

The background is a dark, swirling mix of blue, purple, and black, resembling a nebula or a dragon's breath. In the center, a dragon's eye is depicted with a golden-brown iris and a greenish-yellow pupil. The eye is surrounded by a textured, scale-like pattern. Several blue, teardrop-shaped tears are falling from the eye and the top of the page.

Tears of the Dragon

Brandy H. Coffee Marks

Tears of the Dragon

A story of my journey through life and transformation.

This book of poems began in 1984 or perhaps before. However, it goes on today as does my journey through life and through it's many, many experiences.

There was a time when I thought life was not worth living, but over the years and because of a very special man I met, my life changed and took on meaning.

It may not always be easy to read, for the poems came from the depths of my despair to ultimate love and joy in Christ. Yet that you will see within the word.

Brandy An Coffee Marks

2010 Brandy Ann Coffee Marks

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Part 1

Moments in Time

Our Father

Moments of love in the things from our fathers' heart are of greater value than what he could not express. His pride and joy and the happiness shown for our gentle beauty that he sees no more.

What he could not reveal was his innocence and fear, and a thousand expressions of childhood missed in the corridors of time. Moving too quickly through shadows that hid tears, too numerous to count, yearning to be more.

His love rushes like a waterfall crashing over high places to fall into an abyss or run out and tumble with eternity. Perhaps lay in frozen silence for a millennium to one day find itself on a far shore and hope for more.

Sometimes it is too much to believe that he was more than he seemed and yet less than he became though all he could be were whispers of silence that fall heavy in time.

Memories left fell to the earth and are no more.

No longer seen in droplets of moist air that bled into a million sunsets he no longer can see in the ages of leaves, brown and tattered, they fall into the lives of those he left who want for more.

1984



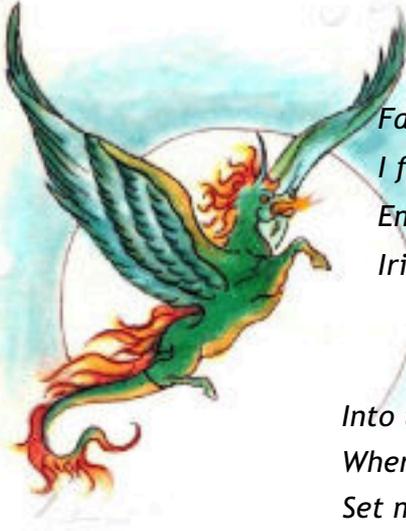
Flying High

*I stood upon the lip of a volcano
Looked into the glow of redden coals
Felt the icy shiver of an ageless wind
The trembling ground beneath my feet*

*Falling - not knowing what my end
I find myself astride - a fiery dragon
Emerald scales, glowing jeweled eyes
Iridescent silver wings bore me high*

*Into the moonlit midnight sky
Where we did soar the heights then
Set me down upon the grassy slopes
A velvet comforter of deepest green*

*Where we did climb the heights
Gaze upon the high majestic peaks
And the wonders set before our eyes
The bright clear dawn of a new day*



When

*When thoughts take wing
And fly to insurmountable heights*

*When like a wet-slick umbrella
I stand - shedding emotions like rain*

*When the the peak of laughter
Reaches the depths of despair*

*When the anguish of soul
Is smothered by flames of passion*

*When I knock at the door and
Enter only because no one answers*

*When the fear in my heart
Echos the loneliness of being*

*When I enter the dark abyss
Sucked from the vortex of existence*

March 1984

The Quest

*To be or not to be is
A question - but*

*Whether tis kinder
To be oneself*

*Or Captured by
Another's thoughts*

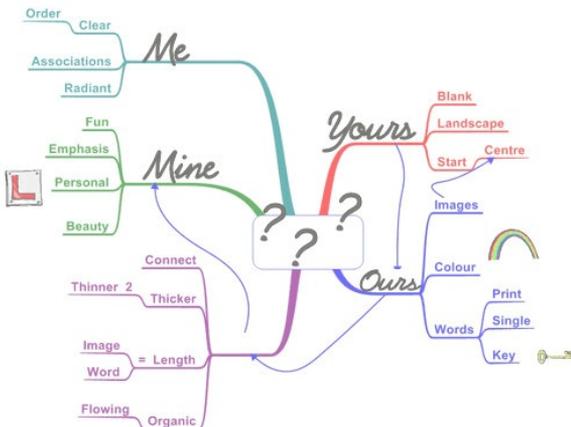
*Distortion of soul
Is sadder than*

*A clumsy rendering
Of Shakespear*

*To live by
Another's heart desire*

*Or by our own
That is the question!*

May 1985



Thoughts

*To write thoughts
in prose or verse
These things morbid
often without joy*

*Sad to feel
anguish in words
Someday know the
warmth - joy of*

*But then, it
is read within
That is a future
in itself is*

A kind of joy!

May 1985

Childlike

*What would it be like
to smile
With the face seen as
a child
Cheerful glance, shout
of greeting
Timeless joy that fills
my being*



*To feel warmth love
and affection
Chance for one just a
single rejection
This is the one thing I
Am told
I must of need willingly
take hold
With distrust I fear to let
it near
So lonelieness is my shadow
held dear*

June 1985

For (Lucy) Lusiina

Sleep little love one
Your troubles now gone
Sandman is coming
He'll take you home
 You'll sleep in the house
 Where eternity dwells
 And dream of the past
 Memories now gone
Some things you'll take
 Tucked fondly within
But it won't be the fear
Or the pain pressing in
 Warm kiss - soft smile
 Gentle breath on cheek
 Tender touch of caress
 Love laid at your feet

From mommy and daddy
And all those who care
These are the memories
You'll take with you there.

