

Deborah Masel's Poems

Verse 1

Image 1 1:1-2

I would have you
Mouth to mouth
But you raise this
Mountain
Solid rock between us,
Burning, hurling holy sparks.
Cool me with your aloe
Soothe me with your myrrh
That I may
Sip the flame
That is your breath,
Drink the fire that is your word

Image 2 1:3-4

Beyond the darkened depths,
Upon the breath that plays upon the water,
Let us run.

Image 3 1:5-17

Ah perfect sky-blue thread
Holding onto heaven
Old darkness kissing golden stone
City of upturned faces,
Of faith, and fantasy, and fear.
Unwrap your dappled nights.
Give me your henna and your myrrh
Deborah Masel's poetry
for Painting the Song

Verse 2

Image 4 2:1-7

Dreamed
But unconceived
Tasted
But untouched:
This drunken tangled madness
Apricot bed of love

Image 5 2:8-13

Listen!
He is there
Just there
Calling from the other side of sound

Image 6 2:14-17

There is music in the bruising of this night;
A fluttering,
A fear.
Free me, my lord
And I will fill your downy mouth
with lily-wine and song

Verse 3

Image 7 3:1-6

Through the beggars' doorway,
Past the pilgrims' pathway,
Beyond the city gates
See him rise,
King of kings;
Smoke from frozen stone
Trembling in the night.

Image 8 3:7-11

Let us feast upon your glory
Splendour in the night
Sleep beneath our breath
Beloved,
Dream of cedar
and of spices
and of light

Verse 4

Image 9 4:1-5

hidden
and concealed
spoken
and revealed
sister and lover
each to other:
the veil flutters
and the fragrance flows.

Image 10 4:6 -9

Dream of dawns and dew, my darling
Of dappled light and diamonds
Let me see the sacred city
In the pupils of your eyes

Image 11 4:10-16

Guard the gates with all your fiery art, twin angels.
These gates contain an everywhere,
Beyond which, nothing is.



Verse 5

Image 12 5:1-8

I am your river-fella
black cloak flowing through the night
And you a blaze of morning
calling
to the river's deep deep darkness
to its secret bed of light
Image 13 5:9-15
Gather daughters
let us dance upon the waters
milk and wine and lilies and spice
ivory, sapphire and gold
Gather daughters
gather the waters
let us
make
man

Verse 6

Image 14 6: 1-3

running and returning
we are rivers
mouth to mouth

Image 15 6:4-12

I am poured out upon your beauty
like a gentle rain falling on your thirsting soul.

Verse 7

Image 16 7:1

Yet there's a yearning in the light that's leaking through the dawn,
trickling from its rivers to the oceans of our fears in a universe that's
turning on the yearning point of prayer, and God is hidden there,
inside the inside of His ever-changing world.

Image 17 7:2

Holy mountain's
golden light
created
only
for this dance.

Image 18 7:3-4

Upon the lotus leaf at dawn
a single drop
and half the perfect world is formed.

Image 19 7:5-7

I gaze into these secrets
and find creation written there

Image 20 7:8-10

Beneath my spirit
loosen,
love.
Let me breathe you free.

Image 21 7:11-13

All night, between the lips
as heaven and earth
meet and kiss.

Verse 8

Image 22 8:1-2

Dive into me my wandering one
I will hold you and surround you
I will be the breath within you
See how we fit
each inside the other
Settle here, dearheart;
It is time for you to come home

Image 23 8:5

You trembled
fearing my fire
You fainted, you fled.
But all I wanted
was to give myself to you.

Image 24 8:6-7

Wrap me around you
Until I hold you tight
And when I go I'll leave with you
the imprint of our light.

Image 25 8:8-10

Under the canopy
she circles me,
bone of my bones
my sister, my bride.

Image 26 8:11-14

This is where the image meets its source,
where the taking is so fierce it is a giving
and the listening's so deep it is a song
Listen love,
listen to our song.