

# Tripartite

A collection of twenty-one sonnets  
in three chronological sections  
written over a three year period.

By Meredith Ryan Taylor

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## Part I

1.

If I give to you a piece of my soul  
will you keep it, or will you give it back?  
I'd rather that you kept it, that's my goal,  
if not, just slip it quiet in my pack.  
It is not something you can keep on loan,  
refuse or take, your decision will reign.  
Cast aside the gift, I'll incite no tone  
of sorrow, but good friends we will remain.  
Save my gift, keep it, use it and maybe  
all will shift and turn out better by far.  
It's unknown, uncharted territory,  
a place where only the wild things are.  
Some may sing, "whatever will be will be,"  
but my voice lifts up, "take a chance on me."

II.

Heart, how are you the center of my universe?  
Mind, why do you take a second chair and allow  
the unstable organ to win full sway and curse  
my body-soul with it's self-loving raptured now.  
The blood that runs wild through my ice-hot flesh  
poisons my will with urgency and poor desire.  
It is a sort of darkness that I find enmeshed  
in bone, in spirit and in soul. So goes black fire  
unchecked, ravishing my whole being in despair  
from inner most organ to the outer most cell,  
consuming every atom, pervading each hair,  
so thrusting my being towards personal hell.  
Oh Lord, who by wisdom created stately earth,  
restore reasons sovereignty, grant this soul new birth.

Where is my heart? What ashes are these here?  
Has the fire consumed itself? Burned so bright,  
so fast, extinguished in it's own fury?  
Now dead, it lays without motion, no sound;  
it's life come and gone in a silent round.  
Hushed up anger, quiet pain, gone worry,  
love and joy absent, forgot, lost from sight.  
Oh could I but turn back and shed a tear!

## III. Metamorphosis

Trying to find new words for old feelings?  
Can ash yield up fresh life that jets and wings  
and breathes freely? Can a phoenix that sings  
as though it was always there be believed?  
Science would say, "not so." Can worms spring up  
from the rotting carcass of a dead pup?  
No, yet the fly's offspring can feast and sup  
on this table that eyes may be deceived.  
This feeling was as the ash and there were  
no embers from which a new fire could start.  
Then grow, new seed of life and so endure,  
the phoenix has no place within my heart.  
Within my soul what e'er this thing may be  
let it stay green throughout eternity.

IV.

I am so full of contentment and bliss.  
Why? It is the plan and order of life:  
You search and plan, you scheme,  
you pray, and miss  
the golden goals you make, and with that strife  
you brood and hollowly imagine it  
is your lot to be alone. There you are,  
consumed, hopeless, yielding to pain. You sit  
alone and take to heart as guiding star  
the diabolic myths of a debased,  
declining society. Then you learn,  
turn, and put trust in the God who encased  
your soul in flesh with heart to beat and yearn.  
I was such a person now made whole again,  
joyful to find hope in the smile of a friend.

V.

Understand you? Is it something I am  
able to achieve when you yourself claim  
you are not able? What kind of corse sham,  
what game for fools do we play? When I came  
to you, I came wanting love, but do you  
have such substance to offer? And what excuse,  
what comedy of half-truths do you give  
that I so die and yet in form still live?  
Shall we be hermits then? What do we do?  
Idle words, simple talk that serves no use  
and tears apart our former honesty,  
has risen like a wall- part you, part me.  
I need to be needed, I need you to need,  
how can the soil produce life with no seed?

VI.

I am cruel. I am sorry.  
You have been in deep love and lost,  
yet I can only think of me,  
my needs, my wants, my heart, my cost.  
I understand love. Oh, to know  
your hearts desire, and have hope torn  
away in a moment - a low,  
oppressive, rock hard feeling, born  
in words that plunder joy and loot  
the essence of life. I don't know  
that your affair bore the same fruit  
I've tasted and loathed. Even so,  
it is nothing but Spartan cruelty,  
expecting so soon you'd have room for me.

