

## Looking Glass

### Hallows Eve

I left my home far behind, waved good-bye to my routine  
One dusky hour's drive north  
I rode in man's machine  
Someplace in north's wood  
I felt that I would find  
"There lies your reputation  
and an honest measure of your worth"  
This I have sought in quest  
since my long gone birth  
Battling with my beasties  
has brought me to a truth  
The sweeter the tongue,  
The sharper the tooth

I stepped forth on the Mother  
In my search for light  
Forgotten church to my left,  
The mansion to my right  
Light showed through the windows  
Of the house that I have known  
So I had made this my guest,  
The scars of dusk had blown  
There's a man who carries his dreams  
In a bag slung over his shoulder  
No word could you understand,  
His bundle is as life's boulders  
So he bags his regrets  
Into a bundle of sorrow  
And carries them in hope,  
The hope of tomorrow

I left my bag out of sight  
And sat by candle-light  
Then I saw an apparition,  
Much to my own fright

I saw a compound  
Of all that is unclean  
Abnormal, detestable,  
The worst that I have seen  
The ghoulish shade of decay,  
Putrid and antique  
Unwholesome revelation,  
All that is bleak  
A travesty of human shape  
Upon bones of mold  
Clothing disintegrating,  
The stench of the old

I know what I am,  
I am what I am

I stared into the glassy orbs  
Which stared back at me  
Then I had found my peace,  
I had found the key  
I reached to touch the carrion

And it reached from the mass  
To reveal to my fingers  
Cold polished glass!  
We tipped our hats  
Good-Eve to the other  
Picked up our bags,  
Waved good-bye to our brother  
We'll find the speck  
Of truth in each riddle  
And a looking-glass  
Stuck in the middle

Wise one is master of the mind,  
Fool will be it's slave  
Me, I'm in the middle,  
Only a mirror, only a riddle  
Imagine the dark obscure poet  
Gliding through his night  
Pausing to stare in from the out.  
He would enter, but outside he is lord  
Imagine the pure beyond holy and evil,  
Watching, trying every extreme  
With the calm knowledge  
That he is colour and dance and saying,  
"There is no Renaissance,  
Only the ancients creating different lights"