

**THE  
JONGLEUR'S  
SONG**

**by**

**Campbell M Gold**

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## The Jongleur's Song

Hot tongues did lick the wintry breath of night,  
And stars from earthly crucible did wing  
To lodge in sky of velvet ink, and shine  
upon the eyes that heard the whispered strain.  
For only ears can see the colour's sound.

With dying day in Solstice of the night,  
The vigil kept by men with souls athirst  
Was joy not grief, for death brings forth new birth.  
The sun at rest reflects a softer hue  
From silvered orb that's born of day's demise.

Within moon's mist the Jongleur's song is sung -  
A song of night not day, of sight that's hid.  
Refrain of hope with purpose that confirms  
The ache within, that man does not belong  
To mass of life that flows without a pulse.

Sans noble savage lies within that breast.  
For essayed metal is the sun's hallmark.  
No god demeans nor brings a judgement false  
Against these dregs of self-determined will.  
For yore is witness of their genesis.

And now the confirmation is revealed  
Through utterance that tells of power great,  
That fell before the fall of Eden's myth.  
From sterile world with breath and touch denied,  
Did seeds on insurrection's wind cross o'er.

Of seven sisters, one did new hope bear.  
With open eyes, ten thousand cross the void -  
Ten thousand dreams of yearning to exist.  
Of freedom to express the joy of self.  
And love was made in bed of lustrous blue.

From dome of light came all things that now are,  
And power lodged within the pyramid.  
Unbounded life upon the Earth came forth,  
And from the sea, in rainbow's coloured hue,  
A marble city, with ten crowns, appears.

Not one field, but four, prepared and tended,  
That life may grow in rich diversity.  
No limit set, nor bondsman made to kneel,  
But freely flow with season and with time -  
To walk, and see, and marvel, and to be.

And then with Earthly forms that sense and feel  
Did that above, join that which was below,  
And that below was raised to that above.  
With joining seed and flesh, new worlds appeared.  
And good it was, to live and grow, and feel.

Divided Gods cannot remain divine.  
Their unshared power must needs reside above.  
No downward path is open to debate,

All seed that crosses o'er must be forfeit -  
No questions asked, no quarter can be giv'n.

For Gods unmasked, no longer Gods can be.  
Survival mocks at laws of right and wrong.  
Suppression, fear, and guilt are lids that close  
On eyes that once had power, and dared to see.  
Thus, sight of sun eclipsed, forgets the light.

In judgement, sat the Gods, and sentence gave,  
And horde did cross to issue argument.  
Then sea spray into crimson foam did melt,  
And all but few, the portal to the stars  
Gave passage safe, and far without return.

To testify of life, the few remained.  
And wrote what was in strands of living light -  
A record that could hold the sands of time.  
For earthly cycles caused a deep repose  
To fall upon the child who fathers man.

And in those days, the ending of all time,  
In places where mankind seeks death to find,  
Is seen a plague as never seen before.  
Was human once, now human lost in time,  
Old form uncoiled, new form not solid yet.

Yet even now, in face of sure demise,  
Oh stubborn life, how man grips for thy pulse.  
No matter how the bloody gauntlet runs,  
With measured footage, hope pursues the cause,  
And still the eye to right of passage turns.

Now breaks new dawn that peels the rind of night,  
And wisdom's beam, the eye doth penetrate.  
In thee, the few of former time, new sight  
Is giv'n, and recollection born afresh,  
Of past as was, and now in consequence.

No cringing sinner, but determined man  
With face upheld to comprehend the stars.  
Who dares to dream and speak of self as one,  
And with resolve, will take his rightful place -  
In universal, and unbounded life.

This is the hope of which the Jongleur sings,  
And is the hope confirmed upon the few.  
New dawn, new light, new vision, and new life.  
The Jongleur's words fade into mist, now come  
Of day's gestation in the eastern womb.

There is no end to life, and light, and hope.  
It's not what's been, nor what is yet to be,  
But what is now, and this is all that's real.  
Through fool and world, the journey is complete,  
And path with key into the hand is given.

On fragile wing of life, does spirit soar,  
And conscious mind explores the infinite.  
The Sphinx bypassed, who guards the sacred round,

Reveals the worlds of Jongleur songs, and so  
Confirms the kings who will be crowned of ten.

Yes, I have seen the things of which I speak.  
And to the eyes that see without the light,  
I give the vision of ten-thousand stars  
With coloured hues of green, and blue, and gold,  
And inner sight now takes thee in thy way.

Then she with tress of gold and raiment pure,  
Did take his hand of flesh in hand of white.  
And eyes of dimming blue, were bathed in eyes  
Of azure light, and Jongleur knew that now,  
This day, this place, the final song was sung...

Adieu...

(Campbell M Gold, 1990)

End

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