#### VII.

You are so beautiful,  
your smile warms the deepest  
vacancies in my soul.  
Your smiling is warmth dressed  
in shades of brightest spring,  
spring is in you, and all  
that is lighthearted, everything  
merry, blithe, tall and small  
fits kindly in your smile.  
It's joy to be this near  
spring's daughter, all the while  
I cast on spring my fear.  
I watch my doubts float downstream slow,  
upon the smiling spring they go.

#### Part II

##### 1.

I cannot, this pain again of silence,  
I would rather die than bear this violence . . .  
but I cannot . . . the pain would but remain  
and added to it's beastly sting would be  
upon my soul self-murder's damned stain  
to toss my soul in endless misery.  
Oh! . . . help me! . . . have mercy, take this penance  
Lord, and grant to me the blessed sentence  
of Thy divine mercy. Help me to find  
that one in who'll originate the balm  
that calms my wounds, brings my life joy. In kind,  
I'd give her love and warmth from heart and palm.  
I am alone and will be evermore  
unless my Father has kept hope in store.

#### II.

Going to a friends flat, offered a chair,  
a silly movie from my youth brings back  
some warmth and spirit that I lately lack.  
I look, I am surprised to find her there  
upon the couch asleep and like a dream.  
How beautiful, smiling in her repose,  
I inspect the form so quiet, from toes  
to nose, from hair to tiny hands eyes stream,  
mind contemplates what in her arouses  
and intrigues me to a point I almost  
could call love. What bright aura does she host  
within? and what is it that she houses  
that rends the ordinary shell to shine?  
Virtue and kindness meet in every line.

#### III.

Oh! Who can find a virtuous woman?  
For her worth is far greater than metals  
of gold, silver and platinum, petals  
of flowering plants or spices to man.  
Under her hand a grain of light will grow,  
life's seed is there - manifest in her womb.  
From before her life, and beyond the tomb,  
she is the mother of worlds. This I know-  
that man cannot exist without her graces,  
she is water in a desert nation,  
soil to seed upon a harsh plantation,  
genesis of generation's faces.  
In her life dawns joy to man forever,  
becoming one, never more to sever.

#### IV.

Two lovers stand outside my room's window,  
oblivious to all the world and I.  
In the warm dark with kisses sweet they show  
each other tenderness. Embracing tie  
that knits two souls into one. Simple kiss.  
Oh what a wonderful thing you must be.  
I can admit it's something that I miss  
beyond all words, such a hunger in me  
that cleaves my self in two, leaves me gasping  
and all out of breath, weak, with want to feed.  
The itch will not disarm, artless clasping  
lip to lip in lust will not quench my need.  
For love, I swore before, the kiss I'll save,  
or let me go down kissless to the grave.

V.

His singing makes a ravenous mad man  
of one that supposed he was civilized,  
if moans, mumbling, squeaks, howls and bellows can  
be likened to that wondrous art so prized  
and pedestaled in my soul's self and mind.  
Can I hate a man for his voices sake?  
I, who consider myself to be kind,  
amiable, loving, who scarce would take  
to harbor anger or hostility?  
Why allow such coarse ugliness to grow,  
thrive inside clouding my ability,  
disjointing me from Him? So much I owe!  
Ah! If I could but have some charity  
my Lord might bless me with prosperity.

VI.

What on earth do I want? Choices, choices!  
How can anyone decide anything?  
Circling round and round in this giant ring,  
every turn produces new voices,  
every corner passed brings new vision,  
each step changes my world, my perspective  
shifts drastically, causing reflective,  
grim, even melancholic derision  
in my self's self. And so I must decide,  
my Lord will not step in and interfere,  
I've prayed with all my soul, but I'm no seer,  
and from the simple facts I cannot hide.  
Agency mine, he gave that gift to me  
to choose by faith, for I can hardly see.

VII.

I want to love you, but I don't know how.  
When I'm with you all comes so natural  
as if like a mythic god you endow  
me with power simply by your presence.  
All past, all future passes into now,  
losing sense of dimension, I am full  
of all things, but blinded to truth I bow  
to you, forget my place, lose all my sense.  
Away from you I take a fearful vow  
to serve my goddess, lady of the skull.  
I feel like I'm the sacrificial cow  
to feed your lust for blood, wine and incense.  
Although I know these things are fantasy,  
it seems that love should not be so to me.