July 1985

In 1985, after leaving hospital nursing, I took care of children who were terminally ill, for the most part. Lusiina was the first of those children.

She died age 2 from Kreb's disease, a terminal illness.

In my family, alcohol and anger were the dominant ways of dealing with pain and so I never learned to manage my own pain and sorrow.

Thus, began my journey into depression and mental illness (at least that's what the doctors call it), and ultimately drug use.

These poems reflect my journey to healing.



The Leaf

The leaf

Its color fading

To wish

the green return

Is futile

foolish some say

It hangs

fragile silk thread

Reach to

catch the gold

Or wait

For fall winds.

November 1985

Part 2

Time Unfolding

Each of the following poems were written for a class in poetry at Evergreen State in Vancouver WA.

Some are Haiku and whatever other style we were instructed to use in constructing a poem.

Dreams

Dreaming

Sunlight and

Deep shadows

Green trees

Being _____ stone footpaths

Dreaming

Experiences

Of life's

Green stones

Becoming _____ joy, fear, misgiving

Dreaming

Life of

sunshine

Green dragons

Believing _____ flowers bloom, laughter

March 1986

Flush of Angels Wings

A wet blanket smothers the heat of that which lingers in the minds of men hungry for that which crosses the sky as surely as the sun revealing itself

The truth swells fearful and awkward

Things we dare not look for, though once we see they are not hidden, but open for everyone - they fall like rain into our lives tears seep down into the earth nourishing the ground and rain fills the heart to bring forth

Flowers of poetic passion burst in the darkness

A tide of hidden truth revealed in the visions of those who believe in ghosts that walk past on their way to God knows where if he even is and would if we dared to follow

The trail of unfulfilled dreams long ago

Its cry is sung in the night a mournful song from the lips of those unable to speak for their voices are locked in the hidden vaults too afraid to open and let the fresh air of tomorrow sweep the dust from shining

Black floors reflecting...

Songs of the soul shout 'sing baby sing' for a melody unsung is an un-lived dream left in darkened crushed shadows and dusty corners where butterfly wings never having seen the light now faded and gone long for the cocoon as the caterpillar moves softly upon the face of the earth

Waiting for its moment in time

Wrappings slowly unwind to enclose what cannot be perhaps seen where there is nothing until the song breaks the circle and light streams in - wind sifts time to become

Whatever is meant to become

Crystal and sparkling diamond of brilliance shine bright stars in the abyss to transform shadows into rainbows of radiance that capture the flush of angels wings

Spreading across the face of the sun

Flower of Life`

*By far the greatest treasure I hold`
is your love and the joy in loving
you whom I judge the most`*

*Yet the faults within myself are
seeds of wild flowers multiplied`
So it is not to you I must look`*

*Into my own inner house`
I find a welcome mat`
Large enough for two`*

*One other thing my love is that`
Within your faults lie unseen virtues`
Sweet as the petals of a new rose`*



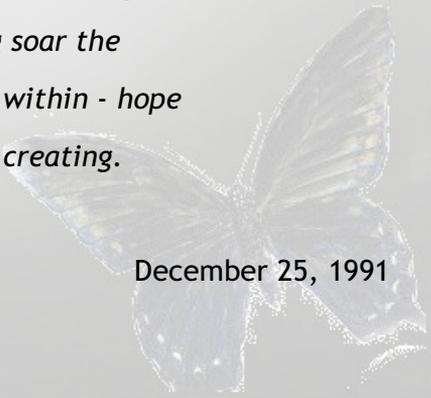
Years ago I wrote that poem, 1991. Bill was in jail, once again. I've tried every feeble way I know of to help him, to love him and make his life better, but it seems that my efforts always went astray. What's now left to do? Nothing. He died 25 Mar 2013 and he will be buried. The rest is up to the Lord Jesus who knew Bill far better than anyone else could.

Hope



*Fragile as butterfly wings
Though never forgotten - hope
Lay in crushed shadows til
From ripened cocoons*

*Tints, hues of color - patterns
Catch the suns warmth of
Gods holy promise - hope
Across the sun spread*



*Completion nears as thought
Never-ending soar the
Ultimate journey within - hope
Opens to the creating.*

December 25, 1991

Tears of the Dragon

*No matter how full the sky
It still lies empty and he
wanders past the waterfall
but never looks within*

*The mist catches the sun
giving it back to the light
the tears of the dragon
fall into the ground*

*Its moisture seeps in
and fills up the earth
Whitened teeth smile
in welcome; no matter*

*How full the sky
there is not enough light
the darkness lies empty
then comes the dawn*

*The light pushes shadows
down under the ground
and we begin to believe
that the darkness is gone*

*But its merely hidden
by the light of the sun
and tears of the dragon
seep into the earth*

*Moisture trickles from
eyes swollen and heavy
with tears pushing
the sun out of the sky*

*A puddle of moisture
flow under the earth
dries tears of the dragon
who finally lies sleeping*

October 17, 1992

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