

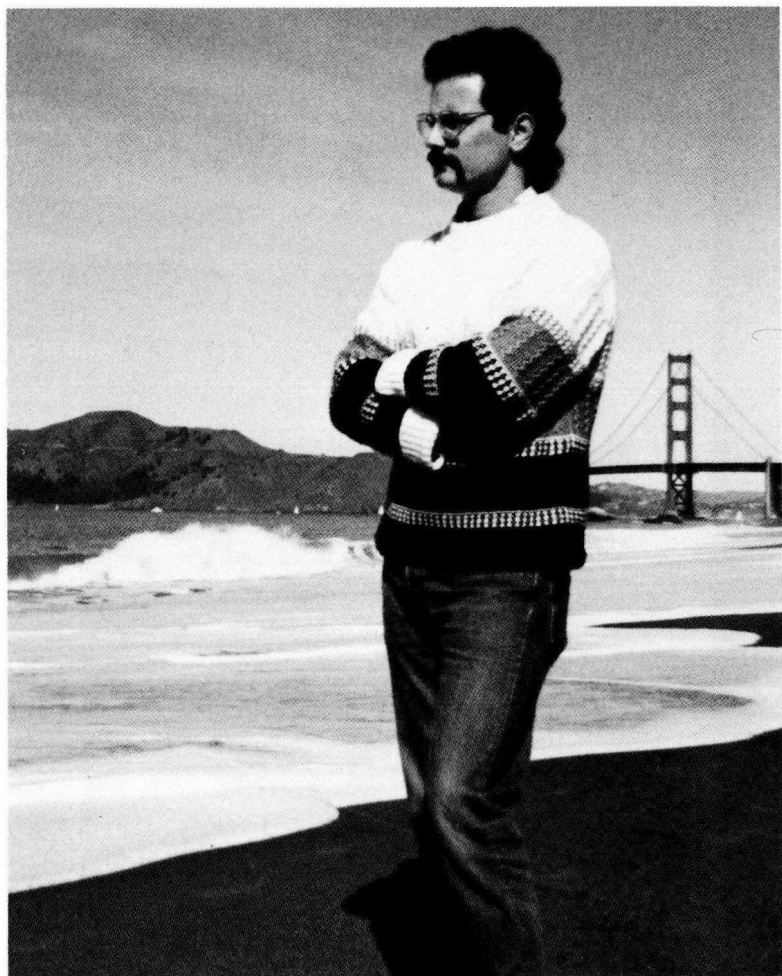
Whispering

Sands

and Other Poems

JACK
SHINER

Whispering Sands



FREDDIE WOLFORD

JACK SHINER

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JACK SHINER

STARGAZER MUSIC & PUBLISHING

SAN FRANCISCO

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With love to Mom and Pop

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jack Shiner (pronounced Shy-ner) was born in Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit. He grew up there and in Leelanau County and Traverse City, Michigan. Since 1979 he has lived in San Francisco, where he is employed as a systems technician. Shiner began his self-study of poetry and songwriting eighteen years ago. This is the first of his work to be published.

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All this beauty I look upon
had to be pulled down
and pounded
and pressed
to become this paper I write upon
and further processed and prepared
to become the pages
these words are printed upon

From the placid beauty of the forest
to the pleasing, peaceful touch
whispering between your fingers
as you turn the page

Jack Shiner
8 October 1988
Muir Woods
Marin County, California

DAWN WILL COME

Many times I have wished that I could go to places
where the air is thick with time and mystery
Where I'd find lost cities of great and vanished races
who left no trails leading to their destiny
In lands that have long not seen human faces
Lands themselves forever lost in history

And there among the hills and valleys slumbering in peace
under brilliant blue skies sparsely clouded
I'd find a hidden city, forgotten for centuries
that a civilization had once built and crowded
Now covered by an overgrowth of vines and ferns and trees
Now a relic Time and Nature has left shrouded

What was this civilization at the time of its birth?
What tales will I find of long ago?
Will I unravel many riddles of any scientific worth
as I work my way down corridors so slow
reaching down to sift my hands
through layers of ancient earth
as I wonder what lies waiting down below?

I hack my way through tangled vines
and timeworn ages, long past
and enter into a world dark, still, and strange
Besides the dust and cobwebs
that Time wears as a mask
very little has actually changed
Here, where it's been ages
since human shadows have been cast
Where the dust of time has not been rearranged

Shuffling slowly through these halls
where eternity softly sleeps
Where a perpetual everlastingness looms
Where everflowing shadows
still carefully keep
a watchful eye over long vacant rooms
I move into the darkness
ever cool, ever deep
in search of the legendary tombs

With hollow, echoing footsteps
along one wall I have found
a passageway that leads me to staircases
I can see that they will take me down underground
though their destination
darkness erases
In that darkness will there be decaying matter in mounds
or antiquated pottery
and vases?

A chill comes over me
telling me I am a fool
This is the work of grave robbers and raiders
who break the seals of the past
to steal the riches and the jewels
brought by the sea merchants and traders
Sacred chambers that were built
for those who did rule
were never meant for thieves and invaders

As I reach the last step
I see in my lantern's light
not only pottery but boxes and sacks
Paintings on the walls
depicting burial rites
I see arrowheads and other artifacts
I am seeing so much
I can barely believe my sight
and a shiver goes crawling up my back

I see scenes of sacrifices
ceremonial spices
dried plants, weaponry
and other devices
I see plates of hammered gold
grand vessels of old
bracelets and rings
and treasures untold

I see words of the scribes
describing the tribes
and hunts that took place
in the vast countryside
I see words of the sages
documenting the ages

all adding to history's
uncounted pages

I stop...for a moment
to catch my breath
in this musty room
filled with gloom and death
and I think of the hands
that drew these ships
The cries and demands
that passed through the lips
of those in command
who had built this crypt
and I shudder...

I shudder as I look around at all of this
This rite of passage for one once so great
A man who ruled a world that no longer exists
A world hidden behind Time and Nature's gate
And I stand alone in History
on the edge of the abyss
without a clue as to their final fate

I wonder who and why and when and where
though I haven't yet left my rocking chair
And, someday I'll search for the how and when
but I'll read and I'll daydream until then

Yes, this is what adventures and dreams are made of
and I believe it is never too late
to try to make a dream or an adventure come true
Dawn will come
but Time
will never wait

LOVE

Love has always been
and will always be
the most puzzling pleasure
of mystery

THE SEA'S LULLABY
(To Mary Alice Shiner)

Lay back and relax
turn your face to the sun
where the roar of the waves
continues as one

A wide sandy beach
at the base of Big Blue
Its waters stretching out
far beyond your view

A lone figure walking
Bare feet touching sand
Seeking solitude and peace
in a search to understand
all things that will whisper
their way through the mind
Thoughts of the future
or times left behind

Lullaby
Lullaby
The sea breezes sigh
with the roar of the waves
and a lone seagull's cry

Lullaby
Lullaby
When sea breezes sigh
with waves and gull's cry
'tis the sea's lullaby

FORGETFULNESS

Some look at it as stupidity
or obligations being denied
When the truth is
it's only the act
of being preoccupied