Part III

I.

I in the orbit of a distant star,  
revel revolve round-a-round closer I.  
Compulsory gracious grave gravity  
pulling me close to the source of the sky.  
Yet not a star, my vision mistaken,  
an angel of living bright light you are,  
what duty, what honor may I perform  
for you, that I be worth coming so far?  
Silence, your lips so perfect in stillness  
no message deliver, but gently hand  
takes hand and holds so long, so knowingly,  
so brief, and mortal as the sifting sand.  
Stars, angels, idyls, artifice and gold,  
or pulse, a warmth, a human hand to hold.

II.

She was sweet air, contagious breath,  
song and sonnet to my self's self.  
A warm whisper to one once deaf,  
meek light to touch the darkened shelf  
where tomes timeless, timed and bounded  
await the scrutiny of eye,  
await the voice to be sounded  
and become living air and sky.  
I digress, stammer, miss the point,  
when I mean to speak her beauty  
my words are harshly out of joint,  
jumble tumbling short of duty.  
How can express my words so dull  
the shimmering song that is her soul.

III.

A little late I emerged from duty,  
from a humble attempt to scrape my soul,  
to pluck form from the dark and formless pull,  
to reveal time, to animate air's sea.  
The sky opened and drowned me in color  
so vibrant, piercing, cleaving heart in two,  
the Creator's canvass, countless shades new  
each moment, paling my efforts so poor.  
His work goes on, endless re-creating  
each joy, each beauty never twice the same;  
my solace and all honor to his name,  
I am his art, for in our chaos sing  
we fresh the wonder of his love and trod  
the gloried gesamtwerk of God.

**IV.**

Words, words, words . . . in you I find my matter,  
the glamorous ghost that glues the elements  
of my bold being from that that shatters.  
You add ingredient of eloquence  
to a life marked and mirrored in dullness,  
producing new vision where none was seen,  
granting a glimpse of celestial fullness  
on paper, on tongue, on blue sky, in green  
gallantry of nature. You excel all  
understanding and shine forth the exult  
of association, of reason, call  
to poet pair a polarizing jolt.  
By your mettle you enhance, you are word,  
by your clamor my kindred dead are heard.

**V.**

It is happening again. How is it  
that I, who in so many times betrayed  
and left for dead, should trust a maid  
with substance of my soul? elements knit  
double fast through my cries to God and paid  
the careful consequent of His Son's love?  
They are deep in my clay, deep in my mud,  
deep in my core, seed of my soul. No blade  
cuts so deep! From this center stems the flood  
of all I am; to miss it would be to  
miss me completely. All in me that's true  
or beautiful comes from my Savior's blood.  
Why then would I waste this Godly gift given free?  
Only in it's sharing the more part becomes me.

**VI.**

It brings me grief to see you in anguish.  
Your distress is a joyful wound to me,  
a paradox in that I do not wish  
to see you cry or feel of pain, yet free -  
I gladly witness you, my dearest friend  
and earthly ally. How hard this world could  
be we full well knew and choosing to rend  
the void of darkest night for brighter good  
we gladly hurled ourselves upon this rock  
and danced and sang with the stars of the morn;  
a heritage bright, the Lamb to unlock,  
not to patterns of despair were we born.  
So while my heart sinks at the birth of your tears,  
it hopes for your comfort, to quiet your fears.

**VII.**

I bought four fortune cookies yesterday,  
two were immediately discarded  
being broken and useless. I parted  
the third and ate the mild crust (for some say  
the prophecy is mute and void should one  
not partake). I read it and snuffed at it's  
generic message, tearing it to bits.  
I opened the fourth, asking some slight sun  
ray of a dream to come in. "A happy  
romance in your life is about to take  
place," I quote the small note. "For mercy's sake,"  
I smiled, laughed, "Sillier than number three!"  
Yet, while soon forgot, message of the third,  
I keep the fourth, no matter how absurd.