

The Crest

POETRY FOR THE SOUL



Tony DeLorger



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Author's Note

I have always loved the concept of poetry,
and especially as a fiction writer, the opportunity
to develop my craft in such a creative and relatively
unrestricted way.

Those before me who have shone their eternal light
and influenced what I thought and how I expressed it,
include: Shakespeare, Dunn, Keats, Robert Frost, T.S. Elliot
W.H. Auden, Walt Whitman for singularly pioneering
a new landscape, and the incomparable word-smithing
of Dylan Thomas, whose genius engenders an endless
font of creative expression.

I have deliberately omitted an index for this work,
in the hope that you the reader will explore
each poem individually.

This eclectic collection is both diverse and timeless,
reflecting classic metered verse, 'free poetry' and prose.
I hope that you will both enjoy and relate to the thoughts
and observations expressed in 'The Crest'.





For Suzi





About the Author

Tony DeLorger was born in the southern suburbs of Sydney in 1953. Coming from an artistic family background, he studied art, music and photography in his early years, and began a career in advertising in his twenties.

In the years that followed, his experience and career broadened to include further disciplines such as business management, sales and marketing. He is an accomplished musician and songwriter, as well as a graphic and fine artist, specialising in oils and oil pastels.

Throughout his career he has written commercially for corporate and small business, producing catalogues, magazine and tabloid advertising, as well as radio and television commercials- concepts, music and scripts.

Personally, he has experienced tragedy in his life, including the death of his first born child, losing both parents to cancer and surviving three marriages and the resulting divorces and custody battles. His life experience has given him a unique perception and a deep understanding of the human psyche, conditioning and motivations, which he uses to advantage in his writing.

From early 1999 he has taken up writing full time and his completed works thus far include 13 books. Tony lives with his wife of 20 years and their two children in Adelaide, where he helps aspiring writers: assessing, editing, publishing and marketing books. He has five children in all, aged 12-30 years.





Blossoms

Thoughts of blossom drenched tendrils alive on a breeze,
pungent with the nectar of life's sweet release.
The promise of growth and divine propagation,
with buds of rebirth a sublime fascination.

If delicate fine blooms, hand nurtured refuse
to glorious open and sacred rite muse.
Had choice played a hand in this cycle of being,
then a flower considers its will to deliver.

Resplendence its essence, no rhyme of indifference,
the petals each one holds the magic all done.
And be as it might, the same flower plight
to open its soul to the sun's beckoned gold.

A flower alone cannot with whim or bemoan,
its cycle of being, from the seed it has grown.
And under the spell of a nutrient given,
a life does then prosper, its beauty now known.





The Passing

Consider the tears that mourn a soul passing,
the emotions so raw and irrepressibly lasting.
And for those in the agony of a loved one now lost,
the pain will out-linger and engender at cost.

For pain of the heart is beyond mortal hold,
and under the spell only darkness and cold.
No reprieve from the sadness and emptiness of loss,
only time is the cleanser, bearing pain is our cross.

Forever our dark tears will mark our refrain,
but one day dry up and find life to reclaim.
With memories strong we can greet life anew,
having unburdened and grieved,
our commitment for truth.





The Writer

Penniless and prostrate I ponder why I'm here,
the footprints of my predecessors embossed upon my fear.
Striving for perfection a hallowed journey pledge,
the honing of my craft you see has brought me to the edge.

For whose perfection do I strive, if not my internal drive?
Could it be perhaps I'm chasing wind in order to survive.
Why does the art be judged on rules when contents almost lost?
And me so wound within its threads, what I'm saying now forgot.

With writers hearts upon their sleeves they sit upon a wall,
with critics pelting stones at them to see how soon they'll fall.
So I guess I'll be a stubborn twit, too stupid to call it quits,
and continue to do just what I love, until I fall to bits.





Angels

As we progress through the ragged course
of our seemingly erratic lives,
a watchful eye is focused upon our every qualm and indecision,
hoping that the light of truth will somehow reach us
and deliver us from the repetitive cycles of learning
and the tedium of our blind misunderstandings.

With grace and eternal patience
these souls wait in the shadow of truth,
and pray for that spark to appear from deep within,
a spark of pure love once planted in each and every one of us
at the very beginning of time.

Then, with this recognition of our divine potential,
these beings become enlivened to action, reaching out to us, holding us
§ guiding us toward the freedom of truth.

When our world seems grey,
the colour of life somehow bleached as if under a torturous sun, we will
find their hands upon our shoulders ,
soothing our pain with warmth and the love of the divine mother.
When we unexpectedly trip to discover what truly lies before us or
startle to notice what up until that moment
had remained unnoticed...it is they.

When we are without hope and a glimmer suddenly
and miraculously appears,





like the twinkle of the North Star... it is they.
When we are lost in the world of men,
yet somehow by circumstance led to redemption...it is they.

For however we see it or whatever we believe,
there is no explaining these kind vigilant souls
who lurk in the shadows of our existence.
They ask for nothing, they take nothing, they seek no gratification,
but only wish to share with us the glory and magic
of the process of life and the power of Love.
We know these souls as Angels.

Like the shimmer of golden light across water at dusk,
these beings exist.
Like a heavenly mist of stars they descend to the world of men.
There for those with sight to see,
they work often undetected and then are gone,
like the final glistening of the setting sun.
When we poor mortals,
lost within our material world need consolation,
Angels are there at every turn.

It is well that we know of them,
for they are as much a part of our lives
as each breath that we take, each thought that we make.
However there is no need to believe in Angels,
because they already believe in us.





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 beautiful 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.





Discontent

The fire of discontent abides within our greed,
creating a turbulence too great to see.
The truth in passing is unrequited,
circumstance implored yet uninvited.

Blinded by our thoughts of need,
we travel far to acquire and succeed.
To lose that which we already own,
the irony of loss, our ignorance so prone.

Satisfaction a premise we should thoroughly explore,
regardless of circumstance and without wanting more.
For it is we who create this world of discontent,
we so selfishly blame when results aren't what we meant.





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.





Running with the Dog

I wake, pale and despondent,
driven to cringe within the shallows of my bed.
Blackness cloaked in fear unites above,
oppressive dreams from the depths of torture.
Thoughts stifled at every turn, running with the dog.

vague blessed attempts at function,
are swayed to release a muddled mind.
To struggle frantic in the drowning pool,
gasping for air in a noxious fog,
running with the dog.

Commonsense prevails upon me,
to push through those tortuous lies.
To lay waste to that incessant dialogue,
that betrays me and beats me senseless,
running with the dog.

Finger by clawed finger I rise,
to see the world above the cloud.
unwilling to compromise life for pain,
I allow light and my strangled hope to remain.
The dog, with lead in mouth, sits and waits.

