

**~FOR MY MUSE...BETTER NOT TO SAY~**

Pen remains on writing desk.

Postage lies unrequired.

Devices of dialogue all redundant;

Unopened – Unplugged – Receiverless.

There is also no acceptable mode of storage for such matters.

Where then can all that is, 'better not to say'

find safe custody;

find voice of communication?

Shame shrouded and pestilential

such thoughts are self-exiled to a kind

of outskirts' otherness;

a banishment of tender endearments.

Perhaps the solitary song of nightingale

is the only suitable repository;

where one can both entrust thee for

safekeeping, and pressurized release,

in glorious melody of fullest expression;

amidst shadows of anonymity?

Fine-tuned, feathered instruments of wilderness,

created to exclaim beyond inhibition, beyond propriety,

in faultless pronouncement of all that is...

'better not to say'.

In splendorous sounds with raw beauty,  
proficiently annunciated in every possible tongue,  
of famed tower of babble, the melodic cry resounds;  
throughout all the forest, down each narrow glen  
and up to awestruck mountain summit.

All could potentially understand yet none hear –  
no one except God;  
who already knows with absolute fullness of wisdom  
all utterances before delicate beak is even opened,  
upwardly tilted above full breastplate of breath  
in operatic perfection.

Nightingale's vigil is pure articulation,  
without worry of reception.  
A call. A prayer. An offering made  
out of soul of night-songstress to lone  
broad dimensioned audience of silent night.

Before return at dawn's break through city gate to safety,  
within towering, familiar walls,  
I strain still, with all I am, to attend  
to even one note on wind of my nightingale's  
tender ode to muse of poet's prose.

'Better not to say' ...or hear...,  
though echo of serenade exists I know  
with a metaphysical knowledge.  
Such deep sentiments can never be fully silenced  
on all levels of being.  
I trust there is a dimension where they are  
always perpetually sung, perpetually heard  
and responded to in eternal exchange.

Heart consoles that somewhere the song  
resounds as sweetest vocalization of one part woman,  
one part bird,  
siren's call.

Then, mind once more turns all things  
for consideration instead,  
to fuel for work of hands and discipline in candlelight,  
beneath the guardian shadow of Angel Hesychia's wings.

for consideration...

"A poet is a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds; his auditors are as men entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why."

excerpt from Percy B. Shelley's essay [A Defense of Poetry](#)