

Echoes of the Heart



Poetry by B. Erin Wylde

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Fortress Broken

Fortress broken; Castle burned
Shadows lurking
Tables turned

Waters deep; Cold as ice
Something sinking
Hidden vice

Take the road; Pay the toll
Find the future
Lose the soul

Fortress broken; Castle burned
Countless faces
Seek to burn

Tortured thoughts; Horrid wonder
What has past
Returns as Thunder

No more strength; No more fear
Fate has won
I disappear

Byzantine Wilderness

Outskirts...the far-reaching expanses
Of an exotic netherworld;
Lost to man, but owned by nature,
Each trespasser will soon learn his worth.

Cacophony of an intruder's presence,
Nature's den placed on alert;
Only hidden savage realities,
Lie dormant for man to unearth.

There exists a foreboding awareness
Floating still in the murky Lair;
That the hunted may soon become hunter,
As the prey is transformed into Nature's slayer.

It is not meant for man, this great vastness,
Of swamp made of mud and bog;
Listen close to the Byzantine Wilderness,
Listen close and you'll hear its perilous bawl.

The Porcelain Heart

The simplest movement is forward
The hardest direction away.
A trail leads from the one you love
In search of the one that you crave.

It's said that a heart full with absence
Will tend to grow fonder each day.
Not true of the heart that's unwanted
That heart will keep love far at bay.

With love there is not rhyme or reason
But instead it's a law to itself.
No way to choose passion with honor
All pride put away on a shelf.

So beware the porcelain heart
That aches for another's intended.
It's playground the darkest of shadows
Where all hopes and dreams lay rescinded.

The longing and hurt will devour
The delicate heart's tender core.
With pieces and shards left remaining
To scar and distort passion's lore.

Remember the porcelain heart
That was also once hopeful and new.
Be true to your own fragile heart
So your desperate days will be few.

Time to Go

The sun sets low in an orange sky
Your face reveals the signs.
The time to go has now arrived
It's time for our goodbyes.

At first we meet with nervous kiss
But calm quickly ensues.
The feelings real, the need intense
Will one be made from two?

Mere hours is all we share
Where we pack our lives inside.
Sharing, touching, exploring...
What keeps us on this ride?

The time draws near to leave you
And the cold is closing in.
The dreaded night is looming
Will I see you again?

I wait for you to end us
Each and every day.
I know that now it's time to go
But will you ever stay?

A Dream of You

The heart wishes for what the mind dreams.
In the stillness, my dream floated outward,
Drifting to lie quietly beside me;
Taking shape; Becoming you.

The dream has become all too real,
Now with thinking heart and mind;
No longer mere idea or wish,
But man of flesh and blood;
With dreams of his own.

The dream is beautiful, and the dreamer proud;
Yet a dream made flesh is prone to conflict.
To care is a burden, so the dream turns away
To sleep in the coldest of places.

All too often, the miracle of the living dream is forgotten by
the dreamer;
An ignis fatuus hanging wearily in the mist,
Slowly disappearing from sight.
For too many fears chase the dream away,
Rendering him too afraid of chastising realities to return.

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A Dream of You (continued)

Amazingly though, the courageous dream does return,
Even if dragging and broken, damaged by the elements;
Heart cold, Soul hungry and alone.

He returns in spite of all that has gone before to be nourished
by the dreamer,
Who gently takes the dream upon her bosom;
And in that warm embrace he is once more floating,
drifting....free.

Come home now dream....you are remembered.

Preview of a Lifemare

One night I dreamt I lost you
It was not like any dream
I'd had before...it was so clear.
So possible ...it seemed.

My dreams have often left me
In turmoil when I'd wake
But then the sunlight would pour in
And render them as fake.

But this one was a nightmare
I surely could not shake
A total desperation
That followed me to wake

I could not lose you ever
It's a loss I could not bear
So when it doesn't seem so...
Please remember that I care....

I love you like no other
I hope that you can see
That my life would be a lifemare
Without you next to me.

A valentines Promise

Candies, songs and flowers,
For those I have no need;
Knowing you and loving you
Is more than I could dream.

So on this day we celebrate
A love that's like no other.
You are to me, my perfect wish;
My friend, my life, my lover.

I give to you this silly poem,
Although it's from my heart;
And all I wish, this valentines'
Is that we never part.

The Tiny House

The tiny house was built some years ago,
With only some scraps that were lying around.
It was built atop a cliff over a raging sea
With no view except endless ocean miles down.
IT was said to have mortar made of blood and tears
Its foundation bored deep in the ground.
What was a futile attempt at construction to most,
To its builderswas paradise found.

When it was built, a crowd surrounding the house
Said, "there's no way that structure will hold"
" Its walls are too flimsy, its design is all flawed,
We'll just see a true test with the rain and the cold."
They waited and jeered till winter came round
They watched for the dwelling's fate as foretold.
They sat and waited and lingered so long,
Bathed in bitterness, they began to grow mold!

Days turned into weeks and weeks into years;
As the tiny house swayed with the winds.
The crowd hoped the house would just crumble
To them, its existence was more than pure sin.
But a surprise awaited those who looked on,
Something wonderful about to begin;
This house amassed from its builder's hearts
Grew bigger right in front of their skeptical eyes
....expanding from within!

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The Tiny House (continued)

The moldy onlookers fell to their fate
Off the cliff that day, so it's said.

The house grew so large and strong and grand
To this day, on its grounds, trespassers dare not tread.

So you see, there is lesson in legend
As most legends have at least a shred
For true happiness, build a home with your heart
and never with your head.

Stranger

Oh to be a stranger, to never have to see
the horrible ways of those you trust
or "the way it has to be"

I wish I were a stranger, not aware of all these souls
in their search to quench the hunger
for the thing to make them whole.

Their secrets, lies and demons have a predetermined fate
unhappiness will fuel their path
to kill with pure complacency.

Why can't I be a stranger in a far forgotten place
where no one's sure to recognize
the pain upon my face.

I long for peace and certainty in a cruel, uncertain time
I know how silly that must seem
But I still claim hope as mine.

Only now this lonely stranger sees hope as wearing thin;
as fear is closing fast.
I wish for wisdom and clarity
and true love to come at last.

Show Me

I showed you a rainbow,
you pointed out the colors.
I showed you a cold lagoon of blue,
you made ancient waters new.
I showed you a dark forest at twilight,
you made it alive with fire.

You showed me a new moon,
laced with shadowy terrain.
You showed me how the wind blows,
to lift me from despair.
You showed me what real love is,
and how to trust again.

Our passion is a vessel,
that prays for us to board.
She is a fine and sturdy ship
Giving shelter from the storm.

A long and troubled voyage,
waits for us in days ahead.
Remember love, to show the way,
the course to lead us home.