

---

## forms by meredith ryan taylor

---

she crouched aligned with the precipice rocks that jutted before the edge  
her form a blend among flames of earth and gargoyles cut without hands  
sun had discovered these forms and light's music emanated from the chaos

---

fragrant daughter of the summer dance  
shadows all run before you  
these suffocate in your ocean landscape  
and cold seasons wake to emerald green fire  
may your dream also grow flawless  
live branch of ancient voice  
sing of regions sad, shy, tragic  
or need for lovely kisses  
concretely cry a tapestry  
yet if you like  
love me  
and i will feel my heart delirious  
in the seething afternoon

---

it's like being a child again full of fear pure terror  
at the very thought of being alone  
not that I was really happy  
but in my solitude my hermitage  
I found peace and contentment  
it did not hurt as I do now  
how will I regain  
my numbness  
you have awakened the angel and the dragon  
in my heart  
one tears my soul  
bites and writhes  
the other is so full of joy  
it hurts  
what am I to do  
how can I be one again  
these dividing forces call to the melancholy and opposition of the past  
I am a child the world is new again  
and once again I live in fear

---

---

go see her  
roar as will the thousand green years steal across the planet  
earth hears you  
yet she cannot feast

these spring love songs dance over a dream  
i relent  
whispering to a morning moon  
ever sipping sleep

---

i have tried to be you  
in the school, in the classroom, in the studio and the masterclass  
i have attempted to parrot your tones, styles and processes of thought,  
i have run the gamut, crossed the field, towed the line, taken the bait  
and like a fish on a hook writhed in agony over freedom's name  
so that even now I am more free yet more a slave

o you great dead!  
on whom my life has been built and modeled,  
on whom my soul has been torn apart,  
spare me from those that worship you even as they worshiped baal of old,  
cry out to their souls that they may not sacrifice me before your alter.

---

my dear Love, you are to me  
brighter than the far off sea,  
and the place in which you roam,  
though not laced with waves of foam,  
that place I will call my home.

---

i cannot rhyme His love for me in couplets, it is too great a thing

i dare not compact His love to regularities of meter, for as the world he created, on which I stand,  
is not round, as the two halves of my face are not the same, as no cell that divides itself is  
an exact mirror, and as the sun sets from day to day in a different shade, His love too is  
neither regular or symmetrical (excepting it surrounds us like the air we breathe), neither  
can it be compared to these humble images with which i am familiar - it is the most  
beautiful thing in all creation.

how can i sing the love of God?

---

---

the angel lays her head upon my shoulder  
one hand interlocks with mine  
the other passes warmth into my arm

raucous noises effuse from the tumult below  
but peace is mine

why do i love her?  
how is it she offers me the olive branch?  
in her warm smile? her laugh? her look? her calm? her playful cheerfulness?

though these features lead to like,  
my love is not in any one of these parts,  
not in these emanations and manifestations,  
but in the whole combined and moving from her heart,  
the source of her brightness, her pureness, her beauty . . .  
it is that which i love

---

a summer death behind her white breast  
gone like a goddess  
or vision chaste  
i stare and ache

sing to me mad rose

in death you

are sun  
the

the  
summer  
sun

---

it's said, "chicken soup with noodles can help to heal a cold,"  
but since i had no chicken here, turkey too (i am told)  
has oft been used to stand-in and may be even better,  
so here is turkey soup for you escorted by this letter.

---

---

anguish and joy is mine in you  
oh how you bite me with a thought  
like shimmering glass the pool of my soul was  
till you came in again

now  
the ripples will not stop  
the vibrations grow to astounding proportions  
they leap up over my head and I am buried  
drowned

devastated

oh please go away

no please stay

o!

i cry out of the night like a thousand savage drums and voices screaming  
the air shakes

my home is left desolate  
and the earth evaporates beneath my feet  
the void is calling and the stars flicker and die like used up candles  
there is nothing left but the unbearable blazing of the sun

o!

it is only the touch of your hand

---

the water grasses flow gently in the stream  
they softly sway left to right and back again  
i wonder at their permanence in the flow  
of constantly moving water

the seed of these grasses  
long since rooted  
in the cool mud  
tenaciously hold in place  
as the plant grows with the sunlight  
and the nourishment of the soil

it is so beautiful

green  
and speaks to me of a contented life

i have become somewhat like the water grasses

i am happy

---

---

i am, and dwell here in flesh, blood and bone.  
i will not be ruled by my flesh.  
i am a child of God,  
and He is my Father.  
i am not yet one with this flesh,  
this body is the temple of my self.

my Creator i worship in this house.  
here self and flesh are loosely joined,  
but my Savior is great,  
He overcame all death,  
and self and flesh will be my soul,  
i'll worship Him in the eternities.

i will fulfill His purposes for me.  
i was made for greatness and truth.  
i love him and will serve,  
my service is my love,  
for He is all greatness and truth,  
it pleased His purposes to create me.

i will praise Him in every action.  
i will sing His great name aloud.  
He is my only God,  
He is my only Light.  
from the high mountains i will sing,  
and show to my Father my gratefulness.