

Crossing the Line

The Poetry of Tony DeLorger



'Crossing the Line'

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Author's Note...

This book contains works completed over the past two years, with only a few exceptions. Within the poetry genre, here are examples of prose, narrative, inspirational, lyrical, comical and satirical poems, written as thoughts and feelings emerged.

For this reason the poetry is not indexed, instead presented as inspiration drove me to write it, giving the reader a diverse read, rather than categorising the works without real purpose. In this way I believe the reader is better served, and has perhaps a better opportunity of understanding my motives and intent. I do hope you enjoy my poetic renderings and exploration of the human condition.

Tony DeLorger

In burrows warm they spurn the night.
 To forage when that golden orb,
 Release the shadows day is born.

Cabin crack and timber moan,
 To greet the frosted vista shown.
 Through misty panes to sun's delight,
 Humans yawn farewell to night.

Woods alive with woken beasts,
 To join the throng of living see.
 Cloudless cover rich in hue,
 Until the jewels of dark ensue.

The Shed

Rickety grey and bowed weathered boards,
 With gnarled grains and knot-twisted talons,
 Alive and cat creeping along bent walls.
 Barely conscious and upright stalled,
 In rusted nail and flaked fungi-ringed blemishes.

Sadness pours from leaning ravaged doors,
 Fine silk from spiders gone, adorn the crusty walls.
 While fallen lattice that once birthed crops,
 Lay vacant half-buried in lifeless earth,
 Swallowed by tattered remnant vines.

With gentle touch a small hole crumbles,
 Dusty wooded breath, light piercing blackness.
 Wide-eyed, I search forgotten memories stacked,
 Waste, high mountains and sunset dreams,
 Released from life, decaying vermin fancy.

My heart falls shallow, imbued with death-tinged sorrow,
 Intentions lost; a scattered patchwork plight.
 Defiled by time, abandoned, a monument to weathered hands,
 And condemned to slow dust demise, final breath unspent,

A man's paradise lost.

The Road

Never look for happiness,
Allow yourself to be found by it.
Happiness can never be a pursuit,
That infers it is the result of something.

Happiness is a decision,
Born of your appreciation for life,
And the gifts of cognizant existence.
Learn to exalt them.

Caught up though we may be,
In the details and the ups and downs of life,
We must not lose sight of our gifts,
The very foundation of love.

Strive, create and succeed, but never outweigh
The value of life with accomplishment.
The journey, the experience is the only importance,
Results alone the end of learning.

Be kind to pilgrims, for they are as you,
On a road, with gifts and experience unknown.
Help when you can, let go when you can't,
But be thankful for how they touch your life,
Good or bad.

We all have purpose.

Abandoned

She stood before the mirror, struggling with herself,
Lost in the thought that no man would be interested.
Abandoned, rejected and without the rejuvenation of youth,
She saw only the lines of weathered life, and the pain of loneliness.

Meticulously she applied her make-up, there *were* standards,
 And at least she retained her composure, her dignity.
 But healing was so far away, and a bruised soul was no easy fix.
 The sadness in her faded eyes, seemed to drag her down,
 Remind her of what he did.
 Then she teared up, unable to stave off the welling emotion.
 Her frail hand shook ever so gently as she masterfully added lipstick,
 Rubbed her lips together and looked down pensively.
 The hurt just seemed to rise like waves within her, over and over.
 But there was a house to maintain and kids to care for,
 So she straightened up and pursed her lips determinedly,
 Making a silent pact, resolving to survive.
 The world seemed dark and inhospitable now,
 But one day it would look different, she would be different,
 Stronger.

From the Darkness Comes

Tired and desperate fears, clinging haplessly to escape.
 Uninspired wretched fears, refused dying, ever waiting.
 Seething vengeful fears bound for flight, beneath skin and trying.
 To chart a course, to wield its gnarled intent and take the reins,
 and to unleash insidious plans of decimation.
 Cloth-less, unperceivable spectre within, knotted flesh and carnal sin,
 remove clawed fingers from me, and tempt not this world of will.
 Instead release me and face the darkness of your womb,
 never to twist me out and drag me into the void of dark misplace.
 Leave me in my mortal husk to hone life, as *I* will,
 and to suffer the designs of my indiscretions, without your hold.
 Long have you torn my weary flesh, as you emerge from my darkness.
 I wish now the peace that possibility proffers,
 without your malevolent whispers, and silence stare.
 Leave me sleep a tranquil slumber, unclothed by murky hues,
 and open my eyes at morning's break, dispelled of my one true foe.
 Fear- release me?

The Seed

Heaven spurned and Kings forlorn,
Duty spare and sabres drawn.
Soulless selfish minds are torn,
With nothing to believe in.

