tic, Toc,
Tic, tac, toe,
The game has come and gone.

It is
All about
Life `n death:
Live, learn, love,
Make your mark,
Then judge yourself
As you lie breathlessly
Forever on Eternity's bed.
After your psychic energy
Vaporizes and vanishes
Into utter vastness
Of time and space,
Will you say
That you

Won?

(2003/08/17, at Rocky Point before sunset.)

Alan Strand

Weathering The Storms

The last time it poured like this
We were in Cuba
On a lonely stretch of beach
Huddled under some quivering broad leaves,
Shivering, wondrous and wet,
Holding each other so close
Feeling each other's breath
On our necks.

Our hearts raced as we soaked up
The almost palpable excitement of being together
As silent witnesses
To the sporadic lightning strikes
Which display themselves
So briefly yet brilliantly against
Rain-impregnated clouds.
We wait for the loud cracking
That comes with the firey splitting
Of the Heavens
And the ominous rolling and booming and echoing
As the thunder resonates
A long forgotten protest
Over vast the expanse
Of a shipless and listless
Sea of darkening aquamarine.

I can still feel that strange mixture
Of utter awe and contentment
Over this show of Heavenly wrath,
An electrical slashing and screaming
At the Underworld
Like some highly charged
Eternal power game
Between Good and Evil.

We squat like two school kids
Trying to shelter ourselves
From the wind squalls
That whisks our body heat away

Into trembling foliage,
But this only raises our spirits
For although we are
But two clutching voyeurs
Caught in this timeless atmospheric struggle,
We press wet flesh on wet flesh
To stave off the chill,
The simple act of which
Leaves us feeling
Loving and warm inside.
We feel sure and secure
That this is one fire
That no storm's rage can dampen.

We pay wide-eyed homage
Cheek to cheek,
Two thoroughly wet and cold lovers
With goose-bumped bare arms and legs
Being rubbed in excited quick strokes
Back and forth briskly
Just for a few seconds
Between expectant blasts
Until we re-find entwinement,
Locked embraces
In each other's eyes.
We realize that
We are lucky to be alive
And to have found each other
In the sheer immensity
Of this lonely planet
So that our love
Could resound in our hearts.

We imagine that we are
Two loving souls
Shipwrecked on a sea of uncertainty
Left alone
On a wind-whipped barren beach,
So we kiss to seal the magic in our minds
And we laugh joyfully
As the palm fronds
Tease our faces

With repetitive and insistent
Splashes and patterings
Of sweet rain drops
That we tenderly and slowly wipe
With delicate finger tips,
And lick from each other's smiling faces
Until our mouths meet
And we forget where we are
Until the next explosive shock
Jolts us back to the reality
That it is only our creative
And romantically adventurous minds
That had set us adrift
For a shared moment
Of afternoon fantasy.

But this rain today is different
Because it is cold and dark
And it is thousands of miles
And a million emotions
From where we were before.
Is also peppered with
Small hail stones
That sting our bare faces.

But we don't care to let
The torrents of freezing waters
Futilely pooling to block our path
Ruin our run,
For the seawall is ours
To splash through together
Like one of life's little problems.

We wouldn't have come out alone
On such an inclement night,
But we were one together
Challenging the rain
With soaring and albeit tenuous spirits
To relish each other's company
Like we used to.

We reflected back

To that magical afternoon
As it poured down upon us in buckets
And once again
We were moved at Nature's
Forceful show of light and sound
As we splash-splashed ridiculously
In child-like abandon
In swelling frigid pools.

The water between the sleeping sloups
And miscellany of watercraft
And even the more open waters
Of False Creek
Presented itself as
A living, constantly changing
Frosted plate of glass
Temporarily and randomly dimpled
By the incessant
Splattering of heavy rain and
Smattering hesitant hail stones
Unleashed by indiscernible
Towering cloud giants
Puffed up to great frozen heights
By massive updrafts of wind
That were trying to escape
The sheer monotony of
Being merely the atmosphere,
Silent, invisible, tasteless
And without substance.
Is enabling life not enough?

You jump cutely when the flashing dendrites
And crashing thunder fights and
Beats the cowering landscape
With a drenching bitterness,
And you clutch my rain-soaked glove
A little harder
Making me feel wanted and needed.

We take refuge
Under a faulty trellis roof
Like we did under

That leaky tropical canopy of palm and scrub
And I pause to brush
The trapped cold pellets
From my thinning hair.
My skull freeze quietly dies away
Leaving me vacant and shivering,
Especially as a flood of icy wetness
Invades deeply into my shorts
And chills me to the bone.

