

FPSN: QUEST OF THE SPIRIT WALKER

PREAMBLE:

*NIGHT HAD FALLEN TO MIDNIGHT BLUE,
WHICH AIRBRUSHED IN SOME PURPLE TOO,
AND WHILE THE EYE PERCEIVED THEIR WAKE,
THE DARKNESS AMID THE STARS DID QUAKE.
IN A CLOISTERED SACRED PLACE,
I RETURNED TO BODY AND PEERED AT SPACE,
AND IN THE SEA OF INFINITE BLACK
I SAW A LIGHT BEAMING BACK.
THE ELDER SISTER, IT SEEMED TO BE,
OF VENUS, WHICH I COULD NO LONGER SEE.
SO GREAT IT WAS IN SHAPE AND SIZE
THAT I DARED NOT BELIEVE MY-OWN EYES.
U-PON ME THIS 'STAR' DID GAZE
MY HEART-MIND IT SO AMAZED
THEN WITH A GIANT'S GENTLE BLINK,
OUT IT WENT WITH A WINK.*

BEGINNING:

DESCENDED ON ME,
THIS CURIOUS FATE,
WHICH TAUGHT ME MUCH
BY STAYING UP LATE.
WHAT WITNESSED MARVEL
I SAW THAT NIGHT,
I CANNOT SAY,
THOUGH IT DID SHINE BRIGHT.

THE LIGHT IT WAS NO MAN-MADE THING,
NOR WAS IT A GOD-EYE RING.
A TIMID ILLUSION IT WAS NOT:
A SPECTACLE OF MAGIC NOT SOON FORGOT.
YET WHAT I HAD THE CHANCE TO SEE
IN THIS DISPLAY OF HEAVENLY *MA-STER-Y*
WAS NOT THE SUM OF MY ABJECT FEAR
BUT PEACE AND GRACE TO ME DRAWN NEAR.

A FANTASY WROUGHT
BY A WAYWARD MIND?
THAT THOUGHT I DISPELLED,
MADNESS IN KIND.
BUT 'TIME' IT TAUGHT
A MAN TO DWELL
ON SOMETHING MORE
THAN HIS EARTHLY HELL.

WHICHEVER WAY THE WILL MUST WEND –
IN TOWERS AND TUNNELS THE TORTURED FEND –
THERE WAS ON HIGH A HOPE, HE KNEW
THAT TESTED THE METTLE OF MINDS SO SKEWED.
ROBBED OF DELIRIUM, DEATH AND DELIGHT,
NEFARIOUS THOUGHTS WITH THEIR CEASELESS PLIGHTS,
AND WERE IT NOT FOR AN OPENING DOOR,
THE PILGRIM'S PROCESS WOULD BE POOR
FOR A JOURNEY MORE BRILLIANT THAN THE SUN
LAY OPEN THE PATH MAN WOULD BE-COME

THE INSISTENCE TO SEE
WHAT MAN WOULD NOT
REWARDED MY PATIENCE
WITH A COMPLEX KNOT
OF UNTOLD MYSTERIES
TOO MANY TO COUNT:
THOSE PEAKS OF PUZZLEMENT
WERE MY HILL-ROAD TO SURMOUNT.

IN THE TIMELESS, NIGHT-TIME SKIES
MYRIAD OBJECTS DID FLIT AND FLY:
BURNING LIGHTS FLEW THROUGH THE CRUX,
GOLDEN FORMATIONS YEWED AT DUSK,
DAZZLING DIAMONDS AFLAME WITH RED,
SILENT ORBS APPEARED AS PLED.
BUT MAJESTY CANNOT REALLY DESCRIBE
THAT WHICH APPEARED ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.
ON SACRED ROCK DANCED BEACONS OF WHITE
THEN SAPPHIRE, EMERALD AND RUBY BRIGHT.
HOPE WAS ALIVE AND ALL WAS WELL;
THESE DAYS OF DARKNESS WOULD SOON BE QUELLED.

END