Wanting for sweet nothing's breath,
To quench the flame of idle death.
And end the reign of apathy,
A paradigm be shown.

Religions sigh and politics dry,
Relinquish all the chased ascribe.
Instead within the nurtured womb,
Aspire all beginnings.

Perfection, God and Allah make,
Within our souls potential take.
No outward search the truth locate,
Within, the seed resides.

End

Relinquished arms and faded game,
Duplicitous silence born of betrayal.
Fetch my bowl and cup salute,
The end of lies and feigned recoup.

My heart once filled now loathes to feel,
The shallow tint and absence yield.
For time dislodge the truth unsaid,
And face the parting bravely.

'Tis love that sparks the deepest night,
And love that rots in faded light.
Adrift in aged encumbered life,
A scrambled plight detests.

Impossible to face regret,

Nor hold the hand of passing let,
A vision lost of eternal will,
Forever end in sadness still.

Craving scorned and will aside,
Let passion wain and chill reside.
The torment lost contention nigh,
Oh silence bare and then...

Pillows soft of down console,
Now callus rocks a bed so cold.
No rest, escape or careless soul,
Could pity find in aged recall.

Tempered thoughts of warmth now lost,
In staggered rows of graveyard plots.
Lack lustre past in fine review,
Welcome change and life renew.

The Beast

The night is filled with unearthly hues,
Of purple mists and ghostly blues.
Where shadows dance to untimely beats,
And feeding beasts the dark elite.

Do pray upon the sleeping weak,
In nests so warm and indiscreet.
Undone by fowl and evil deed,
Upon this night are slain to feed.

Beasts crawl and grope and plunge the flesh,
Of plump pink life exposed and fresh.
Devoured fast in frenzied tearing,
Consumed with lustful pleased caring.

The slaughter chilling- it escalates,
With flesh and blood and offal ate.
Without remorse or considered fate,

The beasts fulfil not contemplate.

When blood stops flowing and bellies blessed,
 The beasts return to their lairs to rest.
 Engorged with life snuffed out so cruelly,
 They groan with satisfaction clearly.

Until sanguine rays of day explode,
 And bed the evil darkness sown.
 That is until the night returns,
 And the beasts awaken in blood to earn.

Mis-thoughts

Aberrations of human thought litter the mind,
 like rubbish in darkened alleyways.
 Refuse riddled and blinded to the landscape beneath,
 we ignore the dark illusive notions that seem to propagate themselves,
 living through our momentary lapses of control.
 Well hidden from cognisance, these mis-thoughts lurk,
 adjacent to reality, but willing to take hold at any opportunity.
 I ponder the deep and darkest souls who have fallen to these mis-
 thoughts,
 and see that I am but one thread away, as they.
 If not for that sense God gave me, I would slither with them,
 darkened and soulless I would become.
 So let mankind flourish, a thread away from madness,
 and hope that the world of folly can maintain that infinitesimal thread.
 For madness lurks in all of us, awaiting our falter,
 its passage to ascension.

Bliss

Beneath the majestic elm I lay on the cold rich earth,
 Peering up into the endless radiations of branches,
 Sunlight gently dusting the leaves and entering the inner sanctum
 Of this pure edifice with a million dots of light.
 The earth smells of moist mulch and the textured bark felt at sight.

The air is fresh and pungent with the scent of pollens and musty
moulds.

I can feel the life within this giant, surging under where I lay,
And it awakens me to simplicity, and the gift bestowed upon us.
This is home.

Temporary

Temporary insanity is likely to be my plea,
For I've lost the fundamentals, of what justice used to be.
You see I mistakenly let a motorist in, when I should have snubbed him
off,
And the impatient arse-hole behind me, lead-footed began to scoff.
By having right of way you see, then stopping for another,
I'd forgone that 'back-ending rule'- *my fault* decides my brother.
So he slams me from behind real hard, and half breaks his bloody neck,
And now it seems he'll sue me, convalescence me to cheque.
All this because I was courteous, and thought of someone else,
Next time I'll be an arse-hole too, and keep to my own self.

Tempest Roar

Tempest roar and gallows swing, on the edge of life with hope I swing.
Callous minds remiss of care, idle stand with heartless stare.

And lure weakened souls into the periphery of life.

To wield their will and taunt us still, alone in the silent darkness.

Their sight is but the demon seed, of which we clench within.

A darkness we more often hold, blinded by the lying told.

But we alone must face the light, those hardened minds away from
sight.

And grasp the breath of life within, and drag our battered souls from
sin.

It is we, who breed the darkness and wallow in its proclivity,
and take those malevolent fears and dread, and clothe ourselves
the truth unsaid.

For resolve it is that we must make, and deny this seed for our own
 sake.
 Life awaits us in the light, removed from darkened shadows plight.