I pause to remember more
Of that fine Cuban afternoon
When others fled
The windy onslaught of
The first few tentative
But sizeable rain drops
Signaling even the die-hard
Veradero beach goers
To run away
And close their shutters
Or seat themselves
In the smoky bars
Of fancy hotels
So that they could
Make small talk
About how awful the weather is
And where they are from,
Impatiently rubbing the sand
Off their bare feet
Oblivious to the building storm's beauty.
They look wistfully
At the blackening horizon
And wish it away
For another day.

But this is no time to
Think about a far off
Caribbean trip,
For our run-pumped heat
Flees us freely to mix
With blustery gusts of wind
That thins out the ancient forests

Of their standing dead.

So off we plod and puff
Bearing down with a renewed
Sense of purpose
Fueled on by these memory gems.

My heart will never be
Dark and foreboding
As these storms
When I am with you.
I feel love, warmth and contentment
Sharing another deluge with you.

I wish I was back on that
Usually golden beach with you,
But it cannot be so.
I can only extend myself to you
As an outsider for now
Hoping that the glowing embers of your love
Can be rekindled
To a bigger and brighter fire
That will help us to weather
Any storm yet to come our way.

(For the love of my life, Carla, Veradero, Cuba, 1998/11/21.)

Alan Strand

Whale Whisperer

Your soul is shrouded
In a drab grey mist
So off you go
To be amidst
Your glorious orca whales.

Oh splendid Orcas
Their gleaming spouts
Puffing powerful bursts of air
As you rush out
Excitedly to greet them.

Smooth paddle strokes
Anxious and yet free
To be one with nature
And not with me
But with your whales.

A lively one pops up
A great big spy hop
Curious they are
To see if your heart stops
While gawking at your whales.

Come, take a closer look
More deeply into my eyes
As you pass so close
Appearing so wise
Those beautiful whales.

Wow, what a rush
That sweeps all your pain away
You forget it all
And wish you could stay
Longer with your whales.

You love their slippery sleekness
As they smoothly glide
Effortlessly to breach

The top of the ebbing tide
You inspiring whales.

Orcas sing an unheard song
Soft lyrics of the heart
To yours that's been badly hurt
While you have been apart
From your healing whales.

Drink in all the magic
Of the mighty mystic sea
While it is placid calm
So that you can be
So near to your precious whales.

One giant looks up from below
It soothes as it moves
Quietly under a still kayak
As if seemingly to prove
That today, they alone are your whales.

What wisdom will they bring
To a confused and conflicted mind
Trust them as life you think
And that you will really find
Salvation in your whales.

Smell the ocean's breath
And feel the salty air,
Tugging and toying
Like I used to do
With your brunette hair,
While searching for your whales.

They've come here
Since the ancient times
And now speak to you
In silent and unwritten rhymes
As whale whisperings.

Yes, call to them
Invite them deeply into your heart

A feeling of love unexpectedly erupts
Is this a new start?
Your whales whisper back to you.

I hope that they can heal
Yet another heart broken
As with our last huge hug
It is a gift that's unspoken
From your whale whisperers.

I want you to be happy and free
Come back to me if it is meant to be
For eternity.

(For Christiane, 2008/09/21, 0500 hours, after we split up.)

Alan Strand

Why Do I Miss You?

Why do I wait for replies
When no one is there
To answer me?

Why do I feel so alone
When constantly accompanied
By loneliness?

Why do I tolerate
The unbearable loss
Of love?

Why do I long
For something
That I will never have?

Why do I miss you so?
I must go....

(2002/08/10)

Alan Strand

Without Me

Shimmer at me, shore lights,
Dance on the water
At the will of the wind
That gently breathes on me
And ruffles my hair
At twilight

Wash me, pastel haze,
In the day's dying light
Paint me alone
From your subtle pallet
Of longing colours
At sunset

Cool me, night air,
The hot day is done
The bright sun has gone to sleep
To the delight of the stars
And that braggart moon
Which rises in the east

Sing to me, evening noises,
Yes you geese honking to bed
Along darkened shores
Beyond the distant roar
Of people rushing in their cars
To go home

Fly around me, you pesky bugs,
Drink up my heat and sweat
Fresh from my solo run
Do you not envy
That high-flying plane
Above us?

Come to me, my love,
I sit here a part of nature
I am at peace with myself
While I await your return

From your voyage of discovery
Into that lonely night
Without me.

(For Christiane, 2008/07/18, 2200 hours, at Old Orchard Park)

Alan Strand