

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Walter William Safar
Little Dime

An audible and humanly painful sound
Is left by the dime in a small tin box.
The echo of its poverty hovers in the air
As a constant warning to the world.
If the dark shadows of solitude
Would proudly rule the boy's little empire
(for a child without a window into the world,
everything is a fairy tale),
His sad and ill mother
Would weave the quilt of her life;

An audible and humanly painful sound
Is left by the dime in a small tin box.
The boy's ill mother,
Known as a quilt maker,
Calls out with a new painful sound,
Not as a curse,
But as her faith;

An audible and humanly painful sound
Is left by the dime in a small tin box.
Whose is the hand who put that dime
Into the boy's mother trembling hand?
The hand of a stranger?...
The hand of a missionary?...
The hand of a child?...
The hand of some wonderful angel?...
Whose hand cared so much
For the hand of his sad ill mother?

An audible and perfectly human sound
Is left by the dime in a small tin box.
The dime is reverberantly singing in its small tin box,

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Royally proclaiming

- As if it was a golden coin -

“Do not worry, my friends,

Hunger shall not cross your doorstep

As long as you have me!”

An audible and humanly painful sound

Is left by the dime in a small tin box.

How many dreams, prayers and hopes

Did the boy’s mother weave

Into the quilt of her life?...

These questions mutely knock against the face

Of many of their dark nights;

An audible and humanly painful sound

Is left by the the boy’s tear in a small tin box.

The memories have long since trapped

The boy’s mother’s quilt of life in their silky web;

The memories have long since trapped

The boy’s mother’s small tin box;

The memories have long since trapped

All of the boy’s late mother’s deaf tears,

The little dime’s sound long since died down.

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The Sun In Gold

Like a heavenly pathfinder,
He always knows his way,
After many rains his time is coming
To shine like a florin in a pauper's hand.
Many a shadow finds its place in the sun dial,
To display time for all the world.
Many a farmer calls out his name
While their land sleeps in the chains of the chilly winter.
His golden home is far away,
And close,
Very close are his dear children,
Slumbering away in golden craddles,
While caressed by warm hands.
There is a magnificent purpose to everything
When the sun is so close.

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My Friend

In a dreamlit night, I looked at a star
Like a bird without a flock.
I do not want to call solitude
What it is,
Because there are other flockless birds
Somewhere in the distance.
Yes, my friend,
We do not have to see each other
To know each other,
Because you cannot see solitude,
Yet you still know it;
When solitude wants you,
Look upon a star
And you will know that you are not alone,
Because many a gaze is friendly with the star;
When you pass a flower,
Know that it is your friend too,
Because you did not tread upon it.

When you see a bird in a cage,
Let it loose,
Because it sings its most beautiful song
When it's free;
Yes, my friend,
Friendship is like freedom,
Boundless and limitless,
Like space in human thoughts;

When a raindrop falls on your palm,
Know that it fell on the palms on many
Like a young friend;
When sorrow comes knocking at your door,
Speaking of the world's injustice,

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Know that you are not alone,
Because my heart beats
Just like yours;

When the wind whispers to you
About its thousand years of wandering
And loneliness,
Know that you are not alone,
Because it whispers to me too.

Yes, my distant friend,
Solitude is not ugly
If it isn't forced upon you,
Just like friendship
Isn't friendship
If it is forced upon you.
Wonderful is the friendship
Linked by spontaneity
Like a bird's link to freedom;
Wonderful is the friendship
Linked by space
And nature;
Yes, my distant friend,
We do not have to see each other
To know each other,
Because if we do not meet during our lives,
Our souls will doubtlessly
Meet in the white heavenly fields.

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Newborn Verse

I could write a new verse today
About two roses
That we laid down onto the black soil
When we parted,
Perhaps even a poem
About the warm tears that were mutely sliding
Into the cradle of your wonderful soul.

I could call you loudly,
Without shame and boundaries,
Like a bird calls another bird,
But my throat is trapped by silence
Born to powerful solitude.

Yesterday, I loved you less than I do today,
And the living memories are proof of that,
Memories that are warmly flowing
Through the dreamy summer air,
Like blood is flowing through veins.

In the silence of this summer day I could write a poem
About our last dance below the old walnut tree,
From which the beautiful memories still emanate,
But the sun is still so cold without you,
Shining like gold:
Cold and deadly blinding.

When solitude tends to my heart with sadness,
All I have left are memories
To give birth to a verse
Like a wonderful child of hope.

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While the present haunts me into the past,
I haunt my spirit towards the sun's golden cradle,
So it would become a blood brother to the newborn verse,
Because I might see you tomorrow
And read this poem to you.

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Wild Rose

The wind is quiet, wearily quiet this evening,
(and they say that winds do not age)
and I,
I am fondling the wild rose
with the inexplicable hope
that I shall find your tear on its petal.
Since you have gone, many a night has lost its brilliance,
and they tiredly walk my dark paths,
as if they grew old too,
just like our memories.
Those wonderful young nights
- in which we used to look at turquoise nets
woven by singing crickets during silky nights –
now they became completely tired and dark,
and they aimlessly wander my dark paths.
The wild rose's petals have long since stopped dancing,
because the wind no longer touches them.
They say that winds do not age,
perhaps not the desert winds,
but the cemetery winds certainly age and die
along with people and flowers.
It is so quiet and dark
in nights without you.
Everything died inside me
apart from the hope
that I shall see your tear on the trembling face of the wild rose,
the same tear
that was conceived in your dear, warm eyes
when I first kissed you.
How the night shone, how the wind was singing youthfully,
and the rose pensively sighed
when your tear slid onto it.
But now, everything is so quiet and dark,

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and that wild rose
you used to fondle during storms,
like a lost child,
is perfectly quiet now,
perfectly abandoned.

Our wonderful young nights
grew old amidst our aimless wanderings,
just like I did.

The wind is so quiet this evening, so tiredly weak,
it pushes the night along my dark paths like a tired old man,
and I,

I am courting death like an aged old man,
because I know the end is near,
that our young nights shall become older with each new day,
and that your wild rose shall fade and completely disappear.

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The Last Voyage

I am returning to the valley of my childhood;
To see the old home one last time,
To see the old walnut tree one last time,
under which my mother used to read
Mark Twain's wonderful stories to me.
Nothing is the same anymore, everyone is dead,
Apart from memories and the old walnut tree;
Its old, trembling, bare branches
are impatiently waiting
to hug me one last time.

When destiny leaves you alone in the dark;
When your mother and father leave you early,
All you have left are Faith;
All you have left are dreams,
Yes, my friend, life rolls along the road of dreams,
And each dream is finished soon;

Just one more time,
I'd like to touch the coarse face of the old walnut tree,
To find a long lost tear
below its tired feet.
When I started on this long voyage,
The night was bright, and our beautiful walnut tree cried,
Yes, my friend, trees can cry too;

Just one more time,
I'd like to touch the old walnut tree,
To cling my face against my old friend's face,
Like a beloved son,
To hear the happy voices of my mother and father;
When your memories fade, drop down to your knees

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To feel how the earth loves,
So your memories can find their sacred sanctuary.
When they want to kill your memories, hoist your flag of dreams
And keep on marching your way, like a noble soldier of Faith,
Because few are the poets who are honored
To finish their voyage
In the place they were born.