Love

Our love is like a river, from mountain down to pass,
 From raging torrent rapids, to rocky brooks and glass.
 And we like pebbles twist and turn,
 Beneath its bubbled crust,
 And join the essence of the flow, to search for calm at last.

But should we stop that flowing, and ponder where we are,
 Like pebbles we will surely sink,
 And remain 'til swept once more.
 For love, just like the water's run,
 Is freedom in its care,
 And we poor fools that follow not,
 Find only deep despair.

But give your all, flow with the tide,
 Accept and do not tire,
 And you shall have the answer to,
 All that you desire.

For rivers empty into seas, of calm and gentle peace,
 Where pebbles smooth from torrents past,
 Do dwell in sweet release.

The Pursuit of Truth

Within the delicate folds of abstraction,
 Lay answers to our questioning.
 Like furtive glances they lay in waiting,
 Should we be astute enough to catch their illusory appearance.

Evidence external is our pursuit,
 Unwilling to accept the truth within,
 The shell over which we preserve our self-beliefs and place.
 The precarious positions in which we place ourselves,

We are unable to relent.

Instead we read all things from that perspective, bias and ignoble.

Balancing our motives and steps within this ignorance of self.

Answers shall always be one step from consciousness,

Opened only be the will to let go of ego.

If only we could be as honest with ourselves as we demand of others,

The world would be a different place.

Life's Beat

Beyond the gruelling tempo of life's constant beat,

A sanctuary lies beckoning, laid out at our feet.

The choice of a quiet mind can allay all our fears,

A decision of consequence, to cease anger and tears.

It is we, who create that eternal, incessant knell,

To commend our lost souls to a living dead hell.

When first we should remember our reason for breath,

And let spinning and frantic worlds render their death.

To be Human

Tragic worlds are woven with silk,

Designed of great beauty, resplendent of ilk.

Intricate plans and ironic sub-plots,

The paths of our lives are fraught with job lots.

In quicksand we struggle our tragic choice made,

The silken threads tighten our fears never to fade.

The beauteous downfall, perfection in kind,

Our masochistic intentions afflicted of mind.

Though tragedy yields to a far greater foe,

So few of us see it, too constricted to know.

Also woven of silk is the chattels of love,

With radiant colours, as pure as the dove.

The Holy Land

Irreverent smiles and squinted eyes, and plotted thoughts abound,
 Wilful guile and sheer denial, of motives dark astound.
 Sickly lies and fated sighs, and mordant explanations,
 Worry beads so sacrosanct, deceitful fascination.

Hallowed grins and master spins, political dispensation,
 Purpose filled by men of will, in name of church and nation.
 Neither right nor wrong in darkest tone, these wheels of men do
 choose,
 To yield the foe of mis-belief, to rid their lives and lose.

Yet belief alone cannot fulfil, the idle dreams of power,
 For the darkest dreams of fine ideals, can infect, destroy and sour.

Thinking

Allow the farthest thought passage and open the door anew,
 And in this way see as others may, explore the naked truth.
 Narrow can our sight become, lost in the complexities of life,
 And remove the blanket of our experience, to know that there is more.

Shallow be this sight of mine, if I alone see from my eyes,
 When vision from a thousand minds, perspective shown in God's
 design.

Trust in the knowledge that truth resides without,
 And not from a single eye, shall the truth come out.

Love Does Rise

Like willows bend to meet the breeze
 on sullen days when nature speaks.
 And too must we on fleeted wing,
 rise up to meet the morning spring.
 Of life doth come from caverns deep
 to meet the sun on ragged peak.
 All this and other reasons why,
 the love does rise within our eyes.

For Breath

For breath I hold on time unspent,
 My sanction un-denied,
 Oh breathless self and sorrow born,
 Too blind for light to shine.
 For passing truth does bear to me,
 Of selfish pride unsaid,
 And wisp away the foolish doubts,
 That only fools can sense.
 For life's a circle with no end,
 Of peaked mountain climbs,
 Yet all returns to mother's womb,
 To start a second time.

The War of Minds

For all the wishes of men, who try in vain to better existence,
 There are those who choose to decimate that which they cannot own.
 By some quirk of nature they see only the struggle for gain,
 And nothing of the possibility for peace and harmony.

While politicians fight for position and world powers
 Lay siege upon the helpless, and judge what is right,
 The world will forever be in a state of war,
 Unable to find strength within culture, sate or religion.

Difference need not be segregation, nor divisive by nature,
 And should be the very wealth and glory of diversity.
 Why then do we condemn difference, and make judgements
 Based upon our ignorance.

A millennium has passed and still from within our pained history,
 We refuse to recognise our folly, to change and live for peace.
 What then does that say about our cultures and our beliefs?
 What does that say about our future, and the future of our planet?

And who will lead our race to a better life?